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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXVII.

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VOL. CXVII JUNE, 1908 No. DCXCVII

The Pressure of Light

A NEW SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY AND ITS WONDERFUL CONSEQUENCES

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

WITH the aid of instruments that feel what our hands can never feel, and see what our eyes can never see, the modern physicist has critically analyzed the radiation that beats upon this Earth from the distant Sun. He has cast the solar effulgence into mighty mathematical scales, and has found that the Earth sustains a light-load of 75,000 tons. Startling as this intellectual achievement may be, it has been outdone by the ingenuity of the experimental scientist. Instruments have been devised that enable even our imperfect retinas to note the pressure of light,—instruments which offer that convincing objective evidence demanded by the scientifically uninformed man.

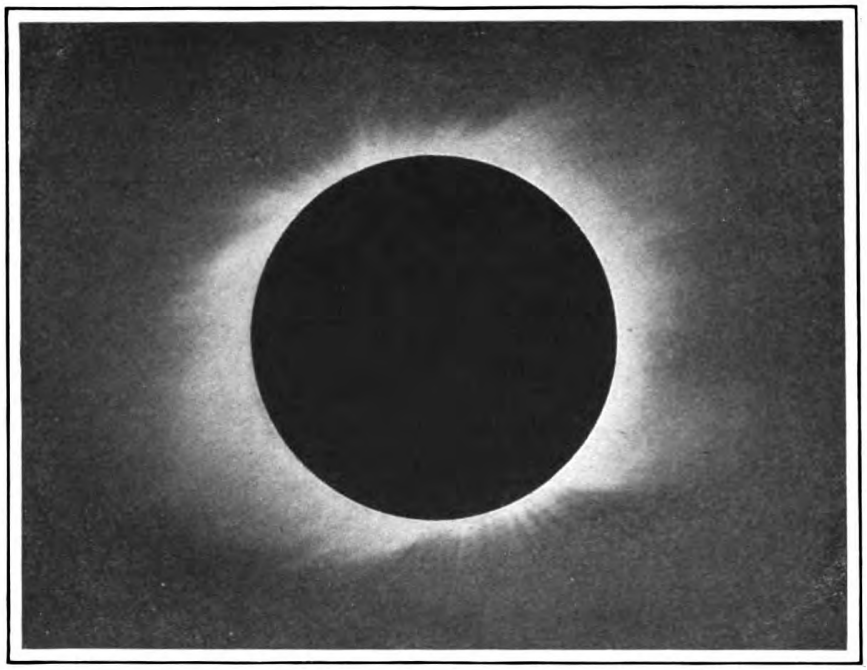
Granting that the Sun's light presses upon the Earth with a measurable force, what is the good of the discovery? Simply this: Ever since astronomy was reduced to a more or less exact science the men who watch the stars each night during their active lives have marvelled at some of the miracles that they beheld and have sought to explain them. Why, for example, does a comet's tail, in defiance of the laws of gravitation, invariably drift away from the Sun? What is the meaning of the great scarlet streamers or clouds that swim over the Sun, and of the wonderful gossamer corona that floats far beyond the Sun and is seen only during the few fleeting moments of a total eclipse? What is the zodiacal light, that shimmering fabric which is mysteriously spread on the western horizon during the clear evenings of winter and spring? What is the message of the Aurora Borealis and its leaping pillars, of which each arctic explorer brings back some new and marvellous tale? Widely different in character though these astronomical riddles may apparently be, the magic key by which they have all been unlocked is the pressure of light. The common solution of all these problems we owe to four brilliant scientists, a Russian, two Americans, and a Swede. It was a Russian, Lebedev, who first experimentally proved that light really does press upon the objects which it illuminates; it was the Americans, Nichols and Hull, who improved upon his method and confirmed his discovery; and it was the broad mind of a Swedish physicist, Svante Arrhenius, that cosmically applied the principles involved in light-pressure and brought into a simple harmony all this astronomical discord. New though these theories may be, they have been accepted by even the more conservative students of science.

Before we can hope to understand just why it is that the effect of solar radiation explains the vagaries of all these unrelated phenomena, we must understand how light-pressure acts. Because we are not flung from the Earth by a sunbeam, we may well infer that the pressure of light can sway individually only the

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minutest particles of matter. This is the reason: Gravitation attracts entire masses; pressure acts only on surfaces. Divide a ball of wood or metal weighing one pound into one hundred smaller balls. Clearly, the mass remains unchanged and the one hundred balls still weigh one pound. The surface of the one hundred balls, however, is considerably greater than that of the original one-pound ball. In other words, a force, such as the pressure of light, would obtain a greater purchase on the one hundred little balls than it would on the single large ball. If you subdivide each of the little balls into a hundred parts in turn, the resulting ten thousand balls still weigh one pound, but the surface exposed to the pressure of light is enormously increased. If this process of subdivision be carried on and on, this will happen: particles will be obtained which, individually considered, may be said to consist of much surface and very little weight. If each of these particles has a diameter of 1-100,000 of an inch, it will be exactly balanced in space, pulled by gravitation (weight) on the one hand, and pushed by light on the other. When the particle is smaller than 1-100,000 of an inch in diameter, gravitation is no longer able to hold it, and it is cast forth by the terrific pressure behind it. Interplanetary space must be thickly sown with countless billions of such particles, scattered with a liberal hand not only by our own, but also by more distant Suns.



CORONA OF THE SUN DURING A TOTAL ECLIPSE

The streamers, composed of highly attenuated matter, reach out 350,000 miles into space, in spite of the enormous solar gravitation. The radiation pressure of light is the counteracting force. Photographed during the total eclipse of May 28, 1900

If the pressure of light is to be invoked to explain the mysteries of comets, the first of the astronomical riddles enumerated, it would follow that a comet must be composed in part, at least, of a fine dust. Careful observations extending over centuries, coupled with what we know of the meteorites that sometimes bury themselves in the Earth, have taught us that a comet may be regarded as a nucleus composed of more or less coarse grains of solid matter, of an envelope which is called the "coma" and which surrounds the nucleus, and lastly of a tail trailing luminously behind the

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nucleus for, perhaps, a hundred million miles or more. Obviously, the meteoric grains constituting the nucleus are so large that they must surely resist the pressure of light. In the gaseous envelope or coma, and, above all, in the tail, we must look for evidences of light-pressure.

No bridal veil was ever so filmy as a comet's tail. Hundreds of cubic miles of that wonderful appendage are outweighed by a jarful of air. By means of the spectroscope we have magically transported this fairy plume to our laboratories, and have discovered that it is akin to the blue flame of our gas stoves; for the gas by which we cook and the delicate tresses of a comet both consist of combinations of hydrogen and carbon, appropriately called by chemists "hydrocarbons." When it first appears in the heavens, far removed from the Sun, a comet is a tailless blotch of light. As a comet swims on toward the Sun, the hydrocarbons of the tail split up under the increasing heat into hydrogen gas and hydrocarbons of a higher boiling-point. With a still closer approach to the Sun, these more resistant hydrocarbons eventually yield to the increasing heat and are decomposed in the form of soot. Interplanetary space is airless. Hence the soot cannot burn. It must pursue the comet in the form of a dust train. The particles constituting that train are small enough to be toyed with by the pressure of sunlight. No matter where the comet may be in its orbit, whether it has just entered the solar system or is speeding away, that plume is inevitably tossed away from the sun, just as if a mighty wind were blowing it from the central luminary. The appendage of shining dust is the symbol of the triumph of light over solar gravitation.

It can hardly be supposed that all the soot particles are exactly the same in size. The Sun's light may act with varying force on the train of dust, so that more than one tail may be formed. In this way Arrhenius explains the wonderful comet of 1744, which had no less than five tails, and the astonishing three-tailed comet of Donati discovered in 1858.

One more question must be answered before these cometary vagaries may be considered fully explained. Is the pressure of light sufficiently rapid in its effect to account for the flashlike rapidity with which a comet's tail changes? Newton saw the great comet of 1680 throw



A SOLAR "PROMINENCE"

A cloud of glowing gas floating above the Sun at a distance of 123,200 miles. Photographed May 21, 1907, at Yerkes Observatory

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out a tail sixty million miles long in two days. Is the pressure of light able to accomplish that staggering feat? Arrhenius has calculated that a particle of one-half the critical diameter would be hurled through space by light-pressure at the stupendous speed of 865,000 miles an hour. Cometary dust particles are only one-eighteenth of that diameter, which means that they would flash over the same 865,000 miles in less than four minutes. Clearly, light-pressure is more than equal to the task of tossing out a luminous pennant sixty million miles in length in two days.

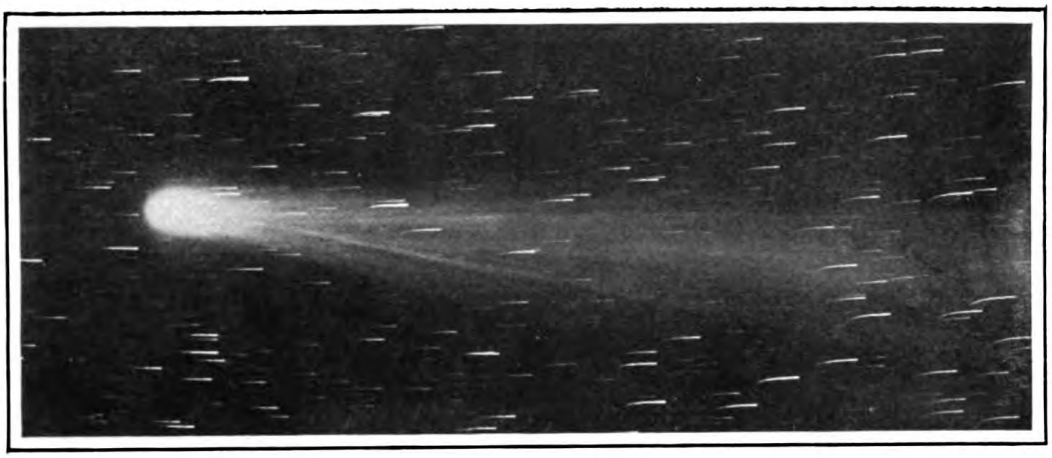


THE GREAT NEBULA IN ORION

It is now conceived that these vast expanses of gas, although cold, are made to glow by the passage through them of electrified particles from distant suns

In order that we may link the tails of comets and the phenomena of the Sun in the kinship of cosmic forces we must commence again by stating in a simple way the nature of the solar secrets which are to be revealed. The great ball of fire which we call the Sun is not really the Sun. No one has ever seen the Sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass. That nucleus is the real Sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about five thousand miles thick, and is called the "chromosphere." It is a gaseous flood, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furiously active that it spurts up great tongues of glowing gas ("prominences") to a height of thousands of miles. Time was when this agitated sea of crimson fire could be seen to advantage only during an eclipse; now special instruments are used which enable astronomers to study it in the full glare of the Sun. Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond the prominences even, lies the nebulous pallid "corona," visible only during the vanishing moments of a total eclipse, aggregating not more than seven days in a century. No one has ever satisfactorily explained how the highly attenuated matter composing both the prominences and the corona is supported without falling

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DANIEL'S COMET

So diaphanous is the texture of the comet's tail that, although 20,000,000 miles in length, the matter of which it is composed could be packed into a lady's hand bag. Photographed at Yerkes Observatory, August 11, 1907 (The stars appear as streaks because the telescopic camera was moved to keep pace with the comet)

back into the Sun under the pull of solar gravitation. Now that Arrhenius has cosmically applied the effects of light-pressure a solution is presented.

How difficult it is to account for such delicate streamers as the "prominences" on the Sun is better comprehended when we fully understand how relentlessly powerful is the grip of solar gravitation. If the Sun were a habitable globe and you could transport yourself to its surface, you would find yourself pulled down so forcibly by gravitation that you would weigh two tons, assuming that you are an ordinary human being. Your clothing alone would weigh more than one hundred pounds. Baseball could be played in a solar drawing-room; for there would be some difficulty in throwing a ball more than thirty feet. Tennis would be degraded to a form of outdoor ping-pong. From these considerations it is plain that gravitation on the Sun would tend to prevent the formation of any lambent streamers and to pull down to its surface all floating masses of any size.

The Sun admittedly projects vapors into space, vapors which must condense into drops when they encounter the cold of outer space. If the drops are larger than the critical size which determines whether light-pressure or gravitation shall prevail, they will be snatched back by the Sun's gravitational attraction and give rise to the curved prominences that are often observed. If they have approximately the critical diameter, they will float above the Sun in the form of beautiful carmine clouds, balanced in space by the equal and oppositely acting forces of gravitation and radiation pressure. These clouds have hitherto been particularly puzzling; for in the absence of a dense solar atmosphere their existence seemed a celestial paradox. If the condensed drops are smaller than the critical diameter, they will be projected by the pressure of light far beyond the Sun to form the beautiful pearly corona. Just as in a comet's tail there are in all likelihood particles of various sizes, so in the lustrous corona we may assume that there are drops of unequal size supported with unequal force by the pressure of light. Drops of the same size will be collected in one plane; drops of another size in another plane. Thus Arrhenius accounts for the characteristic flaxen and fibrous appearance of the corona. From the fact that comets have passed through the corona without any very apparent retardation we may gain some idea of its tenuity. Assuming that the corona consists of particles of such size that the radiation pressure on each exactly equals its weight, Arrhenius finds that the entire corona weighs no more than 12,000,000 long tons, which is equivalent to four hundred large transatlantic steamers, and is not more than the amount of coal burnt on the Earth every week.

As an intensely hot body the Sun has

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A Spiral Nebula

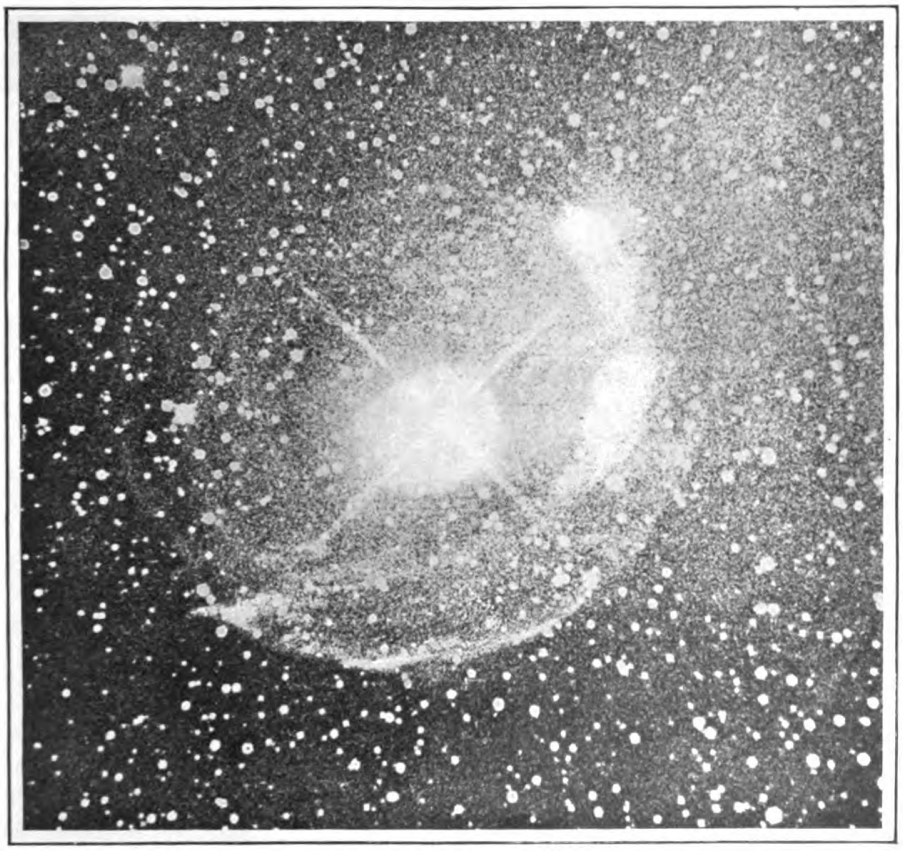
It is now believed that such nebulæ are produced by the collision of two heavenly bodies, forming a fiery "pinwheel" of gigantic proportions. The finer particles of dust are suspended in the outer portions of the nebula by the light-pressure of the central mass

certain electrical properties. One of these is the ability of discharging with very high velocity countless corpuscles which are each about one thousand times smaller than the smallest atom known to chemistry, and which are each charged with negative electricity. The Sun may, therefore, be regarded as a huge machine gun bombarding the planets and space with ceaseless streams of minute electrified missiles. As a result of that bombardment the corpuscles will charge the outer atmosphere of the Earth with negative electricity. Every schoolboy knows that if the south poles of two magnets be presented to each other they will be mutually repelled. So it is with the solar corpuscles. The Earth's outer atmosphere is eventually so surfeited with negative electricity that it repels the current of negative corpuscles streaming from the Sun. Consequently the solar corpuscles are deflected and rush past the Earth in curved orbits. It is one of the marvels of these corpuscles that they serve to attract to themselves other forms of matter. Far out in their deflected rush beyond the Earth they will meet with particles which they will gather unto themselves. If the resultant aggregation is greater than the critical size which the pressure of light can sustain, the gravitation of the Sun will arrest their onward flight and pull them back to itself with a constantly increasing velocity. Imagine yourself on the Moon, surveying the Earth. Our planet appears wonderfully arrayed. A double tail is appended to the Earth, the one drifting away from the Sun, the other towards it; the one marking the gleaming path of the negative corpuscles speeding away from the Sun past the Earth, the other indicating the river of sunward travelling

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corpuscles which, having attracted other matter, have grown too heavy for the control of light-pressure. In the one stream Arrhenius sees the zodiacal light; in the other that rarer phenomenon which is perceived only by the most sensitive eyes, and which is astronomically known by the German name "Gegenschein" (counterglow). The Moon exhibits no such double sheaf of light, because it has no atmosphere which can be electrically charged. It was once supposed that the zodiacal light was caused by an immense cloud of meteorites which filled up the space between the Earth and the Sun, and which served as tiny mirrors to reflect the solar light. The theory of Arrhenius is simpler and more in accord with the observed facts and with modern notions of electricity and matter.

It has been stated that the corpuscles with which the Sun bombards the Earth and its sister planets carry, each, a charge of negative electricity. Sir William Crookes has succeeded in reproducing these conditions in the very ingenious glass vessels which are called Crookes tubes. A Crookes tube is a high vacuum tube with wires fused into its ends. When the wires are connected with a source of electricity light flashes between the fused ends in the glass tube. It is not light in the ordinary sense that we see. In reality the glow comprises a stream of highly electrified corpuscles, exactly similar to those which dart from the Sun. That stream of corpuscles is extremely susceptible to magnetic influences. Normally the stream travels in a straight line, but a common magnet bends it aside just as if it were a current of iron filings. If the magnet is powerful, it is even possible to compel the corpuscles to describe a circle. More-



NOVA PERSEI

The sudden appearance of this new star, February 21, 1901, was due to the collision of two dark suns. The star is so far distant from the earth that the collision must have occurred 120 years ago—this being the time it would take the light to reach us. The star is still partially enveloped by the dust resulting from the collision, held in suspension by the pressure of light

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over, the circle will trace its path at right angles to the magnetic force. We know that the Earth is a huge planetary magnet, and that its magnetic force is distributed in lines running from pole to pole. Over the equator the lines of magnetic force are fairly horizontal; towards the poles they curve down; at the poles they stand nearly vertical. When the negatively charged solar corpuscles strike the regions above the equator (where they are first apt to encounter the Earth on account of the nearness of the torrid zone to the Sun), they will feel the influence of the Earth's magnetism. Accordingly they will tend to twine themselves, as it were, around the lines of magnetic force running from pole to pole. As they follow these lines toward the pole they naturally dip into the uppermost and highly rarefied regions of the Earth's atmosphere, comparable in their tenuity with the vacuum of a Crookes tube. Invisible over the equator because they are still in airless space, the particles manifest their presence, when they have writhed into the outer layers of the atmosphere, by those flashes and shifting gleams which are so characteristic of the corpuscular discharge of a Crookes tube. In these chatoyant flashes we see the Aurora Borealis.

If Arrhenius is right in declaring that the phenomena of a Crookes tube and of the Aurora Borealis are in reality the same, and if it be true that the electrified particles shot into space by the Sun are really the cause of auroræ at the north and south poles, there ought to be a very intimate connection between solar disturbances and terrestrial magnetic variations. Arrhenius has taken the pains of compiling an impressive array of statistics to prove his point. Simmered down to their essence, these statistics clearly show that whenever there is a large number of spots on the Sun (and spots mean intense solar activity) the Aurora Borealis and the Aurora Australis are particularly resplendent, and that the instruments in magnetic observations quiver in sympathy.

Compared with the infinity of the space in which it is poised, the Earth is smaller than a vanishingly small speck on a sheet of paper having an area of many square miles. So far as the Earth is concerned, the Sun is very much in the position of a man who throws away all but a single cent of a fortune consisting of twenty-three million dollars; for only 1-2,300,000,000 of his radiated energy reaches us. What then becomes of the inconceivably huge number of corpuscles which are shot from the Sun and which never strike the Earth? It is conceived by Arrhenius and his followers that many of them must collide with corpuscles discharged by Suns other than ours—Suns ineffably distant, so that their light reaches us only after the lapse of centuries, and so that we see them not as they gleam now, but as they really gleamed when Egypt was young and Greece was a wilderness inhabited by savages. Such collisions must result in the formation of larger masses up to a limit determined by the electrical charges carried by the corpuscles. Electricity does not pervade masses, but is collected on surfaces. A rubber ball dipped in a vessel of water can carry on its outer surface only a certain amount of liquid. You can wet the rubber ball, but you cannot soak it. So it is with the electrically charged particles which collide and form larger bodies. A time comes when the surface of the masses formed by collision is charged with so much electricity that they can sustain no more. Further growth by collision then ceases; the electrically surfeited mass repels the onward rushing similarly electrified corpuscles. Thus it happens that the universe is strewn with grains or accretions of moderate size. If these grains reach the atmosphere of the Earth, the friction of the air causes them to blaze, so that they seem like swift arrows of light shot from the bow of a mighty invisible archer. We call them "meteorites." To Arrhenius they are harbingers, some of them, sent to us by cosmic forces from other solar systems. And thus, by virtue of the marvellous powers stored within them, the blazing luminaries that stud the heavens distribute on a grand scale the primal matter of the universe, with the result that, however different in constitution the stars may now be, a time must inevitably come when they will all be alike, and when all Suns will be bone of one bone, flesh of one flesh.

The cosmic possibilities of corpuscles

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projected from the Suns of the universe are not ended. Light-pressure serves also to unravel a celestial secret comparable with the mystery of a comet's tail — a secret that involves the phenomena of the opalescent nebulæ, each overspreading millions of miles. A nebula is an astronomical paradox. It is a mass of gas which is cold and which nevertheless glows with its own light. How can a gas be cold and still glow? Before Arrhenius gave us his theory, astronomers could no more give a plausible reason than they could explain away the vagaries of the corona. Now we know that the shower of negatively electrified particles which rain from every hot Sun in the universe must eventually strike these vast expanses of gas. When they dash into the outer regions of a nebula they conduct themselves much as when plunged into the upper layers of the Earth's atmosphere. They shine forth as auroræ. In other words, they cause the gases to glow. That nebulæ must indeed be thus illuminated is proved by the distribution of their light. In many of them the outer borders glow more brightly than the interior, which shows that the corpuscles have spent their energy in the outer regions, leaving the inner mass concealed in a gloom that we have not as yet succeeded in penetrating.

Thus the poet of modern science attunes the moonbeam that falls on the waving forests and heaving seas of this Earth with the plumage of comets and the splendors of a solar eclipse, and thus the artificial eye of mathematics and the supersensitive touch of physics reveal to our dull senses the unity of the forces that sway the stars.

Humanity

BY HELEN JAFFREYS

SHE'S pale; her eyes are staring, gray;
They look wide, wondering at the day.
Her hands fall limply by her side,—
She has nothing of herself to hide.

She's just a child, she's very small;
She stands and waits, for fear she'll fall;
She totters on the cobble stone,
A little figure all alone.

She feels the wrinkles of her skirt;
It blots the dusty street with dirt
That thickens light. She feels her hair
In strands, a ragged thing to wear.

The sky is never blue above,
And yet God made the world to love!
She's conscious of her poverty,
Weak child, Humanity.

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"The Beloved"

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

BARRE closed the door behind the doctor, and whistling softly, stood and looked about the studio. Over one of the many easels his eyes and Strong's encountered in a dismayed glance which spoke volumes. The situation seemed the more pathetic to Barre because he himself was feeling opulent; he had five hundred dollars left from the season's math, and this to a man who accounted fifty comparative wealth, and had been known by no means to despise five, was affluence indeed. Even Strong had a couple of hundreds in hand, on the strength of which he was going to Cornwall with Barre—so far, at least, as the money would carry him. And here was Malcolm, every way the better man, penniless and in such straits as these.

"If it were only a question of rent," said Barre, wistfully, "or even of doctors and nurses. But rent *and* doctors and nurses and typhoid pneumonia and a winter at the South—" He groaned and glanced again about the studio, bare but for the canvases which richly furnished it, glowing with an insolence of inconsiderate vitality, considering their maker's pass at the moment. Strong, in front of one of them, was considering. He had come across from his own studio especially to get the doctor's verdict; as for Barre, he had virtually inhabited Malcolm's since the doctor, weeks before, had pronounced the word typhoid.

"It 'll have to be a sale," said Strong at last. Mechanically he took his pipe out of his pocket; then, remembering, put it back again.

"All very pretty," replied Barre, "but who is to scare up the purchasers—at this season?"

"You," said Strong.

For Barre was beautiful and beloved, an impecunious child of the gods, with the air of a child of fortune; ladies liked to decorate their teas with him, and Barre liked the teas and the ladies. His friends knew he could not help this, so condoned the weakness. He came now and joined Strong before "The Beloved."

"By Jove, by Jove!" he swore, softly, just as he had done a hundred times before; then he pulled himself together.

"All right! *He* doesn't go under for the lack of a paltry thousand or two! But he'll have to give us some kind of authority."

Strong nodded. Barre, holding his breath, went softly into the little back room. It was a ghastly shock, coming from the exuberant life of the studio to the lifeless and clay-colored figure on the narrow bed. For an instant Barre, beholding the sharpened temples and bony hands, grew cold; he glanced appealingly at the nurse, and she smiled reassurance at him as she left him alone with the sick man. Then Barre went sunnily forward, and sitting down, with the inspiration of love and fancy wove a beautiful tale about a beautiful sale. At the end he modestly asked permission.

"Do any damned thing you choose," breathed the white lips; but Barre felt the faint pressure of the pallid fingers, and rejoiced in the choice of speech.

"All right, old man," he said, tenderly, patting those skeleton fingers softly for fear of breaking them, and he tiptoed out. When he stood again in front of "The Beloved," whistling softly, Strong knew better than to interrupt him.

"I shall begin," said Barre casually, at last, "with Mrs. Parminter; that will make her feel good."

Strong, who had been engaged in examining one sketch after another, and putting them back in their places against the wall, responded with:

"I'll take a lot of these over to my shop and varnish them out. It will have to be there anyway."

Barre looked at him keenly a moment.

"You took in what the doctor said—'Not alone'?"

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"I took it in," said Strong.

He avoided looking at his friend, and took up another sketch, which he put hastily down again. It was of a girl's head, wound round and round with tawny braids of hair, and was about the sixth of that kind which Strong had already replaced.

Barre pulled out his watch. "I'll send her over," he said. "The nurse is ready to go out; and then I'll pass the word to the boys, make Mrs. Parminter happy, and set the ball rolling."

She came accordingly, hurriedly smoothing the tawny braids with strong, slender hands, and Strong told her briefly. Then he looked the question he could not frame. She answered it with a smile which was scorn of the question.

"But the money?" she asked, instantly, a line deepening on the broad young forehead.

"Leave that to us," Strong answered. In his turn, he suggested a frowning doubt. "Suppose he won't?"

"Leave *that* to me," answered the girl. She went into the other room, waving her hand to him as she disappeared across the threshold. Strong drew a long sigh. She was an artist, too, and modelled well. Every other artist in the building was in love with her after some fashion, without any prejudice to Malcolm's strict prerogative, for she was the kind of girl men fall in love with; but every man of them was prepared to sacrifice her ruthlessly now to her woman's uses and the sick man's sovereign need. Even Strong was prepared, and she was his sister. He was proud of her talent, but no woman that ever lived had yet produced a "Beloved," and — Strong devoutly believed—only one man.

Meanwhile Barre, at Mrs. Parminter's attractive tea table, was making himself its chief attraction. He had gone early enough to flatter her with a sense of confidential importance, and had lingered late enough to do good missionary service after. Mrs. Parminter avowed herself an ardent admirer of Mr. Malcolm's, as she smiled at Barre across the exquisite Japanese tea-set she had just bought. Barre never was more winning than when, with his long length cast upon a low seat, he could look sympathetic things upward at his hostess.

"I have always wished to own something of his," Mrs. Parminter went on, "but you know I really am a poor woman,"—she laughed charmingly. "Now and then I *play* at being rich, but all these little indulgences"—she swept her jewelled hand over the tea table—"are paid for in sacrifices afterwards."

"She means," commented Ella Treyvor, leaning towards him confidentially as their hostess turned away to greet a fresh arrival, "that she sacrifices her servants; where other people pay six dollars a week, she pays four and a half. I have her second maid, so I know. *I'll* come to your sale, but I warn you I really *am* poor. *I* haven't a rich husband in the city, and my automobile keeps me bankrupt. My chauffeur feeds his family on oil, I'm convinced, and clothes them in rubber tires."

Barre twinkled. He had once heard an automobile innocently described by a lady as a "poor man's luxury," and had found a haunting joy in the phrase. But he continued to smile upon the present owner of one genially; that was where Barre was great and greatly endowed. Strong would have snorted and walked off. Strong was not popular at teas.

"You know," insinuated Barre, "it's really *your* opportunity. Malcolms aren't to be had in the market every day."

"There is one thing of his I admire so much,"—Mrs. Parminter, returning to the teapot, skilfully picked up the thread of conversation,—"and that's 'The Beloved.'"

"Well, I should say!" gasped Barre, overcome.

"How would it be," she continued with inspiration, "for me to advance Mr. Malcolm a certain amount on that—say three or four hundred? I should be perfectly willing, and he might have, say, a year to redeem it. In the mean time I would house the picture."

"Why, what a good idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Treyvor. "We might, a number of us, take pictures that way, advancing, say, a third on each."

Barre turned a faint salmon. He dropped his usefully contrived lashes, (the gods had given him them an inch long), and when he lifted his glance it had the candid sweetness of an infant angel's.

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"Kind as it is, you know," he murmured, "I'm afraid it wouldn't do. A loan is a loan, and would burden his mind—loans do" (thus Barre, who knew), "and the doctor says he mustn't be worried." He added, sweetly, "And it will be probably *nearly* a year before he can do anything."

"Dear me, how sad it is!" sighed Mrs. Treyvor; "and just as he was beginning to make a reputation."

"Oh, the reputation is all right!" Barre ejaculated.

"Well," Mrs. Parminter's glance went round the little circle inquiringly, "*I* think it's a case that calls for all our charity."

Barre stiffened as suddenly as if some one had touched a spring.

"Please don't think of it that way," he said. "I—er—must have put it very badly" (for it simply wasn't *in* Barre to say more to a lady). "It's pure business. There is the work—the best work any man has done in this generation—and he merely wants to realize quickly, on account of illness."

"Oh, we quite *understand*," said Mrs. Parminter. "Dear me! of course I didn't mean charity in the ordinary sense; how stupid of me! I shall come and pour tea for you; I'll bring my new Japanese set, and I'll bring every friend I have in town."

"I'll send my man round with a lot of plants and ferns," contributed Mrs. Treyvor. "Mr. Strong's studio, you said—and Saturday."

"Ah, *that's* a charity, if you like, to me," said Barre, with admirable self-recovery. "Yes, the doctor wants him to get off at once. That's the mischief, you see, being after the season for sales."

"I shall come, too," said little Mrs. French, putting out a small gloved hand and pressing Barre's as he made his farewells. "Perhaps there will be some tiny thing within my purse."

"I am sure there will be," said Barre, cordially. He pressed her hand with unintentional warmth, because she looked sympathetic.

"How in the world can so sick a man travel alone?" began Mrs. Treyvor; but Barre murmured something about details not being yet adjusted, and wove his tortured way out.

Outside he wiped his brow. "Good Lord! I'd rather have a fit of illness myself!"

Strong's silence was more than ever eloquent as he listened, pacing up and down, resentment in his very footfall, which yet he did not forget to keep light.

"Palms and tea! — the devil!" he murmured.

"How he would hate it!" exclaimed Barre, mournfully, mopping his curls. "But it can't be helped."

Suddenly Strong burst into an unpleasant laugh.

"*Charity!* Well, I'd have sworn if there was *one* thing they would know when they saw it, it would be a bargain sale! What ails them, anyway?"

"Come, come; cool off," said Barre with recovered humor; "they aren't all like that. There's old Griffin, for instance—"

"I wish to God there *was* Griffin," said Strong.

"Well, maybe there will be; some one said he was overdue," Barre encouraged him. "Come, buck up, old man! Nothing really matters but to get those two safely off."

"Do they know of *her*?" Strong's voice quivered.

"Not on your tintype!" Barre answered, indignantly, and Strong muttered something apologetic in his beard.

"You're tired," Barre soothed him. "Malcolm will paint a million more, a thousand times better."

"Will he?" said Strong. "More, yes; but *better*—" He stopped eloquently in front of "The Beloved."

"Ah no; not better than *that!*" murmured Barre, quickly, "because there isn't any better."

The two men stood looking, and the longer they looked the deeper grew the impersonal personal joy in the eyes of each.

"The line," muttered Strong.

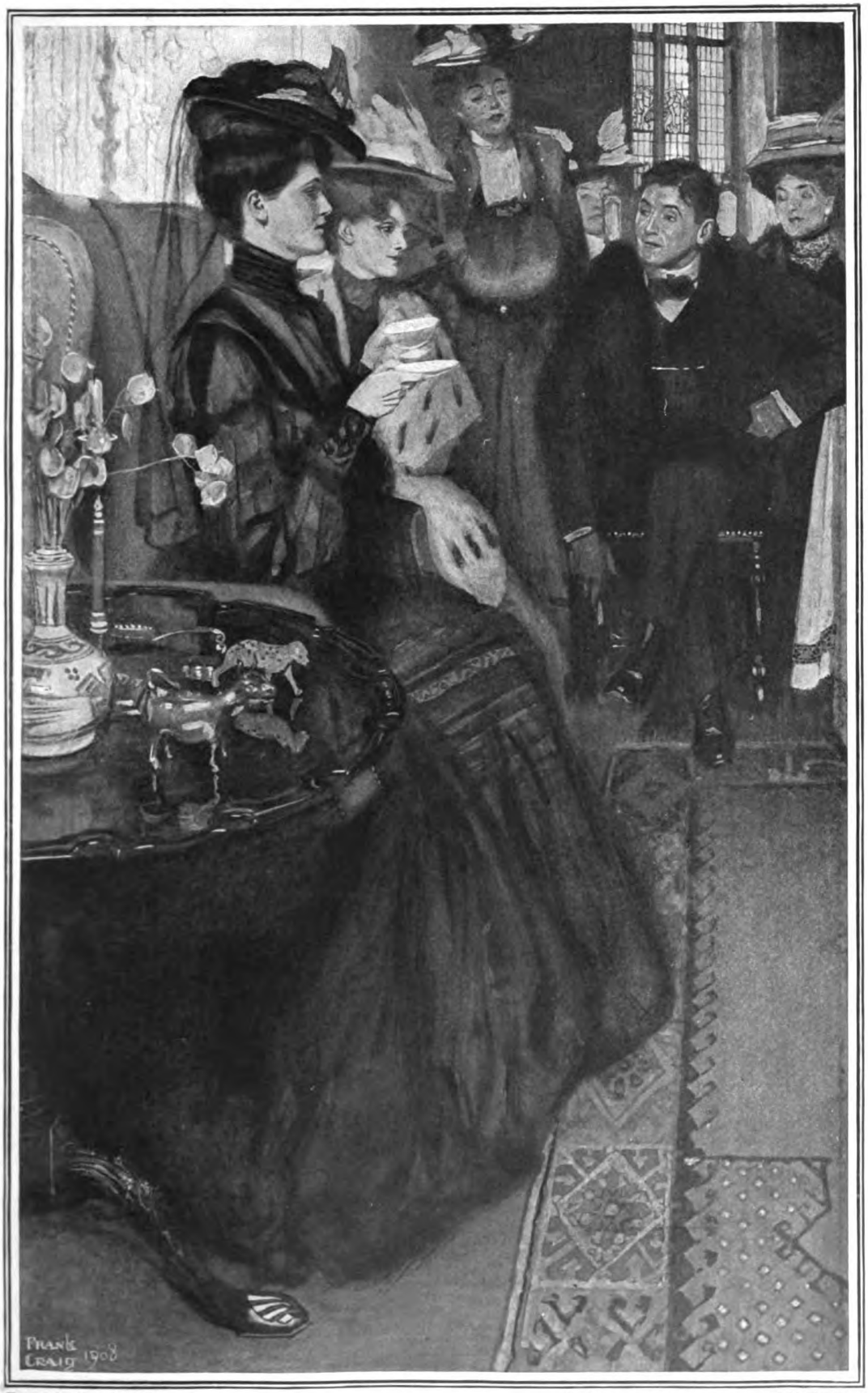
"The color, you know," breathed Barre.

"The envelope—"

"The composition—Jove!—that left-hand corner there."

They had performed this idiotic duet a hundred times before, but for pure joy they continued to perform it. They were still at it when the girl came in, and the calm exultation of *her* glance in-

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Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

BARRE WAS MAKING HIMSELF THE ATTRACTION OF THE HOUR

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cluded theirs and them, and a world of things beyond.

"Well?" she said, finally, and they both turned to her.

"Oh, going beautifully," said Barre, glibly. "We'll get you off early in the week; you've only to pack up; and then—it's off to Cornwall for us to rest up."

"We shall need it by that time," observed Strong, grimly, "with a poor man's luxury in the studio."

The days that followed were given over to varnishing and cataloguing and pricing and listing and hanging, while the "Luxury," as it was briefly denominated, snorted back and forth, bearing palms, teapots, and other incongruities into Strong's bare studio; and what he impiously termed "long-tailed ladies" came and went as if they owned it. Every artist in the building had a hand in the affair, to the total neglect of his own work. In the intervals they took the girl aside and lectured her. They called this "keeping up her courage," and every man talked of nothing but Malcolm. The girl meanwhile smiled at them all absently; she was trying to think how to get another "every two hours" feeding into the twenty-four without arousing the patient's suspicions. It was a question of nourishing now.

"After all," said Barre in a remorseful moment, "it's a bit hard on you; no orange-blossoms—and it isn't going to be all roses either. And there's the Iphigenia—"

"Idiot!" said the girl, gently, and left him.

"You know," said Barre to Strong, with a dim idea of cheering him, "I believe she rather likes it this way."

Strong said nothing. He did not rather like it. His sister's studio opened off of his, and it was Strong who went in daily now twice a day to put the damp cloths on the unfinished "Iphigenia." At times he studied it carefully. The "Iphigenia" was almost pathetically good, and Strong knew that the hands capable of this would be capable of better presently. But it was a long, long way from the "Iphigenia" to "The Beloved," a way no woman, according to Strong, had yet travelled. So he covered the clay up grimly, and continued to renew the cloths.

"Why do you do that?" asked the girl with amusement, pausing on her way with a bowl of broth from the little oil-stove. Strong only shrugged his shoulders, and wrung out more cloths. As for the girl, she walked an inch higher among them, and regarded them all inscrutably out of the corners of her eyes when they were not looking.

Saturday dawned. Barre, putting the finishing-touches of varnish on one side of the room, was hopeful of "at least two thousand." Strong, varnishing away on the other side, expressed a pious hope for half of one. Then, warily treading his way about a studio no longer recognizable for his, he left the honors to Barre. With an equal mind, the artists who had swarmed obstreperously all the week, gathered in a little knot about Strong, bashfully withdrawn. As for Barre, he was everywhere, handing Mrs. Parminter's teacups, answering Mrs. Treyvor's signals, accomplishing miracles of dexterity among the trained gowns of the ladies, and miracles of diplomacy among the men, reluctantly drawn thither for the most part by imperative spouses for a hurried five minutes between transactions of a *really* serious business nature, as opposed to the frivolous business pretences of mere Art. Strong ground his teeth as he watched and listened; to him the whole thing was a desecration. Idle lorgnettes pointed at Malcolm's pictures; a glib jargon, gathered at Art talks, applied to Malcolm's art; the brusque, complacent "business judgment" pronouncing upon Malcolm's "values" in another sense than the artist's—here was matter enough to keep the whole little knot of painters shifting and squirming. As time went on, they began also to perspire. Sales, as artists know, are made in the first half-hour, or on that mystic "day before."

"Too high, my dear sir—much too high!" pronounced Mr. Parminter, who, after a brief and businesslike round of the room, brought up before the little group, little knowing how highly *they* were charged in another sense. They eyed him anxiously; much tea had been drunk, much talk been exchanged, but very little else thus far.

"Now, I understand," he continued, "that Mr. Malcolm is compelled to realize upon these canvases without delay?"

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"A question of illness," put in Barre, quickly.

Mr. Parminter bowed.

"Exactly; but the business world does not enter into particular causes; to it, a forced sale is a forced sale. If I have to sell my land, or house, or stock under pressure, I sell at a loss, and hope to make it up elsewhere. I am simple enough to suppose that an artist must conduct his business under the same laws."

They looked at each other foolishly; not a man among them felt competent to grapple with this statement; the very magnitude of *their* perception of the difference held them dumb.

"Now, I am willing," continued Mr. Parminter, pleasantly, their docile silence favorably impressing him, "to make an offer for that picture,"—he pointed his eyeglass at "The Beloved." "I consider it one of the best here."

"It is," said Barre.

"But you are asking for it a price Mr. Malcolm *might* obtain under favorable circumstances—or so I infer. I do not know the price—I do not wish to know it."

"It is twelve hundred," said Strong, instantly.

"I am sorry you have told me," said Mr. Parminter, with some annoyance, "for I wished to make my offer without prejudice. What the actual value of the work may be I don't pretend to know, but I do know what it is worth to me—at this moment. I am willing to give you my check for six hundred for it, on the spot."

Strong looked stonily ahead; the others looked nowhere; Barre, after a moment's pause, spoke:

"Perhaps you would like to look at others—for that price? There are a number."

"No," replied Mr. Parminter. "I always know my own mind. This is the only thing I care to acquire, and I am not particularly anxious to acquire this, at this moment, except for my sincere desire to be of service to Mr. Malcolm. The offer is made, gentlemen; it is for you to take or leave."

"So kind," murmured Barre, with a desperate glance at Strong's disappearing back; "but, you see, our authority does not extend so far."

"Then," said Mr. Parminter, pleasantly, "there is nothing for me to do but bid you good afternoon, Mr. Barre,"—he held out a neatly gloved hand. "I should have been glad to be of service to a man of Mr. Malcolm's talents, or—may I add?—to a friend of yours."

He bowed kindly, and, stopping to speak a word with his wife, disappeared, with the air of a man who has already spent more time than the occasion warrants. Mrs. Parminter promptly beckoned Barre to her side.

"I'm so disappointed," she said, with a becoming pout; "I would have hung it in the ballroom, and had all the *best* people see it. Well, I'm taking that little water-color over there—the one with the moon—thirty dollars. Please take it down for me."

Barre was engaged in doing so when Mrs. Treyvor rustled hurriedly up.

"Who's getting that?" she demanded. "The only thing I want! Dear me! there's nothing else I want that I can afford." After some time she decided upon a tiny sketch. "I really can't give more for something I don't want," she said, rather crossly. "Belle Parminter took the only thing I did want."

Little Mrs. French came up to them, with a beaming face and a handful of crisp bank-notes.

"Is it *only* two hundred and fifty for that square moonlight, Mr. Barre? Because, if it is, I want it. Oh, I *am* glad. I have always wanted a Malcolm, but never expected to have such a beauty as this." She counted the notes jubilantly into Barre's hand—then hesitated. "Would it be asking too much—*could* I take it with me now? I have a carriage, and I just can't bear to leave that picture behind." She laughed at her own foolishness, and Barre, with a sudden easing of tension, laughed too. As he handed her the package, he very nearly said: "This is awfully good of you," so deep was his abasement.

People trickled away, Mrs. Parminter last, with a promise to send the "Luxury" after the Japanese tea-service, and the studio was left to the artists.

And rueful were the glances that these exchanged.

"All that tea and gabble—and for how much!" exclaimed Redmond, disgustedly.

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"Foot it up, Barre, and let us know the worst."

They relaxed into all the available seats, and in a few moments the smoke of many pipes and cigars was wrestling with the odor of violet and patchouli.

"Six hundred and fifteen," announced Barre, at last.

The quiet little Mrs. French's purchase had been the largest.

"Subtract the tea and cakes," said Redmond, satirically. And once more a rueful silence fell. Each was mentally computing how far a paltry six hundred would go. They were all accustomed to working daily financial miracles and to facing the largest odds for themselves; but this was different.

Strong spoke first, leaning forward to tip the ashes from his pipe into the fireplace.

"Male and female created He them; I wonder why He did?"

"Well, there's that noble offer of Parminter's," suggested Redmond.

"He *meant* to be kind, too," said Barre, who had not yet recovered from the afternoon's depression.

"'The Beloved' doesn't go—not that way!" murmured Redmond, complacently. "Not *this* time; but who knows when it may? I wish it were safe somewhere," he added, with a sudden apprehension, which found its echo in the faces around.

"I wish its maker were," said Strong, rudely bringing them back to the immediate issue.

Barre sat upright suddenly.

"Let's make *both* safe," he exclaimed. He jumped up, and seizing the big easel on which stood "The Beloved," shoved it in the apparently reckless manner of artists across the floor, then spun it round till it faced the little scattered group. The smoke from their pipes rose up in the silence like incense before it, and no man said a word.

Not even Barre. With that living and imperishable witness before them it was not necessary to point out to them how utterly worthless, unimportant, and of no account were all their lives and destinies, their pasts, presents, or futures, their souls, bodies, and eternal welfares, compared with some other things. It was unnecessary, and would have been unkind. Instead Barre reached over, took a sheet of drawing-paper from the table, and with a red wax-pencil (which does not rub out like charcoal) wrote something large and something small, then passed the paper to Strong.

Still smoking, Strong read, lifted a flickering eyelid towards Barre (perhaps he thought of the "Iphigenia"), then, without removing the pipe from his mouth, wrote in his turn and handed the paper on to Redmond.

Redmond smiled a little weakly.

"'B. Barre, $500; G. Strong, $200.' I don't cut a dazzling figure on this," was all he said, as he signed for $85, which was all he happened to own.

"It was just my blamed luck to be in funds," Barre explained, apologetically.

"Well, it isn't mine, then," murmured Basset. "*Worse* luck," as he wrote and passed the paper on.

"Would you sign mine, or my colorman's?" asked Matthews, innocently, with suspended pencil. "It's really his, you know."

"Nonsense; you paid him last month; do you *eat* paint, man?" demanded Richmond.

So with jest and comment the paper went from hand to hand, and no man, as he signed away his summer of backgrounds, his weeks of sea or sky or Europe—which, in some cases, meant also his chance of next year's exhibitions—said aloud, "Here goes Brittany," or "Cornwall," or "Ogunquit." They were fond of Malcolm, but it was not altogether, nor even principally, for him that they were doing this; they were doing it for "The Beloved"—as members of a craft. The filled paper went back to Barre, who footed it up in anxious silence, and threw it into the air boyishly, with a subdued shout.

"*We—are—the—People!* Eleven hundred and fifty—not a penny less! Adding the hard-won profits of the day, we amount to seventeen and fifty. By Jove! if I'd realized we were such a millionaire lot I would never have brought myself to rob those horny-handed children of toil! We'll start them with a clear thousand, at least. Seventeen hundred! Boys," he added, soberly and impressively, "we'll send it to the Salon; it will be helping him while he's away."

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"They work while you sleep," murmured Redmond, joyfully.

"And look here," said Barre, impressively, "we want this kept quiet. 'The Beloved' has been bought by a private syndicate, subscribers' names not known —you all get that?"

"*We* do," said Redmond; "but how about old Malcolm?"

"Don't you worry! He'll ask no questions for the next three months, and when he does it will take him six to get an answer; by *then*, it won't matter. And if he doesn't like it," Barre continued, innocently, "he can just take his old picture back; we'll be glad to sell it, at a loss, by then."

Chuckles of satisfaction received this statement, and Strong went off to bring the girl, who came, and swept them with a glance all into one circle of deep comradeship. Never had they been so much in love with her, and they asked as one man:

"How is he?"

"Sleeping beautifully." Her questioning glance met Barre's.

"Oh, pretty good!" beamed Barre, in reply to it. "We haven't sold a thing—only a little seventeen hundred dollars' worth or so; we'll have at least a thousand to show him clear."

"And if that isn't good enough," said Strong, with unexpected brutality, "don't dare to call yourself an artist's wife."

The girl merely smiled with that superior sweet scorn of hers. They looked at her with the helplessness of men and the appealing eyes of children, and she was aware that they were all henceforth putting their trouble wholly upon her.

"You can pack up," said Barre, and he shook her hand. "I'll get the ticket to-morrow, and Strong will see to—the other thing." He reddened, and stumbled a little suddenly, and they all got up hurriedly, for they knew what the other thing meant. She shook hands with every one of them, and they grasped hers fervently, clumsily, warmly, in the depth of their renouncement. *This* they were not doing as members of a craft. Every man there was conscious of the magnitude of the wedding-gift he was making to Malcolm.

In return she gave them the only thing she had to give—a promise.

"I will bring him back."

They dropped again into the chairs, all their gayety gone with her, and somebody murmured everybody's thought, "If there had only been old Griffin, he would have done the thing so much better"—for the thousand suddenly seemed extremely small.

And then, exactly like one's favorite fiction, there came a rap, and there *was* Griffin, literally in the train of Mrs. Parminter, still in her handsome afternoon gown.

There was a general rising and exclaiming and hand-shaking, with hurried explanations.

"I thought I heard that poor man's luxury snorting around," muttered Redmond, *sotto voce*.

"We simply couldn't wait to know!" said Mrs. Parminter. "At least, I couldn't, and Mr. Griffin, whom I found at home, was just as anxious; so I came round myself for the tea-things. No, don't trouble, Mr. Strong; James will pack them up while you tell us the news. How," she added, sinking into the chair a dozen hands obsequiously pushed forward, "did it all come out? *Did* we make enough?" She beamed, in all her prettiness, upon the circle. It was precisely the "ambiente" in which she liked to think that she liked to be,—"quite one of them,"—and she smilingly accepted from Barre's accustomed fingers the cigarette which no one of the others would have had the courage to offer. Most of them had retreated, so far as they could retreat, and were hastily adjusting loosened neckties and buttoning vests. "Were there any more sales, and will it all be enough?"

"Oh, it will do quite nicely," said Barre, cheerfully.

"Then there *were* sales!"

"There was *a* sale."

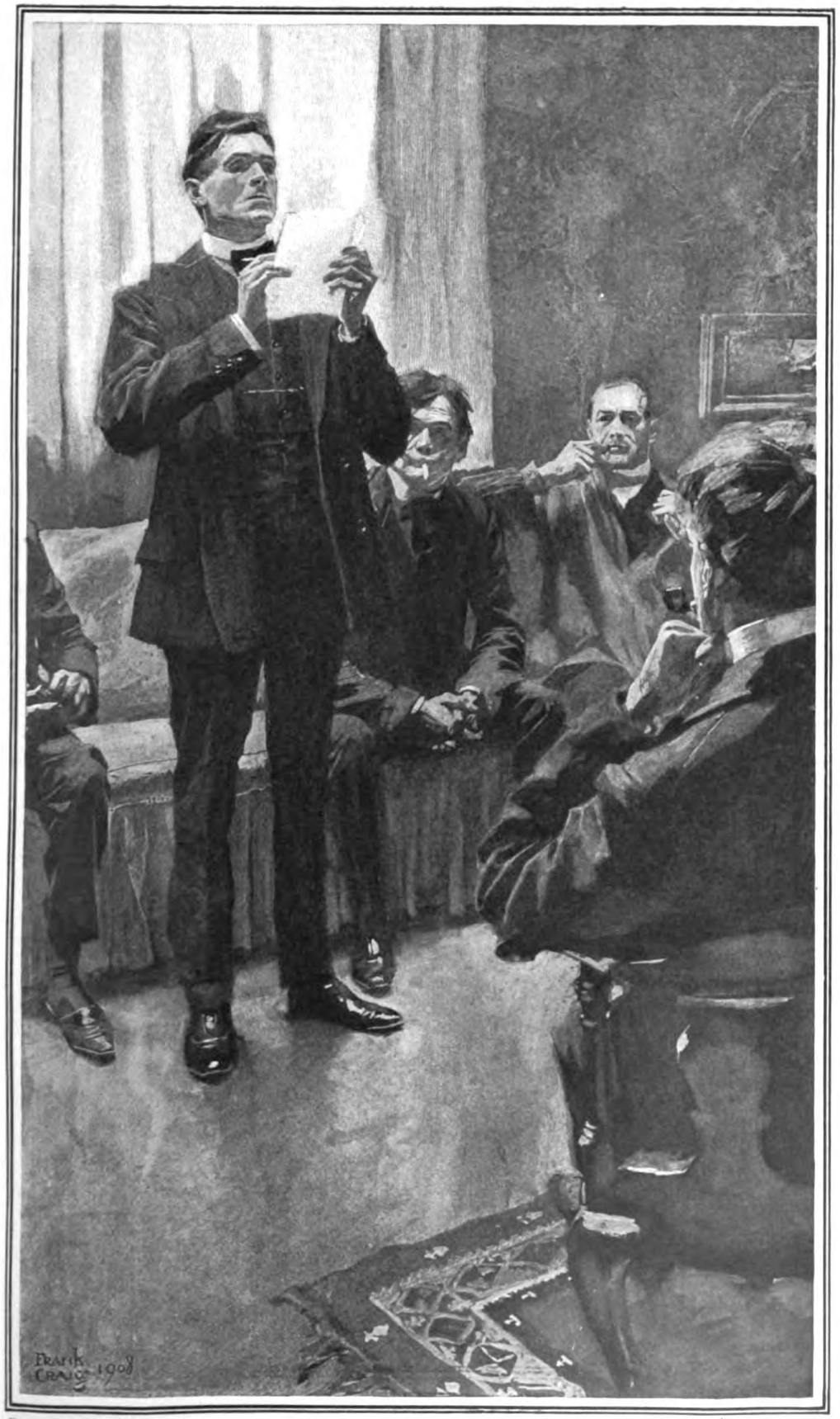
"Of that?" said Griffin, quickly, extending his cane towards "The Beloved," still throned upon its easel.

"Yes," said Barre, making reassuring signs with his eyebrows to the artists squirming in the rear, "of that."

"To whom—when—for how much?" demanded Mrs. Parminter, excitedly.

Barre began his little tale of a reserved syndicate, when Strong, most unexpectedly, cut him short. All those

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Drawn by Frank Craig

"FOOT IT UP, BARRE, AND LET US KNOW THE WORST"

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young fellows looked suddenly so impecunious contrasted with Griffin's well-groomed figure—and perhaps he thought of the "Iphigenia," or perhaps it was merely a desire to deal fairly by Providence.

"There can't be any reason why we shouldn't tell *them*, Barre! They will understand our reason for keeping the thing quiet. The plain fact," he added, turning directly towards their visitors, "is that the money *wasn't* enough, and so"—he hesitated a little himself at the point—"we chipped in and bought 'The Beloved' ourselves."

There was a little murmured exclamation of admiration from Mrs. Parminter:

"What a beautiful—what a *good* thing to do!"

Griffin was silent, thoughtfully gazing at the group.

"Well, yes; we calculate we *have* done pretty well for ourselves," said Barre, modestly; "we get it for about half its real value."

"Ah, you *say* that!" said Mrs. Parminter, tenderly. She turned her large eyes on them all. "That's what I envy you above all — the being *able* to do these romantic generous things. You *can* be generous; you have no families, no establishments, only yourselves to think of—you are so utterly unfettered—and then you care nothing for money; money means nothing to you." She summed up their advantages so earnestly that some of the men looked sheepishly apologetic for them.

"No," said Strong, "and among us we don't keep an automobile."

"Lucky you!" replied Mrs. Parminter, rising, hiding in a rich laugh a slight embarrassment as to how much that unpleasant friend of Mr. Barre's might be intending. "I see James has the things, and I must rush for dinner. Are you coming, Mr. Griffin?"

"In just a minute," replied Griffin. Hat in hand, he stood waiting until "the lady and the lackey" with the tea-things had started down the hall. Then he turned to the group of painters, and the look he gave them hurt every one of them—it was so full of mute apology, of a real and deep humility. In it he begged their pardon for being so rich, for being so successful, for being so everything that they were not, and for being there at all.

There was absolutely no reason why Griffin should have looked at them so. There was hardly a man in the room whom he had not at one time or another delicately helped over some hard place; and there was not one who had not known or heard of occasions when this man of the world, who "knew the value of money" in a sense they never would know it, had quietly written down his name for unsecured thousands, to give some poor devil a fresh chance. He had not acquired his money, but been born into it, and he had spent his upright life in an honest effort to minimize that offence. Not a man there but liked and respected "old Griffin"—yet he looked at these shabby boys as if he begged their pardon for existing.

"I have only this to say, gentlemen," he said, simply, and every eye was fastened hopefully on him, "I came here on purpose to buy that picture" (and every eye travelled to "The Beloved"). "I wanted to do that much for Mr. Malcolm. But, gentlemen, if I were capable of attempting to rob you of that privilege, or of spoiling the finest thing I ever saw done, I should despise myself!" He bowed, put on his silk hat, and walked hastily out.

The silence which followed was broken by the far-borne snort of a departing automobile, growing fainter and fainter in the distance, and some one's rueful glance encountered some one else's. It may have been Barre who grinned, and little Redmond scratched his head. In a moment the room was in a gentle uproar. Matthews rolled on the sofa in a silent ecstasy, and—since shouting was impossible — it is hard to say what would have happened if some one had not begun all at once pensively and magnanimously to whistle "For he's a jolly good fellow," instantly taken up by all.

And so, chuckling and humming, or whistling under their breaths, with a grin on every face, and a silent, exquisite appreciation in every twinkling eye, the whole happy, impecunious assembly melted softly away, every man to his own garret or studio, where he chuckled and chuckled again, feeling that he had had his money's worth over and over.

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Salem

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

IN those devout days of Salem, during the seventeenth century, if a man possessed a somewhat personal opinion or conviction, it behooved him to get rid of it suddenly and unostentatiously, without losing any time. He was wise in not thinking at all, except within his own home at night, with the doors securely bolted, and preferably in bed when the lights were extinguished and his head lay buried beneath the blankets.

For if one may believe the early annals of Salem, a New England Christian community in 1640 was not a healthy or agreeable place of residence for one who was troubled with mental activity. Your God-fearing Puritan of this period, with its peculiar atmosphere and pressure, was so earnest in his desire to serve his God that he did things to his brother who did not happen to share his views, that were extremely original but disagreeable—to the brother, of course—and usually hurt, and not infrequently disfigured, him.

In his religious zeal he would pounce on his neighbor, and after beating him unmercifully, would slit and sear his nostrils, and send him through the streets, condemned to wear a halter visibly about his neck for life. Or during this eruption the Salemite might have the good fortune to fall in with some unhappy Friend whom old associations had lured back to Salem after banishment from Massachusetts; and though firmly believing that the latter was created in God's image, this did not prevent him from slightly remodelling him by the simple process of peeling one of his ears off as he would skin an orange. There was a thoroughness about the work of the early Salemite which commands attention.

If the Friend returned, his Puritan brother showed himself a man with a keen sense of the symmetrical—and removed his other ear. If the Quaker was hardy enough to venture back a third time, the man to whom godly attainments were as food and drink still had his trump card to play; for the Court of Assistants enacted "that they [Friends] shall have their tongues bored through with a hot iron, and be employed in the house of correction till sent away at their own cost."

The extraordinary courage and enterprise that lifted Salem on a tidal wave of prosperity in the first half of the nineteenth century, when, in the romantic East India days, a fleet of one hundred and ninety-eight vessels flying the Salem signal opened commerce with every civilized and barbaric market on the globe, have left not a little of their fibre in the present generation. They reveal themselves in the Salem gamin, whom you at first barely notice as he strolls casually along in your wake, intent on your every movement. When, fifteen minutes after his advent, he is still to be seen circling abstractedly about you, his diminutive presence becomes slightly oppressive. But after you have selected a comfortable post at the Custom House, and settled exquisitely and drowsily back to evoke with each breath of the soft sea air the deep wooden drumming of the calking-hammers that once sounded along these empty quays in mellow reverberations, you begin to realize that the small boy of Salem is about to become an obsession, as he pops out at you again from behind an adjoining column, bringing you out of the early forties with an unpleasant start.

Facing the same predicament in New York, I should know from experience how to act: for the New York urchin is merely interested in the price the artist is receiving for his work. I should therefore take him aside and state the modest sum: he would reply, "Aw, say—quit yer kiddin'," and I should be at liberty to move down the street in peace. In Virginia, the boy who follows you patiently for blocks has designs on your

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THE ELM-SPANNED WALK IN ESSEX STREET

Etched by C. H. White

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A Bit of Lower Salem
Etched by C. H. White

cigar stub, and will make overtures for its possession when the propitious moment arrives. I anticipate his move; present the stub; make a valuable friend, and avoid future trouble by smoking a pipe. In Boston, when the small boy appears with monotonous regularity at each new street corner, eying me narrowly, I take pains to make his acquaintance, and explain kindly that I am not looking for trouble; that the thing I carry as unostentatiously as possible under my arm is not a club, but a three-legged sketching-stool. Then I open the thing, to show him the mechanism, and request him to sit on it for a minute or two to see how it feels. He invariably accepts my invitation, with the result that I am as a monarch in his eyes, while he becomes my faithful chamberlain, who, with insistent devotion, stands beside me while I work, squashing the flies as they light on the imperial body, or skilfully removing the insects as they ascend my trouser leg.

But with the Salem boy one's previous experience is of little avail, and I hastened helplessly down the steps of the Custom House with a subconscious feeling that something was following me, and with a premonition that it would soon overtake me. It appeared no larger than the little speck that seems to float persistently in the retina when one is bilious, but it was equally irritating. I quickened my steps and tried to put the thing out of my mind; but the distinct pattering of diminutive feet made this an impossibility; and as I hurried on I could feel a gimletlike eye boring its way into my back and through my pockets, making a careful inventory of my belongings.

By darting rapidly into one of the narrow streets intersecting my course I succeeded in giving him the slip, and followed up my advantage by diving into what appeared to be a short cut to Essex Street. Here I breathed freely again, until hasty reconnoitring revealed this

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to be a blind alley. It was while I stood deliberating upon the advisability of remaining quietly where I was until he should have passed on down the street, that I realized that I was a marked man, and that he had pocketed me.

Through the only exit open to me an extremely small boy was rapidly approaching. It was my first opportunity to look him over carefully. His cap, tilted far back on his head, revealed a shock of hair the color of bleached straw, that emphasized the deep sunburnt skin mottled with large freckles. The *ensemble* formed a quaint mask, through which peeped out two keen gray eyes that never left me. In a moment we were face to face.

"Where are you going, mister?" he asked.

"Down the street."

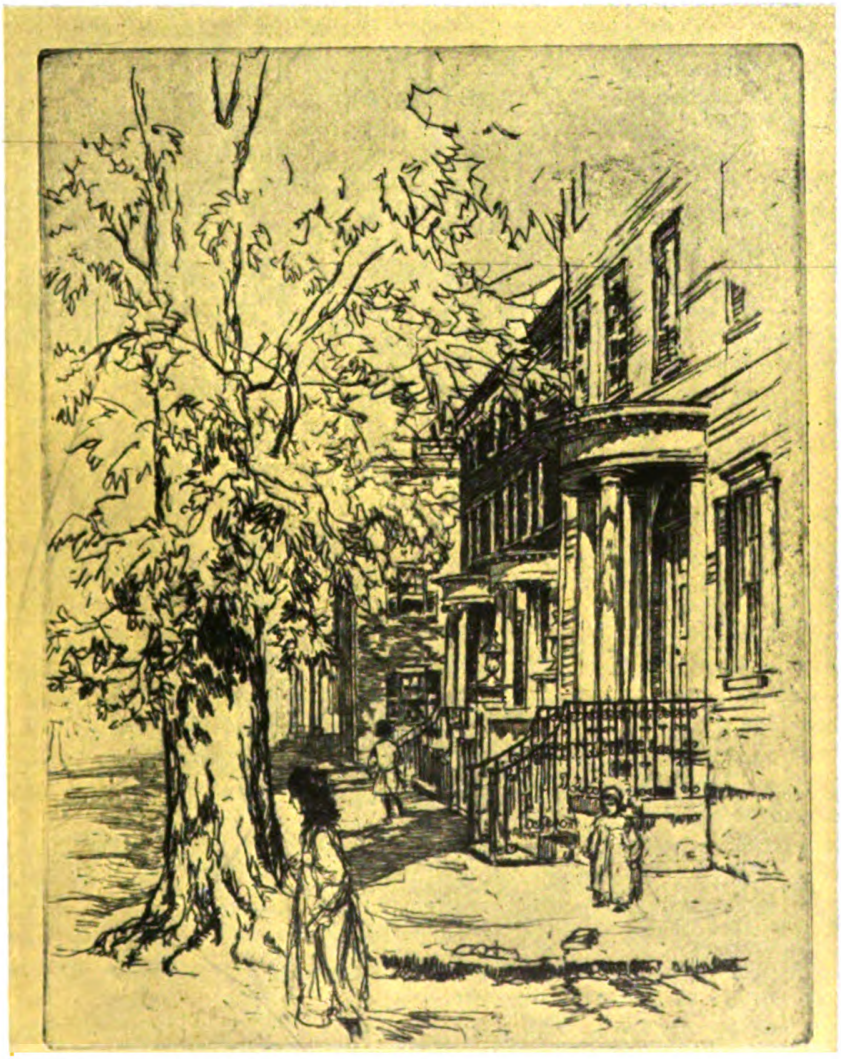
"What are you going to do there?"

"Nothing."

"Who are you looking for?"

"Nobody."

I felt I had him in ruins—utterly



CLASSIC PORTICOS OF SILVER WHITE

Etched by C. H. White

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crushed by my brevity. But at that time I was unfamiliar with the resources of the Salem boy; he is irresistible. Stepping back for a moment to settle his hat more firmly on his head, he closed in and spoke briskly without a comma or a period.

"Say—mister," he began, "come on and let me show you the House of the Seven Gables the place where Hawthorne was married his sweetheart's house the place where he lost his job."

He paused for a moment to catch his breath, and proceeded: "Fer ten cents I'll show you the whole business and let you see the funny things in the Old Burial Ground."

He is the same boy who, in the golden days of Salem's maritime supremacy, knew the characteristics of every ship in Salem's great merchant fleet, from figurehead to each particular patch in the canvas; the same wide-awake urchin who was to be found in his idle moments on some deserted wind-swept promontory scanning the horizon; who noted the distant speck of white heading for port, observed the trim of her sail, and having compared it with the ships due in Salem on his schedule of arrivals, raced wildly across-country for the town to notify the captain's wife and receive the customary fee of one dollar.

As you enter Derby Street on your way to the Custom House, where, in more prosperous times, the main current of the commercial life of the city ebbed and flowed, making the streets ring with the cheerful din of business activity, and reach the deserted quays, you feel not unlike a stranger who has wandered into an abandoned theatre and walks alone across the stage, picking his way gingerly through the tattered scenery, long after generations of actors who made the place echo with their laughter have departed.

Here one is continually stumbling across eloquent reminders of past splendor in the numerous old mansions of former Salem merchants, still marshalled in broken line, looking seaward, with their graceful porticos tufted with ivy, fluttering in the clear sunlight; and you have an irresistible desire to sneak up the narrow path and give the heavy knocker a resounding thump on the massive door just to hear the echoes roll through the house with a deep, gloomy resonance.

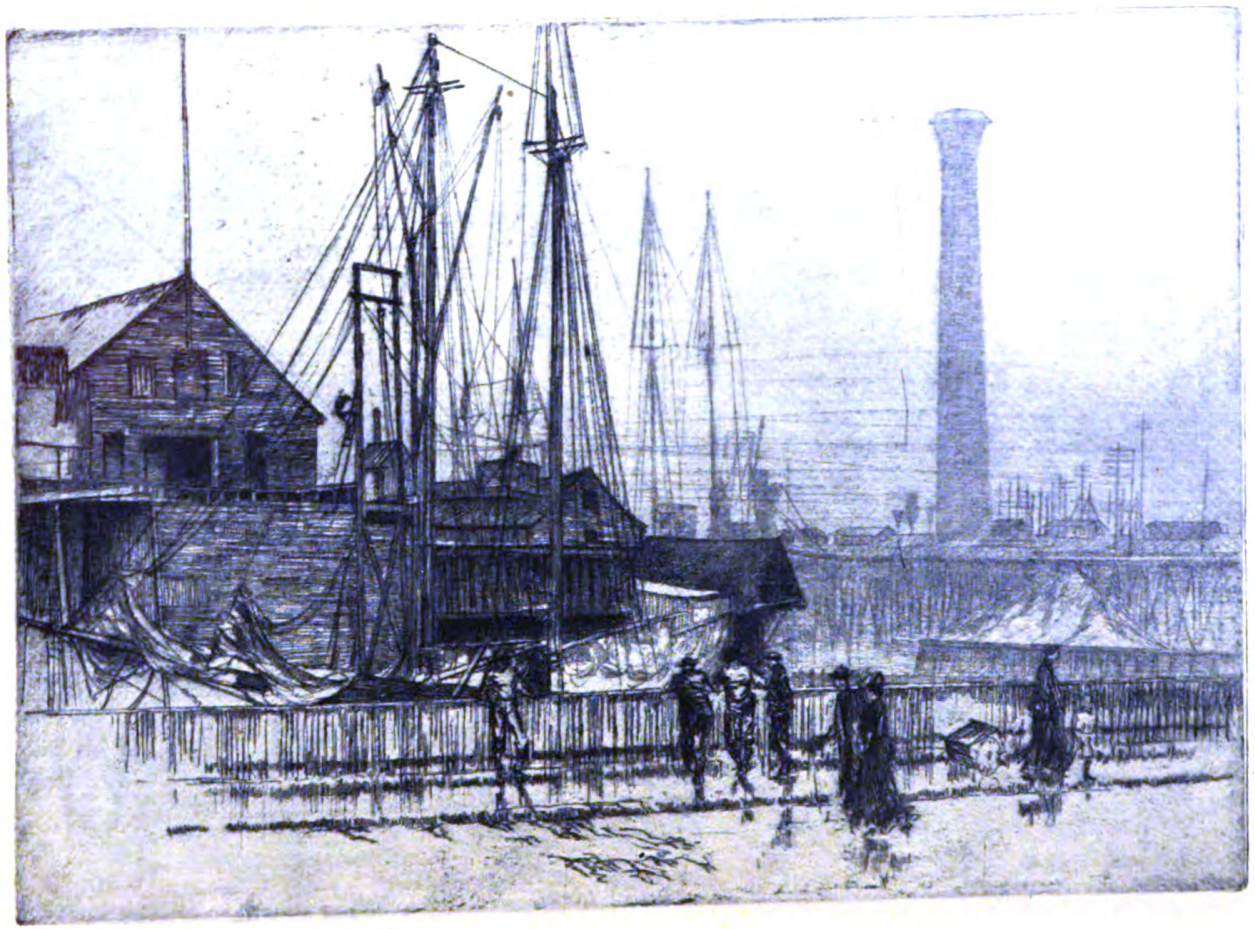
I seldom passed this way without catching a fleeting glimpse of the white, almost transparent, faces of extreme old age framed in the neat little Colonial window panes of the Aged Women's Home, gazing wistfully through lacklustre eyes upon the crumbling wharves below, where, as young women, many of them had stood with blanched cheeks in an agony of suspense during the intensely dramatic moment when every woman tasted the bitter sorrows of widowhood, and stood crushed with a premonition of impending disaster, looking out to where the great merchantman, after a two-year absence, loomed up in her distorted imagination as a mammoth coffin, as she stood on her last tack for Derby wharf with her flag at half mast.

Where formerly the broad quays swarmed with "lumpers," or longshoremen, busily unloading the cargo of silk and ivory or heaping the wharf with dates and coffee, there rise now pyramids of dilapidated hogsheads and rusty iron rails. The hoarse orders of the landing have given place to a silence broken only by the distant humming of the looms in the great cotton factory across the water, punctuated at times by the tremolo of a motor boat threading its way through the channel, and filling the air, once redolent with foreign spices, with the stench of gasoline and bilge-water.

A few Greeks repairing hogsheads, a solitary fisherman asleep over his line, a white-haired, sunbaked derelict who saw the thing accomplished, are all that remain to link one with the days when on one voyage a ship paid in duties the neat sum of ninety-two thousand three hundred and ninety dollars and ninety-four cents!

If one did not wander through the neighborhood of the docks, one would never suspect that the old town had ever suffered reverses. It is one of the best fed, the most prosperous looking towns in New England to-day. The streets, spanned by titanic elms, become cathedral naves; and through the lofty arch of whispering foliage steal at infrequent intervals into the cool depths below shafts of limpid sunlight, sifting across the splendid rows of Colonial mansions, dipping in restless golden blots into the privacy of some sombre interior, to fan

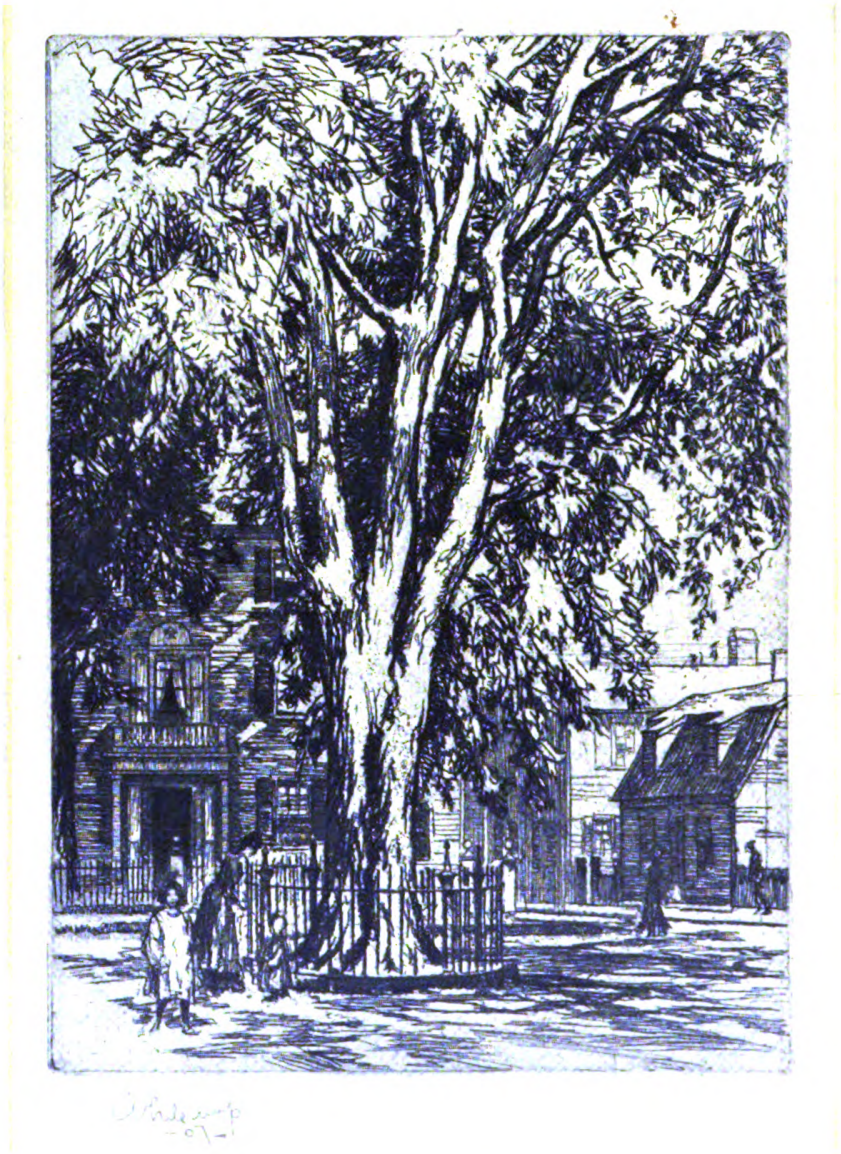
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DESERTED QUAYS ONCE REDOLENT WITH FOREIGN SPICES

Etched by C. H. White

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AN OLD CORNER
Etched by C. H. White

to life again the rich crimson smouldering in rare mahogany.

The masts that once served in half forgotten ships plying between Salem and the Orient are to be found to-day in their supreme metamorphosis, serving as doorposts or columns in the classic porticos of silver white, overlooking the well groomed lawns like ghosts of a time when good taste in America was hereditary. Each immaculate porch one passes in a day's idling and every brightly polished door-knocker of the most humble cottage gives one a sense of Dutch cleanliness, evoking visions of well stocked larders and kitchen floors scrubbed white with holystone.

Evidence of that thrift which contributed its share in making Salem the prosperous little city it is to-day smote me unawares the first day I ventured into one of the numerous "antique" stores.

The shop's exterior was tempting, and I entered, to find some indifferent ma-

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hogany littered about a severe maiden lady who stood framed in an extremely interesting interior. I noted the disposition of things, and was preparing to leave, having just replaced something on the shelf where it belonged, when the lady said, "That will be ten cents."

"Thank you; I really couldn't use it," I replied, edging away for the door.

"But the *charge* is ten cents," she added, coldly, moving nearer.

"So I understand," said I, skilfully manœuvring for a hurried but dignified exit.

"The admission to the store is ten cents," she put in here, with chilly distinctness, outflanking me.

For anything savoring of novelty in this *fin de siècle* business world let us be truly thankful! The shopkeeper who charges you a fee for the privilege of entering her store does not lose in dignity by the proceeding. She insists upon the disbursement with such an air of divine right that for the moment you feel strangely like the recipient of a favor, and wander down the street a prey to vague fears that possibly you may owe her money.

What extraordinary enterprise and daring did to bring Salem into prominence in the early thirties and forties, the civic spirit displayed by her citizens to-day is doing in a measure to make Salem unique, by her possession of two museums—in the Essex Institute and the East India Marine Society—without parallel in America, and with few prototypes in Europe.

In Salem one finds the curious anomaly of an American city whose entire population possesses a Gallic concern for the preservation of every atom of evidence that may serve to shed light on graceful traditions or obsolete customs. Fortunately nothing was deemed too unimportant by the voluntary contributors, and to-day nothing is lacking. You may sit before the fire in a Colonial kitchen, complete with all the utensils, or—here let me whisper it—turn to the less known corner where reposes the quaint collection of the dainty French garters affected by Colonial belles, quaintly inscribed with an appropriate *chanson d'amour* of Béranger that mingled with the white mist of lingerie.

The public spirit that has contributed to make these museums what they are to-day I found later in its full bloom at the Major's elm; and only realized then the latent significance of sundry corners we idlers pass thoughtlessly by in our rambles when seen through the retrospective eye of an old resident. Now I know that if I were carelessly to toss a brick into the crowded section of Essex Street, I could not fail to hit some member of the last generation who could claim kinship with those sturdy pioneers whose untiring efforts brought order and beauty out of chaos and turned the prim formality of the streets into Dantesque avenues of elms.

In this particular corner I have in mind there is a doorstep so secluded that one may work for hours at a time in the shade without being disturbed, watching the light and shade play over the leviathan elm that occupies the centre of the little square before you, dwarfing everything in the vicinity. Nestling comfortably beneath an almost impenetrable cloud of foliage is a sombre porch surrounded by a Palladian window. It is from this house, half veiled in perpetual twilight, that I noticed an extremely well preserved old gentleman emerging one morning. This was the Major, and a few steps brought him opposite me.

"I hope that you will pardon my intruding on your privacy," he began; "but I could not resist the temptation of asking whether you are going to include the tree in your sketch?"

"It is my principal motive," I replied, exhibiting the embryonic etching.

"I am particularly interested in that old tree, as my father planted it," he continued, thoughtfully. "Of course I was too young to recall the incident." We chatted for a time, and then he left me, with an invitation to drop in on him when I had finished.

I sat for some time pondering over this occurrence, when a well modulated feminine voice awakened me from my reverie, and said, "I suppose as the others have looked, I may?"

She was a matronly woman of sixty years, whose clear, transparent, luminous skin and heavy tresses of pure white hair lent a sunny brightness to her smile.

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Her clear, gray eyes met mine with engaging frankness.

"I am particularly interested in that tree," she mused, as she compared my work with the original before her. "In fact, we seldom look at it without a feeling of proprietorship. You see, my father planted it, about eighty years ago."

"I have heard rumors," I put in gently, "that the Major's father was the man who claimed that honor."

At this she was seized with an uncontrollable fit of mirth.

"Well, we'll let it go at that," she replied, trying her best to regain her composure. Then, in a tone more confidential, she whispered, "His father may have been present when father planted it; but I doubt it."

It was precisely midday when a shadow stole over my copperplate, and I looked up to find in the old gentleman who cast it a type such as one instinctively connects with the period when cross-country rides, roaring wood fires, and good ale were part of the day's routine. He was a lovable, distinguished figure in his neat old-fashioned clothes. After bowing with extreme urbanity, and expressing the hope that he was not disturbing me, he remarked that the tree interested him.

"It's a wonderful old tree—wonderful!" He lifted his eyes to the network of soaring, twisted branches above us. "A suitable subject—very. If my father could have only known—" he resumed, reflectively. "Ah yes, if he could only have realized that the result of his industry should have become the inspiration for another."

"You mean—?" I asked.

"Planted that elm. Yes, sir. I can see him now as I stand here, digging away with his little shovel. I recall distinctly, as if it were yesterday, the sharp slap he gave me for wandering near that well."

Then suddenly recollecting that there was no well where he indicated, he added: "Of course they've filled it in. It used to stand before the house; that was a long time ago."

"What a curious coincidence!" I exclaimed; "for only a moment ago I must have been speaking to your sister. She was explaining to me how her father had planted the elm."

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed, much interested. "It is true I have a married sister in Salem."

"Lives across the street?" I queried, indicating the house.

"Ah no . . . I'm afraid it cannot have been she. Her residence is at the other end of the town."

Then searching his memory for a moment, his eyes brightened as he muttered: "Who would have dreamt it? Did I understand you to say that the lady intimated that—"

"Her father planted it," I completed the sentence. "Do you know her?"

"Oh, perfectly," he replied, still puzzled; "a charming woman—worthy people,—but at the time to which I allude I doubt very much whether their family had moved to Salem."

"And the Major—?" I asked. "I have heard that his father is credited with—er—the business to which you alluded." I was afraid to come right out with it.

"Dear me! What an amazing development!" He gasped. "I knew his father well. Knew the Major—capital fellows—both of them. But, my *dear* sir . . ." His explanation was cut short by an explosion of innocent merriment. When he had recovered himself sufficiently he added, whimsically, "But do not let me disillusion you," and soon was lost to view in the bend of the street.

It is true that an aged ship-carpenter, who appeared just as I had bundled my things together to depart, did frankly admit that he was in no way implicated in the planting of the tree; but our subsequent conversation soon developed that he hailed from Essex. He exonerated himself still further by offering to produce evidence to prove that the elm in question had never been planted, but had stood there long before the houses. I pass him by without comment, for my duty is plain to me in the midst of these conflicting statements; it is the Major's story that I gladly accept unconditionally: he saw me first.

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The Minstrel

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

SALIM AWAD, poet, was the son of Tanous—that orator. Having now lost at love, he lay disconsolate on his pallet in the tenement overlooking the soap factory. He would not answer any voice; nor would he heed the gentle tap and call of old Khalil Khayat, the tutor of his muse; nor would he yield his sorrow to the music of Nageeb Fiani, called the greatest player in all the world. For three hours Fiani, in the wail and sigh of his violin, had expressed the woe of love through the keyhole; but Salim Awad was not moved. No; the poet continued in desolation through the darkness of that night, and through the slow, grimy, unfeeling hours of day. He dwelt upon Haleema, Khouri's daughter—she (as he thought) of the tresses of night, the beautiful one. Salim was in despair because this Haleema had chosen to wed Jimmie Brady, the truckman. She loved strength more than the uplifted spirit; and this maidens may do, as Salim knew, without reproach or injury.

When the dusk of the second day was gathered in his room, Salim looked up, eased by the tender obscurity. In the cobblestoned street below the clatter of traffic had subsided; there were the shuffle and patter of feet of the low-born of his people, the murmur of voices, soft laughter, the plaintive cries of children—the dolorous medley of a summer night. Beyond the fire-escape, far past the roof of the soap factory, lifted high above the restless Western world, was the starlit sky; and Salim Awad, searching its uttermost depths, remembered the words of Antar, crying in his heart: *"I pass the night regarding the stars of night in my distraction. Ask the night of me and it will tell thee that I am the ally of sorrow and of anguish. I live desolate; there is no one like me. I am the friend of grief and of desire."*

The band was playing in Battery Park; the weird music of it, harsh, incomprehensible, an alien love-song:

Hello, mah baby,
Hello, mah honey,
Hello, mah rag-time gal!

drifted in at the open window with a breeze from the sea. But by this unmeaning tumult the soul of Salim Awad, being far removed, was not troubled; he remembered, again, the words of Antar, addressed to his beloved, repeating: *"In thy forehead is my guide to truth; and in the night of thy tresses I wander astray. Thy bosom is created as an enchantment. O may God protect it ever in that perfection! Will fortune ever, O daughter of Malik, ever bless me with thy embrace? That would cure my heart of the sorrows of love."* And again the music of the band in Battery Park drifted up the murmuring street,

Just one girl,
Only *just* one girl!
There are others, I know, but they're *not* my pearl.
Just one girl,
Only just one girl!
I'd be happy forever with *just* one girl!

and came in at the open window with the idle breeze; and Salim heard nothing of the noise, but was grateful for the cool fingers of the wind, softly lifting the hair from his damp brow.

It must be told—and herein is a mystery—that this same Salim, who had lost at love, now from the darkness of his tenement room contemplating the familiar stars, wise, remote, set in the uttermost heights of heaven beyond the soap factory, was by the magic of this great passion inspired to extol the graces of his beloved Haleema, Khouri's daughter, star of the world, and to celebrate his own despair, the love-woe of Salim, the noble-born, the poet, the lover, the broken-hearted. Without meditation, as he has said, without brooding or design, as

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should occur, but rather, taking from the starlit infinitude beyond the soap factory, seizing from the mist of his vision and from the blood of agony dripping from his lacerated heart, he fashioned a love-song so exquisite and frail, so shy of contact with unfeeling souls, that he trembled in the presence of this beauty, for the moment forgetting his desolation, and conceived himself an instrument made of men, wrought of mortal hands, unworthy, which the fingers of angels had touched in alleviation of the sorrows of love.

Thereupon Salim Awad arose; and he made haste to Khalil Khayat to tell him of this thing. . . .

This same Khalil Khayat, lover of children, that poet and mighty editor, the tutor of the young muse of this Salim—this patient gardener of the souls of men, wherein he sowed seeds of the flowers of the spirit—this same Khalil, poet, whose delight was in the tender bloom of sorrow and despair—this old Khayat, friend of Salim, the youth, the noble-born, sat alone in the little back room of Nageeb Fiani, the pastry-cook and greatest player in all the world. And his narghile was glowing; the coal was live and red, showing as yet no gray ash, and the water bubbled by fits and starts, and the alien room, tawdry in its imitation of the Eastern splendor, dirty, flaring and sputtering with gas, was clouded with the sweet-smelling smoke. To the coffee, perfume rising with the steam from the delicate vessel, nor to the rattle of dice and boisterous shouts from the outer room, was this Khalil attending; for he had the evening dejection to nurse. He leaned over the green baize table, one long, lean brown hand lying upon *Kawkab Elhorriah* of that day, as if in affectionate pity, and his lean brown face was lifted in a rapture of anguish to the grimy ceiling; for the dream of the writing had failed, as all visions of beauty must fail in the reality of them, and there had been no divine spark in the labor of the day to set the world aflame against Abdul-Hamid, Sultan, slaughterer.

To him, then, at this moment of inevitable reaction, the love-lorn Salim, entering in haste.

"Once more, Salim," said Khalil Khayat, sadly, "I have failed."

Salim softly closed the door.

"I am yet young, Salim," the editor added, with an absent smile, in which was no bitterness at all, but the sweetness of long suffering. "I am yet young," he repeated, "for in the beginning of my labor I hope."

Salim turned the key.

"I am but a child," Khalil Khayat declared, his voice, now lifted, betraying despair. "I dream in letters of fire: I write in shadows. In my heart is a flame: from the point of my pen flows darkness. I proclaim a revolution: I hear loud laughter and the noise of dice. Salim," he cried, "I am but a little child: when night falls upon the labor of my day I remember the morning!"

"Khalil!"

Khalil Khayat was thrilled by the quality of this invocation.

"Khalil of the exalted mission, friend, poet, teacher of the aspiring," Salim Awad whispered, leaning close to the ear of Khalil Khayat, "a great thing has come to pass."

Khayat commanded his ecstatic perturbation.

"Hist!" Salim ejaculated. "Is there not one listening at the door?"

"There is no one, Salim; it is the feet of Nageeb, the coffee-boy, passing to the table of Abosamara, the merchant."

Salim hearkened.

"There is no one, Salim."

"There is a breathing at the keyhole, Khalil," Salim protested. "This great thing must not be known."

"There is no one, Salim," said Khalil Khayat. "I have heard Abosamara call these seven times. Being rich, he is brutal to such as serve. The sound is of the feet of the little Intelligent One. He bears coffee to the impatient merchant. His feet are soft, by my training; they pass like a whisper. . . . Salim, what is this great thing?"

"Nay, but, Khalil, I hesitate: the thing must not be heard."

"Even so," said Khalil Khayat, contemptuously, being still a poet; "the people are of the muck of the world; they are common, they are not of our blood and learning. How shall they understand that which they hear?"

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"Khalil," Salim Awad answered, reassured, "I have known a great moment!"

"A great moment?" said Khalil Khayat, being both old and wise. "Then it is because of agony. There has issued from this great pain," said he, edging, in his artistic excitement, toward the victim of the muse, "a divine poem of love?"

Salim Awad sighed.

"Is it not so, Salim?"

Salim Awad flung himself upon the green baize table; and so great was his despair that the coffee cup of Khalil Khayat jumped in its saucer. "I have suffered: I have lost at love," he answered. "I have been wounded; I bleed copiously. I lie alone in a desert. My passion is hunger and thirst and a gaping wound. From fever and the night I cry out. Whence is my healing and satisfaction? Nay, but, Khalil, devoted friend," he groaned, looking up, "I have known the ultimate sorrow. Haleema!" cried he, rising, hands clasped and uplifted, eyes looking far beyond the alien, cobwebbed, blackened ceiling of the little back room of Nageeb Fiani, the pastry-cook and greatest player in all the world. "Haleema!" he cried, as it may meanly be translated. "Haleema — my sleep and waking, night and day of my desiring soul, my thought and heart-throb! Haleema—gone forever from me, the poet, the unworthy, fled to the arms of the strong, the knowing, the manager of horses, the one powerful and controlling! Haleema—beautiful one, fashioned of God, star of the night of the sons of men, glory of the universe, appealing, of the soft arms, of the bosom of sleep! Haleema—of the finger-tips of healing, of the warm touch of solace, of the bed of rest! Haleema, beautiful one, beloved, lost to me! . . . Haleema! . . . Haleema! . . ."

"God!" Khalil Khayat ejaculated; "but this is indeed great poetry!"

Salim Awad collapsed.

"And from this," asked Khalil Khayat, cruel servant of art, being hopeful concerning the issue, "there has come a great poem? There *must*," he muttered, "have come a love-song, a heart's cry in comfort of such as have lost at love."

Salim Awad looked up from the table.

"A cry of patient anguish," said Khalil Khayat.

"Khalil," said Salim Awad, solemnly, "the strings of my soul have been touched by the hand of the Spirit."

"By the Spirit?"

"The fingers of Infinite Woe."

To this Khalil Khayat made no reply, nor moved one muscle—save that his hand trembled a little, and his eyes, which had been steadfastly averted, suddenly searched the soul of Salim Awad. It was very still in the little back room. There was the sputtering of the gas, the tread of soft feet passing in haste to the kitchen, the clamor from the outer room, where common folk were gathered for their pleasure, but no sound, not so much as the drawing of breath, in the little room where these poets sat, and continued in this silence, until presently Khalil Khayat drew very close to Salim Awad.

"Salim," he whispered, "reveal this poem."

"It cannot be uttered," said Salim Awad.

Khalil Khayat was by this amazed. "Is it then so great?" he asked.. "Then, Salim," said he, "let it be as a jewel held in common by us of all the world."

"I am tempted!"

"I plead, Salim,—I, Khalil Khayat, the poet, the philosopher—I plead!"

"I may not share this great poem, Khalil," said Salim Awad, commanding himself, "save with such as have suffered as I have suffered."

"Then," answered Khalil Khayat, triumphantly, "the half is mine!"

"Is yours, Khalil?"

"The very half, Salim, is the inheritance of my woe!"

"Khalil," answered Salim Awad, rising, "attend!" He smiled, in the way of youth upon the aged, and put an affectionate hand on the old man's shoulder. "My song," said he, passionately, "may not be uttered; for in all the world—since of these accidents God first made grief—there has been no love-sorrow like my despair!"

Then, indeed, Khalil Khayat knew that this same Salim Awad was a worthy poet. And he was content; for he had known a young man to take of the woe from his own heart and fashion a love-song too sublime for revelation to the unfeeling world—which was surely poetry

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sufficient to the day. He asked no more concerning the song, but took counsel with Salim Awad upon his journey to Newfoundland, whither the young poet was going, there in trade and travel to ease the sorrows of love. And he told him many things about money and a pack, and how that, though engaged in trade, a man might still journey with poetry: the one being of place and time and necessity, and the other of the free and infinite soul. Concerning the words spoken that night in farewell by these poets, not so much as one word is known, though many men have greatly desired to know, believing the moment to have been propitious for high speaking; but not a word is to be written, not so much as a sigh to be described, for the door was closed, and, as it strangely chanced, there was no ear at the keyhole. But Nageeb Fiani, the greatest player in all the world, entering upon the departure of Salim Awad, was addressed by Khalil Khayat.

"Nageeb," said this great poet, "I have seen a minstrel go forth upon his wandering."

"Upon what journey does the singer go, Khalil?"

"To the north, Nageeb."

"What song, Khalil, does the man sing by the way?"

"The song is in his heart," said Khalil Khayat.

Abosamara, the merchant, being only rich, had intruded from his own province. "Come!" cried he, in the way of the rich who are only rich. "Come!" cried he, "how shall a man sing with his heart?"

Khalil Khayat was indignant.

"Come!" Abosamara demanded, "how shall this folly be accomplished?"

"How shall the deaf understand these things?" answered Khalil Khayat.

And this became a saying. . . .

Hapless Harbor, of the Newfoundland French shore, gray, dispirited, chilled to its ribs of rock—circumscribed by black sea and impenetrable walls of mist. There was a raw wind swaggering out of the northeast upon it: a mean cold, wet wind —swaggering down the complaining sea through the fog. It had the grounds in a frothy turmoil, the shore rocks smothered in broken water, the spruce of the heads shivering, the world of bleak hill and wooded valley all clammy to the touch; and—chiefest triumph of its heartlessness—it had the little children of the place driven into the kitchens to restore their blue noses and warm their cracked hands. Hapless Harbor, then, in a nor'-east blow, and a dirty day—uncivil weather; an ugly sea, a high wind, fog as thick as cheese, and, to top off with, a scowling glass. Still early spring—snow in the gullies, dripping in rivulets to the harbor water; ice at sea, driving with the variable, evil-spirited winds; perilous sailing and a wretched voyage of it upon that coast. A mean season, a dirty day—a time to be in harbor. A time most foul in feeling and intention, an hour to lie snug in the lee of some great rock.

The punt of Salim Awad, double reefed in unwilling deference to the weather, had rounded Greedy Head soon after dawn, blown like a brown leaf, Salim being bound in from Catch-as-Catch-Can with the favoring wind. It was the third year of his wandering in quest of that ease of the sorrows of love; and as he came into quiet water from the toss and spray of the open, rather than a hymn in praise of the Almighty who had delivered him from the grasping reach of the sea, from its cold fingers, its green, dark, swaying grave—rather than this weakness—rather than this Newfoundland habit of worship, he muttered, as Antar, that great lover and warrior, had long ago cried from his soul: *"Under thy veil is the rosebud of my life, and thine eyes are guarded with a multitude of arrows; round thy tent is a lion-warrior, the sword's edge and the spear's point"*—which had nothing to do, indeed, with a nor'east gale and the flying, biting, salty spray of a northern sea. But this Salim had come in, having put out from Catch-as-Catch-Can when gray light first broke upon the black, tumultuous world, being anxious to make Hapless Harbor as soon as might be, as he had promised a child in the fall of the year.

This Salim, poet, maker of the song that could not be uttered, tied up at the stagehead of Sam Swuth, who knew the sail of that small craft, and had lumbered down the hill to meet him.

"Pup of a day," says Sam Swuth.

By this vulgarity Salim was appalled.

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"Eh?" says Sam Swuth.

Salim's pack, stowed amidships, was neatly and efficiently bound with tarpaulin, the infinite mystery of which he had mastered; but his punt, from stem to stern, swam deeply with water gathered on the way from Catch-as-Catch-Can.

"Pup of a day," says Sam Swuth.

"Oh my, no!" cried Salim Awad, shocked by this inharmony with his mood. "Ver' bad weather."

"Pup of a day," Sam Swuth insisted.

"Ver' bad day," said Salim Awad. "Ver' beeg wind for thee punt."

The pack was hoisted from the boat.

"An the glass don't lie," Sam Swuth promised, "they's a sight dirtier comin'."

Salim lifted the pack to his back. "Ver' beeg sea," said he. "Ver' bad blow."

"Ghost Rock breakin'?"

"Ver' bad in thee Parlor of thee Devil," Salim answered. "Ver' long, black hands thee sea have. Ver' white finger nail," he laughed. "Eh? Ver' hong-ree hands. They reach for thee punt. But I am have escape," he added, with a proud little grin. "I am have escape. I—Salim! Ver' good sailor. Thee sea have not cotch *me*, you bet!"

"Ye'll be lyin' the night in Hapless?"

"Oh my, no! Ver' poor business. I am mus' go to thee Chain Teekle."

Salim Awad went the round of mean white houses, exerting himself in trade, according to the cure prescribed for the mortal malady of which he suffered; but as he passed from door to door, lighthearted, dreaming of Haleema, she of the tresses of night, wherein the souls of men wandered astray, he still kept sharp lookout for Jamie Tuft, the young son of Skipper Jim, whom he had come through the wind to serve. Salim was shy—shy as a child; more shy than ever when bent upon some gentle deed; and Jamie was shy, shy as lads are shy; thus no meeting chanced until, when in the afternoon the wind had freshened, these two blundered together in the lee of Bishop's Rock, where Jamie was hiding his humiliation, grief, and small body, but devoutly hoping, all the while, to be discovered and relieved. It was dry in that place, and sheltered from the wind; but between the tickle heads, whence the harbor opened to the sea, the gale was to be observed at work upon the run.

Salim stopped dead. Jamie grinned painfully and kicked at the road.

"Hello!" cried Salim.

"'Lo, Joe!" growled Jamie.

Salim sighed. He wondered concerning the amount Jamie had managed to gather. Would it be sufficient to ease his conscience through the transaction? The sum was fixed. Jamie must have the money or go wanting. Salim feared to ask the question.

"I isn't got it, Joe," said Jamie.

"Oh my! Too bad!" Salim groaned.

"Not all of un," added Jamie.

Salim took heart; he leaned close, whispering, in suspense, "How much have you thee got?"

"Two twenty—an' a penny."

"Ver' good!" cried Salim Awad, radiant. "Ver', ver' good! Look!" said he: "you have wait three year for thee watch. Ver' much you have want thee watch. 'Ha!' I theenk; 'ver' good boy, this—I mus' geeve thee watch to heem. No, no!' I theenk; 'ver' bad for thee boy. I mus' not spoil thee ver' good boy. Make thee mon-ee,' I say; 'catch thee feesh, catch thee swile, then thee watch have be to you!' Ver' good. What happen? Second year, I have ask about the mon-ee. Ver' good. 'I have got one eighteen,' you say. Oh my—no good! The watch have be three dollar. Oh my! Then I theenk: 'I have geeve the good boy thee watch for one eighteen. Oh, no, I mus' not!' I theenk; 'ver' bad for thee boy, an' mos' ver' awful bad trade.' Then I say, 'I keep thee watch for one year more.' Ver' good. Thee third year I am have come. Ver' good. What you say? 'I have thee two twenty-one,' you say. Ver', ver' good. Thee price of thee watch have be three dollar? No! Not this year. Thee price have *not* be three dollar."

Jamie looked up in hope.

"Why not?" Salim Awad continued, in delight. "Have thee watch be spoil? No, thee watch have be ver' good watch. Have thee price go down? No; thee price have not."

Jamie waited in intense anxiety, while Salim paused to enjoy the mystery.

"Have I then become to spoil thee boy?" Salim demanded. "No? Ver' good. How then can thee price of the watch have be two twenty?"

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Jamie could not answer.

"Ver' good!" cried the delighted Salim. "Ver', ver' good! I am have tell you. Hist!" he whispered.

Jamie cocked his ear.

"Hist!" said Salim Awad again.

They were alone—upon a bleak hillside, in a wet, driving wind.

"I have be to New York," Salim whispered, in a vast excitement of secrecy and delight. "I am theenk: 'Thee boy want thee watch. How thee boy have thee watch? Thee good boy *mus'* have thee watch. Oh, mygod! how?' I theenk. I theenk, an' I theenk, an' I theenk. Thee boy mus' pay fair price for thee watch. Ha! Thee Salim ver' clever. He feex thee price of thee watch, you bet! Eh? Ver' good. How?"

Jamie was tapped on the breast; he looked into the Syrian's wide, delighted, mocking brown eyes—but could not fathom the mystery.

"How?" cried Salim. "Eh? How can the price come down?"

Jamie shook his head.

"*I have smuggle thee watch!*" Salim whispered.

"Whew!" Jamie whistled. "That's sinful!"

"Thee watch it have be to you," answered Salim, gently. "Thee sin," he added, bowing courteously, a hand on his heart, "it have be all my own!"

For a long time after Salim Awad's departure, Jamie Tuft sat in the lee of Bishop's Rock—until, indeed, the dark alien's punt had fluttered out to sea on the perilous run to Chain Tickle. It began to rain in great drops; the sullen mood of the day was about to break in some wrathful outrage upon the coast. Gusts of wind swung in and down upon the boy—a cold rain, a bitter, rising wind. But Jamie still sat oblivious in the lee of the rock. It was hard for him, unused to gifts, through all his days unknown to favorable changes of fortune, to overcome his astonishment—to enter into the reality of this possession. The like had never happened before: never before had joy followed all in a flash upon months of mournful expectation. He sat as still as the passionless rock lifted behind him. It was a tragedy of delight. Two dirty, cracked, toil-distorted hands—two young hands, aged and stained and malformed by labor beyond their measure of strength and years to do—two hands and the shining treasure within them: to these his world was, for the time, reduced—the rest, the harsh world of rock and rising sea and harsher toil and deprivation, was turned to mist; it was like a circle of fog.

Jamie looked up.

"By damn!" he thought, savagely, "'tis—'tis—*mine!*"

The character of the exclamation is to be condoned; this sense of ownership had come like a vision.

"Why, I *got* she!" thought Jamie.

Herein was expressed more of agonized dread, more of the terror that accompanies great possessions, than of delight.

"Ecod!" he muttered, ecstatically; "she's mine—she's mine!"

The watch was clutched in a capable fist. It was not to be dropped, you may be sure! Jamie looked up and down the road. There was no highwayman, no menacing apparition of any sort, but the fear of some ghostly ravager had been real enough. Presently the boy laughed, arose, moved into the path, stood close to the verge of the steep, which fell abruptly to the harbor water.

"I got t' tell mamma," he thought.

On the way to Jamie's pocket went the watch.

"She'll be that glad," the boy thought, gleefully, "that she—she—she'll jus' fair *cry!*"

There was some difficulty with the pocket.

"Yes, sir," thought Jamie, grinning; "mamma 'll jus' cry!"

The watch slipped from Jamie's overcautious hand, struck the rock at his feet, bounded down the steep, splashed into the harbor water, and vanished forever. . . .

A bad time at sea: a rising wind, spray on the wing, sheets of cold rain—and the gray light of day departing. Salim Awad looked back upon the coast; he saw no waste of restless water between, no weight and frown of cloud above, but only the great black gates of Hapless Harbor, beyond which, by the favor of God, he had been privileged to leave a pearl of delight. With the wind abeam he ran on through the sudsy sea, mutter-

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Painting by Howard Pyle

THE DARK, SMILING SALIM, WITH HIS MAGIC PACK, WAS WELCOME

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ing, within his heart, as that great Antar long ago had cried: "*Were I to say thy face is like the full moon of heaven, where in that full moon is the eye of the antelope? Were I to say thy shape is like the branch of the erak tree, oh, thou shamest it in the grace of thy form! In thy forehead is my guide to truth, and in the night of thy tresses I wander astray!*" And presently, having won Chain Tickle, he pulled slowly to Aunt Amelia's wharf, where he moored the punt, dreaming all the while of Haleema, Khouri's daughter, star of the world. Before he climbed the hill to the little cottage, ghostly in the dusk and rain, he turned again to Hapless Harbor. The fog had been blown away; beyond the heads of the tickle—far across the angry run—the lights of Hapless were shining cheerily.

"Ver' good sailor—me!" thought Salim. "Ver' good hand, you bet!"

A gust of wind swept down the tickle and went bounding up the hill.

"He not get me!" muttered Salim between bared teeth.

A second gust showered the peddler with water snatched from the harbor.

"Ver' glad to be in," thought Salim, with a shudder, turning now from the black, tumultuous prospect. "Ver' mos' awful glad to be in!"

It was cozy in Aunt Amelia's hospitable kitchen. The dark, smiling Salim, with his magic pack, was welcome. The wares displayed—no more for purchase than for the delight of inspection—Salim stowed them away, sat himself by the fire, gave himself to ease and comfort, to the delight of a cigarette, and to the pleasure of Aunt Amelia's genial chattering. The wind beat upon the cottage—went on, wailing, sighing, calling—and in the lulls the breaking of the sea interrupted the silence. An hour—two hours, it may be—and there was the tramp of late-comers stumbling up the hill. A loud knocking, then entered for entertainment three gigantic dripping figures—men of Catch-as-Catch-Can, bound down to Wreckers' Cove for a doctor, but now put in for shelter, having abandoned hope of winning further through the gale that night. Need o' haste? Ay; but what could men do? No time t' take a skiff t' Wreckers' Cove in a wind like this! 'Twould blow your hair off beyond the tickle heads. Hard enough crossin' the run from Hapless Harbor. An' was there a cup o' tea an' a bed for the crew o' them? They'd be under way by dawn if the wind fell. Ol' Tom Luther had t' have a doctor *somehow*, whatever come of it!

"Hello, Joe!" cried the one.

Salim rose and bowed.

"Heared tell t' Hapless Harbor you was hereabouts."

"Much 'bliged," Salim responded, courteously, bowing again. "Ver' much 'bliged."

"Heared tell you sold a watch t' Jim Tuft's young one?"

"Ver' good watch," said Salim.

"Maybe," was the response.

Salim blew a puff of smoke with light grace toward the white rafters. He was quite serene; he anticipated, now, a compliment, and was fashioning, of his inadequate English, a dignified sentence of acknowledgment.

"Anyhow," drawled the man from Catch-as-Catch-Can, "she won't go no more."

Salim looked up bewildered.

"Overboard," the big man explained.

"W'at!" cried Salim.

"Dropped her."

Salim trembled. "He have—drop thee—watch?" he demanded. "No, no!" he cried. "The boy have not drop the watch!"

"Twelve fathoms o' water."

"Oh, mygod! Oh, dear me!" groaned Salim Awad. He began to pace the floor, wringing his hands. They watched him in amazement. "Oh mygod! Oh, gracious! He have drop thee watch!" he continued. "Oh, thee poor broke heart of thee boy! Oh my! He have work three year for thee watch. He have want thee watch so ver' much. Oh, thee great grief of thee poor boy! I am mus' go," said he with resolution. "I am mus' go to thee Hapless at thee once. I am mus' cure thee broke heart of thee poor boy. Oh, mygod! Oh dear!" They scorned the intention, for the recklessness of it; they bade him listen to the wind, the rain on the roof, the growl and thud of the breakers; they called him a loon for his folly. "Oh, mygod!" he replied; "you have not understand. Thee broke heart of thee child! Eh?

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W'at you know? Oh, thee ver' awful pain of thee broke heart. Eh? *I* know. I am have thee broke heart. I am have bear thee ver' awful bad pain."

Aunt Amelia put a hand on Salim's arm.

"I am mus' go," said the Syrian, defiantly.

"Ye'll not!" the woman declared.

"I am mus' go to thee child."

"Ye'll not loss your life, will ye?"

The men of Catch-as-Catch-Can were incapable of a word; they were amazed beyond speech. 'Twas a new thing in their experience. They had put out in a gale to fetch the doctor, all as a matter of course; but this risk to ease mere woe—and that of a child! They were astounded.

"Oh yes!" Salim answered. "For thee child."

"Ye fool'!"

Salim looked helplessly about. He was nonplussed. There was no encouragement anywhere to be descried. Moreover, he was bewildered that they should not understand!

"For thee child—yes," he repeated.

They did but stare.

"Thee broke heart," he cried, "of thee li'l child!"

No response was elicited.

"Oh dear me!" groaned the poet. "You *mus'* see. It is a child!"

A gust was the only answer.

"Oh, mygod!" cried Salim Awad, poet, who had wandered astray in the tresses of night. "Oh dear me! Oh, gee!"

Without more persuasion, he prepared himself for this high mission in salvation of the heart of a child; and being no longer deterred, he put out upon it—having no fear of the seething water, but a great pity for the incomprehension of such as knew it best. It was a wild night; the wind was a vicious wind, the rain a blinding mist, the night thick and unkind, the sea such in turmoil as no punt could live through save by grace. Beyond Chain Tickle, Salim Awad entered the thick of that gale, but was not perturbed; for he remembered, rather than recognized the menace of the water, the words of that great lover, Antar, warrior and lover, who, from the sands of isolation, sang to Abla, his beloved: "*The sun as it sets turns toward her and says, Darkness obscures the land, do thou arise in my absence. And the brilliant moon calls out to her, Come forth, for thy face is like me when I am at the full and in all my glory.*"

The hand upon the steering-oar of this punt, cast into an ill-tempered cold, dreary, evil-intentioned northern sea, was without agitation, the hand upon the halyard was perceiving and sure, the eye of intelligence was detached from romance; but still the heart remembered: "*The tamarisk trees complain of her in the morn and in the eve, and say: Away, thou waning beauty, thou form of the laurel! She turns away abashed, and throws aside her veil, and the roses are scattered from her soft, fresh cheeks. Graceful is every limb, slender her waist, love-beaming are her glances, waving is her form. The lustre of day sparkles from her forehead, and by the dark shades of her curling ringlets night itself is driven away.*" The lights of Hapless Harbor dwindled; one by one they went out, a last message of weariness; but still there shone, bright and promising continuance, a lamp of Greedy Head, whereon the cottage of Skipper Jim Tuft, the father of Jamie, was builded.

"I will have come safe," thought Salim, "if thee light of Jamie have burn on."

It continued to burn.

"It is because of the broke heart," thought Salim.

The light was not put out: Salim Awad—this child of sand and heat and poetry—made harbor in the rocky north; and he was delighted with the achievement. But how? I do not know. 'Twas a marvellous thing—thus to flaunt through three miles of wind-swept, grasping sea. A gale of wind was blowing—a gale to compel schooners to reef—ay, and to double reef, and to hunt shelter like a rabbit pursued: this I have been told, and for myself know, because I was abroad, Cape Norman way. No Newfoundlander could have crossed the run from Chain Tickle to Hapless Harbor at that time: the thing is beyond dispute; 'twas a feat impossible—with wind and lop and rain and pelting spray to fight. But this poet, desert born and bred, won through, despite the antagonism of all alien enemies, cold and wet and vigorous wind: this poet won through,

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led by Antar, who said, "*Thy bosom is created as an enchantment. Oh, may God protect it ever in that perfection,*" and by his great wish to ease the pain of a child, and by his knowledge of wind and sea, gained by three years of seeking for the relief of the sorrows of love.

"Ver' good sailor," thought Salim Awad, as he tied up at Sam Swuth's wharf.

'Twas a proper estimate.

"Ver' good," he repeated. "Ver' beeg good."

Then this Salim, who had lost at love, made haste to the cottage of Skipper Jim Tuft, wherein was the child Jamie, who had lost the watch. He entered abruptly from the gale—recognizing no ceremony of knocking, as why should he? There was discovered to him a dismal group: Skipper Jim, Jamie's mother, Jamie—all in the uttermost depths. "I am come," cried he. "I—Salim Awad—I am come from thee sea. I am come from thee black night—I am come wet from thee rain—I am escape thee hands of thee sea. I am come—I, Salim Awad, broke of thee heart!" 'Twas a surprising thing to the inmates of that mean, hopeless place. "I am come," Salim repeated, posing dramatically,—"I, Salim—I am come!" 'Twas no more than amazement he confronted. "To thee help of thee child," he repeated. "Eh? To thee cure of the broke heart." There was no instant response. Salim drew a new watch from his pocket. "I have come from thee ver' mos' awful sea with thee new watch. Eh? Ver' good. I am fetch thee cure of thee broke heart to the poor child." There was no doubt about the efficacy of the cure. 'Twas a thing evident and delightful. Salim was wet, cold, disheartened by the night and weather; but the response restored him. "Thee watch an' thee li'l chain, Jamie," said he, with a bow most polite, "it is to you."

Jamie grabbed the watch.

"Ver' much 'bliged," said Salim.

"Thanks," said Jamie.

And in this cheap and simple way Salim Awad restored the soul of Jamie Tuft and brought happiness to all that household.

And now, when the news of this feat came to the ears of Khalil Khayat, that editor, as all news must come, he sought the little back room of Nageeb Fiani, the greatest player in all the world, with the letter in his hand. Presently he got his narghile going, and a cup of perfumed coffee before him on the round, green baize table; and he was very happy—what with the narghile and the coffee and the letter from the north. There was hot weather, the sweat and complaint of the tenements; there was the intermittent roar and shriek of the Elevated trains rounding the curve to South Ferry; there was the street murmur and gasp, the noise of boisterous voices and the click of dice in the outer room; but by these Khalil Khayat was not disturbed. Indeed not; there was a matter of the poetry of reality occupying his attention. He called Nageeb, the little Intelligent One, who came with soft feet; and he bade the little one summon to his presence Nageeb Fiani, the artist, the greatest player in all the world, who came, deferentially, wondering concerning this important message from the poet.

"Nageeb," said Khalil Khayat, "there has come a letter from the north."

Nageeb assented.

"It concerns Salim," said Khayat.

"What has this Salim accomplished," asked Nageeb Fiani, "in alleviation of the sorrows of love?"

Khayat would not answer.

"Tell me," Nageeb pleaded.

"This Salim," said Khalil Khayat, "made a song that could not be uttered. It is well," said Khalil Khayat. "You remember?"

Nageeb remembered.

"Then know this," said Khalil Khayat, abruptly, "the song he could not utter he sings in gentle deeds. It is a great song; it is too great for singing—it must be lived. This Salim," he added, "is the greatest poet that ever lived. He expresses his sublime and perfect compositions in dear deeds. He is, indeed, a great poet."

Nageeb Fiani thought it great argument for poetry; so, too, Khalil Khayat.

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Wintering Among the Eskimos

BY VILHJÁLMR STEFÁNSSON

ETHNOLOGY is as important in history as is archæology. We study races now in their childhood to understand in part the forgotten peoples that were our grandsires. We dig up stone axes and cooking-pots from the caves of Kent and the gravel banks of the Seine, and we know something of the material furnishings of our ancestors' lives. But we are less interested in the steps that lead from the stone pot to the steel cooking-range than we are in the history of some other more idealistic developments.

It happened that the organizers and promoters of the Anglo-American polar expedition were alive to these and other reasons for the study of the "primitive" hyperboreans. Zoologists, botanists, and geologists have long been part of the regular equipment of arctic expeditions, but this was the first which placed the investigation of man on a level with that of the white owl, the first to make a position on its staff for an officer who should have a technical training for the investigation of primitive people similar to that required of the geologist who was to study the various phenomena of earth and ice. It was the fortune of the writer to be selected for this work as ethnologist.

The people to be investigated were the Eskimos east of the Mackenzie River. These are the least known people of the North American continent, for certain groups of them have never seen a white man, while others contain a few adventurous individuals who have made long trips to one of the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company. Those just east of the mouth of the great river have, it is true, been in intermittent contact with whites for twenty years, but their habits of thought and mode of life have been little changed by extraneous influences.

A slight knowledge of arctic conditions and a glance at the map of North America make it clear that a ship bound for the mouth of the Mackenzie has to pass through a great deal of difficult and dangerous water on its way eastward from Bering Strait along the north coast of Alaska; a second glance at the map also shows that from the railway terminus at Edmonton in mid-western Canada there is a direct down river route to the home of these Eskimos, the easiest, most direct, most romantic of the routes that lead to the heart of the arctic north.

The northward river journey takes one through an unhackneyed land of much fascination. Stranger than anything one sees, however, is the fact that what one sees is so little known. When one floats down a river whose current of three miles an hour sweeps between banks three miles apart, one is tempted to wonder how many New-Yorkers would say at a guess that the Mackenzie was probably about the size of the Hudson, or how many Londoners know that it exists. A steamboat captain on the Yukon smiled at me indulgently when told that the Mackenzie was a trifle the larger stream. This aristocrat among rivers has succeeded admirably in keeping out of the public prints.

But no matter how little known the river or how strange to the outside world the Indians that are the sole dwellers on its banks, a description of them has no place in an account of the life of the Eskimos. Not even as a preface do they have a right to appear, for neither is the Eskimo an Indian nor does the great river play any important part in the lives or known history of these littoral people.

My reason for going overland and down stream to the mouth of the Mackenzie has been suggested above—it was the fear that the ship sailing through Bering Strait from Victoria, British Columbia, might not reach the country to be investigated. She did not, and *Harper's Magazine* has already told of her wreck at Flaxman Island on the north coast of

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A Fur-Trader's Post on the Mackenzie

Alaska. By the first of September, 1906, I had already waited a month at the mouth of the river for a ship that never was to come. At that time, equipped with one suit of light summer clothing, a rifle and two hundred cartridges, a notebook, pencil, and a camera with all too few films, I ceased being the temporary and became the permanent guest of the Kogmollik Eskimos.

My home for the autumn months was at Shingle Point on the Arctic coast just west of the river delta. The Eskimos here, although of the same blood with those east of the river, have been since 1889 in fairly close contact with the whalers who winter at Herschel Island, some sixty miles to the westward. One of them, my particular host, who has had the name "Roxy" conferred on him by some Nantucketer, has served on board whalers and speaks English fairly well.

At Shingle Point, in the tent home of this half Anglicized Roxy, I had my first introduction to the charming home life of the Eskimo. At that time these household ways, that differed so strangely little from the best ideals and rarest examples of my own people, were credited in my mind partly to the influence of the Herschel Island missionaries, whose intimate Roxy had been for years. Later in the winter, however, I learned from his unsophisticated countrymen farther east that courtesy and most of the gentler virtues are deeper in the Eskimo's blood and breeding than they are in ours. But most of these things I understood fully only after many months had made me one of them through a sufficient mastery of their language and mode of thought; they therefore are more properly dealt with in the later pages of my story.

This was a fishing community in which I found myself. Although there were a few deer within a reasonable distance inland, their pursuit was so much less certain than our nets that only the small boys hunted them, and that mostly for the fun of it. From childhood up I had disliked the taste, the smell, and the very name of fish, and now it was only too clear that we were facing a winter of nothing but fish—fish without salt. The process of breaking myself to the diet was a rather difficult one; for a week or so I took only one meal a day, and that in the evening, after getting up an appetite on a thirty-mile tramp over boggy tundra land. By the end of the first month I could eat fish in any of the approved Eskimo styles. We ate them fresh or "high," raw, boiled, or baked, and without knife, fork, or table manners.

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SHOOTING THE CASCADE RAPID, ATHABASCA RIVER

Our family (which consisted of nine, men, women, and children) were very solicitous about my eating so little, and prepared the fish in the most tempting way known to them. Towards sundown, when they saw me coming home across the hills, Navalluk, Roxy's fourteen-year-old adopted daughter, would spit a fresh salmon-trout before the fire to have it roasted against my arrival. When it was nicely baked she would lick a plate of Roxy's clean with her tongue (for they knew white men's ways and insisted I should have a plate); she then spread a towel on the ground, placed my dinner upon it, and said she hoped the fish tasted better to-day than it did yesterday, sometimes adding that this was the prettiest fish she had seen among all those caught since morning.

The incident just told is set down with a purpose that the reader may possibly allow to escape him—he may think that the writer is merely joining himself with the many who, from the earliest times, have pointed out that the Eskimo's ideas of cleanliness differ materially from ours of to-day (though their table manners may not vary so much from those of King Arthur's Round Table). The intention is rather to bring out the qualities of mind and heart that are fundamental in the action, although not so superficially apparent as the difference from our ordinary mode of cleaning plates.

Our camp at Shingle Point is about sixty miles east of Herschel Island and twenty west of the most western mouth of the Mackenzie, and is on the regular route of boat and winter travel from the Eskimo settlement at that island to those in the delta and east of it. Boats were consequently passing us daily coming from the west; most of them were whale-boats, purchased in former years from the whalers for furs or deer meat and occasionally for service aboard the ships. In these boats the Eskimos have become skilful sailors, being no less venturesome and resourceful in stormy weather than the best of the white whalers.

Many from the boats going eastward came ashore to have a meal and chat, while some camped for a day or a few days, so that most of the time we had a village of from ten to fourteen tents. This gave me an opportunity to observe the village life, which on this coast is becoming rarer year by year. Formerly the people used to winter in little towns of three to fifteen houses, but now they live in isolated dwellings usually some twenty miles apart.

Our tent, being the permanent one,

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was largely the centre of activity in the tent village. In front of it on clear days the men gathered in a circle, making or mending nets or doing other useful work, for an Eskimo—man or woman—is almost never idle. The women meantime, unless engaged in preparing food or making garments, were off on the tundra with the children picking berries. Some of them would wander off several miles, carrying heavy two or three year old children on their naked backs inside their skin blouses; for that is the way they have of keeping the babies safe and warm. The blouses of women over fourteen are made loose for this purpose; the baby is kept from sliding down by a belt resting against the small of the woman's back behind, and going diagonally up over her breasts in front. Air for the child to breathe is provided by the gown fitting loosely at the back of the mother's neck.



THE ESKIMO CHILD IS CARRIED NAKED AGAINST THE MOTHER'S BACK

When a woman returns to the tent village with an apron or a towel full of berries, these are placed in a large trough, seal oil poured over them, and the mess stirred up with the hand. Then a well understood cry is raised, and all within hearing come running for the feast. We ate by taking fistfuls after the manner of children, and ended by licking our hands clean. Learning to eat this dish was for me somewhat easier than acquiring a taste for the fish.

When a meal of fish was in question the proceeding was in general similar. Some woman who happened to feel like it would boil a huge kettle in her tent, or else prepare a troughful of raw fish by pulling off their skin with her teeth. Then the familiar cry was raised, and men and women came scurrying from all directions. When there were too many to get within reaching distance of the fish tray, the women and children would gather around a separate one in the next tent. If there were fewer women than men, some of the men would eat with the women. This is one of the many indications of the perfect social equality of the sexes among Eskimos; with most tribes of Indians, having to eat with the women would be an unendurable disgrace. The procedure at meals was occasionally varied by bringing the tray of food to the outdoor working place of the men where they sat chatting and making nets. If the fish was boiled soft, we ate by reaching in and taking a pinch from the side of a fish with thumb and two fingers; when the fish were raw we each took a whole one and ate it as one might corn from the cob, finally throwing away the "insides" of the fish as one would the core of an apple.

A special circumstance, and one that throws some light on Eskimo character, was that one of them—an immigrant who had brought the name of Anderson from Kotzebue Sound, Alaska—had in his tent half a sack of flour and some molasses. Imagining I must be pining for bread, he and his wife occasionally made a few pancakes, to a feast of which I was specially bidden, to the exclusion of the rest of the community—for they were "used to rotten fish," as Anderson put it. The cakes were a treat, though a little gasoline had been spilled on the flour—enough to cause it to be given to

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an Eskimo by a captain who considered it unfit for food even when his crew had only two weeks' rations ahead of them. I had told Anderson of my dislike for fish, and so he insisted on my sharing the cakes and molasses daily with his five-year-old daughter, whom he pampered with delicacies which he and his wife did not allow themselves. He said he still remembered how bad white men's food tasted to him when he first had to eat it in Kotzebue Sound, and he guessed Eskimo food must taste just as bad to me. He had learned since that white men's food is not in reality bad, but merely tastes so to Eskimos when they are not used to it; his opinion was that I would find the same thing true of Eskimo food. I did.

One day, when it was blowing cold and sleety from the northwest, a schooner came in sight, plunging and indistinct in the mist, although only half a mile offshore. For a moment we thought it might be the exploring schooner *Duchess* come at last with supplies for me. The craft was, however, soon recognized as the Eskimo schooner *Penelope*, a sketch of whose fortunes deserves a paragraph.

Some twenty years ago the *Penelope* was built with towering masts and leaden keel to be a pleasure craft of grace and speed. But she fell on evil days, was sold, refitted as a whaler, and sent to winter in the Beaufort Sea. Her voyage was not successful, and she was sold to four immigrant Eskimos from Alaska for a pile of black and silver fox skins and pelts of mink and marten that were worth a pleasant sum. Since then she has been captained, manned, and navigated by Eskimos, and has, among other things, wandered far up the west coast of Banks Land into waters the navigation of which is considered to have reflected glory on officers of the British navy.

The present occasion was a fateful one for the *Penelope*. She had been rented by a Norwegian sailor named Stein and manned with Eskimos to go to Cape Parry and try to recover whalebone and valuable furs from the steam whaler *Alexander*, which had been wrecked there and abandoned in a storm on the 13th of August. At Shingle Point the *Penelope's* crew decided that winter was too close for going farther, "struck," and all came ashore, so that Stein could do nothing but drop anchor and follow suit. A few days later a storm from the north drove the schooner ashore. She is now on the beach at Shingle Point, valuable only for the lead on her keel and the cordage of her rigging. She is probably the first and only ship ever owned and operated by Eskimos; in that and in her previous vicissitudes as a pleasure craft and whaler she is not among the least interesting of the wrecks that strew the various arctic shores.

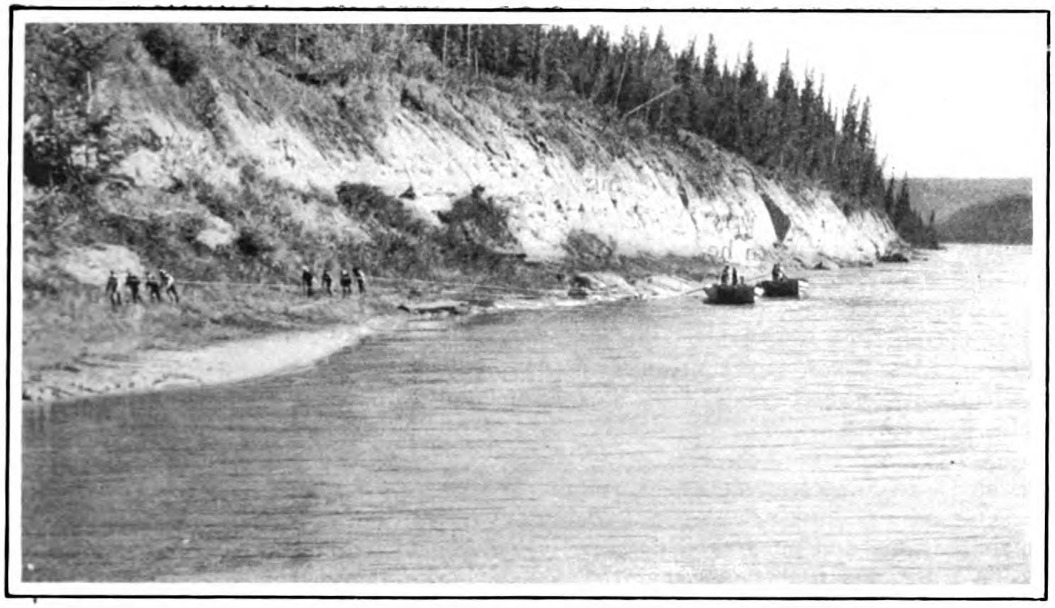
The *Penelope* brought us a temporary accession in population through her dozen Eskimo families, and also a permanent one in Mr. Chris Stein, who now built a house on shore. The place is well adapted for wintering in that it is abundantly supplied with driftwood for fuel, but badly in that fishing operations must cease with the coming of ice in the fall, while in the delta and to the east of it fish are caught by both hook and net all winter.

While the sea is open an Eskimo does his fishing from shore by pushing one end of the net out with a slender pole sixty to eighty feet long, while one end of the net is fast to a stake on shore. Only a few are caught while the nights are light and the fish can see to avoid the nets, but when the season advances and the hours about midnight become dark, great numbers are secured—sea-trout, herring, and other varieties. Our household maintained four sixty-foot nets, and we occasionally took in 2000 to 3000 fish a night.

The fish are cleaned by the women as soon as caught, and placed in log-covered ground caches safe from the dogs. As the fish-catching for winter begins early in summer, a few of these caches become rather malodorous towards fall. But just as some people like game and venison a trifle high, and others have a taste for putrid cheeses, so many of the Eskimos prefer tainted fish to fresh, and with as much reason as there ordinarily is for national tastes in food. I have friends who have become fond of sour milk in Asia and locusts in Africa; as for the tainted fish, I grew to prefer it decidedly to fresh fish when raw.

The arctic winter began with the freezing of the bays and ponds the first week

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"TRACKING" SCOWS UP THE ATHABASCA

in October. I was gradually being broken in to native ways; by the middle of October I had thrown away my nearly outworn woollen suit and was fur clad from head to heel, an Eskimo to the skin. I never regretted the lack of a single item of such arctic clothing as money can buy in America or Europe, and in this my experiences agreed completely with those of the officers and crew who (unknown to me) were wintering some three hundred miles to the westward. A reasonably healthy body is all the equipment a white man needs for a comfortable winter among the arctic Eskimos.

About the middle of October we were visited by a band of Nunatama, or inland Eskimos, who reported the killing of many deer. Their camp was some hundred miles to the southward in the Rocky Mountains, beyond the divide, and where the waters flow toward the Yukon. It was at once decided that we of Shingle Point should fit out two dog teams and make the trip to this hunting camp, where we were promised as much boneless meat as our team could haul. In overland travel that means about six hundred pounds to the six-dog team. I was, of course, anxious to go on this expedition to break myself to winter travel (which I supposed would be full of hardships) before the weather got too cold.

Many people imagine that travelling with dog teams means sitting on a sled and cracking a long whip while the dogs whirl you across the snow fields at a mad pace. It does mean something like that in parts of Labrador and on the inn-studded trails of the Alaska gold country, but in the far north, and, indeed, wherever wide stretches of uninhabited territory have to be crossed, the process is very different. All you can expect of your team is that they haul the camping outfit and food enough to take themselves and you across the stretch that must be covered. Wherever the snow is unusually soft or the path a little steeper than common the driver must push hard behind his load to assist the team, if he does not have to hitch himself to the sled and haul continuously.

The deer-hunters had come to the coast for their sleds which they had left near Shingle Point the previous spring. There were four of them; we therefore started with six teams loaded so heavily for the trip with fish for ourselves and the dogs that it was at once evident we could hardly hope to bring back a pound of deer meat for every pound of fish we had to take for provisions; the meat would, however, be an agreeable change in our diet. The snow was soft, and all of us had to haul steadily at our

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sleds, while one man walked ahead of the leading team "breaking trail" by tramping the snow down with his snow-shoes. This was all hard work and warm work, for the thermometer seldom indicated more than thirty degrees of frost, or two degrees above zero, Fahrenheit.

Travelling ten hours we made about twelve miles per day, necessarily following the winding course of a river valley, as one must always do in the mountains. Most of the time we were on the ice of this nameless river, but continually had to leave it on account of the surface being flooded. This happens with mountain rivers even in February, with the mercury sixty degrees below zero, for the streams keep damming up by freezing to the bottom, and must then necessarily flood, as they run down a steep grade. This surface water again soon freezes over, but forms dangerous travelling in that one often breaks through and gets his feet wet—a thing that may easily lead to a serious frost-bite.

At the end of eight days we got to the top of the divide. As the land now sloped south, we made the ninth day a good one and reached the hunting camp by night. This was situated on an unnamed branch of the Porcupine, and the houses were built in about the most northerly clump of small trees on this part of the continent.

On the way south we had had thick fogs continuously. We therefore saw no deer, though the tracks of large bands, as well as those of pursuing wolves, crossed every half hour the river course which we were following. At the deer camp the animals were so plentiful that the men did not take the trouble to go after them, but merely maintained a lookout on clear days from a hill behind their camp. If they saw a band suitably near, they would go out, spend half a day in getting it surrounded, and then usually kill off the animals to the last one. Most of these deer-hunting Eskimos were good shots, and their rifles were of the most modern American and European types, using smokeless powder and "soft nose" bullets.

The houses at this camp were dome-shaped ovals, the frame of birch stuffed with moss. The door was a small hole in the side and covered with a heavy mountain-sheep skin fastened by one edge above the opening. Deer-tallow candles were used for lights, and the cooking was done on an open hearth in the centre of the house just under the only window. This window was of thin, oiled skin, moderately transparent, and was removed whenever the fire was to be lit, so that the hole in the roof served both as a window and as a chimney.

After resting at this camp three days and helping to secure a few deer, our two sleds started for the coast with about a thousand pounds of meat, half of which we consumed in the eight days it took us to get home. The days were getting short and the mercury was gradually falling.

About November 20 the sun ceased rising at noon above the coast ranges of the Rocky Mountains to the south of us, and the arctic night of about eleven weeks began. This was a period I had looked forward to with misgivings, for most writers on wintering in the north have given harrowing descriptions of the depressing monotony of the period of twilight and darkness—perhaps because they really felt it, possibly because the reading public is supposed to expect the gruesome and horrible in the midwinter's experiences of the genuine arctic explorer; these horrors seem designed to take the place of the thrilling and hairbreadth adventures he is usually obliging enough to have for his readers' delight as soon as returning spring makes it convenient for him to go out and have them. By adroit questions I tried to find out in advance how the Eskimos passed this dread period, and I did find out. It is then too dark to hunt caribou, they told me, so they would perhaps make a three or four hundred mile trip to visit somebody; perhaps stay at home because they expected visitors. They seemed to dread the "night" about as much as a city man does his summer vacation. This was as disappointing as finding no fire after running seven blocks, but I bolstered up temporarily my waning faith in the chroniclers of arctic adventure, the heroes of the frozen north, by imagining that I should doubtless be privileged to suffer as they did in the darkness, even though my misery might have no company from the Eskimos, whom the

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processes of evolution had blinded against the real wretchedness of their lives. But in this also I was disappointed, and was finally forced to conclude that my trip was in so far a failure that I should have to return home in one, two, or three years without the halo of conspicuous suffering. "Do in Rome as the Romans do" is a precept that makes for comfort and contentment in places that differ materially from Rome of the Latins, but it is an unfortunate rule to follow if you are seeking picturesque experiences that shall later be of service in the drawing-rooms of the cultured. I followed it with disappointing success; and you, following it, could probably pass a longer arctic night than mine among a more remote group of Eskimos without even realizing it was tedious or wishing you were elsewhere, except as when in Chicago you may wish you were in Boston.

Some subsidiary reasons and two important ones made it undesirable that the whole winter should be spent at Shingle Point—our stores of fish did not seem adequate, and Roxy and his family were too sophisticated for profitable study through their previous intercourse with whalers. East of the Mackenzie delta, on the other hand, few of the people have had anything to do with the whalers, and the habits of most of them are little changed by white influences, while none of them speak English. Therefore, on the morning of the 1st of December, Roxy, Sitjak (a boy of eighteen), and I started with a team of six dogs and a sled loaded with fish to cross the delta of the Mackenzie. It is commonly said that the delta flats of a great river (and the Mackenzie is over a hundred miles wide at the mouth) make more difficult travelling than any similar area in the same latitude. For one thing, it would be almost hopeless for a man who does not know the channels to try crossing, for the irregular shaped islands covered with willow make it imperative for the sled to follow the channels, many of which are "blind" and all of which are tortuous in their windings. My men were both brought up in the delta and had each crossed it many times by sled in winter and canoe in summer, and still, on the morning of the second day, they announced that we were lost. The first day we had had a howling blizzard, a thing that seldom stops an Eskimo on a journey —though the journal of many a white explorer is filled with the familiar entry, "Blizzard to-day; remained in camp." In river deltas, however, the natives often camp for fear of getting lost, but this we had not done, because we had taken only six days' allowance of fish against a six-day trip, for there were already signs of a scarcity at Shingle Point. It took us two days of ploughing our way across willow-clad islands through deep snow to find the right channel again; we had made one-sixth of the distance and eaten half our fish, so we decided that both men and dogs should go on half rations.

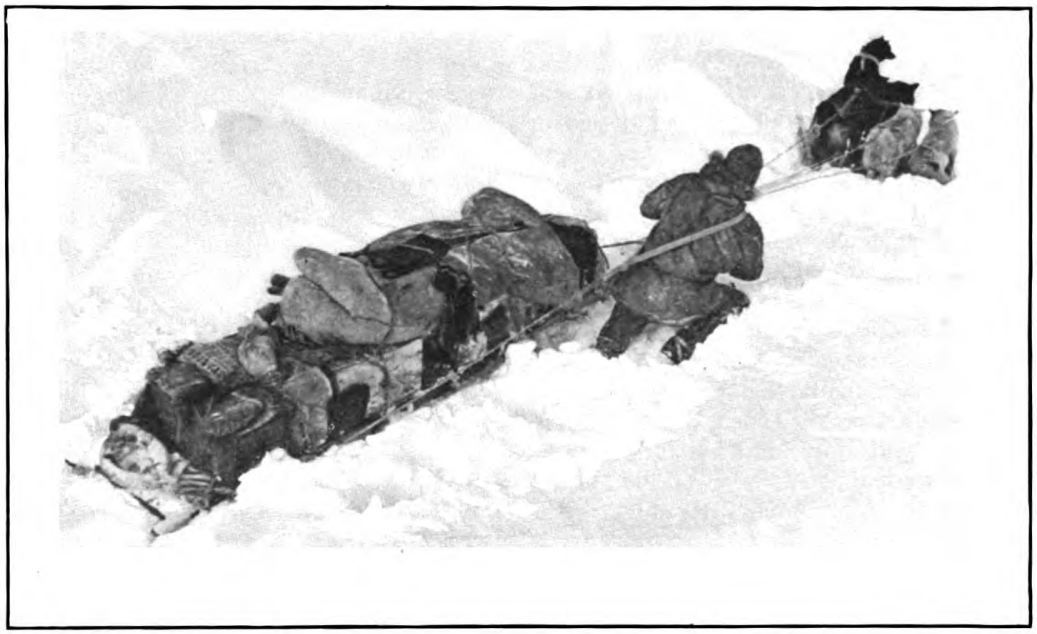
This journey was, among other things, my initiation into the mysteries of the snow house. We were travelling in twilight and darkness (for the sun had been below the horizon a week), blizzards blew most days, and the temperature ranged from 25° to 40° below zero. This was not cold, but cold enough when the wind was blowing, and cold enough to make travelling uncomfortable had we used tents. To make clear the difference between a snow and a tent camp one might quote from the record of sufferings of almost any arctic explorer who preceded Peary—a man who differs notably from his forerunners in his willingness to learn from the Eskimo how to live in comfort and travel safely. That willingness is the foundation of his present preeminence as a sledge traveller.

The experience of those who tent in the arctic during the colder winter months is to be summarized about as follows:

When the tent has been pitched the temperature within it is some fifteen or twenty degrees higher than outside, or —30° if it is —50° in the open; one is damp and warm from the strenuous exercise of the day, but soon becomes cold, and shivers; one crawls into his sleeping-bag and makes entries in the diary clumsily with one's mittens on (*cf.* Nansen's account); the heat from one's body forms hoar frost on everything in the tent, and congeals in the sleeping-bag, so that it becomes stiff and heavy with ice during the day's travel when it freezes, and soaking wet when one gets

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into it at night and thaws it out; this in turn wets one's clothing, and the trousers and coat freeze stiff as sole-leather when one breaks camp in the morning; the twenty-four hours are a round of wretchedness, and the ice-crusted tent and icy sleeping-bags become a heavy load for the sled. Accounts of such sufferings as these are appetizing reading for those who revel in the contemplation of misery; they are also amusing to those who know how easily most of these difficulties could have been avoided; they may even some time come to take high rank as works of humor, should the reading public ever become intelligently familiar with the facts and conditions of the north.



HELPING A DOG TRAIN THROUGH THE SNOW

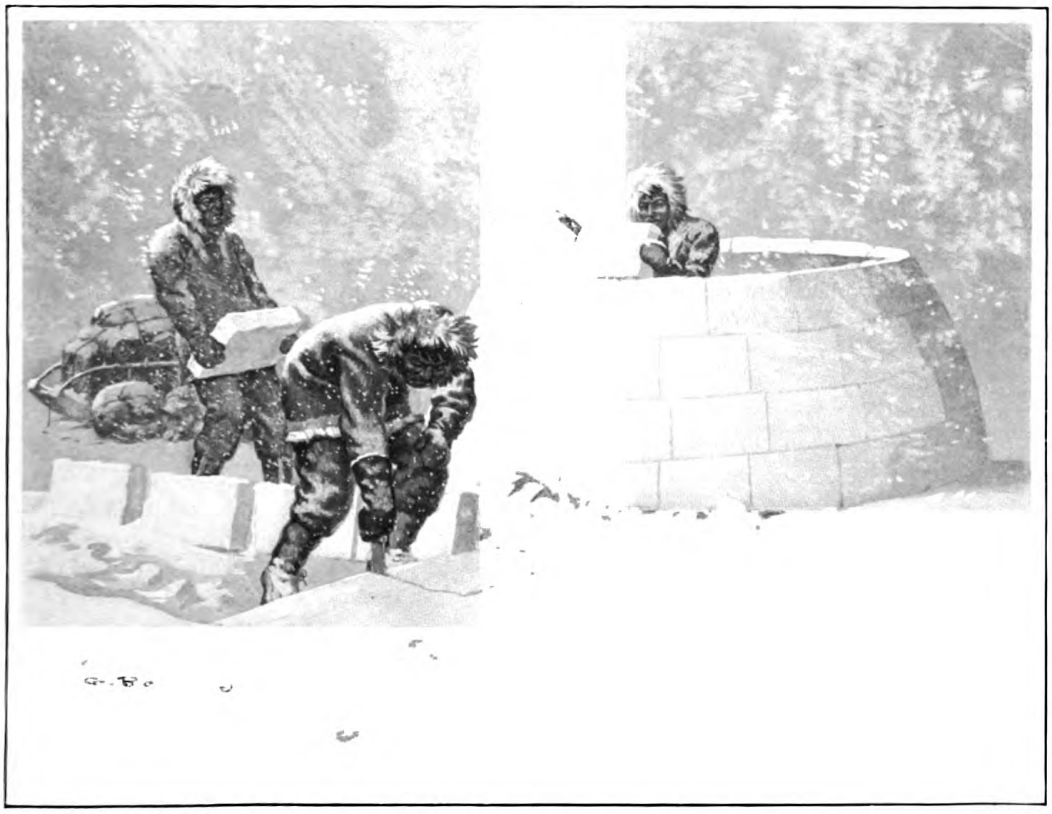
When one follows Eskimo methods the conditions are markedly different. On any treeless open (unless it be perhaps during the first month of winter) an area of compactly drifted snow is easily found; the snow-knives (of bone or iron, according to circumstances) are brought out and the surface of the drift is divided into blocks of domino shape, say fourteen by thirty inches and four inches thick; these are then placed on edge and end to end in a circle the size of the desired ground area of the dome-shaped hut; then, on the principles of architecture that apply to domes, whether made of stone or snow, the beehive house is completed. Two men can in an hour build a house large enough for eight to sleep in. When the house is completed a doorway is cut in its side near the ground, skins are spread over the floor, one brushes himself as clear of snow as possible and crawls inside. The oil lamps are then lit (in the case of the white man a "primus" stove may take their place), and the house is soon brought to a temperature considerably above the freezing-point; for snow is one of the best known non-conductors of heat, and the intense cold of the outside penetrates the walls only to a very slight degree. But when the house gets warm the inner side of the snow dome begins to thaw, and the water formed is sucked up into the snow, blotter fashion; when this water penetrates far enough into the snow to meet the cold from the outside it freezes, and your snow house is turned into an ice dome so strong that a polar bear can crawl over it without danger of breaking through. (In fact, at Baillie Island, where the dogs sleep in the entrance passages to the snow houses, the

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first warning of a bear's approach often comes through hearing the animal crawling over one's roof.) The Eskimo is particular about good ventilation, though he prefers the room a little close to having it below the freezing-point. The size of the ventilating flue in the roof, therefore, is gauged pretty closely on the amount of available fuel one has to burn, and ranges (roughly) from an inch to four inches in diameter.

When once inside the house the Eskimos strip naked to the waist and hang their clothes to dry on pegs in the wall. On some journeys we had sheet-iron stoves (procured from whalers in former years), which we installed in the snow houses, and in which we built roaring fires. That we frequently kept the snow house at an uncomfortably high temperature for hours without melting it may seem strange to those unfamiliar with the effects of the interaction of low and high temperatures, but those who have lived in northern New England or Dakota are familiar with the sight of ice half an inch thick persisting for days on the inside of a window in a room that is nevertheless comfortably warm. The same cold that keeps the window frost-covered would keep a snow house from melting away.

One is well placed to take comfort in the ingenuity of man overcoming a harsh environment when, sitting snug, warm, and lightly clad, one listens to an arctic blizzard whining helplessly over the ice vault that two hours before was an oval snow-bank. I longed for a dressing-gown and slippers, but one cannot burden his sled with such luxuries. There was no cold to make the hands numb in writing the diary, no frost to congeal on the bed-clothing and make them wet, none of the night's discomforts and the morrow's forebodings that have been the stock in trade of the makers of arctic books. And when we broke camp in the morning we did not burden the sled with an ice-stiffened hundred-pound tent, but stuck



ESKIMOS BUILDING A SNOW HOUSE

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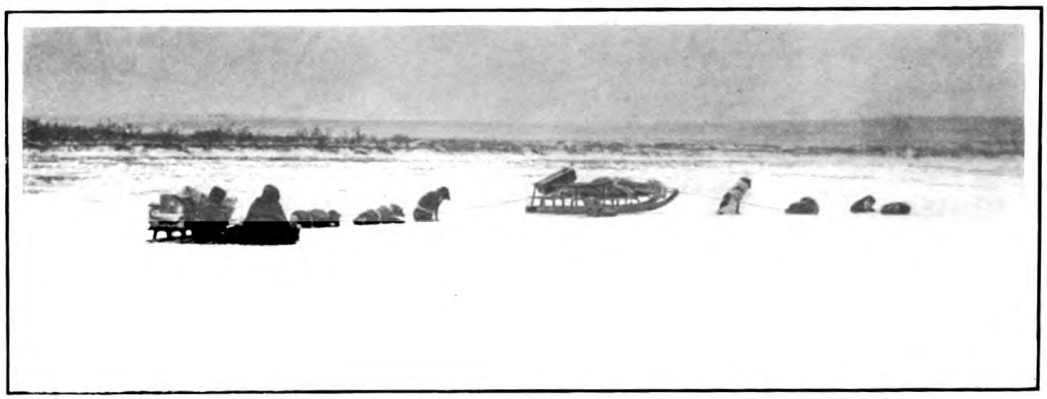
in our belt the ten-ounce snow-knife, our potential roof for the coming night.

The place we were making for was the south end of Richard Island, where Roxy expected to find his cousin Ovayuak at the village site of Kigirktayuk. On the evening of the eighth day, after being on half rations for five days, we reached the place, and found no house nor traces of people. We then ate half our remaining fish, which gave us a quarter of a square meal, and held a consultation. This consultation consisted of Roxy's declaring there was no use in consulting, for there was but one thing to do—leave everything that could possibly be left behind and travel eastward as fast as we could, for there were sure to be people somewhere along the coast. The next day we were moving at 3 A.M. We left behind our rifles and ammunition, part of our bedclothing, my instruments, and all the writing materials except a pocket notebook. Two of the dogs were already played out and walked behind the sled, two of us hauled on shoulder straps to help the remaining four dogs, and one man walked ahead to break trail. By 3 P.M. the dogs had all given up pulling and the men alone were hitched to the sled, but we had covered a good thirty-five miles. The next day we had made about thirty miles, when we came upon recent sled tracks, which indicated by their direction that they must be going towards Imnaluk—a fishing place often inhabited and distant about five miles. The fresh tracks so enlivened our dogs that when we hitched them up we found they would pull the sled along quite readily. Although starved, they had been rested by our doing their work for them all day.

To the Eskimo, or to the white man travelling in the wilderness, the experience just related was no adventure, and is set down merely to give an approximately true picture of one phase of arctic travel. True, had we failed for two or three more days to find a house and food, we should have had to eat some of our dogs, and the thing would have become a little more like an adventure. To my Eskimo friends the experience was merely a mild joke, and seemed to have put them in even better spirits than was ordinarily the case.

When we got within half a mile of the house at Imnaluk three or four young men came running to meet us, and when they learned we were hungry one of them hurried ahead to see if the women were getting any food ready. At the house our team was unhitched for us while we were bundled into the warm igloo, where a huge trough of boiled fish heads was waiting for us. This was a dish of which I had previously "steered clear," but which from that time on I recognized as a delicacy indeed. This raised me considerably in their esteem, though I already stood rather high by reason of eating my fish without a fork. I already had several native names, and I here acquired a new one, which means, "The white man who knows that fish heads are good to eat."

With this meal began my life with that branch of the Kogmallik tribe which is still little contaminated by the influence of whalers and missionaries.



A Halt on the Delta Flats

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And then His Soul was Born

BY MAUDE WARREN RADFORD

LARRY O'DAY was awakened by the crying of his baby. He had been dreaming of his old home in Wicklow; he had been diving into the sea below Bray Head with little thrills of terrified joy. Somebody failed to rise from the water, and there was a low wailing which turned into little Michael's fretful cry. For a moment Larry kept his eyes shut with a shudder of distaste. Then he opened them, and seeing that his wife was still at his side, he took a quick look at the alarm clock on the bureau. Half past six, and the woman not awake yet!

He shook her impatiently, noting as he did so how ugly she looked with her mouth open and her black hair drawn tight away from her temples.

"Why didn't you wake, Kitty?" he cried, angrily. "Get up with you now, and see can you brew me a cup of coffee. I'll just have time and no more to get to the yards. Can't you stop that boy yelling? A nice home entirely for a man to wake up to!"

Kitty put out a mechanical hand to Michael's cradle. Then she rose wearily, thrust her feet into slippers and went into the kitchen. O'Day could hear her rattling at the rusty stove as he hurried his clothes on with frequent glances at the clock.

"I'll bet she won't have it ready," he grumbled. "It's a dog's life."

But when he strode into the kitchen, some coffee and bread were set on the table and Kitty was packing food into his lunch pail. He leaned on his big blue-sleeved arms as he ate, frowning when he heard some muffled cries and blows from the front room.

"I don't see why all your kids have to yell the minute they wake up," he growled between mouthfuls. "Them boys is the limit for scrappin'."

Kitty made no answer. Presently the door of the front room opened and the eldest child, Terence, thrust in his little tousled black head.

"It's all right, mother," he said; "I've made them have conduct. 'Twas Tim woke up and found Eugene sleepin' on top of him, and thought he was kilt entirely. I fixed them to be quiet, I did!"

"That's mother's own precious," said Kitty, her worn face beautifying as she looked at the boy. "Mother will give you something nice to ate when father's gone."

O'Day jumped to his feet, seized his pail, and slammed the kitchen door after him.

"She'd not a word to throw at me," he said, moodily, as he tramped along the side street to Ashland Avenue.

Crowds of working-people were hurrying towards the stock-yards, a few of the younger ones full of energy, but more of them languid and sleepy-eyed. They were so many and so close together that they seemed like a huge wave pushing nearer and nearer the gaunt dark buildings soon to swallow them. The air was soft, but the sunlight had to pay its toll to trade; it was sordid and dimmed with dust and smoke.

O'Day was joined by his next-door neighbor, Minsky—a small, sullen-eyed Russian, who worked with him in the killing-room. Their duty was to sweep away the blood that rose on the floors after the knockers and butchers had done their work. The men did not speak to each other until Minsky stumbled against a little maimed kitten, too weak to get out of the way of careless feet. O'Day lifted it and put it under the rickety sidewalk, placing it so that it could feel the sun.

"You're bughouse to-day, ain't it?" said Minsky, with a sneering laugh.

"I ain't so crazy that my fist can't speak hard to your jaw if need be," returned O'Day.

Minsky laughed as they turned into the yards.

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"You don't take jokes very good," he said, with a side glance at his companion's big fists. "What's matter with you this long time? Don't whistle no more; don't talk; mad with your friends—"

O'Day only grunted, and the two proceeded in silence, entering one of the grim buildings and climbing up to the killing-room on the top story.

All morning they worked at their noisome task, smelling the reek of blood and hearing the sobbing of dying cattle, the steady monotonous thump-thump of the knockers' hammers rising higher than any other sound. At noon the workers poured out into the yards. Usually O'Day joined a group of his own countrymen and ate with them, but for a few weeks he had been seeking a corner by himself. He found an empty freight car and sat down with his tin pail on his knees. In a minute or two Minsky joined him.

"I guess I eat with you to-day," he said.

O'Day mumbled something as he took out his bread and butter. Presently he said:

"When's Mrs. Minsky goin' back to wor-rk? She's well now, ain't she, and is bringin' up the baby on a bottle? I thought she'd have come back a month ago."

Minsky struck a knotted fist on the floor of the car and swore violently.

"That woman!" he cried; "she is so lazy! What you think? She says she won't work in the yards no more. She says eight children to take care of is work enough. Can I on my wages support eight, O'Day? She is bigger and stronger than I am, and she ain't willin' to work."

He broke into a flood of violent Russian, gesticulating with staring eyes and distorted lips. O'Day ate in silence for a moment. Then he said:

"Sure, she's all of that,—as big and strong as you. I've only five childher, and we can't hardly live on what I make. I've had no beer for two weeks, and no meat but bacon since I can't remember when. It's a dog's life."

Minsky ate at his lunch wolfishly. Then he leaned close to O'Day with a cunning leer in his eyes.

"O'Day," he whispered, "what for should I stand it, eh? Chicago ain't the only place a man can get work, eh? The rabbi says a man can always start over, ain't it? You bet I start over alone."

"It's time to get back to wor-rk," said O'Day, rising. "Well, we get paid this afthernoon, annyhow."

"Work!" shouted Minsky; "that's it; hard work! And that woman takes all my pay, and the children cry in the night and wake me up. I will not to live like a dog. I'll get my time now."

He sprang from the car and made off, swinging his arms wildly. O'Day stared after him for a moment or two. Then he picked up his lunch pail and hurried to the killing-room, where, in Minsky's absence, he had to work doubly hard.

As it was Saturday, the work-people were dismissed early. After O'Day had washed his hands he proceeded slowly homeward, tired and half sick from the stifling air he had breathed. When he neared his rickety tiny three-roomed cottage he saw little Michael sitting on the door-step. The child crawled to meet him, and he lifted the little fellow on his shoulder and entered the kitchen. It was empty, though a quick glance told him that Kitty had washed the dishes of the noon meal. Then he became aware that the talking which nearly always poured from the Minsky house next door had this afternoon an increased volume of sound and a peculiar quality of excitement. He went to the side door, and looking out, saw Kitty's profile against the Minsky kitchen window, while the O'Day children and the Minsky children were clustering in the doorway, eagerly looking in and listening.

O'Day stepped across the tiny patch of land separating the cottages and pushed his way into his neighbor's kitchen. Kitty gave an odd little gasp when she saw him, and taking Michael from his shoulder, kissed the child passionately. O'Day looked about him. Mrs. Minsky was sitting on a chair by the stove, sobbing. An old Irishwoman was crouched in a corner, swaying back and forth, her apron over her head. Several Russian women were standing about, or sitting on the table and free chairs.

"Well, what's the row here?" asked O'Day; "and why is ould Mrs. Regan ready to set up the keening? Anny wan dead?"

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Drawn by H. E. Smith

HE SAT UP, BLINKING, TO SEE IN THE DOORWAY MINSKY

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The women poured forth a babel of excited answers in Russian and English, from which he understood detached fragments:

"Work her fingers to the bone—" "And a good wife, too—" "He could to think of the children—" "A blackguard entirely, and a good job if he never came back."

"Have you got a tongue to your head, Kitty?" asked O'Day.

His wife dropped her eyes, and said:

"Just afther noon it was, Minsky came home and locked himself in the bedroom and wouldn't let her in. Then he stepped out with his clothes in a bundle and told her he was goin' to quit her. So she's got to face the wor-rld alone with eight childher. Another deserted stockyards wife! That makes the seventh that I know meself."

Kitty's voice was very bitter, and O'Day answered sharply:

"Well, God knows a man can't get very far with a wife and half a dozen childher draggin' on him."

Immediately an angry chorus answered him, only Kitty remaining silent. Old Mrs. Regan's voice rose highest.

"A nice thing for a Christian to say!" she cried. "So that's what you think, is it?"

"Keep quiet, woman, for my ears' sake," he returned; "that just slipped out of me. I didn't know I thought it, but if I said it, sure I must think it. As for Mrs. Minsky, if she'd wor-rked to help Minsky, he'd have stuck by her."

He turned abruptly and left the kitchen, pursued by Mrs. Regan's opinion that the men always stuck together, anyway, and were in a conspiracy to tramp on the poor women, God help them! O'Day went into his bedroom, and taking out his pay envelope, subtracted the amount with which he must that afternoon make payment on his little house. Then he went out, somehow aware that Kitty was leaning out of the Minsky window to see where he was going. This irritated him, and he growled to himself sulky nothings about her until he reached the agent's office. After he had paid his money and heard with satisfaction, what he well knew, that upon making one more payment he would own the house, he asked impulsively if he could not settle the whole matter that afternoon. The agent agreed, and O'Day went out and walked several blocks to a pawnshop. There he pawned his one valuable possession—a watch given him years ago by a man whose life he had saved.

O'Day was not a reflective man. He concluded his business with the agent and carried the deed of the house home, and put it in the top bureau drawer. Then he said, half aloud, "I'll leave her my clothes, too; she can sell them if she needs to." It was not until he spoke that he realized that he was going to leave Kitty. His decision had come upon him as if from outside himself, and had brought no feeling with it. He simply was relieved that Kitty and the children were still at the Minskys'; he wanted no explanations or partings.

He looked about the little cluttered bedroom in search of his father's old stick that usually hung on the wall. Then he remembered that Kitty used it to beat the clothes with when she washed, and that it was probably in the kitchen.

"No matther," he said; "I'll cut one as I walk."

His eye wandered to the shelf above the bureau, on which stood two or three china ornaments and a little cloth dog. The latter he put in his pocket; it was the only toy little Terence had ever had.

He opened the rarely used front door and went into the street, thinking, as he walked, that it would be good to taste real turf under his feet again. He took a street car south as far as he could go, and when he alighted he was almost in the real country. He squared his shoulders and set off, glancing now and again at a wonderful sunset, all pure deep color—violet and amber and delicate green. He expanded his chest and broke into his old whistle. It was so good to be free!

"I've not felt so young in years," he thought, and with that his mind went back to the old days in Wicklow when he worked at his father's holding of ten acres, and breathed good air even if there never was enough to eat. Then he had met Kitty, and they had both come to America, where you could have easy work for the asking. Well, they had got the work, but it took all a man's life to do it. He wondered if some of the old

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ragged people in Wicklow did not have an easier and a happier life than his own.

"Sure, maybe 'tis only the rich shud marry," said he.

Then a delicious breeze swept across his forehead, and he picked off his hat and tossed it into the air, whistling. He cut a stick from a young oak by the road and trimmed it as he went on.

Just at twilight, when he was beginning to tire, and was wondering where he should spend the night, he came across a cottage a little back from the roadside. A man sat on the tiny veranda, a paper across his knees; by the gate a woman was playing with three children, reluctant to be brought in to supper.

"Faith!" thought O'Day, "my kids run fast enough to the table. And Kitty will be putting them to bed by now."

He lingered a moment, and the woman looked up at him. He did not seem like a tramp, and there was something wistful in his eyes as he followed the gambols of her boy, black-haired like Terence.

"Maybe you've boys of your own?" she said.

"I have that," he replied, leaning on the gate; "there's Terence and Eugene and Tim and Patrick and Michael, and as fine boys as are in the wor-rld."

"I warrant you," she replied; "and you're off looking for work for them this minute." She beamed sympathetically at him. "You have the look of the city on you. We left the city, too, and now you see how fine we're fixed."

"Well, good-by," muttered O'Day.

"Say!" she called, as he moved off; "we're just going to have supper. You come in and have a bite with us."

O'Day hesitated, but she opened the gate for him, and he entered. He picked up the youngest child mechanically and set it on his shoulder. The husband came down the steps, eying O'Day keenly; after a brief explanation from his wife, he whispered, "I'm suited."

O'Day washed his hands in a tin basin that stood on a bench outside the kitchen. Then he went indoors where the family was waiting for him. He spoke but little during the supper, listening to his host's account of his own good luck, watching the children's faces, now heavy with sleep, or looking at the yellow flame of the lamp. It was the same kind of lamp that Kitty had for use in the front room. He supposed she would have to sell that, too.

After supper he helped his hostess wash the dishes. It was a long time since he had helped Kitty with the housework,—not since Terence and Eugene were babies, when she still took pride in her housekeeping. He had stopped it because he was too tired to do more than a man's work. Before long he found himself talking about Kitty and the children, and hearing tales about the little trio whom their father was putting to bed. He remembered that he had never undressed any of his children.

When the work was done he turned around awkwardly for his hat, but the woman asked him to wait a moment. She went into an inner room and spoke to her husband. After a murmured conversation she returned and said:

"There's a bed out in the loft. You can stay the night if you want to."

"All right, and thank you kindly," O'Day said.

He felt tired and dull, and he liked the thought of a good breakfast before he set out for another day's tramp. He took a seat on the steps for a little time, the woman and her husband silent beside him. Somehow he felt lonely, as he had the day he had returned from the funeral of his father and mother, buried both in one grave. He went to bed soon and slept heavily.

It was dawn when he awoke. Through the open window of the loft he could see the pink light deepening. He remembered how pink little Michael's palms were when he uncurled them in the morning. He tossed uneasily on the straw bed. O'Day was not used to thinking. He came of peasant stock; he had been born of parents underfed and underclothed for generations. So, though his body was big, his mind was small, and his physical stamina not great. His reasoning came slowly.

"It was all of us sink together," he said, "or me get out and swim. If I stayed wid them, it would only be more mouths to feed, and Kitty sicker and crosser all the time. We'd all be ruined entirely. Now I can start again, annyway."

He got up and dressed and went outside

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Drawn by H. E. Smith

"I'VE GOT MORE STREN'TH IN MY SOUL NOW, KITTY"

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into the cool morning air. The little cottage was still fast asleep. He looked at the bedroom window of the husband and wife.

"Ah, 'tis all very well for you," he muttered, angrily; "there's only the three childher and you've all got plenty to ate."

Suddenly the thought of sitting with the family at breakfast seemed intolerable to him. His eyes fell on a pile of wood by the barn. He took down some logs, got a saw, and savagely set to work.

"That's pay for the breakfast I ain't goin' to ate wid them," he said, as he piled the sticks together.

In some way the action seemed to quiet his restlessness. He took the road and moved southward, with a glance now and again at the rising sun, and an occasional burst of his old whistle. But after a time he felt tired and sick with hunger. He stopped at the first farmhouse and asked for a dime's worth of food. Suspiciously he was given bread and milk. Then he set off once more, his steps lagging, thoughts of his wife and children beating into his mind.

"She'll do betther widout me than wid me," he argued. "If 'twas so I could stay and let them off to the counthry, I would. But I am the only wan wid a chance, and I got to take it."

At noon he came on an empty house, and, set well back from the road and half hidden by a great elm tree, a broken barn with the door gaping open. Too tired to walk farther, he went inside and rested on some mouldering hay. For a time he brooded in his old sullen manner. He felt just as he did when wakened in the mornings by the crying of Michael or by Kitty's rattling at the old rusty stove. A dog's life it was, he thought, whatever way one took it. Then he fell asleep.

He was awakened by an odd chuckling laugh. He sat up, blinking, to see in the doorway Minsky.

"Hey!" roared Minsky. "You run so fast to follow my example that you get ahead of me on the road."

O'Day rose blunderingly.

"What is it?" he said, stupidly. "Did —have they come after me?"

"You could to be safe," said Minsky, with an air of sly fellowship. "Ain't it nice to be out, O'Day, eh? I bet Mrs. O'Day she told you of that other baby that will to come."

O'Day drew close to him.

"What's that you say?" he asked, thickly.

"Get out!" said Minsky, facetiously. "She told me old woman she had a scare to tell you. She think you go on a drunk, maybe, same I did when—"

O'Day pushed him violently aside and went out of the barn. For a time he hurried on towards the city, only aware that he was dazed and hungry. But it was not till he had passed the farmhouse where he had bought his breakfast that he thought of eating. He was given some food this time with a semblance of trust of which he was unaware. When he was fumbling in his pocket to pay for the meal, he found Terence's little cloth dog. He carried it in his hands when he was on the road again, looking at it almost as if it had been Terence himself. It seemed to him that he could not get back soon enough to Kitty.

"Another little shmall baby," he kept murmuring, "and Kitty afraid to tell me! Shmall wonder she'd oversleep mornings and let the childher fight!"

He passed the cottage which had sheltered him, with his face turned aside. The nearer he came to the city, the faster he walked, so that he was quite exhausted when he climbed upon the street car that was to take him to Kitty.

Night had fallen when he reached the familiar dirty avenue with its flaring lights and saloons on every corner. He almost ran until he turned into the little side street that led to home. At the corner a small figure leaped out upon him.

"Oh, father, I knew you'd come back," cried Terence, bursting into sobs. "I knew you hadn't left us like Mr. Minsky."

"What talk is this?" O'Day said, tenderly. "Of course father hasn't left you."

"Mother has cried all the time," sobbed Terence, "and the neighbors have been in blackguardin' you. And the settlement ladies was goin' to give mother sewin' to do till she's strong enough to wor-rk in the yards. And I'm to sell papers afther school—"

"The neighbors?" said O'Day, but somehow he could not show any anger at the neighbors.

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He entered the front room, crowded with women. One or two of them sat by Eugene and Tim, blinking from their trundle-bed. Patrick lay asleep, his little pink legs uncovered. Kitty lay on the sofa, ministered to by Mrs. Minsky, whose face wore something like a triumphant expression. Kitty screamed, and the women huddled together expectantly. O'Day bent over his wife and lifted her to his side.

"What's all this?" he said, patting her hand. "Didn't you get the line I left you, Kitty?"

She shook her head mutely.

"It was to say I'd gone off to the counthry for a jaunt like, and would be back to-night for supper. Wan of the childher must have lost it on me."

O'Day told his lie glibly, and he could feel how it poured life and trust into the feeble creature at his side.

"The air have done me good, too," he said. "I wish you'd been along, Kitty. You look tired, woman. Will I be afther makin' you a cup?"

"I'll make it meself afther a while," Kitty said, a happy ring in her voice.

She began talking nervously to the women, while O'Day went into the bedroom to look at little Michael, Terence following him. The neighbors soon left, and then O'Day returned, saying:

"I'm goin' to sit out on the steps, Kitty. I want no tea. Will you be coming?"

Silently she joined him, and they sat on the rickety steps and looked at the gloomy stock-yards buildings shouldering up into a sky soft with stars. O'Day did not speak for a time. Then he said:

"I'm thinkin', now the house is paid for, I'll get odds and ends of wood and build another room to it, and we'll rent wan to a couple of men for eight dollars. That 'll help."

"I wonder we didn't think of it before," said Kitty.

"Terence 'll have to sell papers," said O'Day, and sighed. "Belike I'm stupid," he added, after a pause. "There's men not so big as me in betther jobs. I thought the boss favored them, but I see now they were betther men. I can't understand things rightly, Kitty, and I'm thinkin' I need your help—"

"I know you want me to wor-rk in the yards," said Kitty, in a trembling voice. "I've seen it comin', and maybe afther a while I can do it. But—now—Larry, I have to tell you—"

"I know, I know," he said, and he took her shaking hand. "We'll find room for it, Kitty, plaze God. It's God's will, so it is, and I hope 'twill be a little gur-rl to be called Kitty."

She bowed towards him, her warm body shaking with sobs.

"Oh, I'm so tired, so tired, and you that cross—"

"I know, I know," he said, softly. "I don't know what came over me at all at all, Kitty. It seemed to me as if I wanted to git away from you. But now I know. I really wanted to get closer to you. But the har-rd work, and no meat, and the childher always wantin' somethin' made me confused like. I'm stupid, belike, Kitty. It seems to me now that you're twice the man I am, and here I was thinkin' you were leanin' on me, and I was mad. And now I know I want you to lean on me."

Kitty tried to speak, but he went on, chokingly:

"And, God help us, I may have to send you to the yards yet, and let little Terence keep the house between school hours. Well, the women have the wor-rst of it here, holdin' down a woman's job and a man's too."

"I don't know how it 'll all end," said Kitty, with a long sigh, "and I'm afraid, but if you didn't git tired of me I could go on and not mind the wor-rk and the weariness—"

"I wonder if that's not the kind of weakness and leanin' a man must have from a woman if he's to feel that he's a man,—supposin' she's workin' too," mused O'Day. Then he drew her close to him, and said:

"Do you remember our weddin' night in Wicklow, when we walked home from the church fourteen miles that afthernoon, and sat on the steps of our little cabin and watched the stars come out? We're older, and haven't the stren'th—and all the mouths to feed! But I've got more stren'th in my soul now, Kitty, and I wouldn't give to-night for that night, Kitty. No, to-night is betther."

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Proclivities and Compunctions

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

TOMLINSON used to say he had all the proclivities and all the compunctions. He expressed a sense of obligation to his compunctions for keeping him out of jail and the electric chair and other objectionable depositories, but he suspected that they had been an obstacle to attainment. A man with all the proclivities, no compunctions, and a sound and skilful legal adviser seemed to him to be in a better case to achieve a large harvest and interesting adventures than his own conflicting endowment had ever permitted him to command. But he did not repine. He recognized the value of his proclivities as so many molecules of energy, so many incentives to action, but it was his compunctions that he respected and valued and was proud of. Some things that he had done he was thankful to have done, but not so thankful—no, not nearly—as that he had not done some things that his compunctions had deterred him from doing.

Of late, hereabouts, the development of judicious compunctions has seemed to be the thing that most of all was in particular request. Nobody accuses us Americans of deficient activity. It is conceded that we strive in the fashion of those who expect to prevail. The fault we are used to be charged with is not laziness, but that the urgency of various of our aspirations has outrun the restraints reasonably proper to the stage of civilization which we are understood to have attained. Sad to say, the European caricaturists no longer use the eagle to personify our nation, but the hog. Now that the times have turned bad on us, the general reason given and accepted for it is that we have been too eager to get and to spend, and not sufficiently provided with compunctions about how we did it. No doubt, so far as it goes, that is a true enough reason, especially if we understand "true," as Dr. William James does, to be "the term applied to whatever is practically profitable for us to believe." There is fairly good authority that it is practically profitable for us to acknowledge every day that we are miserable sinners, and especially in the last four years there has been increasing need for us to keep our compunctions well up to their work. As happens when things go well for successive years, we were all getting so extravagant and so appreciative of material blessings that it may sadly be admitted that perhaps we really did need to be brought up with a round turn, and to consider the cost of things as compared with their real worth to us. We did need a great development of compunctions, some, each of us felt, for his own use, but more for the use of others, whose need of them, in our judgment, was more pressing.

But, after all, a nation cannot live on compunctions alone. We have developed a great store of them, and yet we are not entirely happy. Compunctions, precious as they are, cannot do business all by themselves. If their work is to be wholesome and beneficial, they must have proclivities to combine with. No doubt liberty is better than meat, but they go well together. Why not have both, if possible, or at any rate let folks choose as far as they may which they prefer?

There is something like an irrepressible conflict between meat and liberty. If everybody was all for liberty, there wouldn't be enough meat raised to go around. Most kinds of work that establish a claim for wages involve a considerable abridgment of freedom. We are paid for slaving for our fellows, and the more meat we require or covet, the larger, as a rule, is the share of freedom that we must forego. So, if everybody was all for meat and ready to make any sacrifice of freedom to get it, the supply of freedom would be pretty sure to dwindle. In

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fat years like those lately experienced meat gets the start of freedom. In lean years like this, freedom clamors for its own, and does what it may to catch up.

So it is with the conflict of the proclivities and the compunctions. For years together the proclivities have had the best of it, have eaten and drunk, hired lawyers, watered stocks, bought legislation, given rebates, filled the sea with yachts and the land with automobiles, and waxed very fat. Now the compunctions have the upper hand again, and have got the poor proclivities driven into a corner and fighting for their lives, so that we begin to have for them the sort of compassion that is always ready to succor the under dog. After all, we must remember that the proclivities are the dog, and the compunctions, lively and useful as they may be, are only the fleas. They are good to bite the dog, who often needs biting; but destroy the dog, and they will be homeless and of no use but to train and exhibit if any one has the patience for the job or the money to pay admission. If we are to preserve the compunctions and provide useful employment for them, we must save the proclivities alive.

A good, fat railroad, for instance, crowded with traffic and dripping securities at every mile, is worth biting. It will keep a little army of compunctions in steady nourishment and active in their calling. So will a great domineering trust, or a grandiose insurance company that does great things in a grand way. But when receiverships come, compunctions grow lean and listless. Fleas leave a dead dog, don't they? What do the nature-fakers tell us about that? At any rate, be on the safe side, and keep the dog alive, if only for the sake of the fleas.

Let us gather, then, such indulgent and extenuating thoughts as we may about the proclivities, to the end that they may be left alive, and that all compunctions may not perish off the earth for lack of something nourishing to bite. Take the proclivities at their worst, and there will seem not to be one of them that should hope to be saved. That great proclivity, turbulent and unruly, that makes for the perpetuation of the species —what hob it raises! Take up any newspaper and read its criminal record, going on day after day, age after age, leaving more or less of murder, insanity, suicide, and misery in its wake. Why do we tolerate it? Only because of our instinctive conviction that it is convenient for us that we should. There have always been sects and individuals that didn't, but the mass of mankind always look on the bright side of that proclivity and find saving and indispensable graces and values in it. The price of an unreplenished earth has always seemed to the mass of mankind too great to pay for a possible gain in human deportment, so that momentous proclivity has held its own in the face of vast resulting inconvenience, and at times of religious discouragement and of irksome religious condescension. The verdict of the thoughtful upon it has been that, duly geared to suitable compunctions, it is amply worthy of the hospitality of mankind; but so far its enjoyment of that hospitality has never been dependent upon any verdict. It has claimed its own in war and peace, in good times and bad, and the effort of the wise has merely been to keep its due cohort of compunctions on their job.

And there is the great fighting proclivity, so little to be extolled for its own sake, but, so far in the world's history, so inexorable in its exactions. Over against it stand not only most of the compunctions, but most of the other proclivities. So enormously wasteful it is, so brutal, so incompatible apparently with most things that men want—with progress, with civilization. Yet there it sticks, head down and stubborn, ready to claim its rights when events are ready. It has few friends; religion—our religion—is against its ideals, and perpetually tempers and softens it. Distress and grief and want follow its greater outbursts. And yet it is respected. The nations chain it up, but they dare not neglect to feed it. Destruction and salvation are apparently bound up together in it.

Hard holds mankind, too, to the proclivity to eat and drink, and to be merry at times, using what the earth produces with such discretion as experience affords. The adjustment of compunctions and prohibitions to this proclivity has

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become in itself an important branch of human endeavor. Men, women, and societies devote themselves to it with persistent fervor, accomplishing a vast deal that is valuable, but a good deal also that is not. Enthusiastic professors expound to us that we consume food in enormous excess of our reasonable needs, and perhaps we do, but we find eating a pleasant exercise and stick to it, according to our various capacities, as long as we can get food that suits us and our digestions hold out. As for drink, the habit of using beverages that are more or less stimulating in their qualities is at least as old as history, and doubtless very much older. Coeval with it have been perception of its hazards and warnings against its continuance. Hardly any major proclivity has such a bad name, or is battered by such a fusillade of arguments and awful examples. That rum does any one any good must seem doubtful even to its best friend. When you have said that it is pleasant, and that, though it is immensely destructive to some savages and to crowds of civilized individuals, a considerable proportion of the most valuable people on the earth seem to be able to play with it without serious damage to themselves, you have said almost all that it is safe to aver. So great a cloud of compunctions swarm over that proclivity that you marvel that there is any life left in it. They do keep down some of its vigor, so that it is less destructive than it used to be, and probably they hope in time to kill it altogether. One could wish that they might succeed and that it might stay dead for a generation or two, till we could find out whether the world was better or worse without it. But it is not being killed. The army of compunctions it maintains is evidence of its enormous vitality. To all seeming, so long as the earth continues to spin there are likely to be cakes on it, and also ale, but with great improvement probably by the human race in the wise use of both.

Finally, consider the proclivity for getting rich which critics throw at us, and we throw at one another, as the great blemish in our national character. If there were not such venerable and respected authority for believing that the love of money is the root of all evil, the cursory observer might easily imagine that it was the root of all good. We Americans need a vast deal of money. We have a very large family, including a raft of adopted children, to look after and educate and start in life. Our grounds are very extensive; our tastes are expensive; it is a matter of appalling expenditure merely to keep us going from year to year, let alone what we may need to expand our experiences of life. And how are we going to get so much money? Have our forebears earned it and laid it up for us? No, not to any adequate extent. We have to get most of it ourselves from year to year. Perhaps we have some co-operative method of money-getting—all to work as they like, and all share alike? No; just the old way. Everybody to hustle around in working hours and get what he can, and keep what he can after swapping what he must for necessaries, and what he will for luxuries. It is on the individual money-getting proclivity, then, that we must depend for all the necessaries, comforts, enlargements, and benevolences that belong to prosperity. Let us be thankful that that proclivity is strong; strong enough in some of us to make up for the lack of it in others; strong enough to endure jeers, floutings, and discouragements; the cloutings of envy, the hindrances of folly, and all the valuable and necessary compunctions of philosophy and virtue. There must be hobbles handy for this proclivity, as for all the others, for sometimes it needs slowing up. Individuals have it to violent excess, and have to be restrained and take treatment, as happens with the others too. When we shed all our material vestments and go to glory, we shall doubtless get on well without it. But meanwhile it is one of the great basic proclivities in which civilization and progress have their roots. Duly disciplined, penetrated with intelligence and geared with brotherliness, it is a great national property, a keeper of peace, and a great discoverer and distributer of knowledge. Let us not try too hard to root it out of our make-up, nor be unduly ashamed of it, even though Europe, in the temporary eclipse of our powers of disbursement, does make that jeering substitution of the hog for the eagle.

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The Discovery

BY ALICE BROWN

THE young man and woman, both of them journalists, met at the station that April morning, on their way out of town. The day was wonderful, even in the city, all nebulous prophecy, and they two, though they were going on urgent business, had the eager holiday look of those who are called to green fields. They met with the nod of casual friendship common to workmen in kindred paths, and yet each face brightened for an instant and reflected pleasure from the other. An observer would have called them a couple in the old, intimate sense of the word, very handsome, full to the brim of purpose, and with some deed before them. It was only when they were seated in the car that Hallett, the young man, began to talk.

"It's really a discovery, Lucy? Your note wasn't explicit."

"It's a discovery. I found it out by the slightest chance, and I'm so proud. I met Tommy Atwood. He asked me if it was true that you were doing a monograph on Cecil Milner. I said 'yes.'"

"Tommy couldn't even imagine doing it. He'd rather report a fireman's ball."

"So he implied. 'Better a living personal than a dead author,' he said. 'Milner, too, of all the swells! Hallett 'll have to read a complete set, won't he?'"

"I suppose you didn't mention it was the biggest thing that ever happened to me?"

"Oh no! Tommy couldn't take that in. He hasn't room. But he said, 'I was in the same town with Milner once, —little country place where he was spending the summer.'"

"Road End!"

"Yes. And then he went on: 'Queer, wasn't it, that he should go down there to a house party and elect to stay in that little cottage at the turn of the lane?'"

"What! he didn't stay at the Taylors' at all?"

"No, sir! he stayed by himself in a little house inhabited by a 'widow lady,' Tommy says,—a widow lady named Pratt. Tommy remembers the name because, though he had only an hour or so there that summer, he tried to get an interview with Milner, and failed."

Hallett looked at her in a frank disgust over his own density, and she returned the glance in as candid a pleasure at her own chance for supplementing his wits.

"Yes," she said, "we were stupid, both of us. But how could we think he went down for a house party and didn't stay at the house? How could we dream that when Mrs. Taylor and everybody connected with that summer seem to have died or gone mad—how could we dream there was a widow lady named Pratt living down there to enlighten us?"

"You don't know she's living?"

"No. I haven't dared look that in the face. She must be living. No All-Wise Providence would flaunt such a chance as this and then say it's only irony."

Hallett relapsed into astonishment.

"Well," he said, at length, as the train ran out into the open country, all a green mist of leaves, "nobody could have thought it. Nobody *would* have thought it," he added, frowningly, as if he justified his own laggard wits. "Everybody who might reasonably have been connected with that summer is dead—"

"Except Felicia May. And she's married and swallowed up in India. You couldn't say to her, anyway: 'You that were Felicia May, I gather that Cecil Milner was in love with you. Kindly tell me what he said, and what broke it off, and whether that hastened his death.' No; Tommy Atwood could say that, but not you. There are limits."

Thereafter until they reached the sweet-smelling little country town they both meditated, each in a different key. Lucy, who pursued every line to a finish, who from mere curiosity over life turned all

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the stones she saw, sat upright, her hazel eyes dark with the excitement of a fortunate issue. Hallett, long, lank, with sallow cheek, and dark eyes shrouded in a melancholy of inherited temperament, brooded on the misfortune of his own nature, which always led him into meditation over the abstract to the neglect of the obvious. But he, too, was aglow, and with a warm gratitude to her because she had again, as she so often did in their fraternal pursuits, turned him into the channel of evident values. Thinking that, he spoke suddenly and with fervor:

"You're a dear, Lucy!"

She flashed round on him her own look of personal gratitude. She was like a trusty comrade, always retrieving for him morsels of the practical advantage he was not quite equipped to hunt alone. But for his own talent she had a vivid glow of admiration. She could pounce on the accidents of Milner's life. Hallett could reproduce, with clear, faithful touches, the complexion of Milner's genius, perhaps even his soul before they had done with him; and by dint of such wonderfully shaded paths, shaded and watered if she could manage it, he would one day leap out of journalism into a recognized success, and, before he was fifty, the world might find in him another Milner. For a moment she lost herself in her dream, and then Road End was called, and they alighted at the lonely station, where there were sky, a horizon line amply removed, and sweet air to breathe. Mrs. Pratt was living, though they did not put their question in that form, and not so far away, the station-master told them. Did they see the big house on the hill? It was impossible to ignore its audacity, all stuccoed towers. Well, Mrs. Pratt lived about half a mile farther along on the little cross-road under the knoll. Then they stepped out on their quest. They had both been born in the country, and the day and the year were young enough to convey them into the happy illusion that they were on their way to school, dinner pail in hand and the fearful gleam of examination day before them. Even in their kindred daily pursuits they had never felt so at one. Perhaps it was Hallett who suddenly came upon a recognition of it, thrown back, with this pleasant little jolt, into a simple life where to love a girl as he loved Lucy was to act upon it. Lucy did not need to recognize their bond. She had always felt it, only it suited her humble acceptance of him to translate the one great fact that held them with a silent potency into any kind of service. He looked at her from time to time in a half puzzled way, as if he were beginning to realize her; but she did not look at him. Her mind was practically on Cecil Milner. At an imposing foolish gateway leading to a winding tree-bordered avenue, the curve of which denied the eye any real vista, they stopped. This was the avenue to Mrs. Taylor's great house, where, though Cecil Milner had not stayed, he had at least been every day or many times a day, all through that final summer. Hallett laid his hand on the gate and glanced at her.

"We must go in, I suppose?" he said.

"Yes." Her face, as well as her assenting tone, showed that this had been one of her purposes for him. "I suppose there are invisible portraits of him now all along here where he used to pass."

That gave Hallett at once, with his sensitiveness to suggestion, a feeling that Milner was there with them, and lent the place something solemn and austere. The avenue in its ample sweep, where the lateral shrubbery had encroached and the tree tops had met overhead, began to seem to them both like a jungle or an enchanted wood where they were penetrating, breathless, to some unknown end. At length, with a sharper curve, they came out on the house, remarkable for its pomp and the amount of building material put into use with a consistent wrong-headedness almost admirable. It told one tale—money, money everywhere, and the personal bodily comfort which had fatuously dared to reign without allowing the eye one glorious right. The two young pilgrims looked at each other.

"How could he?" Hallett exclaimed, with an intensity of wonder she echoed.

"Visit here, you mean?"

"Visit a woman who could stand for a pile like this."

"Felicia May was here."

"You think that was the bid he made for her?"

"I know it." She spoke with entire conviction.

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"And lost! Poor chap! poor chap!" At once Milner seemed more pathetically human to them. After they had regarded the uncouth blunder of architecture for some time in a helpless languor, Hallett said feebly,—

"Well, we might as well be getting along."

"Yes. Mrs. Pratt can't have this to offer."

They found Mrs. Pratt in her garden, a little square enclosure bounded by the neatest picket fence of bright yellow. She was a slim, bright-eyed old lady with a cap such as Lucy had seen in her childhood and never since, even as a picturesque survival,—a lace affair fitted to the head and trimmed with narrow ribbon in zigzag tracks, culminating in two plump rosettes of it over the ears. She came forward to the gate almost as soon as they were in view, and waited, trowel in hand and a smile on her keen old face.

"I ain't surprised," she called, in a triumphant quaver. "I dropped my dish-cloth, and the cat was washin' her face over her ear—the land! so it ain't you, after all."

This was such a patent downfall that Lucy began to hurry, as if she might allay disappointment by being there the sooner. She looked into the old woman's face with her pretty, sympathetic smile.

"But we came to see you," she said, engagingly. "Who did you think we were?"

Mrs. Pratt's face relaxed, and she seemed to accept the good-will of the exchange.

"Why, I thought you was sister Mary's Charlie and Adelaide. How far have you travelled, dear?"

Hallett stood in the background, poking at the bouncing-bet outside the fence, and wishing for a moment he had the entry to some of Lucy's easy and direct ways of meeting men and women. But then he found his cheek suddenly warm, and looked at her with a little smile. It seemed quite as well that she should use her aptness for them both. Lucy was speaking, telling their errand without a single hesitating flourish.

"We came to find you because you knew Mr. Cecil Milner. He stayed with you one summer."

The old lady was holding open the gate.

"Come right in," she said, and in a moment they were walking up the path, where a cat, with her tail mast high, was walking down to meet them. "Get away, Trotty," said Mrs. Pratt. "There! I don't suppose you'd turn out for the queen." She brushed Trot aside with a gentle firmness and a manifest pride in her feline will, and when they had reached the porch, where jessamine grew in waving garlands, looked inquiringly at the two chairs there.

"Yes," said Lucy, at once, "let's sit here. It's such a splendid day."

Hallett took the step and began acquaintance with Trot, who was wiping fur off her sleek sides by a back and forth weaving against his trousers leg, purring her satisfaction meantime.

"You set right down," said Mrs. Pratt. "I've got some nice root beer."

Presently Lucy had off her hat, and they were all, except Trot, drinking beer very happily. The old lady set her glass down.

"You friends of his?" she asked. There was a sudden added keenness in her eyes. Lucy wondered if the reporter had haunted her.

"We never saw him, either of us," she said, with an instant candor. "But we admire, we love what he has written almost more than anything else. Just think! you had him a whole summer!"

The suddenness of that sympathetic onslaught found its response. The old lady's face brightened. It took on a dry, shrewd smile.

"'Twas a kind of a pleasant summer," she said.

"I suppose he used to sit here on this very porch and talk," said Lucy, cleverly.

Hallett looked at the ground, and felt as if a crystal were forming and as if he, moving, might jar the atoms.

"Oftentimes," said Mrs. Pratt.

"Now, if I were you, I suppose I should remember every word he said. You see, I like him so."

Mrs. Pratt took off her spectacles and held them in one hand. It seemed as if in the resultant haze she could think better.

"Some things I remember," she said. "I used to plan to set out everything in the spring, but he was possessed to have me do it in the fall."

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

LUCY WAS TELLING THEIR ERRAND WITHOUT A HESITATING FLOURISH

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"Oh, in the garden?"

"Yes. 'Twas all about the gardin." Mrs. Pratt looked a mild surprise. "You see, 'twas summer time when he was here, and that made it natural to think about the gardin. He started that poppy bed."

"That poppy bed!" Lucy was looking at it with instant reverence—a neat oblong where light-green leaves were showing.

"No, no, dear," said Mrs. Pratt. "Not them same plants, though they did come from the seed I saved from his. He sowed it in that very place the fall he was here, not long before he went away."

Lucy feared lest the thin trickle of reminiscence might find a boulder or choke itself in sand.

"Was Trot here that summer?" she asked, idiotically, because Trot at that moment essayed a paw on her knee.

"Oh yes, Trot was a kitten then. Nice kitten as ever you see."

"Did he like her?"

"Well, I don't recollect," said Mrs. Pratt, musingly, and they could see that she was considering Trot's past to the exclusion of Cecil Milner's. "I guess so. Most folks do like a nice kitten, same as Trot was."

Lucy had cast a daring eye backward into the entry.

"Mrs. Pratt," she ventured, "where did he sleep? Which was his room?"

Mrs. Pratt began to laugh noiselessly.

"Well," said she, "seems funny to tell, but he slept in the shed chamber."

"The shed chamber!"

"Yes. 'Twas a cool summer that year, and when he see the shed chamber nothin' would do but he must have it. 'Tis kind of long and low, an old ancient sort of a place. I offered to move out my wheel and the little flax-wheel, but he wouldn't hear to't. So he had his trunk in there and a good big table—we fetched that up out o' the shed, he and me,—and he seemed to think 'twas fixed complete."

"Is it just as it was?" Lucy asked, in a throbbing haste. "Oh, Mrs. Pratt, you haven't changed it!"

Mrs. Pratt nodded her head in what looked like a slow-coming triumph. It seemed evident that she had a set of feelings neatly concealed, but that she kept them burnished to a state of great intensity, and that when she did bring them out they might dazzle the eye. She went on:

"Up in the cupboard is his papers—"

"His papers?" Lucy gasped.

Mrs. Pratt nodded.

"There's some he was workin' on the very day he went away. Them pages were on the floor. I picked 'em up and saved 'em."

"Where are they?" Lucy asked, sharply.

Mrs. Pratt regarded her with mildness.

"Why," said she, "they're up there in the corner cupboard."

Lucy half rose from her seat. She found herself breathless.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Pratt, with a sympathetic gentleness. "Why, yes, dear, you can see 'em if you want."

Now Hallett was on his feet, and in a dazed way he and Lucy followed through the kitchen and up to the shed chamber. Mrs. Pratt opened the door and went bustling in, as if there might be deeds to do before it was fit to welcome them, and they stood at the sill with an according reverence, Hallett looking over Lucy's shoulder, her hand in his. It was a shadowy room full of beautiful shapes, from the old-fashioned bed, a carved four-poster, to the spinning-wheel in the corner and the little flax-wheel under the eaves. Mrs. Pratt, looking from the room to them with some apologetic sense of its having been dusted at least a week ago, became newly aware of the measure the place meant to them.

"Why!" she said. "Why, there! Well, come in. You set here, if you want, and I'll run down and see about dinner. I'm goin' to have you stop." But before she went she threw open the door of the narrow corner cupboard. "They're in there," she said, "the papers. You can look at 'em if you want. You'll know how to treat 'em, but I guess they ain't of value to anybody but me. Now, Trot, you come along downstairs. You needn't think you're goin' to poke your nose into everything that's goin' on." But again, after one of her futile starts, she stopped to say, "That bundle in there directed to him is what come after he went away."

Lucy made a noiseless rush to the cupboard and took out an oblong package done up in brown paper and addressed, in a woman's hand, to Cecil Milner, Esquire.

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"You never sent it to him!" she cried.

"He said not to," Mrs. Pratt returned. "He left kind of sudden. I always thought he had news from somewhere, bad news maybe, and he says, 'Mrs. Pratt, you send on the letters if the postmaster lets any slip by him, but there's a bundle of proof comin',' he says, 'any minute, and you needn't bother about that.' He said he should see 'em at the office on the way, and he'd have 'em strike off some more—"

"Yes! yes!" the two listeners found themselves saying together. "Yes!"

"So it come, and I've always kep' it up here. I kinder liked to see his name on the bundle." Again she returned to add: "Seems if I was rememberin' more and more of what he used to talk about. One thing we used to thresh out by the hour. I tell you we had it hot and heavy."

"What was it?" Lucy asked.

"Tongues and sounds. He never could abide 'em. I made him as good a butter sauce as ever you see, but he said they were—well, I dun'no' exactly what he did say. But he made it up on beet greens."

She was really gone. Lucy and Hallett looked at each other a full minute. He was pale and she was flaming red. Then, together, they went forward to the corner cupboard and she waited for him to take down a sheet of paper covered with the beautiful precise hand they knew. He pored over it a moment. She could wait no longer.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The 'Gate of Horn.' The middle of the story, where she goes to France."

"Ah! then he'd copied it. That package, Hallett! That's not proof."

"What is it?" asked Hallett, stupidly.

"Proof never was sent like that. Look at the handwriting. Look at the seal." As she spoke, her clever audacious fingers were slipping the string.

He was aghast.

"You're not going to open it?"

"Why shouldn't I? He hasn't a relative on earth. As for his friends—if we're not friends, adorers!" The edge of the seal cracked neatly upward. She put in a testing thumb and finger and drew forth a letter. Hallett stood apart, watching her. It seemed to him, as to her, as if they were in some strange new world where property rights were logical, and he who could estimate a thing like this was the one to own it.

"It's his handwriting," he offered, his voice choking with the thought.

"Yes. And there's no postmark. These letters weren't mailed. They were put under a stone in the Taylor grounds, in the foolish old way, or they were slipped into a hand—"

"Is that her name on the envelope?"

"Yes. And it begins," said Lucy, in a clear, high voice, "the letter begins, 'Dearest.' Read it." She spread it before him, and together they read. Here Cecil Milner had poured out his heart to a woman he loved. This was the first letter, the beginning of his revelation to her. He told her, in swift, clear phrases, what it had been to him to find her. It had been first a flood of light. The light had illuminated his poor house of life. How plain a place it was for her to enter! But she must enter, be its architect and builder, or the house itself would fall. His way of telling it all, quite simply as he did it, was, perhaps, like a description of sunrise by a poet who had only just seen the sun. He had been writing about love all his life, he told her, writing and thinking about it, and he had awaited it, too, for himself, in an expectation not so very calm. Now here she was, the figure in his dream. She stood there with that sun flooding her; and she was real.

They finished reading together, like race-horses flying and coming neck and neck to the end, his dear name signed after a protestation their eyes blinded to see. Hallett had been holding the sheet. He put it carefully into its folds and laid it down, his hands trembling.

"Lucy!" he whispered. "Lucy!"

She was in his arms and their lips had touched. It was Hallett always before this, the unpractical, dreaming one, who thought first of possibilities.

"A house couldn't cost much if it's no bigger than this," he said, with great certainty.

"No."

"You don't want to live in town?"

She shook her head, and then mutely dropped it to his shoulder. But in a moment she remembered Cecil Milner.

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

LUCY LAID IT FLUTTERING ON THE ANDIRONS

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She withdrew from her lover and took up the letter from the table, holding it delicately, as if its right to be guarded gave it new fragility.

"What shall we do about it?" she asked.

His eyes had travelled to the package, open at the end now and showing the torn edges of other envelopes.

"There are twelve, at least," he answered. "What a haul for Tommy Atwood!"

"What a haul for anybody!"

"But he's the only one with the infernal cleverness to get them."

"Mrs. Pratt won't let him. Can't you see she adored Cecil Milner?"

"Ah well, he'd find arguments even for her. Let him once smell it out and he'd have some specious reason for needing it—all for Milner's good, his name or fame or something."

"Perhaps you need them, Hal?"

"I do need them." He meant it furiously. "I need his heart, the core of his heart, if I'm to write a life of him."

"Hallett, you're not going to print them?"

She hung upon his answer, as if it might weld them or part them forever. Hallett looked at her with his wide, unworldly gaze. It held surprise that she could ask.

"No," he said. "Why, no!"

She gave a little nod, all satisfaction.

"They're not safe here," he added, frowningly.

"Shall we have her up and tell her what we've done?"

"Yes. We've got to."

Lucy stepped to the head of the stairs.

"Mrs. Pratt!" she called.

They heard her moving about the kitchen with a brisk lightness. Presently she answered the call and came up, a kitchen knife in her hand, her face bearing some signs of vexation. But it was not for them.

"Sometimes seems to me I never'll try to use an old potato," she declared. "But what's anybody goin' to do—new ones not come and old ones as they be? It's betwixt hay and grass with them, as 'tis with everything else."

Hallett began, and Lucy admired the crisp decision of his tone.

"Mrs. Pratt, we opened that package."

The old lady's eyes snapped once, whether in anger or not it was impossible to say.

"Well!" she remarked, and waited.

Lucy rushed tumultuously in.

"We couldn't help it, Mrs. Pratt. There isn't a person speaking the English language to-day that could have helped it, knowing that package belonged to Mr. Milner." Mrs. Pratt compressed her lips slightly. Her shrewd eyes were plainly satirical. "Oh, I know it," Lucy answered, reading the glance. "You are thinking you didn't open it. But then you thought it was proof. It's not proof."

"What is it, then?"

"It's letters, his own letters written to some one he dearly loved. They were returned to him."

"'Twas that woman," said Mrs. Pratt, in a quick self-betrayal.

Hallett and Lucy exchanged a glance. Then it was known there that summer. Felicia May had bound the giant to her car, and everybody saw.

"We have read one of the letters," Lucy continued.

Mrs. Pratt's eyes were on the package in Hallett's hand.

"So now you want 'em to print," she commented, slowly, in a tone betraying nothing.

"We want them," Lucy went on, swiftly. "We want them—to burn. Nobody has any right to these letters now, have they, Mrs. Pratt?"

The old woman slowly shook her head. A dimness suffused her eyes. Her lips moved. "Poor boy!" she seemed to be saying. Again they had a glimpse into her understanding of what had gone before. It seemed to make that summer, the last one he had had, an intolerable one for him to have borne, for them to remember. Even this woman who served him with the needful things of life must have seen him sometimes off his guard, pallid, distraught, if the siren flouted him. Perhaps she had watched him in Felicia's train, when that young beauty trailed her splendor across New England, thence to return to India, its suns and mysteries.

"Well," said Mrs. Pratt, "you want to burn 'em now?"

"Now," said Hallett. He was still

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holding them with a firmness that indicated his intention not to relinquish them save for a purpose he approved. The room was very still. Bees hummed loudly outside the window, and leaves stirring there made their soft sound audible.

"Well," said Mrs. Pratt again, at length. Her voice moved in an eloquent, still way, as if younger motherhood cried in her. "I guess we might as well go down to the fireplace. You fetch 'em, if you feel to." She led the way, and Hallett, with the letters, followed next. They went through the kitchen, where dinner was beginning, and the pot, waiting for the unworthy potatoes, boiled merrily, and so on into the guarded quiet of the parlor, where the closed blinds gave a green seclusion, and the air between their slats stirred dried grasses and the peacock feathers over the glass. Mrs. Pratt led them to the hearth.

"I had the stove took out in the early fall when he was here," she said. "He was terrible set against air-tights. There! here's the fireplace just as 'twas."

Hallett gave the package over to Lucy, and then walked away to regard the portrait of General Grant. Lucy turned to Mrs. Pratt.

"Don't you think you'd better do it?" she asked.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Pratt. "You see to it, just as you feel to, same as if I wasn't here."

Lucy unfolded the first letter and laid it fluttering on the andirons. She lighted it, and one after another drew forth the rest and burned them at the flame. Hallett still had his back turned, and Mrs. Pratt gazed at the mantel, evidently at the picture of a stern-looking man with long hair and a dickey. Once she lifted it from the shelf and ran her apron hem along the top of the case, to remove an imagined grain of dust.

"There!" said Lucy, at length. "There!" She wanted to add, "There is Cecil Milner's heart," but the event had passed too quietly to admit of fervid comment.

"There!" said Mrs. Pratt, in echo. "Now I'll see about dinner. You go where you're a mind to, out in the gardin, or set right here. I'll call you when it's ready."

After she had gone, Hallett turned abruptly and came back to the fireplace, where Lucy stood as if distraught over a sacrifice that had cost. He put his arm about her, and she turned to him.

"We've burned up what the world can't duplicate," he said, passionately. She nodded. "Rossetti, Keats — there they are, blossoming, flaming to eternity. His letters—"

She drew herself away and faced him.

"Wasn't it right?"

"Yes, it was right; but it's bitter, bitter."

"You're not sorry?"

"Oh, I can't be sorry. Somehow they were ours, his and ours. They've passed on something to us. He could only dream it. We'll live it for him, dearest—dearest!"

"Nunc et Latentis . . ."

BY BRIAN HOOKER

GLOOM, and the sound of your breath,
Longing—and then your lips,
And a heart that faltereth,
And the soft surge of your breast—
Then a slow sigh that slips
Into a sob. Then—rest,
Gloom . . . and the sound of your breath.

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The Art of Edmund C. Tarbell

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

IT is the beauty of things, as disclosed to the eye, that Edmund C. Tarbell paints. In the opinion of many people this fact at once places him in a class inferior to that occupied by so-called painters of ideas. They admit he is a very skilful painter; that perhaps, within the range of his choice, no man excels him in technical ability. But they will add, in a tone of impregnable conviction: "He is little more than a technician. In vain one searches his work for the evidence of elevated thought, for the expression of exalted sentiment. He is a man without ideas or ideals."

The latter charge has been publicly brought against American painters; and I propose to examine it in its general aspect and in particular reference to Tarbell. The phrase occurred in an editorial in *The Independent*. The writer, after enumerating some of the preponderating forces of thought and conduct which are to-day fermenting in American life, asks what the artists of America are doing toward embodying these ideals. How do they respond to the intense patriotism of the country, to the new religion of humanity in its conflict with disease and crime, to the eager spirit of uplift, to the thousand and one ways in which the modern mind is triumphing anew and more conclusively over matter? In view of that which science is accomplishing for the amelioration of mankind, what is to be thought of painting? The artist seems to hold himself aloof, to have no part or lot in the procession of progress, to be cold to the enthusiasms that kindle his fellow citizens. He seems to be without ideals or ideas.

Here, for example, is Tarbell. Where in his pictures shall we find an echo of the spiritual and mental conflict that is seething around him? He has retired into a quiet backwater, far from the real stream of thought and conduct, to paint little glimpses of his own home and studio surroundings; exquisitely choice, perhaps, but small in intent, compared with the grandeur of possibilities and accomplishments in other fields. The subjects of his brush are realities, to be sure; but trivial ones; little matters of merely ocular consciousness. Those weightier matters of spiritual and mental import he ignores. True, in a portrait or two—for example, in that of President Seelye of Smith College—he touches a deeper note; but this only stirs a greater wonder that the majority of his work should be so apart from what is assumed to be the spirit of the time.

The above, I think, is a fair reflection of the layman's attitude toward the subject of painting in America. He is perplexed and dissatisfied by what he conceives to be the lack of ideals and ideas. He fails to recognize that the status of painting has changed; that in the revolution of events the scope of its ideals and possibilities is materially different from what it was in the great days of the past. I doubt, for my own part, if more than a few, even of the artists themselves, recognize this. They are nourished on the artistic achievements of the past, make their tour of the Old World, and then return home to enter upon a faint attempt to emulate the old-time methods and ideals, not realizing how completely the dead past is buried and a new order of life is in the ascendant.

Narrowed down to the simplest terms, the change which has taken place in the scope of painting is that, whereas in the past it was pre-eminently an art of representation, to-day it should be an interpretation of expression. To the Renaissance it was an expansive and decorative exposition of the common and collective belief in religion, and of the more restricted but fully as fervent enthusiasm for the recovered philosophy of classic Greece. It was an anthropomorphic art;

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on the one hand embodying the dogmas and story of the Christian faith, on the other hand giving splendid concrete form to the belief in life. It was suited to the people of its time—a Southern race, for the most part unlettered, sensuous, and practical. Its example survived with constantly dwindling lustre through two centuries, during which the worship of the human form as the highest embodiment of beauty persisted. Under various treatments of imagined idealism, really more than less materialistic, the representation of the concrete, the flesh and blood of matter, was the artist's ideal With hosts of them it still is to-day. They have not noticed the change in the relation of their art to life.

For no longer is there a need for the painter to occupy himself with representation. The spread of education has opened up new fields of thought and experience, which painting is powerless to represent. In rivalry with literature painting is a dead language; pitted against the exactness and scope of science, it is utterly inadequate; regarded as an art of representation, it is but food for children, fit only for men and women whose minds have not passed beyond the child stage of picture books.

Accordingly, people, whose minds are grasping the real problems of life but who still look to pictures mainly for representation, are baffled and have lost interest in art; while painters who cling to the old traditions of art, discovering the indifference of the more intelligent people, lay the blame upon them and prate of the lack of an "art atmosphere" in this country.

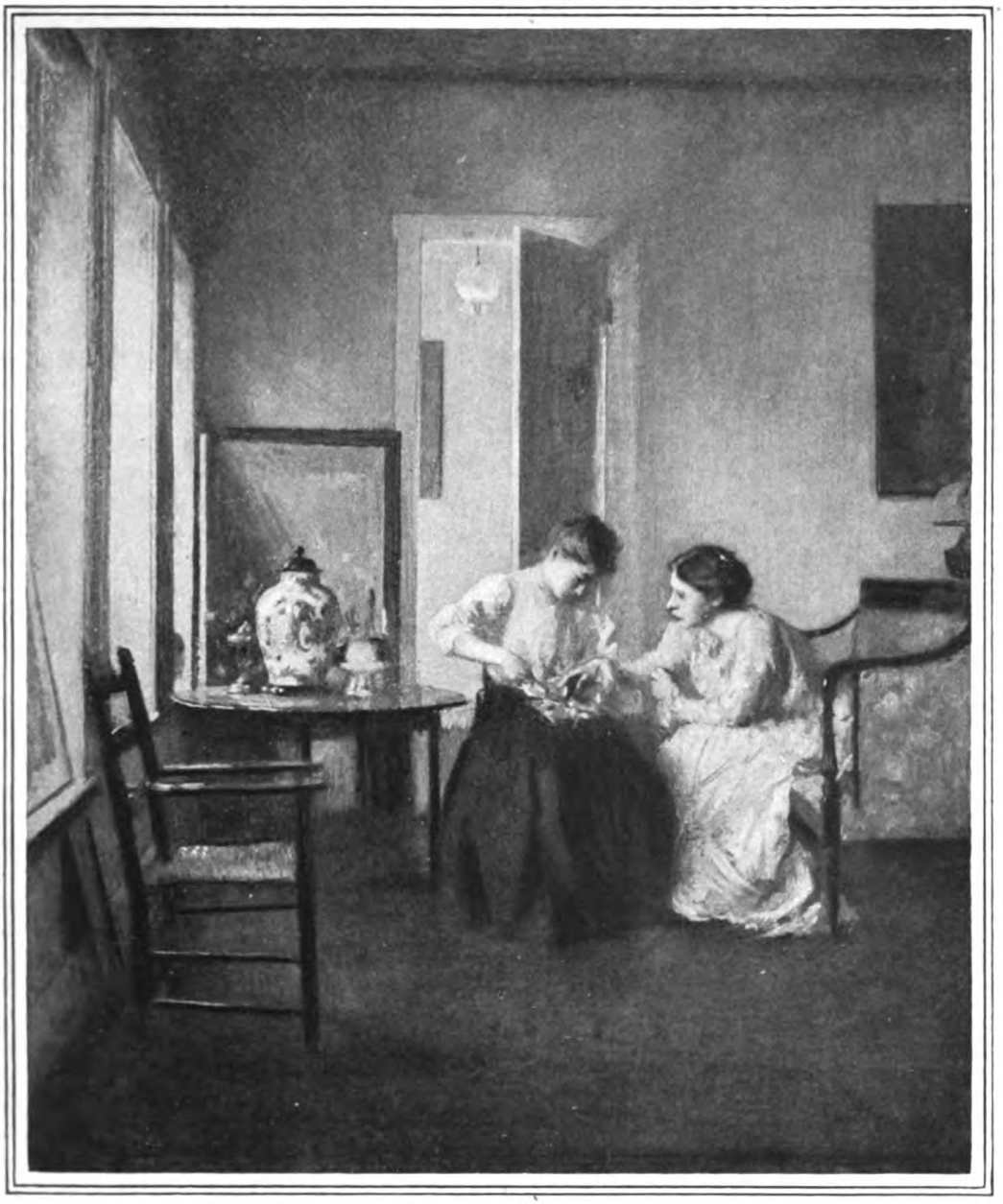
On the other hand, for painting, treated as an art of interpreting expression, there is a need that is constantly growing. Science, which in one direction has multiplied the issues of materialism, has in another opened up hitherto undreamed-of possibilities to man's imagination. Alike to satisfy these spiritual cravings and to alleviate the materialism, there is a new and higher realization of the need of beauty. Throughout the length and breadth of this wide continent with its striving millions there is a conscience, already stirred to the sense of beauty, eager to be quickened to a livelier participation therein. But it is a conscience, mostly uncultured according to the old standards; readily moved, however, by ideas, —ideas, for example, concerning country, home, and local loyalty; abstract conceptions that stimulate enthusiastic concrete results. The latter the people themselves will see to; what they look for from the artist is the stimulus to the abstract ideal. They are hungry to be awakened to a sense of beauty in the abstract.

Apropos of this, I was struck by the recent remark of a Minneapolitan—a business man, and yet no novice in the appreciation of art. He was alluding to the two decorations by Edwin H. Blashfield in the Capitol at St. Paul. The one which represents in allegorical fashion the State's resources did not seem to attract him particularly; but he was enthusiastic over "The Source of the Mississippi," "because," said he, "the artist has expressed so wonderfully the *feeling* of the Minnesota forests."

To a corresponding expression of the spirit of nature, I have no doubt, is due also the hold which modern landscape pictures have upon the American imagination. This appeal is very slightly, if at all, through the facts of nature which are represented. It is almost exclusively the result of their expression of abstract beauty. Interwoven with the latter may sometimes be a sentiment, more or less conveyable through words, that makes appeal to the spiritual or intellectual imagination. But quite as often it is the purely sensuous imagination, which is stimulated by the abstract sensations that are produced by color, light and shade, and atmosphere. Men receive from such landscapes a feeling of refreshment and elevation, almost as detached from impressions of fact as the impressions excited by music. Our figure-painters, on the other hand, seem, as a body, to have missed this. They still regard their art as one of representation. But Tarbell is not of these. To him his art is primarily, almost exclusively, a medium of expression of abstract beauty.

Recognizing this, one returns to his pictures with a higher appreciation of their import. We no longer regard them as *genre* in the old sense that their significance is to be calculated by their intimate representation of familiar things.

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NEW ENGLAND INTERIOR

From the collection of Miss Catherine Codman

It is true that such matters form the ostensible subject of his pictures; but they are merely the necessary substratum of fact upon which his real intention must be built—the fabric of subtle suggestion to one's sense of abstract beauty.

True, it was not immediately that Tarbell showed his purpose clearly. Perhaps, at the outset of his career, this ultimate purpose was not clear even to his own vision. Like Dewing, a pupil of Boulanger and Lefebvre, he could have gained from his teachers little of his present conception of the possibilities of his art. They would rather have directed his mind toward that idealization of facts which consists in beautifying the proportions and details of the human figure, until it approximated to a preconceived standard of perfection. Such, of course,

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is the Greek tradition; which, notwithstanding its beauty and value, we have passed beyond in our craving for an ideal, more in keeping with our spiritual needs. For, in relation to the latter, even the Greek statue, and much more the modern painter's adaptation of its



PORTRAIT OF MRS. A.

principles, are but a refined form of materialism. Not only are both based upon the beauty of what is material, but they are tethered to it. Form, as such, is at once the *alpha* and *omega,* the "be all and end all" of the statue's or picture's appeal. It is rather as if in an ugly neighborhood a man should build a perfect house, and dwell in it at discord with his family. For to-day it is the environment in which our form of life exists and the relation of the one to the other that determine not only our own ideals, but those also of the truly modern artist. To this conception of the importance of the environment the artist gives expression by rendering the lighted atmosphere in which he views all form, and by interpreting through subtle analysis their mutual relations.

To Tarbell at the outset of his career this very possibly presented simply a technical problem. His student days in Paris were coincident with the fight for technical proficiency that found its watchword in "art for art's sake." He was one of the group of American students who ardently espoused the principle, and introduced it into this country. They were misunderstood at home; partly, perhaps, because they did not as yet thoroughly understand themselves. Enamored of technical considerations, they seemed to be, and very likely were, inclined to regard these, not as means to an end, but as in themselves sufficient. In their antipathy to the notion of subject, as generally entertained by other artists and the public, they forced the pendulum to the opposite extreme and for a time fastened it there at a standstill. Opposed to any literary or story-telling quality in pictures, they confined themselves to subjects that seemed to involve no other than technical interest. "Seemed," I say; for most people, whether artists or laymen, saw nothing else in their work; and to-day it may be doubted whether they themselves intended more. They were like soldiers in a great battle who know no more of the issue than the

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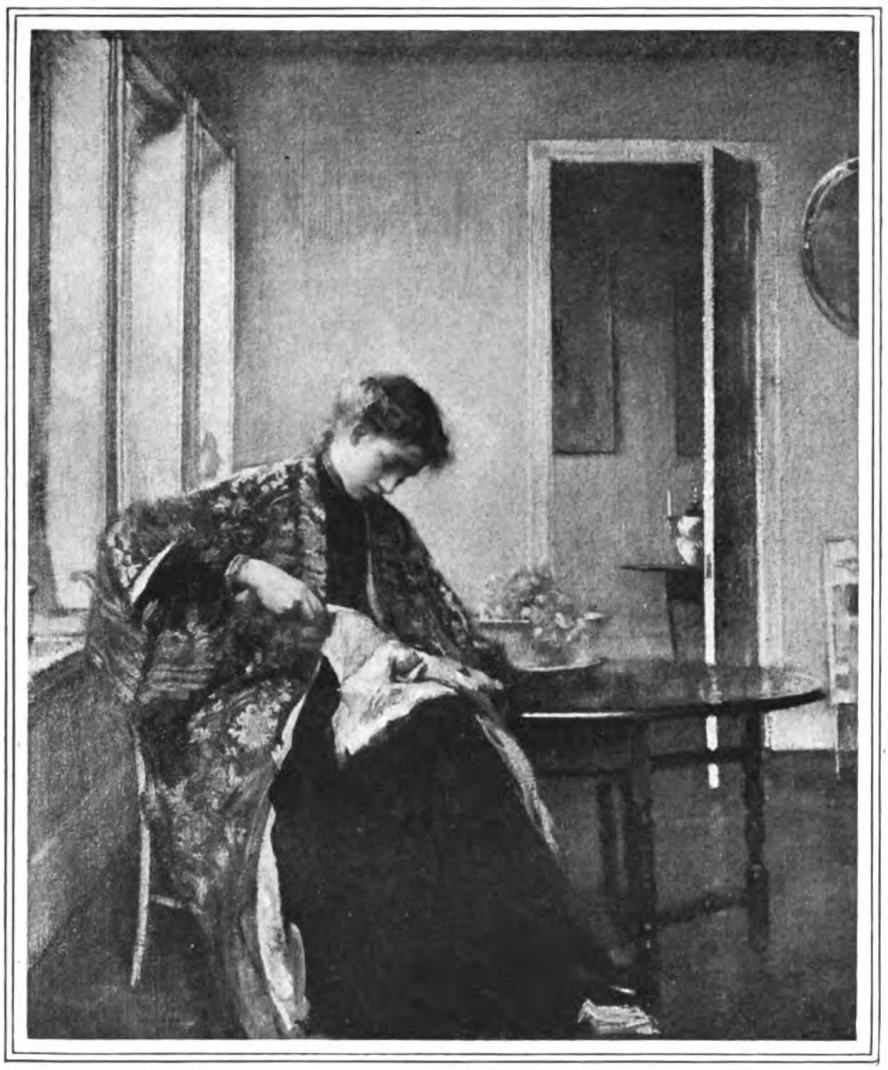
PREPARING FOR THE MATINEE

From the collection of the St. Louis Museum

circumstances in which they are immediately engaged. They shouted their war-cry, did the thing that came to hand, and only afterwards, when the din and smoke cleared away, gradually recognized that the conflict had been really waged around the issue of expression *versus* representation.

Moreover, it should never be forgotten by the laymen how fascinating and how difficult of acquirement is a technique so supple and subtly efficient as Tarbell's. For a time it may well absorb the whole of an artist's interest; it must involve a period of rigid study and application, during which every other consideration has to be regarded as of less importance. Before his eye can be trained to the subtleties of observation and his hand brought to the suppleness and facility in rendering the exquisitely discriminated effects of light and air in relation to form and color, there must of necessity be an ardent apprenticeship, during which the gradual growth in power is joy and purpose enough. The main question is—will the painter progress beyond this stage? Does he emerge into the artist, profoundly possessed with beauty, competent to interpret and express it? Unquestionably to my mind the career of Tarbell has satisfied this test. While his earlier pictures may have addressed themselves particularly to his technical

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GIRL MENDING

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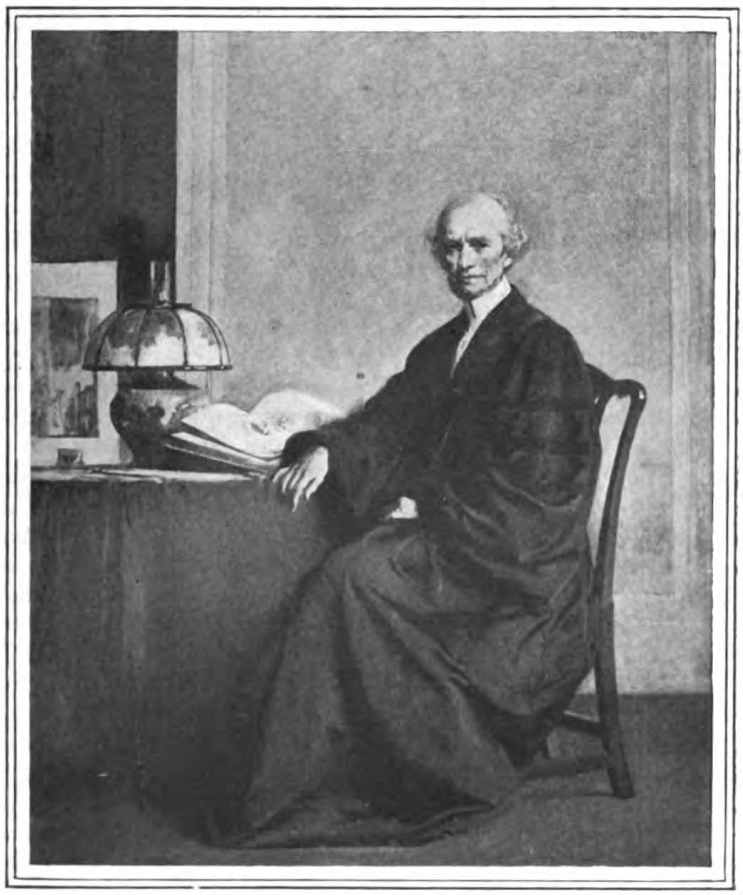
confrères, the later ones have a message for all whose minds are open to beauty.

They involve a fine quality of imagination, a fact which has been overlooked by some critics. Indeed, the contrary has been charged. It has been alleged that his point of view is objective, that he concerns himself with the appearances of things; the inference being that in consequence he is lacking in that essential qualification of an artist—the imaginative faculty. Let us admit that it is with the world of appearances that he is occupied; that his visions of the world are exclusively those which are communicated through the eye; even further, that they do not embrace any exceptional or exalted views of life, but such only as are familiar to ordinary refined experience. But are these admissions fatal to the recognition of imagination in his work? To many people undoubtedly they are, for we are so accustomed to associate the exercise of imagination with matters outside of our ordinary experience, and to conceive of expression in terms of words; moreover, to be receptive only toward such spiritual impressions as seem to be directly related to religious and moral issues. Little, if at all, do we realize that the spiritual part of us may be the recipient of impressions, unrelated in a direct way to any of the ideals that we have shaped into thought and communi-

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cate in words, yet none the less valuable in expanding and uplifting our natures.

One of the purest of such impressions, within the actual reach of many of us, is derived from the love of flowers. Happy the toiler in our great cities who, somewhere removed from the city's maelstrom, has his quiet little patch of garden! It may be that he rejoices in the labor which he puts into it; takes pride in the skill with which he secures a succession of floral specimens; but at moments, as when he quits the garden in the morning, or returns to it in the evening, or lounges about it in the repose of Sunday, the impression that he receives is one of purely abstract happiness in beauty. And is there no spiritual satisfaction in it? Does it not cleanse his spirit of the moil of life, refresh and strengthen him for the duties of his calling? Nor against the possible bigness and importance of these duties does he measure the comparative insignificance of those flower borders. If he thinks at all about the matter, will he not divine that the import of these flowers is that they are a tiny concrete expression of the immeasurable conception of beauty? And, so divining, he will not seek to measure the influence upon his life of that portion of beauty. It is enough that his spirit is cleansed, refreshed, and fortified.



PRESIDENT SEELYE OF SMITH COLLEGE

Similarly allured by beauty, Tarbell works in that garden which is particularly the painter's own—the domain of visible things. He cultivates the flowers, as it were, for the sake of their own beauty; not to make them contributory to some scheme imported from another domain of human thought, literary, poetical, or what not, but to extract from the flowers themselves their extreme possibilities of loveliness. To that extent you may call him objective; for his single interest, as is that of every artist who has the true painter's vision, is occupied with the beauty of external appearances. Unless this is recognized, one cannot begin to appreciate the qualities of his work. Nor is it possible to do so if one cannot also accept this position as pre-eminently proper for the painter. If you insist that painting shall be made a vehicle for ideas which compete with those of the poet, the historian, and the dramatist, you must look elsewhere for their representation.

But within this restricted domain of interpreting the beauty of the visible

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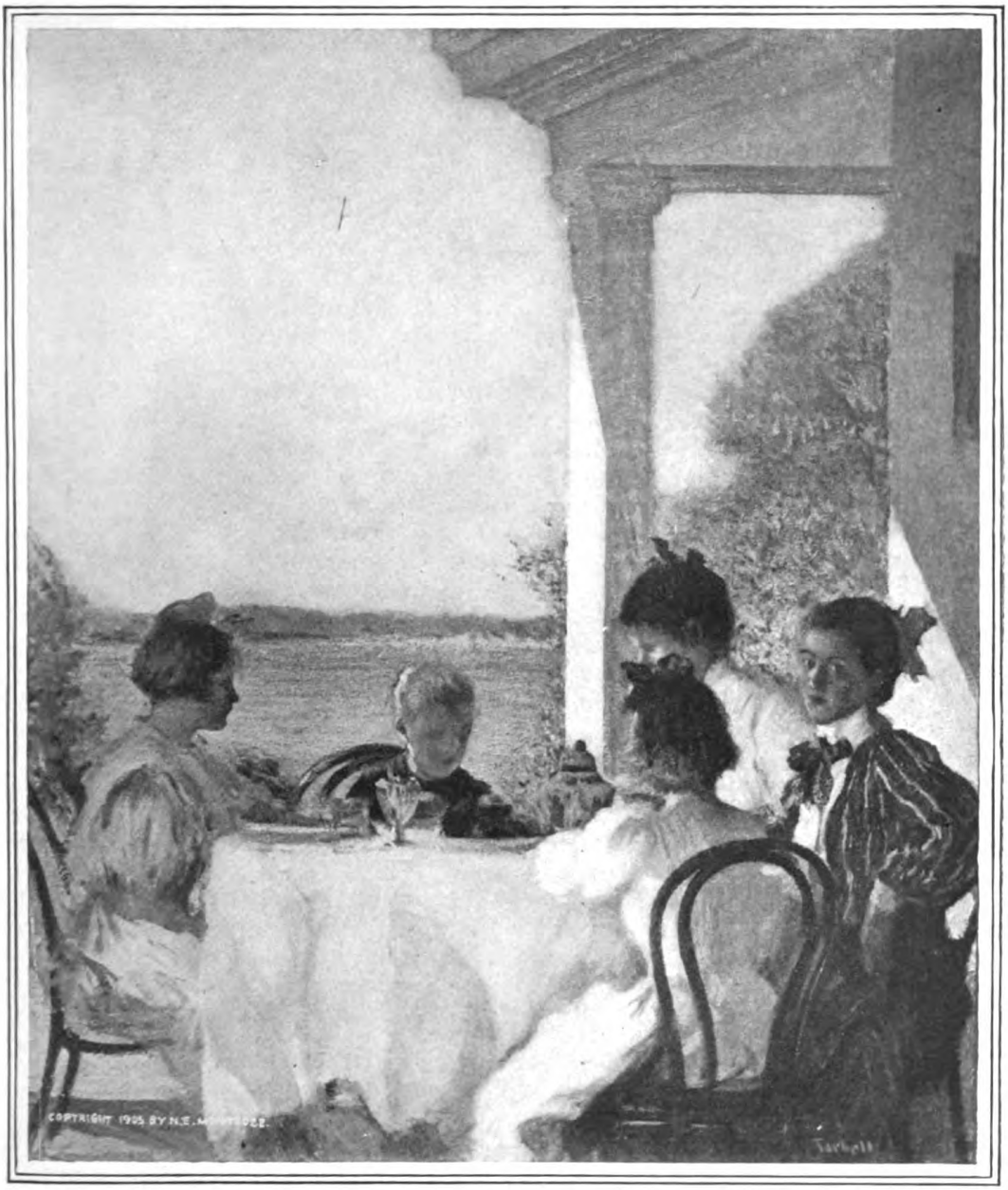
world, it is too frequently assumed that there is no scope for the creative vision of the imagination. It is true that some artists have been content to call themselves "realists," and have professed no other motive than merely to represent things as they appear to the eye. But even in that case it is debatable whether this were not rather a pose than an actual fact of consciousness, whether the spiritual significance of the appearance did not really appeal to them. I find it difficult to study the "Funeral at Ornans" without a conviction that Courbet's imagination as well as his eye had been affected; and we know in the case of our own sculptor, Saint-Gaudens, how his "Lincoln" and "Peter Cooper," though most closely based upon the facts of sight, are yet informed with the creative breath; as truly works of the imagination as any you can name. Indeed, so to invest the ordinary, everyday appearances with an abstract quality that profoundly stirs the imagination must involve an extraordinary exercise of imagination on the artist's part. One might argue that it is the highest form of the imaginative gift; at any rate, that it is the one most suited to an age like ours, which is necessarily preoccupied with the realities of material development.

Recognizing, then, that an artist may approach his subject in a manner purely objective and yet inform his interpretation of it with the subjectivity of his own imagination, we are in a mood to appreciate the scope and quality of Tarbell's art. We are no longer occupied with the actual subjects he has chosen, so much as with the way in which he has expressed and interpreted their inherent beauty. We become aware that the subjects have been viewed with no ordinary eye, but with a rare vision that is keenly sensitive to the most subtle and intangible and fugitive evidences of beauty; that these have been comprehended with a sensuous intellectuality, which knows how to unify all these myriad nuances into a chord of complete harmony, and with an imagination that feels this beauty in its relation to the conception of beauty in the abstract. Particularly is this true of Tarbell's latest works that are the expression of his full maturity both of self-realization and technical efficiency.

The well known artist-critic, Philip L. Hale, has put on record his belief that Tarbell's "The Venetian Blind" is "the best picture that has been done in America." The words were written in 1898, and Mr. Hale, I imagine, would be disposed to question their present validity in view of his friend's latest achievements. Moreover, one may suspect, the judgment had particular, if not exclusive, reference to the technical problems involved in the picture and to the assurance of their solution. His opinion, it will be remembered, was so far endorsed by the Jury of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg that they awarded the picture the gold medal. For my own part, I must admit that it never appealed to me as deeply as do, for example, "A Girl Crocheting," "Breakfast on the Piazza," or "Girls Reading." In these, if I mistake not, there is superior evidence of technical skill, a more complete merging of the means in the end; a closer approximation to Whistler's dictum that a work of art is finished when all traces of the means by which it has been produced have disappeared. But aside from technical considerations such as these, the later pictures I have named and many others stir my imagination to a degree that "The Venetian Blind" failed to do. In them one loses consciousness of the model and surroundings, gets beyond the jangle of studio jargon, and finds oneself in that region of pure delight in which the actual sense consciousness has become rarefied into abstract sensation.

Lest this sound to some readers absurdly transcendental, let me drop down, even at the risk of astonishing and perhaps offending the artist, to a more comprehensible plane—a *moral* one. But to me "Girls Reading" seems a lesson in the holiness of beauty. In the hush that pervades the room, the pensive tenderness of the various silhouettes of dark against light; in the reverence, if I may say so, that impregnates the harmony of the whole, I discover, idealized with inexpressible charm, the possible beauty of the home life. Such a lesson, of course, was not intended by the artist; yet so profoundly has he explored the

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BREAKFAST ON THE PIAZZA

From the collection of F. P. Carpenter, Esq.

visible beauty of the scene, and so informed it with creative spirit, that the picture is at once an expression of the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty. Imagine for a moment, if it is not too great an effort to your feelings, a painter starting out to convey this suggestion by direct representation. The comparative banality of the probable result would illustrate the point with which I began, that in substituting expression for representation and affecting us by abstract suggestion rather than by concrete facts Tarbell proves himself responsive to the mental needs and conditions of his time. His art, in fact, has the quality of symbolism by which the modern mind is endeavoring to interpret "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

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GIRLS READING

From the collection of Mrs. Daniel Merriman

Nor is this quality absent from the best of his portraits. It is notably present in the recent beautiful example, "Portrait of President Seelye of Smith College." The reproduction conveys an idea of its distinction; and of the mingling of alertness and placidity, so indicative of mental, moral, and physical aristocracy. But in the absence of color it fails to suggest how everything within the frame is harmonized with the feeling of the figure, and made to contribute to a single impression, the spirit of which is not only dignified benignity, but a choice aloofness from the petty disturbances of the world. In its interpretation of spiritual environment it impresses one, as many of this artist's later works do, with something infinitely finer than the temporary and individual—with a suggestion of the permanent and universal.

Heart's October

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

AND shall I clutch at dear departing things,
While leaf and tree in silent splendor part?
Go, little joys! and welcome, fluttering wings
That brush my clinging sorrows from my heart!

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The Testing of Diana Mallory

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XV

LONDON was in full season. But it was a cold May, and both the town and its inhabitants wore a gray and pinched aspect. Under the east wind, an unsavory dust blew along Piccadilly; the ladies were still in furs; the trees were venturing out reluctantly, showing many a young leaf bitten by night frosts; the Park had but a scanty crowd; and the drapers, oppressed with summer goods, saw their muslins and gauzes in the windows give up their freshness for naught.

Nevertheless the ferment of political and social life had seldom been greater. A royal wedding in the near future was supposed to account for the vigor of London's social pulse; the streets indeed were already putting up poles and decorations. And a general election, expected in the autumn, if not before, accounted for the vivacity of the clubs, the heat of the newspapers, and the energy of the House of Commons, where all-night sittings were lightly risked by the Government, and recklessly challenged by the Opposition. Everybody was playing to the gallery—*i. e.*, the country. Old members were wooing their constituencies afresh; young candidates were spending feverish energies on new hazards, and anxiously inquiring at what particular date in the campaign tea-parties became unlawful. Great issues were at stake; for old parties were breaking up under the pressure of new interests and passions; within the Liberal party the bubbling of new faiths was at its crudest and hottest; and those who stood by the slow and safe ripening of Freedom, from "precedent to precedent," were in much anxiety as to what shape or shapes might ultimately emerge from a brew so strong and heady. Which only means that now, as always, Whigs and Radicals were at odds; and the "unauthorized programme" of the day was sending its fiery cross through the towns and the industrial districts of the north.

A debate of some importance was going on in the House of Commons. The Tory Government had brought in a land bill, intended no doubt rather as bait for the electors than practical politics. It was timid and ill drafted, and the Opposition, in days when there were still some chances in debate, joyously meant to kill it, either by frontal attack or by obstruction. But in the opinion of the Left Wing of the party, the chief weapon of its killing should be the promise of a much larger and more revolutionary measure from the Liberal side. The powerful Right Wing, however, largely represented on the front bench, held that you could no more make farmers than saints by Act of Parliament, and that only by slow and indirect methods could the people be drawn back to the land. There was in fact little difference between them and the front bench opposite, except a difference in method; only the Whig brains were the keener; and in John Ferrier the Right Wing had a personality and an oratorical gift, which the whole Tory party admired and envied.

There had been a party meeting on the subject of the bill, and Ferrier and the front bench had on the whole carried the endorsement of their policy. But there was an active and discontented minority, full of rebellious projects for the general election.

On this particular afternoon Ferrier had been dealing with the Government bill on the lines laid down by the meeting at Grenville House. His large pale face,—the face of a student rather than a politician,—with its small eyes, and overhanging brows; the straight hair and massive head; the heavy figure

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closely buttoned in the familiar frock coat; the gesture easy, animated, still young;—on these well known aspects a crowded House had bent its undivided attention. Then Ferrier sat down; a bore rose; and out flowed the escaping tide to the lobbies and the Terrace.

Markham found himself on the Terrace, among a group of malcontents. Barton,—grim and unkempt, prophet eyes blazing, mouth contemptuous; the Scotchman McEwart, who had been one of the New Year's visitors to Tallyn, tall, wiry, red-haired, the embodiment of all things shrewd and efficient; and two or three more. A young London member was holding forth, masking what was really a passion of disgust, in a slangy nonchalance.

"What's the good of turning these fellows out—will anybody tell me?—if that's all Ferrier can do for us? Think I prefer 'em to that kind of mush! As for Barton,—I've had to hold him down by the coat tails!"

Barton allowed the slightest glint of a smile to show itself for an instant. The speaker—Roland Lankester—was one of his few weaknesses. But the frown returned. He strolled along with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes on the ground; his silence was the silence of one in whom the fire was hot.

"Most disappointing—all through!—" said McEwart with emphasis. "The facts wrongly chosen—the argument absurd. It 'll take all the heart out of our fellows in the country."

Markham looked up.

"Well, it isn't for want of pressure. Ferrier's life hasn't been worth living this last month."

The tone was ambiguous. It fitted either with defence or indictment.

The London member—Roland Lankester,—who was a friend of Marion Vincent, and of Frobisher, represented an East End constituency, and lived there,—looked at the speaker with a laugh. "That's perfectly true. What have we all been doing but 'gingering' Ferrier for the last six months? And here's the result! No earthly good in wearing oneself to fiddle strings over this election! I shall go and keep pigs in Canada!"

The group strolled along the Terrace, leaving behind them an animated crowd, all busy with the same subject. In the middle of it they passed Ferrier himself,—flushed,—with the puffy eyes of a man who never gets more than a quarter allowance of sleep; his aspect nevertheless smiling and defiant, and a crowd of friends round him. The wind blew chill up the river, crisping the incoming tide; and the few ladies who were being entertained at tea drew their furs about them, shivering.

"He'll *have* to go to the Lords!—that's flat—if we win this election. If we come back, the new members will never stand him; and if we don't,—well, I suppose, in that case, he does as well as anybody else."

The remarks were McEwart's. Lankester turned a sarcastic eye upon him.

"Don't you be unjust, my boy. Ferrier's one of the smartest Parliamentary hands England has ever turned out."

At this Barton roused.

"What's the good of that?" he asked, with quiet ferocity, in his strong Lancashire accent. "What does Ferrier's smartness matter to us? The Labor men are sick of it! All he's asked to do, is to run *straight!*—as the party wants him to run."

"All right. *Ad leones!*—Ferrier to the Lords. I'm agreeable. Only, I don't know what Markham will say to it."

Lankester pushed back a very shabby pot-hat to a still more rakish angle, buttoning up an equally shabby coat the while against the east wind. He was a tall fair-haired man, a writer on social subjects; broad-shouldered, loose-limbed; half a Dane in race and aspect, with a Franciscan passion for poverty and the poor. But a certain humorous tolerance for all sorts and conditions of men, made him friends in all camps. Bishops consulted him, the Socialists claimed him; perhaps it was the East End children who possessed him most wholly. Nevertheless there was a fierce strain in him; he could be a fanatic, even a hard fanatic, on occasion.

Markham did not show much readiness to take up the reference to himself. As he walked beside the others, his slender elegance, his handsome head, and fashionable clothes marked him out from the rugged force of Barton, the middle-class alertness of McEwart, the rubbed

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apostolicity of Lankester. But the face was fretful and worried.

"Ferrier has not the smallest intention of going to the Lords!" he said at last; not without a touch of impatience.

"That's the party's affair."

"The party owes him a deal too much to insist upon anything against his will."

"Does it!—*does* it!" said Lankester. "Ferrier always reminds me of a cat we possessed at home,—who brought forth many kittens. She loved them dearly, and licked them all over—tenderly—all day. But by the end of the second day, they were always dead. Somehow—she had killed them all. That's what Ferrier does with all our little Radical measures—loves 'em all—and kills 'em all."

McEwart flushed.

"Well, it's no good talking," he said, doggedly; "we've done enough of that! There will be a meeting of the Forward Club next week, and we shall decide on our line of action."

"Broadstone will never throw him over." Lankester threw another glance at Markham. "You'll only waste your breath."

Lord Broadstone was the veteran leader of the party; who in the event of victory at the polls would undoubtedly be Prime Minister.

"He can take Foreign Affairs, and go to the Lords in a blaze of glory," said McEwart. "But he's *impossible!*—as leader in the Commons. The party wants grit—not dialectic."

Markham still said nothing. The others fell to discussing the situation in much detail, gradually elaborating what were in truth the first outlines of a serious campaign against Ferrier's leadership. Markham listened, but took no active part in it. It was plain, however, that none of the group felt himself in any way checked by Markham's presence or silence.

Presently Markham—the debate in the House having fallen to levels of dulness, "measureless to man,"—remembered that his mother had expressed a wish that he might come home to dinner. He left the House, lengthening his walk for exercise, by way of Whitehall and Piccadilly. His expression was still worried and preoccupied. Mechanically he stopped to look into a picture-dealer's shop, still open, somewhere about the middle of Piccadilly. A picture he saw there made him start. It was a drawing of the chestnut woods of Vallombrosa, in the first flush and glitter of spring; with a corner of one of the monastic buildings, now used as a hotel.

She was there. At an official crush the night before, he had heard Chide say to Lady Niton, that Miss Mallory had written to him from Vallombrosa, and was hoping to stay there till the end of June. So that she was sitting, walking, reading, among those woods. In what mood?—with what courage? In any case she was alone; fighting her grief alone; looking forward to the future alone. Except, of course, for Mrs. Colwood—nice, devoted little thing!

He moved on, consumed with regrets and discomfort. During the two months which had elapsed since Diana had left England, he had, in his own opinion, gone through a good deal. He was pursued by the memory of that wretched afternoon, when he had debated with himself whether he should not, after all, go and intercept her at Charing Cross, plead his mother's age and frail health, implore her to give him time; not to break off all relations; to revert at least to the old friendship. He had actually risen from his seat in the House of Commons half an hour before the starting of the train; had made his way to the Central Lobby, torn by indecision; and had there been pounced upon by an important and fussy constituent. Of course he could have shaken the man off. But just the extra resolution required to do it, had seemed absolutely beyond his power; and when next he looked at the clock it was too late. He went back to the House, haunted by the imagination of a face. She would never have mentioned her route, unless she had meant—"Come and say good-by!"—unless she had longed for a parting look and word. And he—coward that he was—had shirked it,—had denied her last mute petition.

Well!—after all—might it not simply have made matters worse?—for her no less than for him? The whole thing was his mother's responsibility. He might no doubt have pushed it all through, regardless of consequences; he might

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have accepted the Juliet Sparling heritage, thrown over his career, braved his mother, and carried off Diana by storm, —if, that is, she would ever have allowed him to make the sacrifice, as soon as she fully understood it. But it would have been one of the most Quixotic things ever done. He had made his effort to do it; and — frankly — he had not been capable of it. He wondered how many men of his acquaintance would have been capable of it.

Nevertheless he had fallen seriously in his own estimation. Nor was he unaware that he had lost a certain amount of consideration with the world at large. His courtship of Diana had been watched by a great many people: and at the same moment that it came to an end, and she left England, the story of her parentage had become known in Brookshire. There had been a remarkable outburst of public sympathy and pity; testifying no doubt in a striking way to the effect produced by the girl's personality even in those few months of residence. And the fact that she was not there, that only the empty house that she had furnished with so much girlish pleasure, remained to bear its mute testimony to her grief, —made feeling all the hotter. Brookshire beheld her as a charming and innocent victim; and not being able to tell her so, found relief in blaming and mocking at the man who had not stood by her. For it appeared there was to be no engagement; although all Brookshire had expected it. Instead of it, came the announcement of the tragic truth,—the girl's hurried departure,—and the passionate feeling on her behalf of people like the Roughsedges, or her quondam critic, the Vicar.

Markham, thereupon, had become conscious of a wind of unpopularity, blowing through his constituency. Some of the nice women of the neighborhood, with whom he had been always hitherto a welcome and desired guest, had begun to neglect him; men who would never have dreamed of allowing their own sons to marry a girl in Diana's position, greeted him with a shade less consideration than usual; and the Liberal agent in the division had suddenly ceased to clamor for his attendance and speeches at rural meetings. There could be no question that by some means or other the story had got abroad,—no doubt in a most inaccurate and unjust form—and was doing harm.

Reflections of this kind were passing through his mind as he crossed Hyde Park Corner on his way to Eaton Square. Opposite St. George's Hospital, he suddenly became aware of Sir James Chide on the other side of the road. At sight of him, Markham waved his hand, quickening his pace that he might come up with him. Sir James, seeing him, gave him a perfunctory greeting, and suddenly turned aside to hail a hansom, into which he jumped, and was carried promptly out of sight.

Markham was conscious of a sudden heat in the face. He had never yet been so sharply reminded of a changed relation. After Diana's departure, he had himself written to Chide, defending his own share in the matter, speaking bitterly of the action taken by his mother and sister, and lamenting that Diana had not been willing to adopt the waiting and temporizing policy, which alone offered any hope of subduing his mother's opposition. Markham declared—persuading himself, as he wrote, of the complete truth of the statement,—that he had been quite willing to relinquish his father's inheritance for Diana's sake, and that it was her own action alone that had separated them. Sir James had rather coldly acknowledged the letter, with the remark that few words were best on a subject so painful; and since then there had been no intimacy between the two men. Markham could only think with discomfort of the scene at Felton Park, when a man of passionate nature and romantic heart had allowed him access to the most sacred and tragic memories of his life. Sir James felt, he supposed, that he had been cheated out of his confidence; cheated out of his sympathy. Well—it was unjust!—

He reached Eaton Square in good time for dinner, and found his mother in the drawing-room.

"You look tired, Oliver," she said, as he kissed her.

"It's the east wind, I suppose,—beastly day!"

Lady Lucy surveyed him, as he stood,

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moody and physically chilled, with his back to the fire.

"Was the debate interesting?"

"Ferrier made a very disappointing speech. All our fellows are getting restive."

Lady Lucy looked astonished.

"Surely they ought to trust his judgment! He has done so splendidly for the party."

Markham shook his head.

"I wish you would use your influence," he said, slowly. "There is a regular revolt coming on. A large number of men on our side say they won't be led by him;—that if we come in, he must go to the Lords."

Lady Lucy started.

"Oliver!" she said, indignantly.—"You know it would break his heart!"

And before both minds there rose a vision of Ferrier's future, as he himself certainly conceived it. A triumphant election—the Liberals in office,—himself, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Commons,—with the reversion of the Premiership whenever old Lord Broadstone should die or retire,—this indeed had been Ferrier's working understanding with his party for years; years of strenuous labor, and on the whole of magnificent generalship. Deposition from the leadership of the Commons, with whatever compensations, could only mean to him, and to the world in general, the failure of his career.

"They would give him Foreign Affairs, of course," said Markham after a pause.

"Nothing that they could give him would make up!" said Lady Lucy with energy. "You certainly, Oliver, could not lend yourself to any intrigue of the kind."

Markham shrugged his shoulders.

"My position is not exactly agreeable!—I don't agree with Ferrier; and I do agree with the malcontents.—Moreover, when we come in, they will represent the strongest element in the party—with the future in their hands."

Lady Lucy looked at him with sparkling eyes.

"You can't desert him, Oliver!—not you!"

"Perhaps I'd better drop out of Parliament!" he said, impatiently. "The game sometimes doesn't seem worth the candle."

Lady Lucy, alarmed, laid a hand on his.

"Don't say those things, Oliver. You know you have never done so well as this year."

"Yes—up to two months ago."

His mother withdrew her hand. She perfectly understood. Oliver often allowed himself allusions of this kind, and the relations of mother and son were not thereby improved.

Silence reigned for a few minutes. With a hand that shook slightly Lady Lucy drew towards her a small piece of knitting she had been occupied with when Markham came in, and resumed it. Meanwhile there flashed through his mind one of those recollections that are only apparently incongruous. He was thinking of a dinner party which his mother had given the night before; a vast dinner of twenty people; all well fed, prosperous, moderately distinguished, and, in his opinion, less than moderately amused. The dinner had dragged; the guests had left early; and he had come back to the drawing-room after seeing off the last of them, stifled with yawns. Waste of food, waste of money, waste of time,—waste of everything! He had suddenly been seized with a passionate sense of the dulness of his home life; with a wonder how long he could go on submitting to it. And as he recalled these feelings—as of dust in the mouth—there struck across them an image from a dream world. Diana sat at the head of the long table; Diana in white, with her slender neck, and the brown eyes, with their dear short-sighted look, her smile, and the masses of her dark hair. The dull faces on either side faded away; the lights, the flowers, were for her—for her alone!

He roused himself with an effort. His mother was putting up her knitting, which indeed she had only pretended to work at.

"We must go and dress, Oliver. Oh! I forgot to tell you,—Alicia arrived an hour ago."

"Ah?" He raised his eyebrows indifferently. "I hope she's well."

"Brilliantly well—and as handsome as ever."

"Any love affairs?"

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"Several, apparently,—but nothing suitable," said Lady Lucy with a smile, as she rose and gathered together her possessions.

"It's time, I think, that Alicia made up her mind. She has been out a good while."

It gave him a curious pleasure—he could hardly tell why—to say this slighting thing of Alicia. After all he had no evidence that she had done anything unfriendly or malicious at the time of the crisis. Instinctively, he had ranged her then and since as an enemy; as a person who had worked against him. But in truth he knew nothing for certain. Perhaps, after the foolish passages between them, a year ago, it was natural that she should dislike and be critical of Diana. As to her coming now, it was completely indifferent to him. It would be a good thing, no doubt, for his mother to have her companionship.

As he opened the door for Lady Lucy to leave the room, he noticed her gray and fragile look.

"I believe you have had enough of London, mother. You ought to be getting abroad."

"I am all right," said Lady Lucy hastily. "Like you, I hate east winds. Oliver, I have had a charming letter from Mr. Heath."

Mr. Heath had been for some months Markham's local correspondent on the subject of the new Liberal hall in the county town. Lady Lucy had recently sent a check to the Committee, which had set all their building anxieties at rest.

Oliver looked down rather moodily upon her.

"It's pretty easy to write charming letters, when people send you money. It would have been more to the purpose, I think, if they had taken a little trouble to raise some themselves!"

Lady Lucy flushed.

"I don't suppose Dunscombe is a place with many rich people in it," she said, in a voice of protest, as she passed him. Her thoughts hurt her as she mounted the stairs. Oliver had not received her gift,—for after all it was a gift to him,—very graciously. And the same might have been said of various other things that she had tried to do for him, during the preceding months.

As to Markham, while he dressed, he too recalled other checks that had been recently paid for him, other anxious attempts that had been made to please him. Since Diana had vanished from the scene, no complaisance, no liberality had been too much for his mother's good will. He had never been so conscious of an atmosphere of money,—much money. And there were moments,—what he himself would have described as morbid moments,—when it seemed to him the price of blood; when he felt himself to be a mere, crude moral tale embodied and walking about. Yet how ridiculous! What reasonable man, knowing what money means, and the power of it, but must have flinched a little under such a test as had been offered to him? His flinching had been nothing final or damnable. It was Diana, who, in her ignorance of the world, had expected him to take the sacrifice as though it were nothing, and meant nothing; as no honest man of the world, in fact, could have taken it.

When Markham descended he found Alicia already in possession of the drawing-room. Her gown of a brilliant shade of blue put the room out of joint, and beside the startling effect of her hair, all the washed-out decoration and conventional ornament which it contained made a worse effect than usual. There was nothing conventional or effaced about Alicia. She had become steadily more emphatic, more triumphant, more self-confident.

"Well!—what have you been doing with yourself?—nothing but politics?" The careless, provocative smile with which the words were accompanied, roused a kind of instant antagonism in Markham.

"Nothing,—nothing, at least worth anybody's remembering."

"You spoke at Dunscombe last week."

"I did."

"And you went to help Mr. Collins at the Sheffield by-election."

"I did. I am very much flattered that you know so much about my movements."

"I always know everything that you are doing," said Alicia quietly,—"you, and Cousin Lucy."

"You have the advantage of me then;" his laugh was embarrassed, but

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not amicable; "for I am afraid I have no idea what you have been doing since Easter!"

"I have been at home—flirting with the curate," said Alicia, with a laugh.

As she sat, with her head thrown back against the chair, the light sparkling on her white skin, on her necklace of yellow topazes, and the jewelled fan in her hands, the folds of blue chiffon billowing round her, there could be no doubt of her effectiveness. Markham could not help laughing too.

"Charming for the curate! Did he propose to you?"

"Certainly. I think we were engaged, for twenty-four hours."

"That you might see what it was like? *Et après?*"

"He was afraid he had mistaken my character."

Markham laughed out.

"Poor victim! May I ask what you did it for?"

He found himself looking at her with curiosity, and a certain anger. To be engaged, even for twenty-four hours, means that you allow your betrothed the privileges of betrothal. And in the case of Alicia no man was likely to forego them. She was really a little too unscrupulous!

"What I did it for? He was so nice and good-looking!"

"And there was nobody else?"

"Nobody. Home was a desert."

"H'm—" said Markham—"Is he broken-hearted?"

Alicia shrugged her shoulders a little.

"I don't think so. I write him such charming letters. It is all simmering down beautifully."

Markham moved restlessly to and fro, first putting down a lamp, then fidgeting with an evening paper. Alicia never failed to stir in him the instinct of sex, in its combative and critical form; and hostile as he believed he was to her, her advent had certainly shaken him out of his depression.

She meanwhile watched him with her teasing eyes, apparently enjoying his disapproval.

"I know exactly what you are thinking," she said, presently.

"I doubt it."

"Heartless coquette!" she said, mimicking his voice—"Never mind—her turn will come presently!"

"You don't allow my thoughts much originality."

"Why should I? Confess!—you did think that?"

Her small white teeth flashed in the smile she gave him. There was an exuberance of life and spirits about her that was rather disarming. But he did not mean to be disarmed.

"I did not think anything of the kind," he said, returning to the fire and looking down upon her; "simply because I know you too well."

Alicia reddened a little. It was one of her attractions that she flushed so easily.

"Because you know me too well?" she repeated.—"Let me see. That means that you don't believe my turn will ever come?"

Markham smiled.

"Your turn for what?" he said dryly.

"I think we are getting mixed up!" Her laugh was as musical as he remembered it. "Let's begin again. Ah! here comes Cousin Lucy!"

Lady Lucy entered, ushering in an elderly relation, a Miss Falloden, dwelling also in Eaton Square; a comfortable lady with a comfortable income; a social stopper of chinks moreover, kind and talkative, who was always welcome on occasions when life was not too strenuous, or the company too critical. Markham offered her his arm, and the little party made its way to the dining-room.

"Do you go back to the House, Oliver, to-night?" asked his mother, as the *entrée* went round.

He replied in the affirmative, and resumed his conversation with Alicia. She was teasing him on the subject of some of his Labor friends in the House of Commons. It appeared that she had made the curate, who was a Christian Socialist, take her to a Labor Conference at Bristol, where all the leaders were present, and her account of the proceedings and the types was both amusing and malicious. It was the first time that Markham had known her attempt any conversation of the kind, and he recognized that her cleverness was developing. But many of the remarks she made on persons well known to him, annoyed him

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extremely, and he could not help trying to punish her for them. Alicia, however, was not easily punished. She evaded him with a mosquitolike quickness, returning to the charge as soon as he imagined himself to have scored, with an irrelevance or an absurdity, which would have been exasperating in a man, but had somehow to be answered and politely handled from a woman. He lost his footing continually; and as she had none to lose, she had on the whole the best of it.

Then—in the very midst of it—he remembered, with a pang, another skirmish, another battle of words,—with another adversary, in a different scene. The thrill of that moment in the Tallyn drawing-room, when he had felt himself Diana's conqueror; delighting in her rosy surrender, which was the mere sweet admission of a girl's limitations; and in its implied appeal, timid and yet proud, to a victor who was also a friend:—all this he was conscious of, by association, while the sparring with Alicia still went on. His tongue moved under the stimulus of hers; but in the background of the mind, rose the images and sensations of the past.

Lady Lucy meanwhile looked on well pleased. She had not seen Oliver so cheerful, or so much inclined to talk, since "that unfortunate affair"; and she was proportionately grateful to Alicia.

Markham returned to the drawing-room with the ladies, declaring that he must be off in twenty minutes. Alicia settled herself in a corner of the sofa, and played with Lady Lucy's dog. Markham endeavored, for a little, to do his duty by Miss Falloden; but in a few minutes he had drifted back to Alicia. This time she made him talk of Parliament, and the two or three measures in which he was particularly interested. She showed indeed a rather astonishing acquaintance with the details of those measures, and the thought crossed Markham's mind—"Has she been getting them up?—and why?" But the idea did not make the conversation she offered him any the less pleasant. Quite the contrary. The mixture of teasing and deference which she showed him, in the course of it, had been the secret of her old hold upon him. She reasserted something of it now; and he was not unwilling. During the morose and taciturn phase through which he had been passing, there had been no opportunity or desire to talk of himself; especially to a woman. But Alicia had always made him talk of himself; and he had forgotten how agreeable it might be.

He threw himself down beside her, and the time passed. Lady Lucy and Miss Falloden had retired into the back drawing-room, where the one knitted and the other gossiped. But as the clock struck a quarter to eleven, Lady Lucy called in some astonishment,—"So you are not going back to the House, Oliver?"

He sprang to his feet.

"Heavens!" He looked at the clock, irresolute. "Well, there's nothing much on, mother. I don't think I need."

And he subsided again into his chair beside Alicia.

Miss Falloden looked at Lady Lucy with a meaning smile.

"I didn't know they were such friends!" she said under her breath.

Lady Lucy made no reply. But her eyes travelled through the archway dividing the two rooms, to the distant figures framed within it:—Alicia, upright in her corner, the red gold of her hair shining against the background of a white azalea,—Oliver, deep in his arm-chair, his long legs crossed, his hands gesticulating.

Lady Niton's sarcasms recurred to her. She was not sure whether she welcomed or disliked the idea. But after all,—why not?

CHAPTER XVI

"ECCO, Signorina; il Convento!"

The driver reined up his horse, pointing with his whip.

Diana and Muriel Colwood stood up eagerly in the carriage, and there at the end of the long white road, blazing on the mountainside, terrace upon terrace, arch upon arch, rose the majestic pile of buildings which bears the name of St. Francis. Nothing else from this point was to be seen of Assisi. The sun descending over the mountain of Orvieto flooded the building itself with a level and blinding light, while upon Monte Subasio behind, a vast thunder cloud towering in the southern sky threw storm

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

ALICIA, UPRIGHT IN HER CORNER,—OLIVER, DEEP IN HIS ARMCHAIR

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shadows, of a superb depth and hue, and from their bosom the monastery, the churches, and those huge substructures which make the platform on which the convent stands, shone out in startling splendor.

The travellers gazed their fill, and the carriage clattered on.

As they neared the town, and began to climb the hill, Diana looked round her, at the plain through which they had come, at the mountains to the east, at the dome of the Portiuncula. Under the rushing light and shade of the storm clouds, the blues of the hills, the young green of the vines, the silver of the olives, rose and faded, as it were, in waves of color, impetuous and magnificent. Only the great golden building, crowned by its double church, most famous of all the shrines of Italy, glowed steadily, amid the alternating gleam and gloom — fit guardian of that still living and burning memory, which is St. Francis.

"We shall be happy here, sha'n't we?" said Diana, stealing a hand into her companion's. "And we needn't hurry away."

She drew a long breath. Muriel looked at her tenderly—enchanted whenever the old enthusiasm, the old buoyancy reappeared. They had now been in Italy for nearly two months. Muriel knew that for her companion the time had passed in one long wrestle for a new moral and spiritual standing-ground. All the glory of Italy had passed before the girl's troubled eyes as something beautiful but incoherent, a dream landscape, on which only now and then her full consciousness laid hold. For to the intenser feeling of youth, full reality belongs only to the world within; the world where the heart loves and suffers. Diana's true life was there; and she did not even admit the loyal and gentle woman who had taken a sister's place beside her, to a knowledge of its ebb and flow. She bore herself cheerfully and simply; went to picture galleries and churches; sketched and read; making no parade either of sorrow or of endurance. But the impression on Mrs. Colwood all the time was of a desperately struggling soul; voyaging strange seas of grief alone. She sometimes—though rarely—talked with Muriel of her mother's case; she would sometimes bring her friend a letter of her father's, or a fragment of journal from that full and tragic store which the solicitors had now placed in her hands; generally escaping afterwards from all comment; only able to bear a look, a pressure of the hand. But as a rule she kept her pain out of sight. In the long dumb debate with herself she had grown thin and pale. There was nothing, however, to be done, nothing to be said. The devoted friend could only watch and wait. Meanwhile, of Oliver Markham not a word was ever spoken between them.

The travellers climbed the hill, as the sun sank behind the mountains; made for the Subasio Hotel, found letters and ordered rooms.

Amongst her letters Diana opened one from Sir James Chide. "The House will be up on Thursday for the recess,—and at last I have persuaded Ferrier to let me carry him off. He is looking worn out,—and as I tell him, will break down before the election unless he takes a holiday now. So he comes—protesting. We shall probably join you somewhere in Umbria,—at Perugia—or Assisi. If I don't find you at one or the other, I shall write to Siena, where you said you meant to be by the first week in June. And by the way, I shouldn't wonder if Bobby Forbes were with us. He amuses Ferrier, who is very fond of him. But of course you needn't see anything of him unless you like."

The letter was passed on to Muriel, who thought she perceived that the news it contained seemed to make Diana shrink into herself. She was much attached to Sir James Chide, and had evidently felt pleasure in the expectation of his coming out to join them. But Mr. Ferrier,—and Bobby Forbes,—both of them associated with the Markhams and Tallyn? Mrs. Colwood noticed the look of effort in the girl's delicate face, and wished that Sir James had been inspired to come alone.

After unpacking, there still remained half an hour before dark. They hurried out for a first look at the double church.

The evening was cold, and the wind chill. Spring comes tardily to the high mountain town, and a light powdering of snow still lay on the topmost slope of Monte Subasio. Before going into the church they turned up the street that

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leads to the Duomo and the temple of Minerva. Assisi seemed deserted, — a city of ghosts. Not a soul in the street, not a light in the windows. On either hand, houses built of a marvellous red stone or marble, which seemed still to hold and radiate the tempestuous light which had but just faded from them; the houses of a small provincial aristocracy, immemorially old like the families which still possessed them; close-paned, rough-hewn, and poor,—yet showing here and there a doorway, a balcony, a shrine, touched with divine beauty.

"Where *are* all the people gone to?" cried Muriel, looking at the secret rose-colored walls, now withdrawing into the dusk, and at the empty street. "Not a soul anywhere."

Presently they came to an open doorway—above it an inscription: "Biblioteca dei Studii Franciscani." Everything stood open to the passer-by. They went in timidly, groped their way to the marble stairs and mounted. All void and tenantless! At the top of the stairs was a library with dim bookcases and marble floors and busts—but no custode, —no reader,—not a sound!

"We seem to be all alone here—with St. Francis!" said Diana, softly, as they descended to the street. "Or is everybody at church?"

They turned their steps back to the lower church. As they went in, darkness—darkness sudden and profound engulfed them. They groped their way along the outer vestibule or transept, finding themselves amid a slowly moving crowd of peasants. The crowd turned; they with it; and a blaze of light burst upon them.

Before them was the nave of the lower church, with its dark storied chapels on either hand, itself bathed in a golden twilight, with figures of peasants and friars walking in it, vaguely transfigured. But the sanctuary beyond, the altar, the walls and low groined roof flamed and burned. An exposition of the Sacrament was going on. Hundreds of slender candles arranged upon and about the altar in a blazing pyramid drew from the habitual darkness in which they hide themselves Giotto's thrice famous frescoes; or quickened on the walls, like flowers gleaming in the dawn, the loveliness of quiet faces, angel, and saint and mother, the beauty of draped folds at their simplest and broadest, a fairy magic of wings and trumpets, of halos and crowns.

Now the two strangers understood why they had found Assisi itself deserted; emptied of its folk this quiet eve. Assisi was here, in the church which is at once the home and daily spectacle of her people. Why stay away among the dull streets and small houses of the hillside, when there were these pleasures of eye and ear, this sensuous medley of light and color, this fellowship and society, this dramatic symbolism and movement, waiting for them below, in the church of their fathers?

So that all were here, old and young, children and youths, fathers just home from their work, mothers with their babies, girls with their sweethearts. Their happy yet reverent familiarity with the old church, their gay and natural participation in the ceremony that was going on, made on Diana's alien mind the effect of a great multitude crowding to salute their King. There, in the midst, surrounded by kneeling acolytes and bending priests, shone the Mystic Presence. Each man and woman and child, as they passed out of the shadow into the light, bent the knee, then parted to either side, each to his own place, like courtiers well used to the ways of a beautiful and familiar pageantry.

An old peasant in a blouse noticed the English ladies, beckoned to them, and with a kind of gracious authority led them through dark chapels, till he had placed them in the open space that spread round the flaming altar, and found them seats on the stone ledge that girdles the walls. An old woman saying her beads looked up smiling and made room. A baby of two ran out over the worn marble flags, gazed up at the gilt and silver angels hovering among the candles of the altar, and was there softly captured, —wide-eyed, and laughing in a quiet ecstasy,—by its watchful mother.

Diana sat down, bewildered by the sheer beauty of a marvellous and incomparable sight. Above her head shone the Giotto frescoes, the immortal four, in which the noblest legend of Catholicism finds its loveliest expression, as it were the script, itself imperishable, of

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a dying language, to which mankind will soon have lost the key.

Yet only dying perhaps as the tongue of Cicero died—to give birth to the new languages of Europe.

For in Diana's heart this new language of the spirit, which is the child of the old, was already strong; speaking through the vague feelings and emotions which held her spellbound. What matter the garment of dogma and story?—the raiment of pleaded fact, which for the modern is no fact? In Diana, as in hundreds and thousands of her fellows, it had become—unconsciously—without the torment and struggle of an older generation—Poetry and Idea; and all the more invincible thereby.

Above her head, Poverty, gaunt and terrible in her white robe, her skirt torn with brambles, and her poor cheek defaced by the great iron hook which formerly upheld the Sanctuary lamp, married with St. Francis; Christ Himself joining their hands.

So Love and Sorrow pledged each other, in the gleaming color of the roof. Divine Love spoke from the altar; and in the crypt beneath their feet which held the tomb of the Poverello, the ashes of Love slept.

The girl's desolate heart melted within her. In these weeks of groping, religion had not meant much to her. It had been like a bird voice which night silences. All the energy of her life had gone into endurance. But now it was as though her soul plunged into the freshness of vast waters, which upheld and sustained, —without effort. Amid the shadows and phantasms of the church; between the faces on the walls, and the kneeling peasants, both equally significant and alive; those ghosts of her own heart that moved with her perpetually in the life of memory stood, or knelt, or gazed, with the rest; the piteous figure of her mother; her father's gray hair, and faltering step; Oliver's tall youth. Never would she escape them any more; they were to be the comrades of her life, for Nature had given her no powers of forgetting. But here in the shrine of St. Francis, it was as though the worst smart of her anguish dropped from her. From the dark splendor, the storied beauty of the church, voices of compassion and of peace spoke to her pain; the waves of feeling bore her on, unresisting; she closed her eyes against the lights, holding back the tears. Life seemed suspended,—and suffering ceased.

"So we have tracked you!" whispered a voice in her ear. She looked up startled. Three English travellers had quietly made their way to the back of the altar. Sir James Chide stood beside her; and behind him the substantial form of Mr. Ferrier, with the merry snub-nosed face of Bobbie Forbes smiling over the great man's shoulder.

Diana—smiling back—put a finger to her lip; the service was at its height, and close as they were to the altar decorum was necessary. Presently, guided by her they moved softly on to a remoter and darker corner.

"Couldn't we escape — to the upper church?" asked Chide of Diana.

She nodded, and led the way. They stole in and out of the kneeling groups of the north transept, and were soon climbing the stairway that links the two churches, out of sight and hearing of the multitude below. Here there was again pale daylight. Greetings were interchanged, and both Chide and Ferrier studied Diana's looks with a friendly anxiety they did their best to conceal. Forbes also observed Juliet Sparling's daughter, — hotly curious,— yet also hotly sympathetic. What a story, by Jove!

Their footsteps echoed in the vast emptiness of the upper church. Apparently they had it to themselves.

"No Friars!" said Forbes, looking about him. "That's a blessing, anyway! You can't deny, Miss Mallory, that *they're* a blot on the landscape. Or have you been flattering them up, as all the other ladies do who come here?"

"We have only just arrived. What's wrong with the Friars?" smiled Diana.

"Well, we arrived this morning, and I've about taken their measure—though Ferrier won't allow it. But I saw four of them—great lazy, loafing fellows, Miss Mallory,—much stronger than you or me —being dragged up these abominable hills—*four of 'em*—in one *legno*—with one wretched toast-rack of a horse. And not one of them thought of walking.

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Each of them with his brown petticoats, —and an umbrella as big as himself— Ugh!—I offered to push behind,—and they glared at me. What do you think St. Francis would have said to them? Kicked them out of that *legno*, pretty quick, I'll bet you!"

Diana surveyed the typical young Englishman, indulging a typically Protestant mood.

"I thought there were only a few old men left," she said,—"and that it was all very sad and poetic?"

"That used to be so," said Ferrier, glancing round the church to make sure that Chide was safely occupied in seeing as much of the Giotto frescoes on the walls as the fading light allowed. "Then the Pope won a lawsuit. The convent is now the property of the Holy See; the monastery has been revived, and the place seems to swarm with young monks. However, it is you ladies that ruin them. You make pretty speeches to them—and look so charmingly devout."

"There was a fellow at San Damiano this morning," interrupted Bobbie indignantly; "awfully good-looking—and the most affected cad I ever beheld. I'd like to have been his fag-master at Eton! I saw him making eyes at some American girls as we came in; then he came posing and sidling up to us, and gave us a little lecture on 'Ateismo.'— Ferrier said nothing, — stood there as meek as a lamb, listening to him—looking straight at him. I nearly died of laughing behind them."

"Come here, Bobbie, you reprobate!" cried Chide from a distance.—"Hold your tongue, and bring me the guide-book."

Bobbie strolled off, laughing.

"Is it all a sham, then?" said Diana looking round her, with a smile and a sigh. "St. Francis—and the 'Fioretti' —and the 'Hymn to the Sun'? Has it all ended in lazy monks—and hypocrisy?"

"Dante asked himself the same question eighty years after St. Francis's death. Yet here is this divine church!"— Ferrier pointed to the frescoed walls, the marvellous roof—"here is immortal art! —and here, in your mind and in mine, after six hundred years, is a memory —an emotion—which, but for St. Francis, had never been; by which indeed we judge his degenerate sons. Is that not achievement enough—for one child of man?"

"Six hundred years hence, what modern will be as much alive as St. Francis is now?" Diana wondered — as they strolled on.

He turned a quiet gaze upon her.

"Darwin?—At least I throw it out."

"Darwin!" Her voice showed doubt— the natural demur of her young ignorance and idealism.

"Why not? What faith was to the thirteenth century knowledge is to us. St. Francis rekindled the heart of Europe. Darwin has transformed the main conceptions of the human mind."

In the dark she caught the cheerful patience of the small penetrating eyes, as they turned upon her. And at the same time—strangely—she became aware of a sudden and painful impression; as though, through and behind the patience, she perceived an immense fatigue and discouragement, an ebbing power of life, in the man beside her.

"Hullo!—" said Bobbie Forbes, turning back towards them; "I thought there was no one else here."

For suddenly they had become aware of a tapping sound on the marble floor, and from the shadows of the eastern end there emerged two figures; a woman in front, lame and walking with a stick; and a man behind. The cold reflected light which filled the western half of the church shone full on both faces. Bobbie Forbes and Diana exclaimed simultaneously. Then Diana sped along the pavement.

"Who?" said Chide, rejoining the other two.

"Frobisher—and Miss Vincent," said Forbes, studying the newcomers.

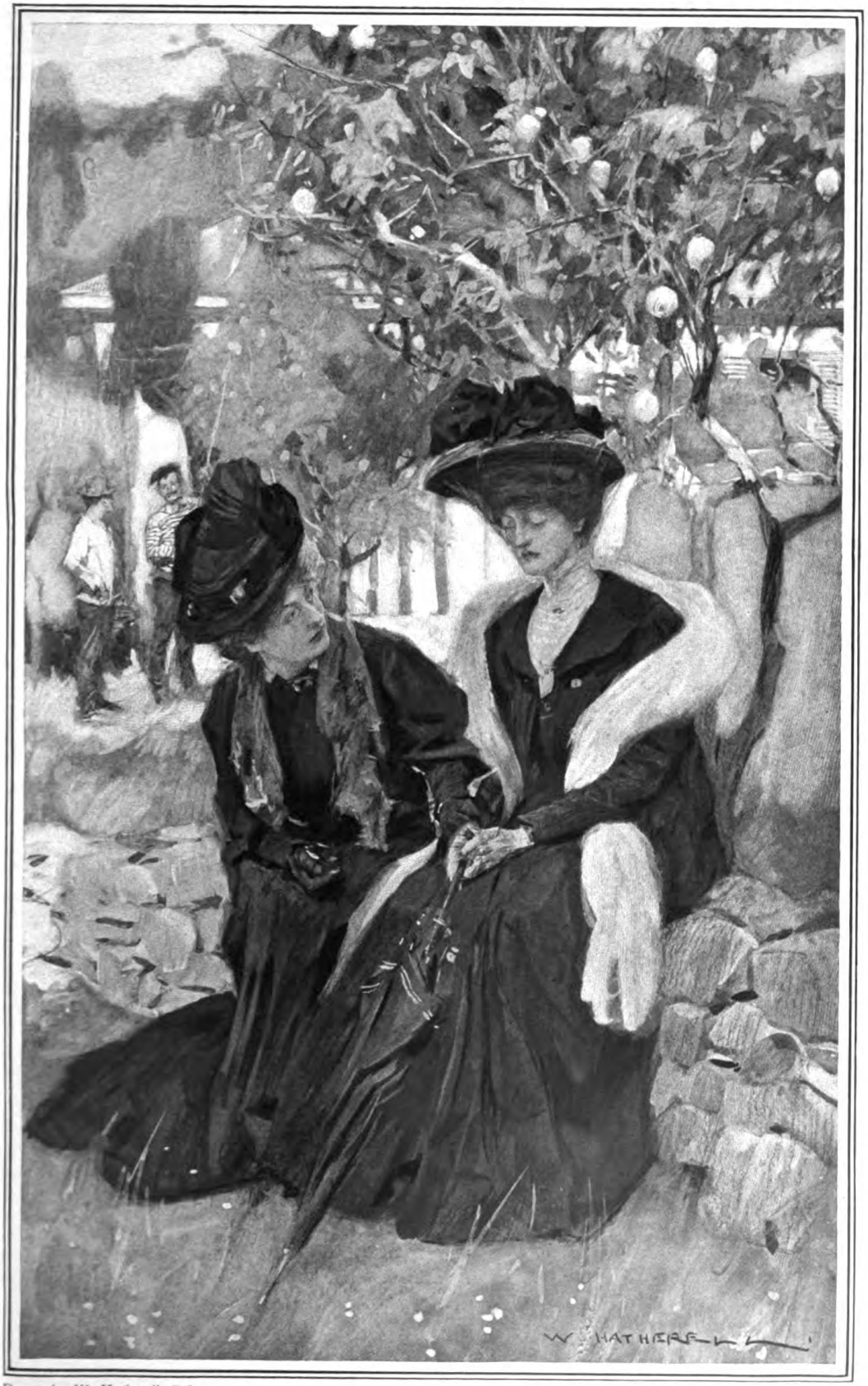
"Miss Vincent!" Chide's voice showed his astonishment. "I thought she had been very ill."

"So she has," said Ferrier—"very ill. It is amazing to see her here."

"And Frobisher?"

Ferrier made no reply. Chide's expression showed perplexity, perhaps a shade of coldness. In him a warm Irish heart was joined with great strictness, even prudishness of manners, the result of an Irish Catholic education of the old type. Young women, in his opinion,

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SHE SOMETIMES TALKED WITH MURIEL OF HER MOTHER'S CASE

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could hardly be too careful, in a calumnious world. The modern flouting of old decorums—small or great—found no supporter in the man who had passionately defended and absolved Juliet Sparling.

But he followed the rest to the greeting of the newcomers. Diana's hand was in Miss Vincent's, and the girl's face was full of joy; Marion Vincent, deathly white, her eyes, more amazing, more alive than ever, amid the emaciation that surrounded them, greeted the party with smiling composure,—neither embarrassed, nor apologetic,—appealing to Frobisher now and then as to her travelling companion,—speaking of "our week at Orvieto"—making in fact no secret of an arrangement, which presently every member of the group about her,—even Sir James Chide,—accepted as simply as it was offered to them.

As to Frobisher, he was rather silent, but no more embarrassed than she. It was evident that he kept an anxious watch lest her stick should slip upon the marble floor, and presently he insisted in a low voice that she should go home and rest.

"Come back after dinner," she said to him, in the same tone, as they emerged on the piazza. He nodded and hurried off by himself.

"You are at the Subasio?" The speaker turned to Diana.—"So am I. I don't dine—but shall we meet afterwards?"

"And Mr. Frobisher?" said Diana, timidly.

"He is staying at the Leone. But I told him to come back."

After dinner the whole party met in Diana's little sitting-room, of which one window looked to the convent, while the other commanded the plain. And from the second, the tenant of the room had access to a small terrace, public indeed to the rest of the hotel, but as there were no other guests the English party took possession.

Bobbie stood beside the terrace window with Diana, gossiping; while Chide and Ferrier paced the terrace with their cigars. Neither Miss Vincent nor Frobisher had yet appeared, and Muriel Colwood was making tea. Bobbie was playing his usual part of the chatterbox; while at the same time he was inwardly applying much native shrewdness and a boundless curiosity to Diana and her affairs.

Did she know—had he any idea—that in London at that moment she was one of the main topics of conversation?—in fact, the best talked-about young woman of the day?—that if she were to spend June in town,—which of course she would not do—she would find herself a *succès fou*—people tumbling over each other to invite her, and make a show of her? Everybody of his acquaintance was now engaged in retrying the Wing murder; since that statement of Chide's in the *Times*. No one talked of anything else, and the new story that was now tacked on to the old had given yet another spin to the ball of gossip.

How had the story got out? Bobbie believed that it had been mainly the doing of Lady Niton. At any rate the world understood perfectly that Juliet Sparling's innocent and unfortunate daughter had been harshly treated by Lady Lucy—and deserted by Lady Lucy's son.

Queer fellow, Markham!—rather a fool too. Why the deuce didn't he stick to it? Lady Lucy would have come round; he would have gained enormous *kudos,* and lost nothing. Bobbie looked admiringly at his companion, vowing to himself that she was worth fighting for. But his own heart was proof. For three months he had been engaged, *sub rosa,* to a penniless cousin. No one knew, least of all Lady Niton, who, in spite of championship of Diana, would probably be furious when she did know. He found himself pining to tell Diana; he would tell her as soon as ever he got an opportunity. Odd!—that the effect of having gone through a lot yourself should be that other people were strongly drawn to unload their troubles upon you. Bobbie felt himself a selfish beast; but all the same his "Ettie" and his debts;—the pros and cons of the various schemes for his future, in which he had hitherto allowed Lady Niton to play so queer and tyrannical a part; all these burned on his tongue till he could confide them to Diana.

Meanwhile the talk strayed to Ferrier and politics—dangerous ground! Yet some secret impulse in Diana drew her towards it, and Bobbie's curiosity played

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up. Diana spoke with concern of the great man's pallor and fatigue. "Not to be wondered at," said Forbes, "considering the tight place he was in, or would soon be in." Diana asked for explanations —acting a part a little—for since her acquaintance with Oliver Markham she had become a diligent reader of newspapers. Bobbie, divining her, gave her the latest and most authentic gossip of the clubs; as to the various incidents and gradations of the now open revolt of the left wing; the current estimates of Ferrier's strength in the country; and the prospects of the coming election.

Presently he even ventured on Markham's name, feeling instinctively that she waited for it. If there was any change in the face beside him, the May darkness concealed it, and Bobbie chattered on. There was no doubt that Markham was in a difficulty. All his sympathies at least were with the rebels, and their victory would be his profit.

"Yet as every one knows that Markham is under great obligations to Ferrier; for him to join the conspiracy these fellows are hatching, doesn't look pretty."

"He won't join it!" said Diana, sharply.

"Well, a good many people think he's in it already. Oh, I dare say it's all rot!" the speaker added hastily; "and besides it's not at all certain that Markham himself will get in next time."

"Get in!"—It was a cry of astonishment—passing on into constraint. "I thought Mr. Markham's seat was absolutely safe."

"Not it." Bobby began to flounder. "The fact is it's not safe at all; it's uncommonly shaky. He'll have a squeak for it. They're not so sweet on him down there as they used to be."

Gracious! — if she were to ask why! The young man was about hastily to change the subject, when Sir James and his companion came towards them.

"Can't we tempt you out, Miss Mallory?" said Ferrier. "There is a marvellous change!" He pointed to the plain over which the night was falling. "When we met you in the church, it was still winter, or wintry spring. Now —in two hours—the summer's come!"

And on Diana's face, as she stepped out to join him, struck a buffet of warm air; a heavy scent of narcissus rose from the flower boxes on the terrace; and from a garden far below came the sharp thin prelude of a nightingale.

For about half an hour the young girl and the veteran of politics walked up and down—sounding each other—heart reaching out to heart—dumbly—behind the veil of words. There was a secret link between them. The politician was bruised and weary; well aware that just as fortune seemed to have brought one of her topmost prizes within his grasp, forces and events were gathering in silence to contest it with him. Ferrier had been twenty-seven years in the House of Commons; his chief life was there, had always been there, outside that maimed and customary pleasure he found beside a woman now white-haired. To rule—to lead that House, had been the ambition of his life. He had earned it —had scorned delights for it; and his powers were at their ripest.

Yet the intrigue, as he knew, was already launched that might, at the last moment, sweep him from his goal. Most of the men concerned in it, he either held for honest fanatics, or despised as flatterers of the mob,—ignobly pliant. He could and would fight them all, with good courage, and fair hope of victory.

But Lucy Markham's son!—that defection, realized or threatened, was beginning now to hit him hard. Amid all their disagreements of the past year, his pride had always refused to believe that Markham could ultimately make common cause with the party dissenters. Ferrier had hardly been able to bring himself indeed to take the disagreements seriously. There was a secret impatience, perhaps even a secret arrogance in his feeling. A young man, whom he had watched from his babyhood, had put into Parliament, and led and trained there! —that he should take this hostile and harassing line, with threat of worse, was a matter too sore and intimate to be talked about. He did not mean to talk about it. To Lady Lucy he never spoke of Oliver's opinions, except in a half jesting way; to other people he did not speak of them at all. Ferrier's affections were deep and silent. He had not found it possible to love the mother without

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loving the son; had played indeed a father's part to him since Henry Markham's death. He knew the brilliant, flawed, unstable, attractive fellow through and through. But his knowledge left him still vulnerable. He thought little of Oliver's political capacity; and, for all his affection, had no great admiration for his character. Yet Oliver had power to cause him pain; of a kind that no other of his Parliamentary associates possessed.

The letters of that morning had brought him news of an important meeting in Markham's constituency, in which his leadership had been for the first time openly and vehemently attacked. Markham had not been present at the meeting; and Lady Lucy had written, eagerly declaring that he could not have prevented it, and had no responsibility. But could the thing have been done, within his own borders, without at least a tacit connivance on his part?

The incident had awakened a peculiarly strong feeling in the elder man, because during the early days of the recess he had written a series of letters to Markham, intended not only to recall Markham's own allegiance, but—through him—to reach two of the leading dissidents—Lankester and Barton—in particular, for whom he felt a strong personal respect and regard. Not directly; for as he had pointed out to Oliver, the letters themselves were meant for him only, and would be certainly misunderstood by any one who knew him less intimately. But his suggestion was that Oliver might make use of them in a peace-making way.

He would write no more, however. With the news of the Dunscombe meeting the relations between himself and Oliver entered upon a wholly new phase. Towards Lucy's son he must bear himself henceforward, not as the intimate confiding friend, or foster-father, but as the statesman with greater interests than his own to protect; and he thought with considerable uneasiness of the letters which were already in Oliver's possession.

But what after all were his grievances compared with those of this soft-eyed girl? It pricked his conscience to remember how feebly he had fought her battle. She must know that he had done little or nothing for her; yet there was something peculiarly gentle, one might have thought, pitiful in her manner towards him. His pride winced under it.

Sir James, too, must have his private talk with Diana,—when he took her to the further extremity of the little terrace, and told her of the results and echoes which had followed the publication in the *Times* of Wing's dying statement.

Diana had given her sanction to the publication with trembling and a torn mind. Justice to her mother required it. There she was clear; and her will hardened to the act, and to the publicity which it involved. But Sir Francis Wing's son was still living, and what for her was piety, must be for him stain and dishonor. She did not shrink; but the compunctions she could not show she felt; and, through Sir James Chide, she had written a little letter which had done something to soften the blow, as it affected a dull yet not inequitable mind.

"Does he forgive us?" she asked in a low voice, turning her face towards the Umbrian plain, with its twinkling lights below, its stars above.

"He knows he must have done the same in our place," said Sir James.

After a minute he looked at her closely under the electric light which dominated the terrace.

"I am afraid you have been going through a great deal," he said, bending over her. "Put it from you when you can. You don't know how people feel for you."

She looked up with her quick smile.

"I don't always think of it—and oh! I am so thankful to *know!* I dream of them often—my father and mother—but not unhappily. They are *mine*—much, much more than they ever were."

She clasped her hands, and he felt rather than saw the exaltation, the tender fire in her look.

All very well! But this stage would pass—must pass. She had her own life to live. And if one man had behaved like a selfish coward, all the more reason to invoke, to hurry on the worthy and the perfect lover.

Presently Marion Vincent appeared, and with her Frobisher, and an unknown man with a magnificent brow, dark eyes

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of an amazing vivacity, and a Southern brilliance both of color and of gesture. He proved to be a famous Italian; a poet, well known to European fame; who having married an English wife had settled himself at Assisi for the study of St. Francis and the Franciscan literature. He became at once the centre of a circle which grouped itself on the terrace; while he pointed to spot after spot, dimly white on the shadows of the moonlit plain, linking each with the Franciscan legend, and the passion of Franciscan poetry. The slopes of San Damiano, the sites of Spello, Bevagna, Cannara; Rivo Torto, the hovering dome of the Portiuncula, the desolate uplands that lead to the Carceri; one after another, the scenes, and images,—grotesque or lovely,—simple or profound,—of the vast Franciscan story, rose into life under his touch, till they generated in those listening the answer of the soul of to-day to the soul of the Poverello. Poverty, misery, and crime,—still they haunt the Umbrian villages and the Assisan streets; the shadows of them, as the north knows them, lay deep and terrible in Marion Vincent's eyes. But as the poet spoke, the eternal protest and battle cry of Humanity swelled up against them; overflowed, engulfed them. The hearts of some of his listeners burned within them.

And finally he brought them back to the famous legend of the hidden church; deep, deep in the rock—below the two churches that we see to-day; where St. Francis waits,—standing, with his arms raised to heaven, on fire with an eternal hope, an eternal ecstasy.

"Waits for what?" said Ferrier, the sceptic, under his breath, forgetting his audience a moment. "The death of Catholicism?"

Sir James Chide moved indignantly. Ferrier, startled, looked round, threw his old friend a gesture of apology, which Sir James mutely accepted. Then Sir James got up and strolled away, his hands in his pockets, towards the farther end of the terrace.

The Poet meanwhile, ignorant of this little incident, and assuming the sympathy of his audience, raised his eyebrows, smiling, as he repeated Ferrier's words—

"The death of Catholicism! No, Signor!—its second birth." And with a Southern play of hand and feature,—the nobility of brow and aspect turned now on this listener, now on that,—he began to describe the revival of faith in Italy.

"Ten years ago there was not faith enough in this country to make a heresy! And now!—if St. Francis were here,—in every olive garden—in each hill town—on the road and the byways—on the mountains — in the plains — his heart would greet the swelling of a new tide drawing inward to this land—the breath of a new spring kindling the buds of life. He would hear preached again, in the language of a new day, his own religion of love, humility, and poverty. The new faith springs from the very heart of Catholicism, banned and persecuted as new faiths have always been; but every day it lives, it spreads! Knowledge and science walk hand in hand with it; the future is before it. It spreads in tales and poems, like the Franciscan message; it penetrates the priesthood; it passes like the risen body of the Lord through the walls of seminaries and episcopal palaces; through the bulwarks that surround the Vatican itself. Tenderly, yet with an absolute courage, it puts aside old abuses, old ignorances!—like St. Francis, it holds out its hand to a spiritual bride—and the name of that bride is Truth! And in his grave within the rock,—on tiptoe—the Poverello listens—the Poverello smiles!"

The Poet raised his hand and pointed to the convent pile, towering under the moonlight. Diana's eyes filled with tears. Sir James had come back to the group, his face, with its dignified and strenuous lines, bent—half perplexed, half frowning,—on the speaker. And the magic of the Umbrian night stole upon each quickened pulse.

But presently when the group had broken up, and Ferrier was once more strolling beside Diana, he said to her—

"A fine prophecy!—But I had a letter this morning from another Italian writer. It contains the following passage—'The soul of this nation is dead. The old enthusiasms are gone. We have the most selfish, the most cynical *bourgeoisie* in Europe. Happy the men of 1860! They had some illusions left—religion, monarchy, country. We too have men who *would give themselves*,—if they

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could. But to what? No one wants them any more—*nessuno li vuole piu!* Well—there are the two. Which will you believe?"

"The Poet!—" said Diana, in a low faltering voice. But it was no cry of triumphant faith. It was the typical cry of our generation, before the closed door that openeth not.

"That was good!" said Marion Vincent, as the last of the party disappeared through the terrace window, and she and Diana were left alone—"but this is better."

She drew Diana towards her, kissed her, and smiled at her. But the smile wrung Diana's heart.

"Why have you been so ill?—and I never knew!" She wrapped a shawl round her friend, and, holding her hands, gazed into her face.

"It was all so hurried—there was so little time to think or remember. But now there is time."

"Now you are going to rest?—and get well?"

Marion smiled again.

"I shall have holiday for a few months—then rest."

"You won't live any more in the East End?—You'll come to me—in the country?" said Diana eagerly.

"Perhaps! But I want to see all I can in my holiday—before I rest! All my life I have lived in London. There has been nothing to see—but squalor. Do you know that I have lived next door to a fried fish shop for twelve years? But now—think!—I am in Italy—and we are going to the Alps—and we shall stay on Lake Como—and—and there is no end to our plans—if only my holiday is long enough."

What a ghost face!—and what shining eyes!

"Oh, but make it long enough!" pleaded Diana, laying one of the emaciated hands against her cheek, and smitten by a vague terror.

"That does not depend on me," said Marion slowly.

"Marion!" cried Diana—"tell me what you mean."

Marion hesitated a moment, then said quietly:

"Promise, dear, to take it quite simply—just as I tell it. I am so happy. There was an operation—six weeks ago. It was quite successful—I have no pain. The doctors give me seven or eight months. Then my enemy will come back—and my rest with him."

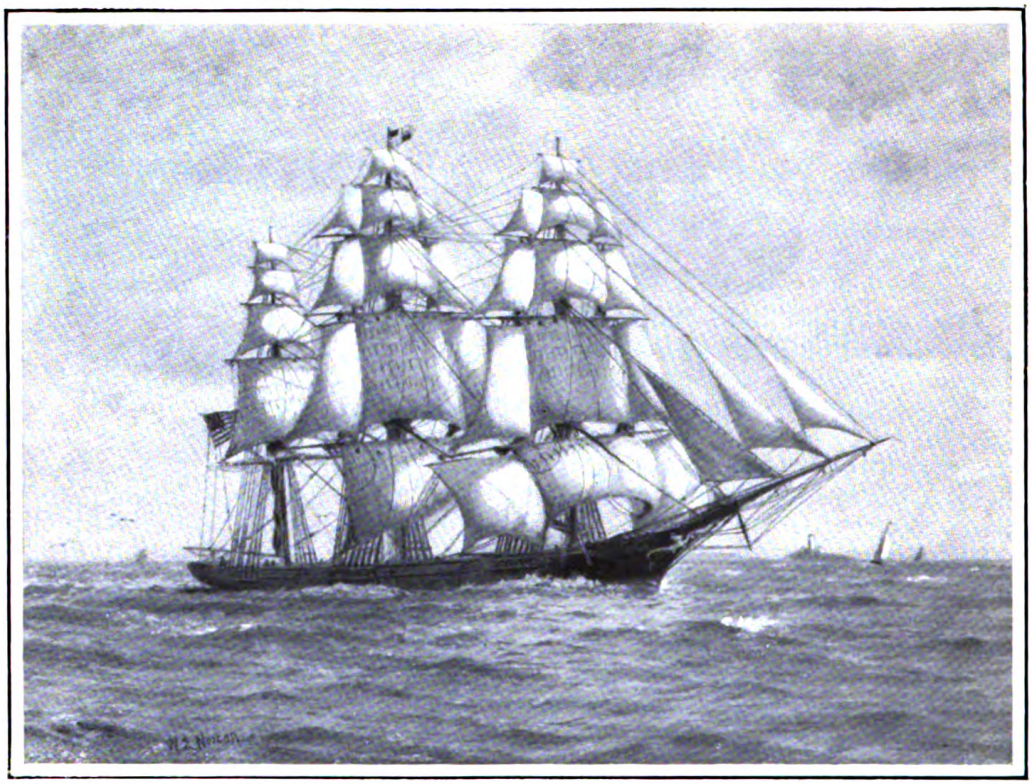
A cry escaped Diana, as she buried her face in her friend's lap. Marion kissed and comforted her.

"If you only knew how happy I am!" she said in a low voice. "Ever since I was a child I seem to have fought—fought hard for every step—every breath. I fought for bread first,—and self-respect—for myself—then for others. One seemed to be hammering at shut gates; or climbing precipices, with loads that dragged one down. Such trouble always!" she murmured, with closed eyes—"such toil and anguish of body and brain. And now it is all over!"—she raised herself joyously—"I am already on the further side. I am like St. Francis—waiting. And meanwhile I have a dear friend—who loves me. I can't let him marry me. Pain and disease, and mutilation,—of all those horrors, as far as I can, he shall know nothing. He shall not nurse me; he shall only love and lead me. But I have been thirsting for beautiful things all my life,—and he is giving them to me. I have dreamed of Italy since I was a baby; and here I am! I have seen Rome and Florence. We go on to Venice. And next week there will be mountains—and snow peaks—rivers—forests—flowers—"

Her voice sank and died away. Diana clung to her weeping, in a speechless grief and reverence. At the same time, her own murdered love cried out within her; and in the hot despair of youth she told herself that life was as much finished for her as for this tired saint,—this woman of forty,—who had borne since her babyhood the burdens of the poor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE "SEA WITCH"—THE SWIFTEST CLIPPER OF HER DAY

A Glimpse of the Clipper-Ship Days

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. CLARK

THE American clipper-ship era began in 1843, as a result of the growing demand for a more rapid delivery of tea from China, continuing under the stimulating influence of the discovery of gold in California, and ending with the outbreak of the Civil War. These memorable years form one of the most important and interesting periods of maritime history. They stand between the long, weary centuries during which man navigated the sea with oar and sail—a slave to unknown winds and currents, alike helpless in calm and storm—separating and at the same time connecting those ages of comparative darkness with the successful introduction of steam navigation, by which man has obtained mastery upon the ocean.

After countless generations of evolution, this era witnessed the highest development of the wooden sailing ship in construction, speed, and beauty. Many of the clipper-ships—indeed, nearly all of them—made speed records which were not equalled by the steamships of their day, and more than a quarter of a century elapsed, devoted to discovery and invention in perfecting the marine engine and boiler, before the best speed records of the clipper-ships were broken. And even to-day there are not more than thirty ocean mail steamers afloat whose speed excels the best twenty-four hours' run of the American clippers of fifty years ago, while their records under canvas, over courses encircling the globe, for the superb stake of commercial supremacy

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and championship of the seas, stand unbroken and unsurpassed.

The origin of the word clipper does not seem quite clear, though it may have been derived from clip, which in former times meant, among other things, to run or fly swiftly. Dryden uses the word clip to describe the flight of a falcon:

> Some falcon stoops at what her eye designed,
> And, with her eagerness the quarry missed,
> Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind.

Yet, whatever doubt may exist as to the etymology of the name, there is no question about the existence of the famous Baltimore clippers long before the clipper-ship era opened, but these vessels were either brigs, brigantines, fore-and-aft or topsail schooners, of from ninety to two hundred and fifty tons register, and were employed as fruiters, smugglers, privateers, or African slavers: many of the last mentioned sailing under the flags of Portugal and Spain.

And while there has always been an effort, even in ancient times, to improve the models and speed of vessels, still the *Rainbow* was the first extreme clipper-ship constructed in the United States, or, for that matter, in the world. Her model was a radical departure from any sailing ship that had been built up to that period, having long concave water lines, with her greatest breadth at a point considerably farther aft than had hitherto been regarded as practicable. Her design did not differ in degree, but in kind, from any sailing ship ever built, and one critical observer declared that her bow had been turned "outside in," and that her whole form was contrary to the laws of nature.

In 1841, John W. Griffeths, of New York, proposed several improvements in marine architecture, which were embodied in the model of a clipper-ship exhibited at the American Institute. Later he delivered a series of lectures on the science of ship-building, which were the first discourses upon this subject in the United States.

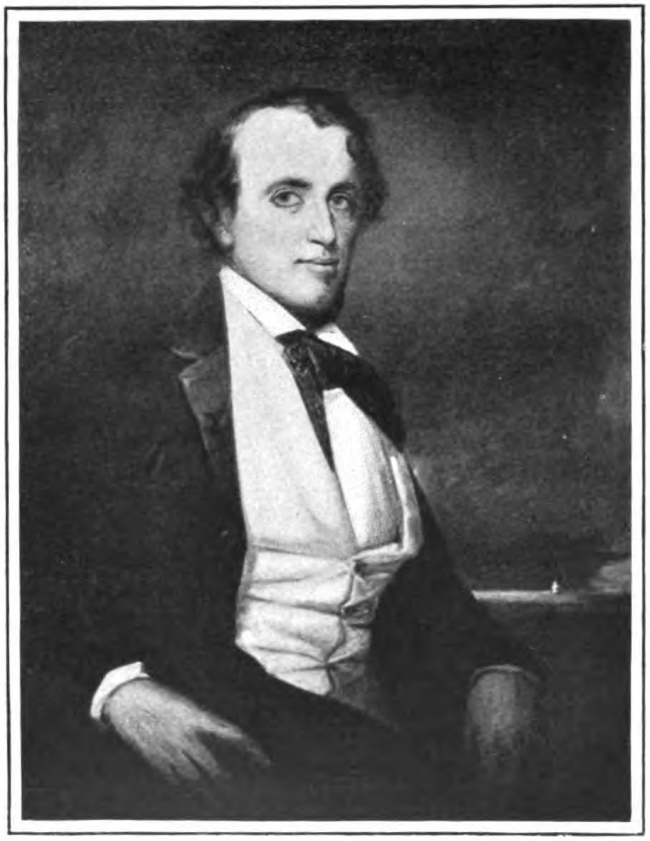
This proposed departure from old methods met with much opposition, but in 1843 Howland and Aspinwall commissioned Smith and Dimon, of New York, in whose employment Mr. Griffeths had spent several years as draughtsman, to embody these experimental ideas in the *Rainbow* of 750 tons; this vessel was therefore the result of Mr. Griffeths's earnest and intelligent efforts for improvement in the model of ships.

The *Rainbow* was very much sharper than any ship yet built, and her model gave rise to a great deal of discussion while she was on the stocks in course of construction. It was generally admitted by the recognized shipping authorities of South Street that she was a handsome vessel, but whether she could be made to sail was a question upon which there were varieties of opinion. She proved an excellent ship in every way and exceedingly fast. Her second voyage to Canton, out and home, was made in six months and fourteen days, including two weeks in port discharging and loading cargo. She went out to Canton against the northeast monsoon in ninety-two and home in eighty-eight days, bringing the news of her own arrival at Canton. Captain John Land, her able and enthusiastic commander, declared that she was the fastest ship in the world, and this was undeniably true; finding no one to differ with him, he further gave it as his opinion that no ship could be built to beat the *Rainbow*, and very few vessels have ever broken her record.

It was at about this period that Captain Robert H. Waterman began to attract public attention by making some remarkably fast passages in the ship *Natchez*, though he had been known for some years among the shipping community of New York as a remarkably skilful seaman and navigator. This ship was one of the full-poop New Orleans packets, and was built by Isaac Webb in 1835. Captain Waterman took her round Cape Horn to the west coast of South America, thence across the Pacific to Hongkong, where he loaded a cargo of tea for New York, making the passage home in ninety-four days, and the voyage round the globe in nine months and twenty-six days. In 1844 Captain Waterman sailed again in the *Natchez* from New York for Valparaiso, and made the passage in seventy-one days, thence to Callao in eight days, and to Hongkong in fifty-four days. She again loaded tea for New York, and sailed from Canton January 15, 1845; passed Java Head on

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the 26th, and thirty-nine days out was off the Cape of Good Hope; crossed the equator sixty-one days out, arriving in New York April 3, seventy-eight days from Canton, sailing a total distance of 13,955 miles. Her run from the equator to New York in seventeen days, and indeed this whole passage, was most remarkable, as the *Natchez*, during her packet days, had established a well earned reputation of being an uncommonly slow ship.



CAPTAIN ROBERT H. WATERMAN
Commander of the "Sea Witch"

A series of voyages such as these, by a ship of the type and reputation of the *Natchez*, would probably have established the reputation of any one commanding her, and when we consider that Bob Waterman—for so he was known—was at this time a young captain of an unusually attractive personality, it is not difficult to understand the pride and admiration with which he was regarded by his friends, of whom he had many in New York and at the various foreign ports to which he had sailed. The *Natchez*, during the voyages that Captain Waterman had commanded her, was owned by Howland and Aspinwall, who were so favorably impressed, not only by his skill as a seaman and navigator, but also by his loyalty to their interests, that they decided to build a clipper-ship for him, entrusting the design and construction of this vessel to Smith and Dimon, the builders of the *Rainbow*, though all the details of her hull, spars, sails, and rigging were carried out under the supervision of Captain Waterman. This ship was the famous *Sea Witch*, of 890 tons—length, 170 feet; breadth, 33 feet 11 inches; depth, 19 feet.

The *Sea Witch*, when loaded, lay low on the water, her hull was painted black, and her masts had a considerable rake; her figurehead was an aggressive looking dragon, beautifully carved and gilded. She had the reputation at that time of being the handsomest ship sailing out of the port of New York. She sailed on her first voyage, bound for China, December 23, 1846, and went to sea in a strong northwest gale, making a remarkably fine run southward, arriving off the harbor of Rio Janeiro in twenty-five days, where she exchanged signals with the shore, and sent letters and New York newspapers by a vessel inward bound. She made the passage from New York to Hongkong in 104 days, and arrived at New York from Canton July 25, 1847, in eighty-one days, making the run from Anjer Point to Sandy Hook in sixty-two days. On her second voyage she arrived from New York at Hongkong November 7, 1847, in 105 days, and arrived from Canton at New York March

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16, 1848, in seventy-seven days. Her best twenty-four hours' run was 358 miles —a speed far in excess of any ocean steamship of that period.

Captain Waterman resigned from the *Sea Witch* to take the Pacific mail steamship *Northerner* from New York to San Francisco. During the three years that he had commanded the *Sea Witch* she had made a large amount of money for her owners, and Captain Waterman had added to his reputation —so much so, indeed, that certain good people, to many of whom the sound of their own voices was a pretty constant source of delight, began to say things. It was alleged that Captain Waterman carried sail too hard, that he exceeded the bounds of prudence in this respect, and kept padlocks on the topsail sheets and rackings on the topsail halyards fore and aft; also that he maintained a standard of discipline far more severe than was regarded by his critics as necessary.

It is probable that Captain Waterman did carry sail rather hard; most American captains who wanted to get anywhere in those days usually did; and as to the padlocks and rackings, more than one captain used these precautions to prevent villainous or cowardly sailors from letting go sheets and halyards by the run when, according to their ideas, the ship had too much canvas on her. The fact, however, remains that during the eighteen years during which Captain Waterman commanded various ships he never lost a spar or carried away rigging of any importance, and never called on underwriters for one dollar of loss or damage. The records show that six of the men before the mast sailed with him upon all his voyages in the *Natchez* and *Sea Witch*—a rare occurrence at that period, or any other period of which we have knowledge, and alike creditable to the sailors, ships, and their commander.

The *Ariel*, of 472 tons, was another famous clipper-ship which became celebrated in the China trade; she has a record of ninety days from Canton to New York. The *Samuel Russell*, of 940 tons, built by Brown and Bell, and commanded by Captain N. B. Palmer, made her first voyage from New York to Hong-



CAPTAIN JOSIAH PERKINS CREESY
Commander of the "Flying Cloud"

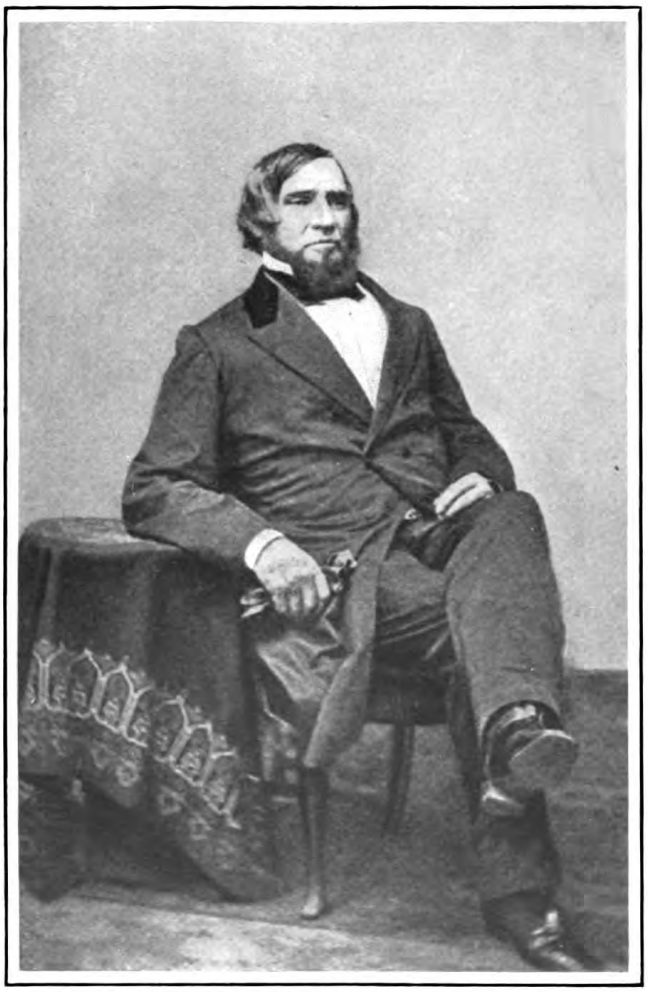
kong by the Eastern passage in one hundred and fourteen days, her best twenty-four hours' run being 328 miles. The *Oriental*, of 1003 tons, on her first voyage to China was commanded by Captain N. B. Palmer, and made the passage from Canton to Sandy Hook in eighty-one days.

These were the most celebrated clipper-

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ships built in the United States prior to the discovery of gold in California in 1848, though there were, of course, many other fine vessels engaged in the China trade which had for many years brought home cargoes of tea, silk, and spices.

The *Oriental* was the last ship commanded by Captain Palmer, though he lived many years to enjoy the fruits of his toil upon the sea.



CAPTAIN NATHANIEL B. PALMER
Commander of the "Oriental"

Nathaniel Brown Palmer, one of the most famous of the clipper-ship captains, was born at the pretty town of Stonington, on Long Island Sound, in 1799, and came from distinguished colonial ancestry.

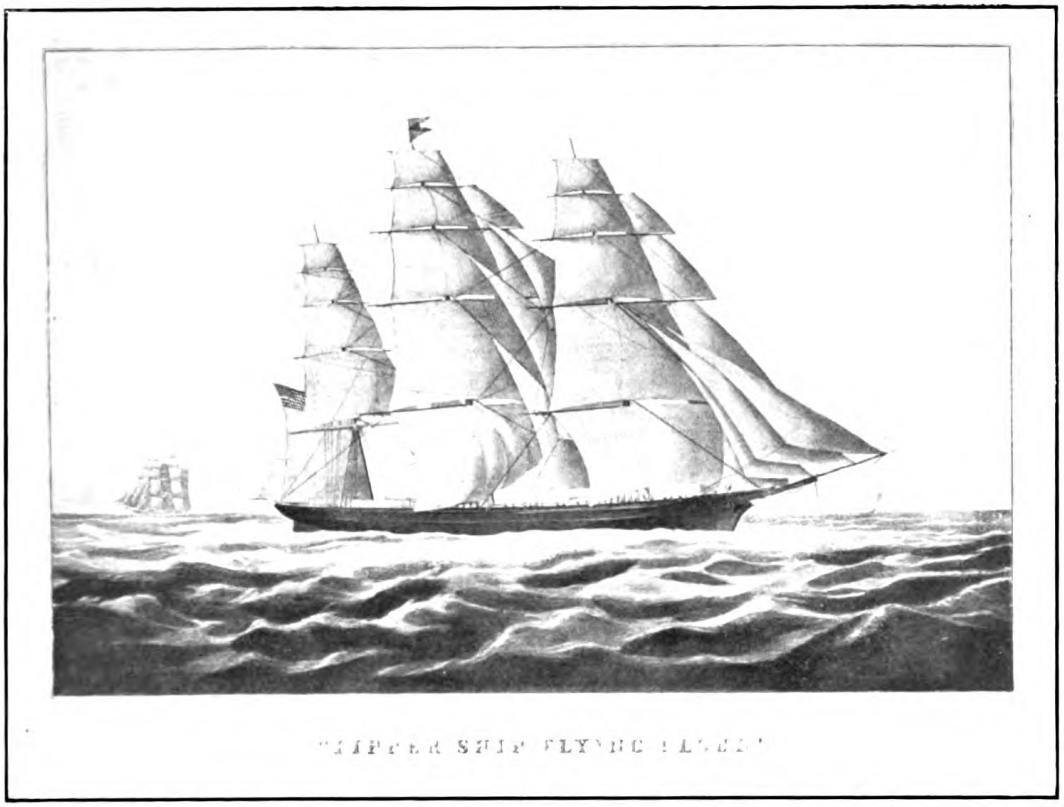
At the age of fourteen, or just as the war of 1812 was fairly under way, Nathaniel shipped on board of a coasting vessel which ran to ports between Maine and New York, and so continued until he was eighteen, when he was appointed second mate of the brig *Herselia*, bound down somewhere about Cape Horn on a sealing voyage.

For years there had been rumors of a mythical island called Auroras, embellished with romance and mystery by the whalers of Nantucket, New Bedford, and New London, described as lying away to the eastward of the Horn, concerning which no forecastle yarn was too incredible for belief; whaling captains by the score had spent days and weeks in unprofitable search for it.

Captain J. P. Sheffield, of the *Herselia*, landed at one of the Falkland Islands, where he left his second mate and one sailor to kill bullocks for provisions, and then sailed away in search of the fabled island. Young Nat Palmer proceeded to capture and slay bullocks, when, after a few days, a ship hove in sight, which he piloted into a safe anchorage and supplied with fresh meat. This craft proved to be the *Espirito Santo*, from Buenos Ayres, and the captain informed Nat that he was bound to a place where there were thousands of seals, and where a cargo could be secured with little effort, but declined to disclose its position.

The captain of the *Espirito Santo*, after filling his water casks, laying in a stock of provisions, and giving his crew a run ashore, sheeted home his topsails, hove up anchor, and departed. Young Nat took such a lively interest in the welfare of this craft that he carefully watched her

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progress until the last shred of her canvas faded upon the horizon; he judged by the sun, for he had no compass, that her course was about south.

Three days after the departure of the *Espirito Santo*, the *Herselia* appeared. Captain Sheffield had found nothing, and had seen nothing, except the cold, gray sky, the long, ceaseless heaving of the southern ocean's mighty breast, and a few stray, hungry, screeching albatross; but he found his young second mate in a white heat of enthusiasm, as he reported to his commander what he had learned, and finally, with the beautiful hopefulness of youth, declared his belief that "we can follow that *Espirito Santo*, and find her, too." They did, for in a few days she was discovered lying at anchor in a bay off the South Shetlands—islands at that time unknown in North America, though soon to become famous as the home of seals. The officers and crew of the *Espirito Santo* greeted them with surprise, while their admiration took the substantial form of assisting to load the *Herselia* with 10,000 of the finest sealskins, with which she returned to Stonington. This exploit spread like wildfire through the New England whaling ports, and secured Captain Palmer, at the age of twenty, command of the Stonington sloop *Hero*, "but little rising forty tons," on board of which he sailed again for the antarctic seas, as tender to the *Herselia*.

In 1821 Captain Palmer again sailed in the *Hero* upon an expedition to the South Shetlands, composed of six vessels commanded by the celebrated Captain William Fenning, of the brig *Alabama Packet*. By this time, however, the seals had been nearly exterminated, and Captain Palmer sailed farther south in search of new sealing grounds, until he sighted land not laid down upon any chart. He cruised for some days, and satisfied himself that it was not an island, and after anchoring in several bays without finding any seals, although the high cliffs and rocks were covered by an innumerable multitude of penguin, he steered away to the northward, with light winds and fog.

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One night the *Hero* lay becalmed in a dense fog, the cold, penetrating mist drenching her sails and dripping from the main boom along her narrow deck. At midnight Captain Palmer relieved his mate and took the deck for the middle watch. When the man at the helm struck one bell, Captain Palmer was somewhat startled to hear the sound repeated twice at short intervals, as he knew, or thought he knew, that the only living things within many leagues were whales, albatross, penguin, and the like, nor did he recall ever hearing of those harmless creatures carrying bells about with them. The watch on deck was really alarmed, for in those days superstition had not by any means departed from the ocean.

Captain Palmer, however, concluded that, strange as it seemed, he must be in company with other vessels, and so at four o'clock left the mate in charge of the deck with orders to call him if the fog lifted, and turned in for his morning watch below. At seven bells the mate reported that the fog had cleared a little and a light breeze was springing up, and by the time Captain Palmer got on deck two large men-of-war were in sight, not more than a mile distant; a frigate on the port bow and a sloop of war on the starboard quarter, both showing Russian colors. Soon the United States ensign was run up at the main peak of the *Hero* and floating gayly in the morning breeze. The three vessels were now hove to, and then a twelve-oared launch was seen approaching from the frigate, her crew and officer in the stern-sheets in uniform; she swept round under the stern of the *Hero*, and the crew tossed oars as the coxswain shot her alongside: she really looked almost as large as the little sloop; at all events, the Russian officer stepped from her gunwale to the deck of the *Hero*. The officer spoke English fluently, and presented Commander Bellingshausen's compliments, who invited the captain of the American sloop to come on board his ship.

Accordingly, he accepted the invitation, and giving an order or two to his mate, stepped into the launch just as he stood, in sea boots, sealskin coat, and sou'-wester. They were soon alongside the frigate, and Captain Palmer was ushered into the commander's spacious and luxurious cabin. The scene was impressive: the venerable white-haired commander surrounded by his officers in full uniform, and the stalwart young American captain standing with respectful dignity and repose, his rough, weather-worn sea dress contrasting with his fresh, intelligent, handsome face.

After questioning Captain Palmer about himself, his vessel, and the land that he had discovered, and incidentally remarking that he had himself been two years upon a voyage of discovery, but had found only two small islands, the commander asked to see Captain Palmer's chart and log-book; these were sent for on board the *Hero* while an elaborate lunch was being served, and afterward carefully examined. The commander then rose from his seat, and placing his hand in a parental manner upon Captain Palmer's head, delivered quite an oration: "I name the land that you have discovered 'Palmer Land' in your honor. But what will my august master say, and what will he think of my cruising for two years in search of land that has been discovered by a boy, in a sloop but little larger than the launch of my frigate?"

The discovery of gold in California gave an immense impetus to the building of clipper-ships, and from the time their keels were laid along the blocks until they ran their lines ashore at the wharf in San Francisco the one controlling impulse was speed. Some of the clippers were fully rigged on the stocks, and launched with skysail-yards across, then hurried to their loading berths, where cargoes were shipped night and day, and when captains got to sea they never let up on their ships or crews till the Golden Gate was over the taffrail and the anchor on the ground in San Francisco Bay. It was drive, drive, drive, and the captain that made the fastest passage was the hero of the hour.

The central points about which the great ship-owning interests collected were New York and Boston. Here, too, were the most famous shipyards; all along the harbor front at East Boston, and water front of the East River from Pike to the foot of Tenth Street, New York, were to be seen splendid clipper-ships in every stage of construction. These

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shipyards were great thriving hives of industry. They were unique and interesting localities—the like of which have never existed elsewhere—long ago passed away, and now all but forgotten.

The superiority of the clippers in speed over the old full-built vessels was even more marked in the average length and regularity of their voyages than by their record passages; they could be depended upon not to make long passages; with their sharp lines and lofty canvas they were able to cross belts of calm and light winds much quicker than the low-rigged, full-bodied ships, while in strong head-winds there was no comparison, as the sharper ships would work out to windward in weather that held the old type of vessels like a barrier until the wind hauled fair or moderated; in a word, the clippers could go and find strong or favorable winds, while the full-bodied ships were compelled to wait for them.

On board the American clippers there was no allowance of food, as in British ships; a barrel of beef, pork, bread, or flour was supposed to last about so many days, according to the ship's company; a little more or less did not matter. The water was in charge of the carpenter, and was usually carried in an iron tank which rested on the keelson abaft the mainmast and came up to the main-deck; this tank was in the form of a cylinder, and held from three to four thousand gallons; some of the larger ships carried their water in two of these tanks. Each morning, at sea, water equal to one gallon for every person on board was pumped out of the tank and placed in a scuttle-butt on deck; the carpenter then made a report of the number of gallons remaining in the tank to the chief officer, who entered it in the log-book. During the day the crew took the water they needed from the scuttle-butt, the cook and the steward what they required for the galley and aft; and while there was no stint, woe to the man who wasted fresh water at sea in those days, for if he managed to escape the just wrath of the officers, his shipmates were pretty sure to take care of him. The salt beef and pork were kept in a harness-cask abaft the mainmast, and when a fresh barrel of provisions was opened, the harness-cask was scrubbed and scalded out with boiling water, so was always sweet and clean. "Plenty of work, plenty to eat, and good pay," is what sailormen used to say of the American clippers; the sort of ships good seamen liked to sail in.

Perhaps the most marked and important difference between American merchant ships and those of other nationalities was with regard to the use of wines and spirits. On board British ships grog was served out regularly to the men before the mast, and the captains and officers were allowed wine money. Nothing of this sort was permitted on board of American vessels. Robert Minturn, of the firm of Grinnell and Co., in his evidence before a Parliamentary committee in 1848, stated that teetotalism was not only encouraged on board of American ships by the owners, but actually earned a bonus from underwriters, who offered to return ten per cent. on the insurance premium upon voyages performed without the consumption of spirits. On board the packet-ships and other American vessels carrying passengers there was usually wine on the captain's table, but the captains and officers rarely, if ever, made use of it. The sailors were allowed plenty of hot coffee night or day in heavy weather, but grog was unknown on board American merchant ships.

In these days, when coal shovels have superseded watch-tackles, and steamship agents are glad to secure twenty dollars freight per ton from New York to San Francisco, the rates received by the clipper-ships seem almost like some fable of mythology—forty, fifty, and even sixty dollars per ton of forty cubic feet; and how well they earned them!

It warms the blood to think of the *Flying Cloud,* with Josiah Perkins Creesy in command, as she swept past Sandy Hook on June 3, 1851, bound for San Francisco. And as the green Highlands of Neversink faded on the horizon she was running before a light westerly breeze under three skysails, royal, topgallant, topmast, and square lower studdingsails, the foam curling along her keen, slender bow. The breeze freshened to a gale, but the canvas stayed on her, until the log records: "June 6.—Lost maintopsail-yard and main and mizzen

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topgallantmasts. June 7.—Sent up topgallant masts and yards. June 8.—Sent up maintopsail-yard, and set all possible sails. June 14.—Discovered mainmast badly sprung about a foot from the hounds, and fished it." From this time she encountered moderate winds and calms: in four consecutive days she made only 101, 82, 52, and 53 miles, yet nevertheless she crossed the equator twenty-one days out.

Soon after crossing the line a mutiny broke out among the crew, and Captain Creesy ordered several of the men in irons. "July 11.—Very severe thunder and lightning—double reefed topsails—latter part blowing hard gale, close reefed topsails, split fore and main topmast staysails. At 1 P.M. discovered mainmast had sprung. Sent down royal and topgallant yards and booms off lower and topsail-yards to relieve the mast—heavy sea running, and shipping large quantities of water over lee rail. July 12.—Heavy southwest gales and sea, distance 40 miles. July 13.—Let men out of irons in consequence of wanting their services. At 6 P.M. carried away maintopsail tye and truss band round mainmast, single reefed topsails. July 19.—Crossed latitude 50° south. July 20.—At 4 A.M. close reefed topsails and furled courses, hard gale with thick weather and snow. July 23.—Passed through the Strait of Le Maire. At 8 A.M. Cape Horn north 5 miles distant, the whole coast covered with snow." She crossed latitude 50° south in the Pacific on July 26, seven days from the same latitude in the Atlantic—a remarkable record. "July 31.—Latter part strong gales and high sea running, ship very wet fore and aft. Distance run this day, 374 miles. During the squalls 18 knots of line was not sufficient to measure the rate of speed. Topgallantsails set. August 1.—Strong gales and squally. At 6 P.M., in topgallantsails, double reefed fore and mizzen topsails, heavy sea running. At 4 A.M. made sail again. Distance, 334 miles. August 3.—Suspended first officer from duty, in consequence of his arrogating to himself the privilege of cutting up rigging contrary to my orders, and long continued neglect of duty. August 25.—Spoke barque *Amelia Pacquet* 180 days out from London bound for San Francisco. August 29.—Lost foretopgallantmast. August 30.—Sent up foretopgallantmast." And at 11.30 A.M. the *Flying Cloud* dashed through the Golden Gate, 89 days 21 hours from Sandy Hook, with fishings on her masts and yards and stoppers on her rigging—the scars and emblems of victory.

Let us briefly note some of the records of these American clippers from New York to San Francisco: the *Flying Cloud* (twice) and *Andrew Jackson,* 89 days. *Sword Fish,* 90 days. *Flying Fish* and *Great Republic,* 92 days. *John Gilpin,* 93 days. *Sweepstakes,* 94 days. *Surprise* and *Romance of the Seas,* 96 days. *Sea Witch, Contest, Antelope, Sierra Nevada,* and *Flying Dragon,* 97 days. *Flying Fish* and *David Brown,* 98 days. *Herald of the Morning* and *Hurricane,* 99 days. From San Francisco to Boston, the *Northern Light,* 76 days, and to New York, the *Comet* and *Trade Wind,* 76 days. Of the best twenty-four hours' run in nautical miles, of American built clippers, may be mentioned the *Red Jacket,* 413 miles; *James Baines,* 420 miles; *Sovereign of the Seas,* 424 miles; and *Lightning,* 436 miles. So far as I am aware these records, made more than half a century ago, have never been broken by ships under canvas, and, as time rolls on, the probability that they ever will be becomes less and less.

Of the men who commanded the American clippers it may be said that they carried the ensign of the United States to every quarter of the globe with honor to their country and themselves. It would be a mistake to suppose that these captains were blustering bullies at sea, or rollicking shellbacks on shore, and it would be equally absurd to think of them, either afloat or on shore, as Chesterfields or carpet knights. Many of them might easily have been mistaken for prosperous professional or business men, until a closer acquaintance disclosed a world-wide knowledge of men and cities, that made so many of these unique master mariners delightful companions and welcome guests. And it may well be doubted whether braver, truer hearted gentlemen or finer seamen than many of the American clipper-ship captains of half a century ago have ever sailed the seas.

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Civilized

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

IN the back room of an aged and dingy mountaineer's shack which squatted in the shadow of a pine-clad foothill of the Cumberlands were two old and white-haired women. Each was distinguished in her own appearance; between the two, however, there were sharp contrasts. Mrs. Newcomb, the stranger from New York, trained in a highly civilized society, was quite unlike Mrs. Frazer, the old bedridden paralytic, whose education had been derived from the Kentucky wilderness and the monotony of day to day existence.

The presence of Mrs. Newcomb's refined and gentle countenance in the Frazer cabin was accounted for by a calamity which had involved both her own son and the last male member of the Frazer family—the youngest son of the old woman who lay by the window on a sagging corn husk bed. Young Newcomb had come into this region to survey timber for a Northern corporation. His guide had been young Frazer. Purcell Bailey, of bad repute and descended of a long line of enemies of the Frazers, had attacked the Frazer boy in a row at the deserted lumber camp. Newcomb had interfered in the course of the shooting, and now lay thirty miles up the river, at Guinea Pig Gap, with a bullet in his thigh and an ugly furrow under one eye. Mrs. Newcomb had come from the railroad as far as the Frazer cabin on a mule wagon; she had stopped for the night because it was a full day's uphill ride to Guinea Pig and because she felt a certain bond of sympathy with the other mother. In the front part of the cabin, behind a closed door which had been draped with black cheesecloth by Kate Frazer before she had gone down to town to make funeral arrangements, lay the body of the last of the Frazers.

It was past midday. The silence and heat of the August afternoon became more and more noticeable to Mrs. Newcomb, who, sitting in a broken rush-bottomed chair, gazed out the window at the wide sweep of sunlit grassy slope that led down to the yellow river, and vainly endeavored to think of a means by which she could offer sympathy to her stolid companion, whose firmly set countenance above the pillow and gnarled inflexible body beneath the sheet served only to suggest brave, uncomplaining suffering.

Mrs. Newcomb had the peculiar balance of temperament that comes after years of proper conscientious widowhood. More than the average share of wealth, contact with the refining influences, with mannerly persons and distinguished society, had come within her experience. Restraint, unselfishness, and gentility had made her calm and altogether happy. Without snobbery, she never lost the consciousness of being a Newcomb or the satisfaction of knowing that the Newcombs had been for many generations proud and Christian gentlefolk. And yet, on the other hand, the old lady on the bed suffused a self-satisfaction too strong not to have a mighty strength of character behind it. She was a powerful old personality in the very fact of her forbidding stolidity. Mrs. Newcomb felt that words deemed useful and graceful in her own urban environment would here, amid the Kentucky pines and beneath the eagle that soared above the rugged cliff on the river's far shore, seem inconsequent and petty.

Occasionally a large fly circled the room with vehement obtrusive buzz, putting into lesser commotion the horde of smaller species that rested on the white-washed walls, or crawled over the limp bed-sheet, or across the crooked, dry, brown, wizened, desperate hands of the laconic old invalid, or disappeared suddenly into invisible flight.

Mrs. Frazer was thinking hard, staring with her clear, blue, youthful eyes at the

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ceiling. The woman from New York marvelled at these wonderful, ever new eyes that were set in a face cross-hatched with wrinkles and as old as old parchment.

"I believe in the ways of the Almighty," said the native woman, finally turning her head. When she spoke, her thin colorless lips met tightly with the suggestion of firm will, so often expressed in the lower faces of toothless old women. "There ain't no reason of speakin' of your son. He was shot up. Thet's common enough. Ma'am, my boy's a-lyin' dead in yonder room, and hit war by the hand of Purcell Bailey. Hit war the Almighty's will. Er ef Bailey interfered with His will, he's obleeged to suffer for hit." She drew the sheet taut and sighed her conviction in this truth.

"How'd you happin to know on it?" she asked, stridently. "Who took word to you as how your boy Ed was shot?"

"By telegraph," replied Mrs. Newcomb, softly. "You know, a message sent from Wade Station arrives in New York almost—"

Mrs. Frazer held up her hand. "I can't understand them things," she interrupted, brusquely. "Hit's the Lord's will. Purcell Bailey 'll be punished some way same as his father was punished. Bud war the last of my boys." With a gaunt thumb she pointed toward the other wall, staring as if, with her keen and tearless blue eyes, she could see beyond it. "I'll pray for punishment to come to the Bailey boy. He war always a bad boy. I remember back in '84—" She paused. "Yes'm, he war bad to shoot down my son. I'll pray agin' him."

Mrs. Newcomb was shocked by the calm hate of this venerable old native, but her habit of gentle restraint forbade her the impulse to protest at this uncivilized spirit.

"It's a wonder to me that almost no effort is made to capture this man—this murderer," she ventured to say.

"He's a friend of the sheriff," replied Mrs. Frazer, as if explaining to some child. "The law won't never punish him. Nothin' will hurt him thataway."

"Then how will he be punished?"

"I don't know," answered the old paralytic, irritably. "Hit ought to be done. But they ain't no menfolks left to weuns now." A real sadness came into her harsh voice; then suddenly her face lightened. "Your boy!" she cried out, exultingly. "He war a friend ter my Bud, that's dead. Ef he'd study to do hit, he'd get Purcell Bailey by 'n' by."

"Kill a man!" whispered Mrs. Newcomb. "Kill a man because he'd killed a friend!"

The other woman narrowed her scrutiny. "There's your own boy, too," she added. "The doctor stopped by and says —you knowed it already—an' says there 'll be one eye lost, and the other bullet ain't out of his leg. That's your own son, ma'am." She shut her old parchment hands. "Ef he was mine, he'd have it even with the man as shot him."

Mrs. Newcomb shifted nervously in her chair. The ticking of the nickel-plated clock on the unpainted shelves seemed suddenly to thrust its little clamor on the quiet of the summer afternoon. Tears came into her eyes. The imagined picture of her son, whom she would see on the morrow—the injured, disfigured boy suffering at the Guinea Pig lumber camp —made havoc of her usual composure. Strange influences seemed to issue from the silent, rugged hills. The restraints that surrounded the coming and going of urban days seemed to have suddenly slipped away. Primitive thoughts of a primitive being took possession of her. With difficulty she checked expression of her grief. She felt the beginning of an infection of hate. Her only boy! A score to settle! And to her the voice of the old woman on the corn-husk bed sounded as the voice of an oracle of fate.

"My son would never plan to kill a fellow creature," she said, leaning forward. "No!" She plucked at the ruffles of her black dress.

"Why not?" persisted the old woman, struggling to prop herself up on her elbow. Mrs. Newcomb started to answer. The emotion had left her features, again her mouth was gentle, again her white forehead was smooth with self-possession. "Why not?" repeated the bedridden woman, harshly. Raised on her elbow, she appeared composed of a series of angles sharper than those of the skeleton within her. "Why not?"

"Because," said Mrs. Newcomb, "he couldn't. He simply could not do it. It would be against his instincts."

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"Agin' what?"

"Instincts. His training would prevent him. All the people that he has ever known have thought that nothing could be worse than killing—than murder. All his family have for many, many generations lived without violence. His father, when he was alive, and I have always taught him it was wrong to hate anybody. So he not only would not do it—he couldn't do it, Mrs. Frazer." She was endeavoring to conceal how much of a shock the suggestion had been. "His instincts—his civilized inheritance—are against it. He could not kill any more than I could kill."

The other old woman swayed forward on her elbow. "Ain't you no sense of justice?" she demanded. "I don't think high of them as can't hate."

"Civilization has taught us not to hate," exclaimed the urban woman, "and not to kill!"

The old paralytic, in a strained, half sitting posture, stared silently at Mrs. Newcomb for several minutes. "This yere civilizing business ain't no success ef hit takes the backbone out of folks," she finally said. "Maybe your boy don't want to kill a man, but ef he wanted to kill an' didn't have no ginger to do it I reckon I'd rather have my boy lyin' stretched out in that room yonder than your'n walkin' round on two legs." She dropped back on to her pillow and turned her head toward the window.

Outside, the sunlight still slanted down the clearing of the yellow river with its yellow streaks and yellow curling eddies. Mrs. Newcomb gazed across the room and through the frame of the unscreened opening. With dreamy consciousness of vision she saw a crow on the far bank that stalked along the shore, now and then drinking and tilting its head up gracefully. The silent August afternoon seemed pulsing with heat waves in time to the monotonous ticking of the nickel-plated clock. She brushed the wet, gray locks behind her ears with her finger tips. The corn-husk bed whispered and complained at the slight movements of the gaunt, stiffened body that weighted it down. Mrs. Newcomb could see that the invalid was staring up the river beyond the spot where the clearing ended, beyond the feathered pine-tree tops, beyond the crags of the highlands to the eastward, and into the vaults of the blue sky. Mrs. Newcomb wished the daughter would return. Then suddenly she was startled by a sharp, rasping intaking of breath.

The woman on the bed had clenched her dry brown hands for a moment, and as she held her breath a new life shone from her gazing eyes. In another second she relaxed with a sigh, cast a searching glance about the room, and squinted at Mrs. Newcomb.

"Ma'am," she said, craftily, "I don't know nawthin' my boy Bud was fonder of than his guns. Behind the kitchen table in the corner, ma'am, you kin find his rifle." She sniffled. "I'd like to see it, ma'am!"

Mrs. Newcomb rose. Her movement stirred the flies again. She brushed down her skirt and straightened to the modest height of her slightly corpulent body. The old paralytic cast a swift and covert glance out the window. "Hurry!" she said, as if the word had exploded in her mouth.

Mrs. Newcomb was startled. She turned quickly. A gun! A rifle! Hurry! Suspicion came to her, flashing. She stepped to the left. And now her view widened. Beyond the winding road's furrow through the pines she could see, up the valley, an open stretch of river. On its surface a man in a punt was poling his way down stream.

"Huh!" exclaimed Mrs. Frazer. "I reckon you know now. Hurry, ma'am."

"I can't."

"Can't?" shrieked the old woman, clutching the sheet. "Can't?" she wailed. "Go get that there gun! Yonder's Purcell Bailey!"

"No, no, no!"

The old woman fell to roaring unintelligible words. She reddened with impotent rage; she shook with excitement; she fell to praying. "He killed my boy," she screamed. "He killed my boy. He's goin' down ter the railroad, and we won't see him no more!"

Mrs. Newcomb hid her face in her hands. It was terrible! When she looked up again she saw that the other old woman had become very white and very calm. In one clawlike hand she held a little pair of scissors. They must have been on the table. She was holding them

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closed, points downward, above the hollows of her scrawny throat. "You go get thet gun er I'll stick 'em in," said Mrs. Frazer, with determination.

The other woman, meeting the steady gaze, trembled. The room seemed to spin round in torturesome whirls. The blue eyes of the old invalid appeared like the eyes of some creature in a typhoid dream. Mrs. Newcomb with uncertain steps felt her way through the door, into the kitchen, and back again. The black rifle was in her white hand. "Don't do it—don't fire at anybody, Mrs. Frazer, please," she said, in the manner of a child. But the invalid, throwing the scissors to the floor, snatched the weapon, held it close to her body with a showing of monstrous affection, and with painful, uncouth movements shifted her position so that she was propped up beside the window ledge. "So Bailey's polin' down the crik," she laughed softly. "I wisht I war young again; I ain't very steady."

She fixed her eyes on the turn in the river above the clearing and became garrulous, talking in a low voice to herself. Mrs. Newcomb moved slowly along the wall toward the bed. "Don't," she whimpered. "Don't!"

And now from behind the screen of pines at the river turn the little punt thrust forth its nose, then leaped forward as Bailey, standing in the stern, dug his pole into the mud. A rippling veil of disturbed water spread on either side and behind the craft. The man drew forth the pole, straightened up, and inspected the open shores of the river. His attitude of caution suggested to Mrs. Newcomb the wariness of a wild animal. He looked up in long scrutiny at the shack on the hill; then, rolling a cigarette, with the pole leaning on his shoulder, he struck a match. He had now no foreboding of danger.

Mrs. Newcomb did not scream. She had looked in at that part of the gun where she knew cartridges must be placed. There was no cartridge there. The old woman could not kill even if she would. Therefore Mrs. Newcomb's trembling did not proceed from the fear that a shot would be fired. On the other hand, as the old paralytic, convulsed with pain by new and straining postures, laid the shining black barrel along the window sill, Mrs. Newcomb feared only the terrible tragedy involved in the failure of the weapon to do its work. She did not know why she felt this way nor why she was experiencing an aching desire that the voice of the gun should roar forth upon the stillness of the afternoon. This murderer! His calm drifting on the stream! Would the old crooked finger at the trigger never move!

The hammer fell with a hollow click against emptiness. The old woman on the bed fell back, scratching at the sheet with her nails.

"The gun is empty!" cried Mrs. Newcomb. The room went round and round again. Bed, old woman, shelf, walls, table, the chair in which she had been sitting, caroused in dizzy motion. The bright window spaces little by little settled into steadiness of place. Mrs. Newcomb could see the drifting boat, the wisps of cigarette smoke, and the man standing balanced in its stern. A curious memory of the city came to her, a line of carriages at a tea, a rainy afternoon, the voice of somebody. Whose voice? Sunlight on the river! There was this murderer who had shot her boy! "The gun is empty!" she whispered, plucking at her dress.

"No, hit ain't," coughed the other. "There's ketridges down here—plenty on 'em." Mrs. Frazer pointed feebly at the lower chamber. "Push me up agin," she commanded. "I'm onsteady. Help me up!" And again she was swaying on her wobbling elbows.

"I can't," groaned Mrs. Newcomb. "Don't shoot it! I can't, I can't."

The cords on the invalid's neck tightened as she reached for the gun. Her untrained fingers struggled with the breech. The man in the punt dipped his pole once more into the stream. The rifle obeyed the will of the old woman with a clatter of its mechanism. A bright brass shell appeared and, as the breech closed, disappeared like a golden fish darting in and out of a black pool. The bony forearms of the invalid went up again. The rifle clipped the silence!

Mrs. Newcomb heard the shot without physical displeasure. On the contrary, it seemed to feed hungry ears. She was watching for something to happen on the river. The surface of the stream

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remained unruffled, the punt still bobbed along. But Bailey had let the pole fall from his hands. Now he slid into the bottom of the drifting punt, reaching for his own gun. Now he raised himself on one knee, searching the details of the shack.

"I missed him!" exclaimed the old woman. "I ain't never had no experience in shootin'. Watch out! He seen where she come from. Watch out!"

They saw the spit of his weapon, heard the tick of lead on the window frame, and then the yap of the rifle itself.

Mrs. Newcomb could see the man in the boat pull his old felt hat down over his sun-dazed eyes, lower his weapon, and rub his thigh with the palm of his right hand. The punt was drifting slowly down the course of the stream. Soon it would drift out of sight. A little time was left! Her heart sprang forward into a new pace as she saw the other woman struggling with the rifle breech again. To hit him! To see him go over!

"Lend a hand! Help me up again," wailed the invalid.

"I can't," whispered Mrs. Newcomb, reaching with both hands for the support of the wall. "I can't. Don't kill him!"

A second shot from the river ripped almost silently through the foot-board of the bed. It seemed to bring new life to the paralyzed body that lay there. Mrs. Frazer, with pain contorting her face, strained her available muscles to sit up again. The breech of the gun moved forward and back once more, saying, "Yep — surely — yep." Mrs. Newcomb for the first time in her life knew how much one can love a rifle.

The barrel wavered a little, then steadied. The man on the river was vainly reaching for the pole that he had dropped. To kill him! To see him curl up! The gun, in the old invalid hands, wavered again. It spoke viciously!

The shot echoed from the crags on the far shore. Then the August afternoon with its heat and sunlight was still again. A crow screamed in the pines. The man levelled his gun once more. Lead spattered somewhere outside on the walls of the cabin.

The old woman dropped back into her pillow, staring with clear blue eyes at the ceiling. "I can't hit him, ma'am," she whispered, breathing hard. Such a tragedy of impotence Mrs. Newcomb had only known in dreams. Her head seemed floating on the surface of a whirlpool. Now the green pines, the brown clearing, the yellow river, patches of blue sky, the bit of color at the man's neck, all seemed of one hue. All the world was black and white, beautifully focussed like a clear photographic plate. A wonderful calm had come, a time for deliberate action. To see this murderer spring in the air, and fall backward out of the little punt! To get him!

"I wanted so to get him," whispered the old woman, as if in echo. Again she moved the gun breech. It seemed that all about her the air quivered with her will.

Mrs. Newcomb put out both her own white delicate hands before her, inspecting them as if they were unfamiliar. Her face reddened delicately like the blush of an embarrassed maiden. She stood on tiptoes to look out the window again.

Yes, he was still there! The rifle! the rifle!

"You'll miss again!" she cried. "Mrs. Frazer, please! please! Your hands are shaking. Give me the gun! Give me the gun!"

She threw herself forward upon the paralyzed woman. "Give it to me! Give it to me!" she screamed.

"Yes, yes, yes. Kill him!" choked the old woman. "Kill him! Kill him! Kill him!"

For a moment Mrs. Newcomb's eyes came close to the eyes of the other woman. She looked into them, breathing hard like an excited animal.

"Yes," said the other, softly. "Shoot now. Kill him! Rest it on the sill, ma'am. Kill him!"

"Kill him!" repeated Mrs. Newcomb, and threw herself forward across the sagging bed, across the gaunt body of the invalid.

The rifle was as warm as a living thing. It slid out over the window ledge as if by an intelligence of its own. Strong and yet delicate, it seemed a faithful servant to the hands that held it, and Mrs. Newcomb whispered many words to it as it touched her soft cheek and settled into her hands. It confided

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to her the information, which she had never known before, that the little pin at the end of the barrel must be adjusted in line with the little groove above the lock: it told her over and over again in an infinitely small space of time that she would not fail. It whispered to her that it would kill!

As she moved the weapon, scenery rolled past the little sight at the end of the barrel, like a slow-moving tape of a miniature panorama. Suddenly the nose of the punt and a bit of yellow river slid into view. Then the man! Looking along the smooth black backbone of the rifle seemed to magnify all things. She now could see Bailey in detail. There was no difficulty about keeping him covered with the sight. He seemed to be immovably chained to this little pin, and now it seemed as if he were the size of an insect and had been stuck to the end of the gun-barrel. Her heart caroused!

He had picked up his pole. For a moment he stood erect. Her finger stole along the graceful curve of the guard till it reached the trigger. She caressed it softly. She pulled it slightly till she felt its first springing resistance. What would happen when he had been hit? He would fall backward, there would be a splash, a struggle in the yellow water, an echo of curses from the crags. Then the August afternoon would be silent again. Then she could hear the flies!

"Kill him, sister," mumbled the old woman.

"I can't! I can't!" wailed Mrs. Newcomb. "I can't kill him. I can't! I ca—"

She saw Bailey dig in his pole. The punt leaped forward on the water's surface and disappeared behind the pines. The gun slipped from her weakening fingers; it lost its balance and fell, with ignominy, into the bushes below the window. Once Mrs. Newcomb endeavored to sit up. Her body swung above her straining arms a moment, then whirled quickly on to its back, lying crossways above the body of the paralytic.

With new consciousness she realized that the other old woman was beating feebly upon her shoulders with lean, dry, brown, clenched hands. Sometimes she could hear the whine of the flies, and sometimes the cracked and tired voice of the old woman.

"You wanted to an' couldn't, damn ye!" she was screaming at intervals. "You ain't half a woman. You wanted to an' couldn't!"

Passage

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I SAW a Rose in my garden blowing—
I said, "O Rose, where art thou going?"
Answered the Rose: "Where the stream is flowing,
And all the winds of the world are blowing,—
Where thou thyself art also going."

"Rose," said I, "will it come to pass,
When your petals fall upon the grass,
That you some dewy morn again
Will press your cheek at my window-pane?"
The Rose's answer was, "Alas!"

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The Correct Use of Words

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Emeritus Professor of English, Yale University

IN the Tenth Book of his *Noctes Atticæ*, Aulus Gellius tells us of a controversy about usage which had once taken place in the language in which he wrote. The decision was referred to the one man who seems to have been deemed even then—what every one regards him now—the highest authority on disputed points of Latin speech. Pompey was about to dedicate the Temple of Victory, upon which his name and honors were to be inscribed. The success to be commemorated had been achieved during his third consulate. The question arose whether the proper form for the numeral should be *tertium* or *tertio*. The matter in dispute had been submitted to the most learned experts in Rome. As is the right and custom of learned experts, they took exactly opposite sides. As a final authority, Pompey referred the point to Cicero.

But Cicero was unwilling to pronounce a positive decision. He was afraid, says the chronicler, that he should seem to disapprove of the men themselves of whose opinion he disapproved. He therefore counselled Pompey to use neither *tertium* nor *tertio*, but to stop at the end of the second *t*, thereby giving to the word the incomplete form *tert*. The meaning in that case would be plain to all. Both sides in the dispute would be happy, each appending to the unfinished word the termination which suited itself. The advice was adopted. Accordingly, nothing but *tert*. appeared engraven on the stone. The controverted point seems indeed never to have been authoritatively settled. Later, when the temple was renovated, the inscription was renewed; but the Roman numeral III then took the place of *tert*.

Gellius tells us that he got the story just recounted from a letter of Tiro, the freedman of Cicero. It has more than once been spoken of as an illustration of the great orator's non-committal attitude, of his desire to be on good terms with both parties in any controversy that came up. This view is indeed implied in the account given by the chronicler. It may be so; but there is another explanation more charitable, and not unlikely far more correct, which will occur to the student of speech. Unlike the heaven-inspired purists we have with us always, Cicero could hardly have failed to be aware that there are many questions of usage which can never be safely decided offhand; that to reach a conclusion which can endure criticism and examination requires often a long and wide range of investigation. This very likely he had neither the time nor the means to make. As, therefore, he was not clear in his mind as to the point in dispute, he declined to act as arbiter, and recommended instead a course which would leave the matter open.

The story is something besides being true; it is both interesting and important. It shows that controversies about correctness of usage were as rife in the Latin tongue as they are in the English; that questions similar to those which afflict the writer of to-day afflicted the writer of the past; and that in Cicero's time, as in our own, men took precisely opposite views as to the propriety of the same expressions. All this, indeed, might have been inferred; it is something to have it known positively. For much of ancient testimony bearing directly or indirectly upon the subject of verbal criticism has disappeared in consequence of the wreck and loss which overtook classical literature. Still, the scanty records which have come down suffice to show that in this as well as in other matters the acts and feelings of the men of antiquity were not essentially different from those characterizing the men of modern times. But there are other resemblances between the past and the present to be noted besides the mere fact of the existence of controversy about

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usage. For these there is in particular one piece of evidence well worth citing, coming as it does from one of the great authors of antiquity.

At the beginning of his treatise on the Failure of the Oracles, Plutarch tells us of a conversation in which there is a distinct reference to discussions of usage. He represents a party of friends at Delphi going to the Cnidian hall near the great Temple of Apollo. The company they found there were spending their time very leisurely, some anointing themselves, others engaged in nothing more arduous than the contemplation of the wrestlers. This leads one of the visitors to comment upon the appearance of those whom they had come to seek. "It seems to me," he says, "that you are not discoursing of any matter of great consequence, for I see that you labor not under deep thought." The reply runs essentially to the following effect. They most assuredly were not occupied with any really profound discussion. They were not, for instance, disputing whether the word *ballo* loses one of its *l*'s in the future tense; or from what positive certain superlatives, such as *cheiriston* and *beltiston,* were derived. These are the sort of questions, it is added, that make men knit their brows. About other matters, such, for illustration, as those of philosophy, discussion could go on with calmness. But questions of grammar call at once into being frowning angry looks that fill the bystanders with terror.

Several points of similarity between ancient and modern times are indicated in this passage besides the confirmation it brings of the prevalence in the former of discussions of usage. One is the exceeding violence with which these discussions are carried on. Controversy is almost certain to assume its bitterest tone when it deals with the propriety of words and phrases. The fact has been often remarked; the reason for it, or at least one reason for it, seems to me to lie on the surface. Every one is almost sure to employ the language as he has been in the habit of hearing it spoken, or to some extent as he is accustomed to read it written. Naturally he is annoyed at the charge of having been guilty of solecisms or of bad grammar. He is none the less so if he is uncertain, as he often is uncertain, whether the charge be true or false. For it is the accusation itself that is offensive. It seems to imply that his position in life is doubtful; or, more particularly, that he sprang from a station in which violation of idiom constitutes part of the ineffaceable records of earliest youth. The imputation of bad English conveys a social stigma. Men in consequence resent an attack upon their grammar far more fiercely than one upon their morals. Vice belongs to all ranks; but impropriety of speech is, in theory at least, supposed to be confined to persons of inferior condition.

At all events, whatever the reason of the bitterness displayed, there can be no doubt of the fact. Plutarch noticed it in his time; we have plenty of opportunities to notice it in our time. It is no uncommon circumstance to find in a newspaper a communication in which fault is found with particular words or expressions which have been employed by some author of the first class. Occasionally the writer is good enough to demonstrate his superiority still further by recasting a whole sentence in order to show how easily it could be improved. His letter is fairly sure to be followed by one from another correspondent who sets out to correct the corrector. At once a controversy arises between the two, always earnest, and generally bitter. It frequently ends with no other result than that of leaving a firm conviction in the mind of each disputant that the other is an ignoramus, if not an idiot, and a general impression on the part of the public that both are about right.

But even more noticeable than the violence of these discussions about usage, implied in the passage cited from Plutarch, is the contempt expressed for them which he hardly takes the pains to conceal. In this there is no question that he represents the feelings of the large majority of great authors, whether of the past or the present. Yet why should this be so? Why should verbal criticism be looked upon so disdainfully by men of literary eminence? Every writer, be he great or small, practises it sometimes upon himself, and is careful not to neglect his neighbors. The interest in it among cultivated men is so wide-spread

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that it may fairly be called universal. Discussions of usage abound on every side. The problems connected with it attract the attention of us all. There is probably not a single instructor in English throughout the land who does not find himself appealed to constantly to decide upon the propriety of particular locutions; and if he appreciates his limitations, he will often find himself perplexed what to say in reply. Furthermore, within a certain range instruction in the subject is something more than desirable. It is essential; as such it is recognized in our schools. Why, then, should the practice of verbal criticism have fallen so largely into disrepute with those best qualified to pronounce upon the value of the utterances of those essaying it?

To this question a partial, if not a complete, answer may be found in the portrayal of the condition of things which we find existing. Verbal criticism is one of the most difficult of tasks; as commonly pursued it is treated as one of the easiest. It frequently amounts to little more than the expression of personal likes or dislikes. Yet there are three things upon which the practice of it must rest to make it of any value. The first of these is the knowledge of the principles which regulate the growth of language and propriety of expression. This implies that the contradictory influences which operate upon speech are understood. Secondly, there must be knowledge of the origin and history of the words, inflections, constructions, and idioms which are made the subject of discussion. The third is the knowledge, so far as it can be gained, of the usage of the greatest authors—the all-sufficient standard of propriety.

To the writer this last requirement is the only one of importance. To the fully equipped verbal critic all three are essential. But as the acquisition of these three requisites requires much labor and long investigation, most verbal critics escape from the trouble involved and the uncertainty frequently resulting by spending no labor and making no investigation at all. They rely upon what they call their reason, by which they mean their unenlightened understanding. They are very much in the condition of the peasant who has enough common sense, as he terms it, to be certain that the earth stands still and to treat with scorn the idea that it goes round the sun. If we all can recognize the folly of the confidence reposed by the peasant in the testimony of his eyes, is there any wonder that the views of the untrained intellectual vision in matters of usage should be regarded by those who have sat at the feet of the great masters of our speech as arising mainly from a combination of ignorance, inefficiency, and self-sufficiency?

Coleridge declared that there were passages in Plato which conveyed to him no meaning. He did not venture for that reason to speak of them as meaningless. There were other passages in this same philosopher which at one time had seemed to him incomprehensible. With increased knowledge and experience and reflection they had become perfectly clear. On the other hand, there were bewildering obscurities in certain writers which gave him no difficulty to comprehend, because he could see the hollowness of the reasoning and the consequent mental confusion out of which they had sprung. This led him to lay down the following famous dictum: "Until you understand a writer's ignorance presume yourself ignorant of his understanding."

True as this is of thought, it is just as true of the language in which thought is expressed. The construction we find may puzzle us to analyze, or, as is technically said, to parse. That, however, does not prove its lack of correctness; it merely indicates our lack of knowledge. There are phrases and idioms used by every reputable author in our speech which, with the results of research we yet have at command, it is difficult, if not impossible, to resolve into their constituent elements. They still await a satisfactory explanation. In time it will come. Some of the things which troubled our fathers no longer trouble us. It is, for instance, only within the past fifty years that the construction of *had liefer, had rather,* and *had better* with the infinitive has been successfully analyzed, its mystery dissipated, and its grammatical correctness established. With the increasing attention which is coming to

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be paid to the study of our speech, other puzzling idioms will have their origin and precise nature revealed. In the mean time, with our ignorance of the elements that enter into their construction, all that it behooves us to do is to accept as correct what has been employed by the men who set for us the standard of good usage.

Books specially devoted to the subject of verbal criticism may be useful. Some of them certainly are. But their value must always depend upon the extent to which they have conformed their teachings to the practice of the great writers of our speech. There are those among their compilers who seem to think that the only use to be made of such writers is to furnish examples of assumed errors of expression. Treatises prepared in this spirit naturally abound in mistakes and misstatements, and in consequence do more harm than good. For writing, it must be kept in mind, is an imitative art. The all-important thing for the beginner, therefore, is to have constantly in his thoughts and before his eyes something worth imitating. It is not rules he needs so much as example. Accordingly in the preparation of a volume devoted to verbal criticism the one great requisite for the production of anything authoritative is the knowledge of the usage of the classic authors of our language. But as yet this has been but imperfectly ascertained. On many disputed points, therefore, the wise man will follow the example of Cicero and express no opinion at all.

Fortunately, however, for the users of our speech, there is one volume—the most widely read and circulated of all—which has done more for the preservation of purity and propriety of utterance than any other single agency. It was for generations the chosen companion of all men, from the highest to the humblest. Consciously or unconsciously it was adopted by every one as a guide to the best usage. Never, perhaps, in the history of any tongue has a single book so profoundly affected universal expression as has the English Bible. It is not that we now talk or write in the diction employed in it. Even in its own day the language it employed was somewhat archaic. But its simplicity, its beauty, its effectiveness made it serve from the beginning as a standard of speech about which the language revolved and from which it has never got very far. It held up before all an ideal of pure and lofty expression. The familiarity of our fathers with the translation of the Bible, the intimate acquaintance they gained with its words and phrases, its constructions, its manner has done more to maintain the purity of our speech than could have been effected by the mastery of all the manuals of verbal criticism which have ever been produced.

I am not unaware that different views are entertained by some as to the value of this work as a linguistic guide. In certain grammars passages are taken from it to illustrate what is called false syntax. The large majority of these are illustrations not of the lack of correctness in the Bible, but of lack of knowledge in the verbal critic. It may not be in the best of taste to bring into the discussion of general principles a recital of personal experience. Still, the exemplification of the divergence of opinion, which is afforded by the incident, is so germane to the topic under discussion that the violation of decorum may be pardoned for the view it furnishes of the singular attitude taken by some persons towards a work which has exercised so profound an influence not only upon the development of our speech, but upon individual expression.

Like all instructors in English I frequently receive letters dealing with matters of usage. Sometimes they are taken up with the discussion of some general question. One of the latter sort once came to me from a stranger who wrote ostensibly in quest of information. The subject of inquiry was the language of the Authorized Version of the Bible. About the linguistic merits of that work my correspondent had very pronounced views. Though expressed in general terms and not illustrated by examples, they were distinctly unfavorable to its grammatical excellence. It is true, the opinions were put forth in the form of questions; but it was very evident that an answer was expected in confirmation of their correctness. This, however, they failed to receive. From the criticisms contained in the letter I felt compelled to express a decided dissent.

Nothing daunted, the writer returned

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to the charge. Several usages were referred to in his answer which, in his opinion, could not be reconciled with the injunctions of the latest grammarians. A number of passages were quoted to show the ignorance of the language on the part of the translators. They really displayed, as was to be expected, the ignorance of the critic and his utter unconsciousness of his ignorance. One of the sentences cited for censure was the familiar text to be found in the Eighty-fourth Psalm: "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." To it, however, no special attention was called. Accordingly my reply, while pointing out errors in certain other statements, contained nothing but a bare reference to this verse. It was simply included among the number of those cited as objectionable which were declared to be perfectly proper. They were not only still in use, but in the best of use. If the grammar of the Bible is wrong, so, it necessarily followed, must be that of about every great author from whom we derive our conception of what constitutes good grammar itself.

At once came a vigorous rejoinder which, indeed, it would not be out of the way to call violent. The indignation of my correspondent had been, it was clear, steadily growing at the dissent from views for which he expected unqualified approval. Hence the letter he now wrote was more than insistent of the previous opinion; it was exultant, as if he had scored a personal triumph. The rôle of humble inquirer was laid aside; that of severe and stern critic took its place. He called attention in particular to the text which is given above. He affected surprise at the gross oversight of which so eminent a linguistic scholar, as he was sarcastically pleased to term me, had been guilty; and he turned the blade in the wound by italicizing the adjective *eminent*. His exact words are not now before me, but his expostulation was essentially to the following effect: How can you stand up for such a barbarism? Omit the *rather* and you have *had be*. I should like you to parse that if you can. Its impropriety is seen the moment one examines it closely, as you clearly have not done. Does the insertion of *rather* between the two words turn an ungrammatical expression into a grammatical one? Then, after you have disposed of *had be*, what are you going to do with the *to* before *dwell*? There it has no business to be. The sentence cannot be parsed.

Life is short, and the correspondence threatened to be very long. It is, furthermore, distinctly trying to have some one announcing to you the commonest of commonplace facts with the air of a Columbus returning from the discovery of a new world. Besides, there was conveyed an implied disparagement of my own intellectual processes in the assumption that considerations so aggressively obvious as those adduced should have escaped the notice of any person who had paid the slightest attention to the study of English. Now, I am wont to receive with meekness and without reply the chastenings which the austerer guardians of the purity of speech feel compelled to inflict upon me for my linguistic frailties, whether their censures take the form of published comment or private communication. One becomes in time too conscious of his own limitations, of his liability to error from haste or inadvertence or from pure unadulterated ignorance, to place any undue confidence in his own impeccability. Even when I recognize in the castigation nothing but conclusions reached by wrong reasoning based upon inadequate investigation, I am not at all animated by the feelings which lead men to found societies for the diffusion of useful knowledge. So I ordinarily bear my punishment without protest. But there are times when the most abject of trodden worms will turn. This seemed to me a peculiarly fitting occasion to turn. The letter had been something more than patronizing and pretentious. It was unmistakably meant to be offensive. So I sent a reply intended to close the correspondence. This, I may add, it did. In it I carefully refrained from imparting any information as to the particular point under consideration. Instead, I gave my correspondent a general discourse about the grammar of the book against which he had been inveighing. Substantially it was to the following effect:

Make up your mind that in general

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the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It, therefore, naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, *which* was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, Our Father *which* art in heaven. When it was translated, the cases of the pronoun had not been confounded, nor had the forms of the objective intruded themselves into the nominative. Hence it says, *Ye* are the light of the world, and not *you*. When it was translated, the Northern ending in *-s* of the third person singular of the present tense had not been adopted to any extent in the literary language of the Midland. Consequently it does not say, *He loves, he hates, he does,* but *he loveth, he hateth, he doth.* More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of *shall* and *will* had not then become established in the language. There are other variations from the existing practice. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question, and conform your practice to it; and do not be disturbed by any criticism of it coming from persons who know as little of the history of the speech as you manifestly do yourself. You tell me you cannot parse *had rather be.* It is not essential either to your happiness or to your salvation that you should parse it. It is enough for you to be told that the Bible authorizes it, and that there are plenty of men who are able to parse it.

Now no one is likely to stand up for the absolute linguistic inspiration of our translation of the Bible. There are unquestionably grammatical faults in it, though the number of these is far fewer than is often asserted. Still, those exist for which no defence can be pleaded on the score of haste or inadvertence. They are as intentional as are some of the violations of idiomatic usage into which modern scrupulosity occasionally betrays men. One of the errors committed in it there is which deserves mention for several reasons, but most of all here for the lesson in verbal criticism it imparts. First, it was not accidental, but clearly deliberate. Secondly, it is found not infrequently at the present day, sometimes because the writer is careless, but more often because he is trying to be careful without knowing how. The third and much the most important reason is that it exemplifies strikingly the other side of Coleridge's dictum. Here is an instance where we can understand the writer's ignorance, or, strictly speaking, the confusion in his mind between two different constructions.

The place in our version where this particular error is found is in those passages of the Gospels where Christ is represented as asking the opinion of His disciples as to the view entertained of Him by people in general and by themselves in particular. "Whom do men say that I am?" is the question as it appears in Matthew. This may be taken as the representative of all the six instances of the occurrence of the construction. Its employment was due to no inadvertence. It is essentially the same in the account as found in each of the first three Gospels. It must accordingly have received the assent of all the scholars engaged in the preparation of the Authorized Version. The same error is found not unfrequently now in the writings of men who can hardly plead haste as an excuse and sometimes not even carelessness. The construction has been occasionally employed by authors of some repute who have clearly resorted to it deliberately. For example: it appears so regularly in the writings of Bret Harte that it is manifest that he took especial pains to make use of it under the impression that it was the only proper thing to do. Sentences like the two following turn up constantly in his tales:

> The revelation came from people whom he was conscious were the inferiors of himself and his wife.
>
> The young companion of the doctor whom she learned was the doctor's factor.

In all such cases the error arises from the confusion of two constructions, the mingling of which has been brought about by the intervention of a clause containing another verb. It would never be made if one simple fact were kept in mind. The verb *to be* takes the same case after it as before it. If one of the

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finite tenses be used, both the subject and the subject predicate are necessarily in the nominative. If it be the infinitive which is employed, it is the accusative that must appear in both instances, or, to adopt English grammatical terminology, the objective. No one would think of asking such a question as, "Whom am I?" Yet it is a thing of this very sort which is done in the passage quoted from Matthew; and it is done because the two subjects had been separated by an intervening verb. On the other hand, it would have been grammatically correct, even if rather unusual, to put the question in this form, "Whom do men say me to be?" This is essentially the form of this passage as it is found in the Wycliffite version of the fourteenth century. In Purver's recension of that work, in the account of the conversation as recorded by Mark and Luke, the confusion of the two constructions began. It was perpetuated in most of the sixteenth century translations. To a certain extent some of them wavered between the right and the wrong one. The King James version adopted the incorrect construction throughout, while the recent revised version reads properly in all these cases *who* instead of *whom*.

Still, lapses of this sort are rare in the translation. All taken together will little affect the truth of the assertion that men who are guided by the usage of the Bible will very seldom go wrong linguistically, even if they do morally. But there remains another qualification of the consummate verbal critic entirely independent of the three essential ones already specified. It is one which puts him who possesses it on a level, so far as it goes, with the great writer. It is not the mere perception of what is good in expression that is meant; it is the fine sense of what is the very best. With it genius is endowed; by others it can be acquired only by the closest familiarity with the works of genius. Many men, and sometimes able men, have no conception of this final outcome of the most highly developed literary taste. They, therefore, affect to disbelieve the conclusion it reaches. Him who has it not, it is as useless to attempt to convince of its reality as it would be to point out the comparative merits of different musical passages to one whose ear would not enable him to distinguish between tunes as unlike as "God Save the King" and "Hail, Columbia." And as this paper has been largely given up to recording the wisdom of the ancients, it may be well to end it with something from the same author with whom it began which bears directly upon the point just taken.

In this instance the story which Aulus Gellius tells us does not concern a great writer, but a great grammarian. This was that Valerius Probus who flourished about the beginning of the second century and wrote commentaries on Virgil. In his possession he had a copy of the "Georgics" corrected by the hand of the poet himself. The grammarian was asked by one of his disciples whether it was proper to say *urbes* or *urbis, turrem* or *turrim*. He answered that both were correct; that in any particular case the choice would be determined by the ear. "Do not," said he, "pay heed to the stale definitions and dirty cesspools of grammarians." For the word here rendered "stale" he used an adjective a good deal stronger; but that epithet will convey euphemistically the idea expressed in the original much more vigorously. To enforce his injunction, Probus quoted a number of passages from Virgil's writings, in which he had used either the one form or the other according to euphony. As his citations came from a manuscript corrected by the hand of the author himself, the variations could not be ascribed to any carelessness on the part of the scribes. But the person who made the inquiry, Gellius tells us, was little cultured, and had the ear of one brought up in the rural districts. For the life of him, he said to the master, he could not see why the one form should be better in any given place than the other would have been. At this reply Probus was a good deal irritated. "If that be so," said he, "don't worry about trying to ascertain whether you ought to say *urbis* or *urbes*. For since you are the kind of man you show yourself to be, it will make no difference to you whether you use the one form or the other." "With these words," continues Gellius, "Probus dismissed the inquirer almost roughly, as was his wont with the stupid and unteachable."

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The Little Child

BY JULIA LAWRENCE SHAFTER

THERE was the usual jam of carriages about the suburban station to meet the evening train. It was bitterly cold, and Trescott kept his fine bays moving around the square with its bare trees and frozen fountain. The motion warmed their blood, and also eased the chill and impatience of his own heart.

Miss Peabody smiled at him from her smart cart, and Trescott knew that if he had drawn rein she would gladly have checked her high-stepping chestnut and exchanged views with him on the state of the weather and the condition of her stables.

She was one of the few persons who had ventured to speak to him about his boy. Trescott had a boy, and was proud of him; yet the little fellow's name was so seldom mentioned that people were beginning to think of Trescott as a man without domestic ties of any sort. He was partly to blame for this, for the child's name did not come readily to his own lips. It was believed by many to be tabooed in his presence, like the name of the beautiful mother, from whom he was separated. That was three years ago, and now little John Trescott was six years old, and his father had not seen him in the interim.

The terms of the separation had been that the child should spend nine months of the year with his mother, three with his father, until his sixth year. Thereafter he was to divide the time equally between them. The Christmas holidays were to be passed alternately with father and mother.

But in the first year of the separation little John fell ill, and was still so ailing when the time came for him to go to his father that Trescott waived his right. In the spring Mrs. Trescott—through her lawyer—requested permission to take the child out of the United States; and Trescott replied—through his lawyer—that she might do so. In the fall she returned from Europe, as she had promised. The boy was to go to Trescott before Thanksgiving, but at the last moment he came down with whooping-cough, and was delicate all winter. It would have been cruel to separate him from his mother.

In the following spring Trescott was called abroad by business. On his return he was obliged to make an extended Western trip. That autumn he was very ill himself. If Ruth knew of it, or cared, there was no word from her. Many other women cared, and sent him messages and flowers in abundance.

Little John's visit was, of course, postponed, and by the time Trescott was fully recovered Ruth was in mourning for her brother. It seemed unmanly to deprive her of the child then, and so Trescott waived his right once more. Now the third year had slipped away, and little John was at last coming.

Not in years had Trescott felt such emotion as surged through him when the train pulled in and he went forward to meet his child. He was glad of the dusk, of the hurry, which made everything pass quickly, without clearness of impression.

A nurse—not one he had known—held the boy by the hand. A man servant—also new to him—carried their bags. Trescott kissed a cold, unresponsive little face. He could see dimly a pair of large, solemn eyes.

The nurse and her charge were put into the back seat of the carriage, and Trescott took the seat beside the coachman.

He felt a curious diffidence toward his own child,—a fear of addressing him. What if the boy did not like him—repulsed him here before servants? Once, with an effort, he stretched a hand backward to clasp little John's, and said, bluffly, "Well, son, how are you?"

But little John's hands were under the robe, and there was something chilling

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in the absolute correctness of his reply: "I am very well, thank you."

Trescott did not speak again during the short drive to the house. He carried the boy up the icy steps in his arms, and pressed his lips furtively to his cheek while the nurse's back was turned. It was a satin-smooth cheek—like Ruth's.

Setting him down in the warm glow of the great hall, he took off his hat and coat, his gloves and leggings, and threw them aside impatiently. The nurse picked them up, and stood waiting. Trescott wished that she would go away. He would have made some excuse to rid himself of her, but none occurred to him. He seated himself on a settle by the fire and drew the child toward him. Divested of his outer garments John Trescott junior looked suddenly a mere baby. His hair was the palest shade of gold. It was cut across his forehead, in the fashion of the day, and hung straightly to a point a trifle below his ears. His eyes were a deep violet; his features were delicate; his complexion was very fair. He was dressed all in white. Trescott, unfamiliar with children, felt a pang of alarm.

"Is he well? Is he strong?" he asked the nurse.

"He is very well, sir, and quite strong. He has had whooping-cough, scarlet fever, and measles, but that is to be expected." Mrs. Briggs could not restrain a slight sniff, and Trescott was aware of having offended her.

He looked at the child from head to foot, unconscious of the intensity and yearning of his gaze. His feelings shaped themselves into words, and the words struggled for utterance, but he held them back. "Beautiful—beautiful. *Mine.* My son—my son."

Other emotions, more obscure, more torturing, rose in him. He held the child before him, fighting back the impulse to snatch him to his breast and cover his face with kisses.

Suddenly the boy's lips trembled, and out of seeming tranquillity he burst into convulsive sobs. Trescott tried in vain to soothe him. Little John was not violent or refractory in his grief. He allowed himself to be hushed on Mrs. Briggs's bosom, and went away with her quietly, only catching his breath now and then as he toiled upstairs beside her. At the first landing Trescott heard him say: "Is that man my father? Why doesn't my mamma visit him, too?"

Trescott hoped to have his son dine with him, but Mrs. Briggs quashed this idea at once.

"He has never come to table, sir. He has meat only once a day. A chop at luncheon. It would excite him, sir, to see roast and salad."

So little John ate some mild concoction, prepared by the nurse herself, and sank straightway into slumber. There were tears on his cheek, which Mrs. Briggs explained as the result of "strangeness." Trescott dared not even kiss him, for fear of waking him. He went down to his solitary den and tried to write some letters, but thoughts of the child came between him and his correspondence.

"Mine! Mine!" he had said to himself in a sort of savage exultation, but the little hands—so frail he could have crushed them in his palm like a rose-leaf—had seemed to push him away, answering mutely: "No. Not yours."

The eyes, too, had spoken the same voiceless language. They were Ruth's eyes. With some such look, wondering, aloof, innocent, yet charged with deep knowledge, she had taken her farewell of him. Violence would not have stung him like that quiet leave-taking. He could have forgotten a scene—who knows but resentment might have died out in them both, if they had once touched on the common plane of anger and tears?—but that silent withdrawal of the mind, he could not choose but remember.

It was not what he would have expected of Ruth—the narrow judgment, the inflexible purpose. But what was ever more cruel than a child except a childlike woman? She who had seemed all tenderness and loving charity had balanced him in her scales—the inadequate toy of a nursling—with the assurance of divine Justice herself. Weighed against a mass of impossible ideals, dreams, opinions, what not, he had been found wanting. The inevitable result to such a mind was, of course, separation. Not forgiveness—not compromise.

The next morning he set himself seriously to the work of making acquaint-

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ance with his son. Little John was still suffering from his malady of "strangeness," which necessitated Mrs. Briggs's accompanying him to breakfast, but the introduction of four dogs, with the engaging accomplishment of catching biscuits in mid-air, so broke the ice that he consented afterward to visit the stables with his father, leaving Mrs. Briggs behind. He would not take Trescott's hand, however, but walked sturdily beside him, thrusting his own hands deeply into the pockets of his fur coat, in imitation of his father, and taking as long strides as his short legs would permit. It was evident that some hitherto dormant fibre of little John's being was touched by this new masculine intimacy.

After riding about the stable yard on a sober coach-horse (the bliss of which experience was only marred by having his left leg held firmly by an obnoxious person in corduroy), he began to whistle —faintly at first, then louder, with growing confidence.

"What do you think, Bates?" said Trescott to the old groom. "Will this young man be ready for a pony by Christmas?"

"If he keeps on as well as he's begun, sir. But I don't see where a pony's comin' from before Christmas. It's only a week off, and Santa Claus is short of ponies this year—so he told me."

"Do you know him?" asked little John in an awe-stricken tone.

"Do I know him! Him and me is the best of friends. He comes to me to learn who the good boys are in this part of the country."

A pink spot appeared in either of little John's cheeks.

"Then you will please tell him," he said, "that I would like a pony with a long tail, and that I am a good boy."

When they left the stables he no longer held aloof, but slipped his hand into Trescott's and pressed close to his side.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"John Trescott."

The brevity of the reply was apparently not satisfying to little John. He leaned forward and looked up into his father's face.

"Are you very old?" was the next inquiry.

"I am thirty-six."

"I am six. I have not been six long. Before that I was five, and I couldn't have any pockets in my coat."

Trescott wondered what the sequence of his son's thoughts would be. After a moment he added, "Do you know my mamma?"

"Yes."

"Have you been in her house?"

"Yes."

"Where was I?"

"Well, I presume you were asleep," said Trescott.

Little John's ruminations took a fresh turn. "Can you throw stones?" he inquired.

"Yes, I am rather good at it," said Trescott.

"I wish you would throw some," said little John.

Trescott gathered up several from the driveway, and pitched them far across the fields, making them describe curves and go through various eccentric motions which little John had never seen. He shouted with excitement.

"My mamma can't throw stones," he remarked. "She puts her hand over her head—so. She threw a stone, and hit Major, and hurt him."

"Is Major a dog?" said Trescott.

"No; he is a man," replied little John, abstractedly. "What shall we do now? Can you run?"

"After a fashion," said Trescott.

"Well, then, will you please run, and I will see if I can beat you."

Trescott set off at a great pace, but he had gone no farther than a yard or two when little John overtook him; and strive and blow as he would, Trescott could not even keep up with his son, much less distance him.

"You mustn't mind my beating you," said little John, consolingly. "You can throw stones better than I can. Major can't throw stones, because he has only one arm."

"What happened to the other?" inquired Trescott.

"A big black man shot it off."

There was a tantalizing incompleteness about little John's statements. Trescott would have liked to inquire further into the misfortunes of the one-armed Major, but something withheld him.

"If you meet him you mustn't say

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

HE LOOKED WITH ABASHED DIGNITY AT THE STRANGE FACES

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anything about it. It is not polite," cautioned little John. "Now, what shall we do?"

Trescott was a man of vigorous frame, but after a morning spent with his son he was content to forego his usual exercise of a cross-country gallop.

Little John chattered volubly during luncheon. He imitated as nearly as possible his father's every trick of manner—doing it with a shy unobtrusive admiration which somehow sent a pang to Trescott's heart. "God knows I don't want to serve as a model to the little chap," he told himself, with a sort of inward irritation.

"You may take him upstairs, if, as you say, he is accustomed to a nap at this hour," he said to Mrs. Briggs.

Little John's face flushed deeply.

"I would rather not go," he said. "I—I would rather not take naps."

"Why not, Jack? You look to me very sleepy."

But little John either would not, or could not, put into words his sudden antipathy to napping. His lip trembled. After a moment of hesitation he came to his father, and, putting his arms around his neck, kissed him.

"Good-by," he said. "Where shall I find you when I get up?"

"I shall be here, Jack. I shall not leave the house till you wake."

The strenuousness of little John's morning made his slumbers long and deep. When he came downstairs at four o'clock his bewildered eyes rested on a group of people having tea before the hall fire. Not seeing his father at once, he paused on the stairs, and looked with abashed dignity at the strange faces.

"What a beautiful child!" exclaimed a tall, slender woman, who stood drinking tea, with her automobile coat hanging from her shoulders.

"Isn't he dear?" remarked another.

"Come down, darling, and have some tea," said a third.

"I don't drink tea," replied little John, solemnly. He added, "Except cambric tea, on my birthdays."

There was a ripple of laughter from below.

"How perfectly sweet!" cried the lady who had spoken first. "Mr. Trescott, he is adorable. Make him come down."

Then little John saw that his father was behind the tall lady, and that he was taking off her coat.

"Come down, Jack, and let me introduce you," said Trescott.

Little John descended and approached the group.

"This is Mrs. Iverson, Jack. She wants to know you. And this is Miss Peabody, who can talk to you about ponies."

There were a dozen others—men and women. Little John endeavored to meet politely all the eyes focussed upon him.

"I say, old man, you haven't come out to the hunt yet," said a tremendously big, red-faced man standing on the hearth rug. He laughed in a thick, good-natured voice, and little John rather liked him, though he did not understand what he said.

"He can't come to the hunt, Colonel, till he has a pony," remarked Miss Peabody.

"Santa Claus is going to bring me one, if I am a good boy," replied little John.

"Gad! if I'd waited till I was a good boy—haw! haw!" said Colonel Mortenhower.

Trescott frowned slightly, and Miss Peabody said: "No reminiscences, Colonel. I say, Jack, don't get him a pony under twelve hands. He can begin jumping in a year."

Little John wondered why his father looked so stern, and also why this strange young woman called his father Jack and wished that he—little Jack—should begin jumping, a thing he had often been requested to leave off.

Meanwhile Mrs. Iverson had seated herself in a low wicker chair and was pouring tea.

"I want you close beside me, sweetheart," she said. "You and I are going to eat sugar, when papa isn't looking."

"Two lumps, Jack; no more," Trescott said, unsmilingly.

Mrs. Iverson looked at him, arresting her delicate bejewelled hands over the teapot.

"*Pourquoi? Stupide!*" she said, softly. "You are so impossible at times."

"This is one of the times," replied Trescott.

"Have a lump yourself, won't you?" she suggested.

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Little John thought Mrs. Iverson's voice very sweet, but he felt vaguely uncomfortable, and wished they would talk about ponies.

"And so you have come to spend Christmas with dear, amiable papa?" she said, looking down at him.

"Yes," said little John, gazing up at her.

"And do you expect to enjoy it very, very much?"

"Yes," replied little John. "I cried at first, but to-day I rode a horse, and my papa threw stones."

"I can quite believe it," said Mrs. Iverson. "And did he hit the mark? and did he kill something? and was he very, very happy?"

Little John was confused by this multiplicity of questions. Before he could arrange them in his mind, Mrs. Iverson continued:

"And what did you do then to amuse poor, bored papa?"

"We ran a race—and I beat him."

"Ah, good! good!" cried Mrs. Iverson, softly. "Papa needs beating!"

At this moment Miss Peabody called from the settle: "Come here, Jack, and sit by me. Colonel Mortenhower wants to talk to you."

"Excuse yourself to Mrs. Iverson," said Trescott.

"Excuse me," murmured little John, with a soft and solemn look at her. He considered Mrs. Iverson a very beautiful and charming woman, and regretted the necessity of leaving her.

Miss Peabody made a place for him between herself and the Colonel. When one was quite near Colonel Mortenhower he looked as big as the giant in "Jack the Giant-killer." This, and his delightful riding-boots, and the circumstance of his wearing a tiny diamond horse as a scarf-pin, invested him with a peculiar charm for little John. For a time the conversation was about the pony that Santa Claus was to bring him, but presently Miss Peabody and the Colonel began to talk about their own horses, and about "the kill," and being "in at the death," and "drawing first blood."

"Please excuse me," said little John; and getting down from the settle rather hurriedly, he went to his father and leaned against his knee.

But almost at once Trescott said, "Go up to Mrs. Briggs now, Jack." And then little John saw that Mrs Iverson was crying.

The young man in the red coat had gone away, and as there was no one near to say good-by to, except Mrs. Iverson, who did not look at him, but continued to wipe her eyes, he went silently and sorrowfully upstairs.

That evening, as Trescott sat writing business letters in his den, the door opened softly, as if impelled by a doubtful hand, and a small white figure entered, closing it cautiously behind him. It was little John, barefooted, in his nightclothes—his large eyes shining.

"I thought I wouldn't go to bed without saying good night," he remarked. He looked rather diffidently at his father.

"I thought you were already in bed," said Trescott.

"I—I was," replied little John. "But I got up."

Further inquiry revealed that he had taken occasion to slip away while Mrs. Briggs was at dinner and supposed him soundly slumbering. His charming confidence that he would be welcome, at whatever hour and in whatever costume, checked Trescott's impulse to send him upstairs. He took him on his knee, wrapping him in a smoking-jacket that lay at hand. Little John snuggled into his embrace and looked up at him.

"This is a very lonesome house, isn't it?" he said.

The words stung Trescott curiously. They found an echo in his own soul. Lonesome? Yes; lonesome to the heart's core.

"Perhaps to-morrow will be better, Jack."

"Will my mamma come to-morrow?"

"No. By and by you will go back to her. She has sent you to stay with me a little while."

"How long is a little while?"

"Six months."

"Is six months before Christmas?"

"No, after, Jack. It will be nearly Fourth of July when you leave father."

If Trescott had hoped to give his son a clearer idea of time by this method of chronology he was doomed to disappointment. Little John looked deeply bewildered, even alarmed. As if to leave a

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topic which he could no longer pursue understandingly, he asked:

"Why did the lady cry? Did she feel bad?"

"Yes, she felt very badly."

"Did she lose her little boy?"

"She hasn't any little boy, Jack."

"She is a pretty lady. Her hair is like my mamma's. Only my mamma's is not two colors. My mamma cries sometimes. She cries a lot. She shuts the door, and I can't see her, and Mrs. Briggs can't see her, and Major has to go home."

"What is Major's last name?"

"I can't say it. It is very long," said little John.

"Is it Bradbury?"

"Yes."

So Bradbury was waiting to console Ruth. Trescott did not know him, except by reputation. He was the hero of a creditable affair in the mountains of Luzon, from which he had returned with one arm and a new title. Trescott thought he could picture the man from the type—a smug army officer in time of peace, dawdling over tea tables, worshipped by a pack of women, not a whit better than a plain civilian, every woman's Antony!

Then, suddenly, some words of hers came back to him—the very last she had spoken: "Go away. Leave me. You have broken my heart." He stirred uneasily, conscious of a surge of intense, useless emotion.

"Do you know Major?" asked little John.

"No."

"Do you know Percival?"

"Another," thought Trescott. Aloud he said, rather wearily, "Who is Percival?"

"He plays with me. He is my chum. He lives next door. And Major lives next door to him."

"Confound the man!" thought Trescott.

"But Percival's papa and mamma live in the same house," went on little John. "Percival doesn't have to visit his father."

"Do you like to visit your father, Jack?"

"Ye-es," said little John. "But I think I would like to go home to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow, Jack. Not so soon."

"It seems a long time," said little John, remorselessly. "I think my mamma will expect me to-morrow."

"No, she won't, Jack. She expects you to stay with me until after Christmas."

"I have to go home and hang up her stockings," remarked little John, unmovedly, as if the paternal ideas on the subject were of small moment.

"But won't you stay with me, Jack? Don't you like me?"

"Yes, I like you," said little John. "But I knew my mamma first."

Trescott slept little that night, and he rose with a sense that the world went very ill with him. Not even in the first days of his separation from Ruth had he felt so disturbed, so at war with himself, so out of tune with the material comforts of his life.

There was even small consolation in his son's presence, since the child's chatter had power to torture him with its artless revelations and suggestions.

What was the cause of Ruth's tears? Was it grief for her past with him, or fear for her future with Bradbury? It was hardly to be doubted that she was in love with the man. A woman of Ruth's temperament could not fill her life with mere social diversions. She was serious, earnest, idealistic. A fellow like this Bradbury would appeal to her,—all the more because he was maimed. Ruth was a charming woman, with the heart of a child. That was the worst of it. No man living was fit for her—least of all one of those gold-braided, self-satisfied jackanapes.

Trescott went down to breakfast in a humor as bleak as the morning, and found his son already at table, gazing discontentedly at a bowl of cracked wheat. Little John, too, would seem to have risen in that peculiarly unhappy frame of mind which has been ascribed to getting out on the wrong side of the bed.

"I want bacon!" he whimpered, pushing away Mrs. Briggs.

"But bacon is bad for you, darling," expostulated Mrs. Briggs.

"I want it!" roared little John.

"Tut, tut! What becomes of the pony, Jack, if you are a bad boy?" cautioned Trescott.

"I don't want a pony. Go away!"

The latter remark was addressed to

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"THIS IS A VERY LONESOME HOUSE, ISN'T IT?"

Mrs. Briggs, who was endeavoring to make the cracked wheat more pleasing by the addition of cream and sugar.

"Take him upstairs," commanded Trescott. And little John, wailing vociferously, was led out of the room.

Trescott went up to the nursery presently, and found his son in a chastened mood after a solitary breakfast of the despised cereal. His little face looked angelic in its frame of straight blond hair.

"Father is going to ride now, Jack. You can stand here at the window and see him off. Would you like that?" asked Trescott.

"Yes," said little John, plaintively.

"And perhaps by and by Mrs. Briggs will wrap you up warm and let you play in the garden. And Bates will show you the horses and dogs. Won't that be fine?"

"Yes," answered little John again. But he spoke without enthusiasm; and when Trescott, riding away, glanced up at the nursery window, he saw his son looking down at him with the same pensive countenance.

A twenty-mile gallop across country did much to tranquilize Trescott's mood. After all, there was something to come home to—the child. Something to work for—the boy's love and confidence. His mind took a wide range. It dipped into the future, and saw little John as a young man, and then as John Trescott senior—when his own race should have been run.

As he rode up to the gate on his return, he thought he caught a glimpse of Jack's red cap in the shrubbery, but it proved to be Mrs. Briggs, huddled into a scarlet shawl, her face white and scared.

Little John had been missing two hours, she told him. He had gone to the stables with Bates, and Bates had subsequently turned him over to Filkins, the gardener. Filkins had been busy with some plants in the hothouse, and when he went to look for the child, just outside the door, where he had been playing, there was no trace of him. They had searched the house and grounds in vain. Bates and Filkins had now gone off across the fields, after looking up and down the road for several miles. They had questioned passers-by, but no one had seen him.

"Have they looked along the railroad track?" asked Trescott, quietly.

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At this, Mrs. Briggs began to cry. Bates had spoken of it, she said, but they had left that for the last, because it seemed so unlikely. The railroad at its nearest point ran a half mile from the house, through a deep embankment, from which it emerged, a mile beyond, on an opening where there was a flag station.

"Bates says," added Mrs. Briggs, with another burst of tears, "that there's a gipsy camp five miles off in the woods."

Trescott ordered a fresh horse, dropped a pistol into his pocket, and rode away. Inquiry at the flag station relieved one great anxiety. No child had been seen wandering on the track. The eleven-o'clock train had been flagged. It took on a woman with a half dozen children. The station-master had not observed them particularly, but he was sure they were not gipsies.

Trescott rode on to the gipsy camp, only to find it abandoned. The band had broken camp two weeks ago, a farmer's boy told him. Then he went home, consulted with Bates and Filkins, who had returned disheartened, and organized a far-reaching search. The village had already been notified. The constable offered his services. The whole countryside joined in the hunt for little John Trescott.

Until five o'clock Trescott kept up hope and courage. He buoyed himself up with the idea that the child might be found contentedly biding with strangers. At five, a sudden darkness fell. Soon it would be night.

Telegrams had been sent to all the adjacent towns. Trescott had hesitated to distress Ruth needlessly, as it might prove, by wiring her of the child's disappearance, but at seven, realizing that the morning papers would announce it, he sent this message: "Jack strayed away. Everything being done. Keep up courage." The thought of what such words would mean to her fairly unnerved him as he wrote them. At the same time he communicated with the metropolitan police.

At ten o'clock, while the whole dark countryside was twinkling with the moving lights of searchers, two telegrams were brought to him. One, from the Chief of Police, read: "Boy safe. Got on train at Sibley Station. Conductor took charge. Turned over to officer, who delivered to Mrs. Trescott, No. 3 Albemarle Row." The other, from Ruth: "Jack here. Ill. Come at once."

There was a train at twelve. Trescott took it, and as it pulled out of the station he saw the glimmering search-lights still trailing homeward across the fields.

An hour before dawn his cab rattled into Albemarle Row. Among the dark houses there was one whose windows showed a glint of light. He was expected. A servant opened the door as he came up the steps, and admitting him to the hall, helped him out of his greatcoat.

"Mrs. Trescott says will you please come upstairs, sir?" said the man.

Servant—house—were strange to him. He felt that she had wished to separate herself from him still further by a complete change of surroundings. But suddenly the chill of this thought was forgotten in his first sight of her. She stood waiting for him at the head of the stairs. . . .

Since their final parting he had often pictured how they might look, how speak, how feel, if chance should once more bring them face to face. Bit by bit in those three years her image had undergone a change in his mind. An inward voice had whispered: "She was not as you imagine. She did not speak, move, look, quite as you fancy. The ineffable enchantment was in your thought of her—not in her. But grant that she was all your memory recalls. She has been touched by time and experience. She does not remain where you last saw her. She has a new life, new thoughts, unshared by you. There remains nothing of her that was yours." How, again and again, that thought had gripped him!

He had set before him that changed image, that cold, worldly, and embittered woman who had been Ruth, and taught himself to belittle and distrust her. And now here she stood before him . . . and she was unchanged . . .

Her face was the same, truthful, gentle, steadfast,—how far removed from the Iverson type—from all those faces with which he had tried to shut out hers.

She was in a loose white gown which fell straight from shoulder to hem, and in its softness, grace, and sim-

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plicity seemed an expression of her. So he had always felt of whatever she wore. The masses of her golden hair were caught with an amber pin. She was very pale; and there was a strange calmness in her look, which seemed constraint rather than composure.

As he took her hand, Trescott thought, "Now I shall hear her voice!" But with a gesture, without speaking, she led the way to a room near the staircase. It was small, luxurious, feminine,—evidently her morning-room.

Then at last she spoke—with something of the solicitude of a gracious hostess for a guest. "You must be very tired. I will tell you about Jack, and then you must have something to eat,—or a bath,—or anything you need."

"But tell me first about yourself," said Trescott. "Your telegram was not quite clear. You said: 'Ill. Come at once.' I thought perhaps—you were ill."

"No; it is Jack. I wrote the message so hurriedly."

A faint color came into her cheek, as if she struggled against some thought suggested by his words. Then, recovering herself, she told him of little John's journey.

A woman accompanied by seven children had boarded the train at a way station. In due course, discovering herself to be possessed of one more child than rightfully belonged to her, she had made known the circumstance to the conductor. Upon being questioned by this official, little Jack showed no memory of whence he had come, but revealed a perfect understanding of his own identity and destination.

"I am John Trescott, Jr., No. 3 Albemarle Row," he said. He disclaimed all knowledge of his father's whereabouts, although admitting the existence of such a parent, and remained discreetly silent when pressed for incriminating answers.



SHE STOOD WAITING FOR HIM AT THE HEAD OF THE STAIRS

There was but one thing to do. The truant was placed in charge of a blue-coated officer of the law (an incident which, so far from viewing as a humiliation, he regarded as one of flattering interest), and by him conveyed to his mother's arms. He seemed well, though a little tired, on his arrival. Half an hour later he was seized with a convulsion. Inquiry revealed that the well meaning bachelor conductor had taken him to a railway eating-house, where they had dined generously and omnivorously in five minutes, while the train waited.

Whatever of humor lay in little John's escapade did not appeal to his parents now. They looked at each other with pale faces as they recounted the day's happenings. Once, as Ruth's lips quivered, Trescott bent forward to take her hand, but she rose quickly, and murmuring that they would go now to see the child, led him toward the nursery.

As they approached it, the door opened and a young woman in the uniform of

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a trained nurse came out, and said in a composed voice, oddly at variance with her perturbed look: "He is not so well. I have telephoned for the doctor."

Some one had drawn up the shades, and a wintry light was in the room. Trescott stared about him dully. There was a breakfast tray before him. He remembered a housemaid's having said something to him about it. He pushed it a little farther away, and getting up from his chair, walked stiffly about the room.

Here and there he paused before a picture, book, or ornament, and regarded it fixedly, without intelligence. He looked out of the window. Snow was beginning to fall. Rapidly, lightly, noiselessly, it covered the pavements with a white mantle. So it would have covered little Jack if he had lain out all night. So it might cover him yet. He turned away, wincing.

There was a framed portrait on the chimney piece of a man in the full-dress uniform of a major. He walked up to it, and surveyed it blankly for a moment,—then with sudden enlightenment. The armless sleeve told him who it was. He turned away from this too, and setting his teeth and squaring his shoulders, like one who steels himself to a blow, went out into the corridor and down the stairs.

At the curve on the landing he saw that a maid had admitted a man in a fur coat, who stood scribbling on a visiting-card at the hall table. The caller lifted his head, and his eyes met Trescott's.

The two men knew each other by a sort of instinct, even before Trescott had noted the limp sleeve, or Bradbury had more than glanced at the other. Beyond an almost imperceptible congealing of expression, neither man gave sign of recognition.

Composedly finishing his message, the Major handed it to the maid and withdrew. Trescott went on downstairs, and in the same aimless fashion, with the same blank visage, wandered from room to room.

He was standing still in the middle of the library, staring at a revolving bookcase, when he became aware of a light rustle of garments, and turning, saw Ruth close beside him.

"Jack," she said, breathlessly, "Jack —he is going to get well! The doctor says so. He says there is no doubt about it. And the nurse says so. And he looks better. That dreadful look has gone away. Oh, if—" She paused, biting her lip, and trembling from head to foot.

Trescott saw the need of soothing her.

"I thank God for it," he said, quietly. "Now you must get some sleep. You must rest."

"If he gets well," she went on, unheeding, "promise me that you will never take him from me again! If you knew what it means to me . . . if you knew how I suffer . . . and yet you, too . . . you love him, too! Oh, it is such a difficult thing! I wish to be just . . . and yet . . . You are a man . . . your life is full . . . you can come here and see him, or anywhere you choose . . . only don't take him from me! I will grant any condition . . . no condition will be too hard— It can be arranged— You will arrange it!"

Her words tripped each other. She alternately opened and clasped her hands, or pressed her fingers against her shaking lips. With a piteous voice she added: "He is as much your child as mine. You have the right . . . but it is killing me . . ."

"Ruth," said Trescott, calmly, almost dully, "I have no wish to make conditions. You shall not suffer longer through me. I will not take the child from you again." He paused. "I want you to be happy. You will marry again . . . and it is best so. I will see the boy—not here, but elsewhere; and when he is fourteen it will be time enough for him to come to me—if he wishes."

While he spoke Ruth shrank, little by little,—drawing back from him imperceptibly.

"You—you are kind," she murmured. "I thank you." She stood in silence a moment. "Clara tells me you have not eaten or slept," she said then. "Won't you go to your room, and let me send something to you?"

"Thank you. I don't feel the need of it," replied Trescott. "I have business which will keep me in town overnight, and I will call again to-morrow before leaving." He hesitated. "I would not wish to go until Jack is wholly out of danger, or while I can serve you in any way."

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"You are very kind," murmured Ruth again.

When Trescott came to Albemarle Row on the following afternoon, he drove through streets gay with Christmas cheer, and found all the houses of the Row, except No. 3, ornamented with holly wreaths, and wearing, as it were, a childish expectancy on their marble faces. But when Mrs. Trescott's butler opened the door he could see that there was joy here also, although too new as yet to dare vaunt itself with a holly wreath.

"Master Jack is better, sir," said the man; and the maid in the hall reiterated it; and then the nurse; and then Ruth.

She was in her little morning-room, still looking very pale. The furnace-heated air was heavy with the perfume of hothouse roses massed in a bowl on the table. Bradbury's roses, thought Trescott. His eye, seemingly careless, took in every detail of her person. He felt suddenly resentful of her beauty, her ringless hands, the remote and gentle sweetness of her manner.

They went in together to the nursery. Little John lay in his white bed, regarding with dreamy rapture a much damaged Noah, and a bewildering variety of birds and beasts in all stages of mutilation, assembled before him on the counterpane.

"Something happened to Mrs. Noah. She is not here," he said, setting the bereaved husband more firmly on his feet. Trescott sat down beside him.

"Father has come to say good-by, Jack. Now that you are so well, he is going home."

"But I am not the wellest I can be, and I don't want you to go home," said Jack, plaintively.

"Father must tend to business, Jack. He can't stay."

"But Percival's father has business, and he comes home every night. He lives in the same house with Percival's mamma, and Percival's mamma's house is *home*. And it is the only house they've got. They don't have two houses. And Percival's father and mother—"

"Darling, don't talk so much," said Ruth, gently. "Doctor doesn't want you to get excited."

"I'm not—what you said," said little John. But a pink spot had come into either pale cheek. "I thought," he continued, with gathering discontent, "that Santa Claus would send my pony here. He knows that I want it. Bates told him. And I thought I would hang up your stockings. Percival hangs up his father's and mother's stockings, and they have fun. And I was going to give papa my alleys—" His lips began to quiver.

"He will be very pleased, Jack," said Ruth, hurriedly. "To-night, if you have been good and quiet, we will hang the stockings. Now kiss father and go to sleep. It is time for your nap."

"Shall I love you *hard?*" asked Jack.

Trescott, though somewhat in the dark, acquiesced. Putting his arms about his father's neck, little John hugged him violently, at the same time pressing his cheek against his.

"I can love harder sometimes," he said, falling back weakly. "Don't go away while I am asleep."

Trescott and Ruth walked out of the room in silence. When they had come into the morning-room, Trescott said: "Is there anything I can do for you? Anything you wish to say?"

"No," answered Ruth, almost inaudibly. After a moment she said, "It seems terrible that you should go away . . . while he sleeps."

"Yes," replied Trescott, in a hard tone. Then both were silent. "Ruth," he said, suddenly, "are you planning some day to marry Bradbury?"

Surprise, resentment, pride, swept over her pale face before she answered him.

"No," she said, quietly. "He has been a good friend to me."

"I had no right to ask," murmured Trescott. "Good-by."

"Good-by."

They touched hands, and Trescott turned away quickly.

But when he had reached the door some instinct—for he had heard no sound—made him turn again, and he saw Ruth standing where he had left her, with her face buried in her hands.

He went back and took her in his arms, and while she clung to him, sobbing, with her head pressed against his breast, his own tears fell on her hair.

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The Story of a Street

III.—WALL STREET DURING THE REVOLUTION

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

A TRAVEL - STAINED horseman journeying down Broadway on Tuesday, May 17, 1774, turned his jaded mount to the left on reaching Trinity Church and passed into Wall Street unrecognized and scarcely noticed. The man was evidently a stranger, but cosmopolitan New York, with a population of nearly twenty-five thousand, was accustomed to the presence of strangers, and there was nothing in the appearance of this one to attract attention beyond the fact that his clothes, saddlebags, and horse were encrusted with mud, and that his tired animal suggested a long trip over difficult country. The rider himself, scarcely less exhausted than his horse, was a sturdily built fellow about forty years of age, with a clean-shaven, rather commonplace face, and the undistinguished bearing of a farmer or petty merchant. Certainly no one would have supposed him to be a man of artistic temperament or heroic mould, and yet he was an artist of no mean calibre, and his crudest sketches were destined to be cherished by future generations of hero-worshippers, for within a year he was to win undying fame and provide a stirring theme for song and story. Wall Street, however, saw no shadow of the coming event, and Paul Revere, illustrator and engraver, dentist, merchant, goldsmith, soldier, and "Constitutional Post-rider," passed quietly on his way, staring curiously at the busy scene unfolded to his gaze.

There must have been much that was strange and diverting to the provincial in the passing throngs—the venders of tea water from the pump near the Collect pond, with their crude hogsheads carried in carts or set on wheels, the clumsy travelling coaches, the sedan chairs, the gorgeously uniformed officers and officials, the groups of sombrely attired merchants—all the life and movement of the bustling commercial and official centre must have afforded a novel contrast to quiet Boston, with her port practically closed and her commerce almost dead. Yet, unfamiliar as his surroundings were, this was not Revere's first visit to New York. Less than six months before he had carried the news of the Boston Tea Party to the local Sons of Liberty, but their headquarters were then near the Fields,* and this was possibly his first view of the street which was now almost without a rival in the fashionable quarter of the town.

Before him stretched a neat and attractive thoroughfare lined with stately shade trees and handsome houses, whose dignified appearance demonstrated that their owners were men of substance, if not of fashion. At his left the Presbyterian Church still maintained its commanding position, and just beyond it lay the reconstructed City Hall, its upper stories, supported by arches, forming an arcade through which the pedestrians passed; but the hideous sugar refinery which had disfigured the neighborhood for many years had at last disappeared, and the Verplanck mansion and other handsome private dwellings now occupied its site. Beyond these on the same side of the street lay the McEvers mansion, before which the Stamp Tax rioters had paused in their wild march some nine years earlier, and in front of which now stood Pitt's marble statue, the work of Wilton, a famous sculptor, while in its immediate vicinity ranged the comfortable residences of the Thurmans, Banckers, Ludlows, Startins, Winthrops, Whites, Janeways, and other citizens of credit and more or less renown.

Riding by these attractive homelike houses, Revere must have passed that

* Present City Hall Park.

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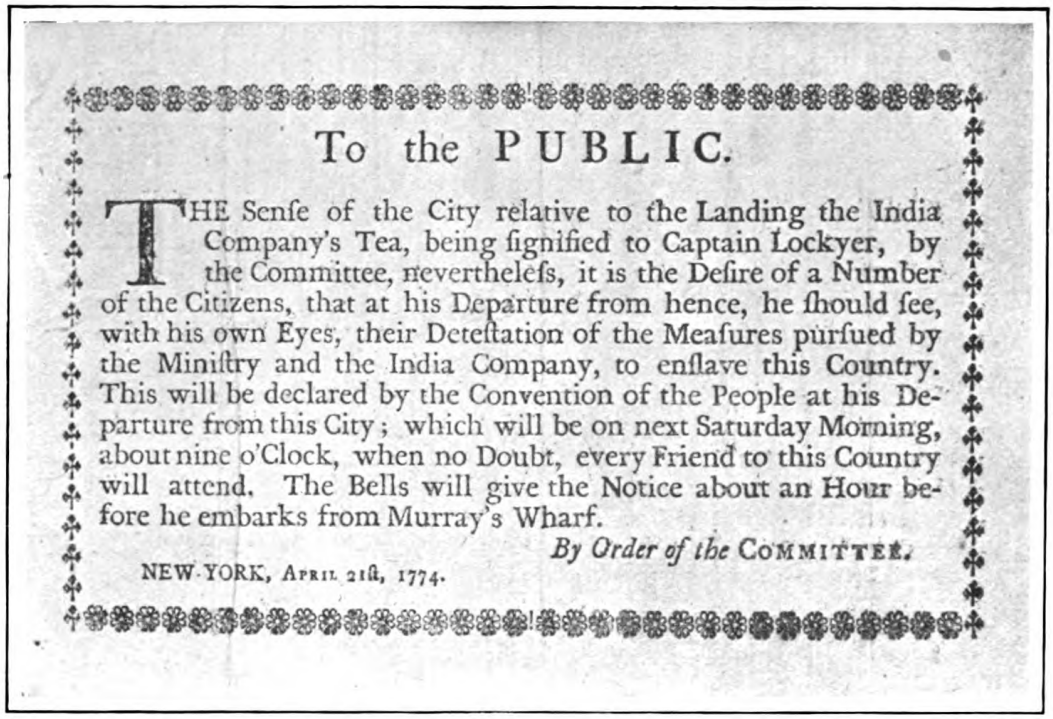
WALL STREET IN 1774

To the right is the arcade of the City Hall; at the left the head of Broad Street; in the foreground a vender of tea water from the pump near the Collect pond

of his friend and correspondent, John Lamb,* one of the most active members in the Sons of Liberty, whose ceaseless agitation of popular rights had for some years been forcing the hands alike of friends and foes. Indeed, if any one individual could have been held accountable for the exciting scenes which Wall Street had recently experienced, the responsibility would probably have been laid at Lamb's well-appointed door. In fact, on the very day when Revere and his fellow masqueraders were destroying the cargoes of the East India Company in Boston Harbor, John Lamb was rousing the merchants of New York to similar violence in the City Hall; and had a tea ship arrived in the port at that juncture there is no doubt that his Wall Street audience would have quickly organized a Tea Party without paint or feathers. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, no vessel had appeared at that crisis; but about four months later, when the *London* sailed into the harbor, a vigilance committee promptly boarded her without the least effort at disguise and bundled her objectionable merchandise into the sea. This had occurred on Friday, April 22, 1774, and the very next day Wall Street witnessed an exhibition

* Griswold, in his *American Court*, claims that Whigs like Lamb obtained no foothold in Wall Street till after the Revolution, but there is evidence that Lamb was an exception to this rule.

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To the PUBLIC.

THE Senſe of the City relative to the Landing the India Company's Tea, being ſignified to Captain Lockyer, by the Committee, nevertheleſs, it is the Deſire of a Number of the Citizens, that at his Departure from hence, he ſhould ſee, with his own Eyes, their Deteſtation of the Meaſures purſued by the Miniſtry and the India Company, to enſlave this Country. This will be declared by the Convention of the People at his Departure from this City; which will be on next Saturday Morning, about nine o'Clock, when no Doubt, every Friend to this Country will attend. The Bells will give the Notice about an Hour before he embarks from Murray's Wharf.

By Order of the COMMITTEE.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 21ſt, 1774.

BROADSIDE ANNOUNCING CAPTAIN LOCKYER'S DEPARTURE AND SUMMONING CITIZENS TO MURRAY'S WHARF ON WALL STREET

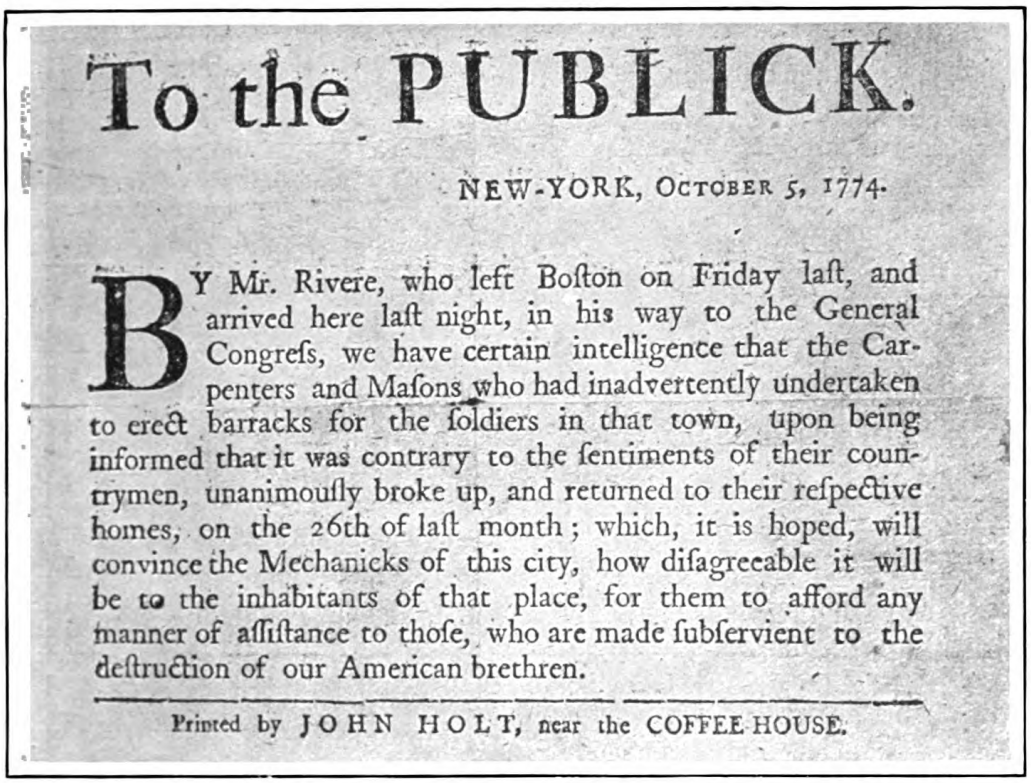
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of the popular temper as unique as it was significant.

About the same time that the *London* came to anchor in the lower bay another vessel, known as the *Nancy,* arrived with a cargo of tea, imported expressly for the purpose of testing the strength of the non-importation agreement. Her commander, Captain Lockyer, made no secret of his mission, and the vigilance committee finally permitted him to visit the city for the purpose of consulting his consignees; but when those gentlemen prudently refused to receive his cargo the worthy captain was ordered to sail for England at the earliest possible moment.

Meanwhile notices had been posted throughout the city summoning all friends of the country to assemble on Murray's Wharf at the foot of Wall Street on the day of Lockyer's departure and give him a send-off which he would be likely to remember and report to his friends across the sea. Accordingly at eight o'clock on Saturday morning, April 23, bells began ringing all over the city, more and more joining in the chorus, until every clapper in town was swinging save those of the loyal City Hall and King's College, and at this prearranged signal all sorts and conditions of men began streaming toward the rendezvous, some of them accompanied by brass bands, and all the shipping on the river front displayed its brightest bunting. For an hour the crowds continued to pour into Wall Street, massing in front of the Merchants Coffee House on the southeast corner of Wall and Water streets, where the offending mariner had taken up his abode, and when he showed himself on the balcony in the custody of a committee of citizens a deafening roar of cheers and a bedlam of bells greeted his appearance. No disorder of any sort was attempted, however, and when quiet was restored the committee solemnly introduced their victim to the crowd and signalled the bands, which burst into "God Save the King." During this demonstration of loyalty the captain was escorted with great ceremony into the street, where a lane was forced for him through the cheering multitude to the wharf, where he boarded a pilot boat, accompanied by a deputation charged

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To the PUBLICK.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 5, 1774.

BY Mr. Rivere, who left Boſton on Friday laſt, and arrived here laſt night, in his way to the General Congreſs, we have certain intelligence that the Carpenters and Maſons who had inadvertently undertaken to erect barracks for the ſoldiers in that town, upon being informed that it was contrary to the ſentiments of their countrymen, unanimouſly broke up, and returned to their reſpective homes, on the 26th of laſt month; which, it is hoped, will convince the Mechanicks of this city, how diſagreeable it will be to the inhabitants of that place, for them to afford any manner of aſſiſtance to thoſe, who are made ſubſervient to the deſtruction of our American brethren.

Printed by JOHN HOLT, near the COFFEE-HOUSE.

BROADSIDE ANNOUNCING AN ARRIVAL OF PAUL REVERE'S IN NEW YORK

From Original in possession of the New York Historical Society

with the duty of seeing him safely off Sandy Hook, and amid the booming of cannon and other wild demonstrations of rejoicing he sailed away to carry the news of his significant reception to ears that would not hear.

These events must have been known to Paul Revere, and possibly they were in his mind as he jogged through Wall Street,* for he was the accredited messenger not only of the Sons of Liberty, but also of the Committee of Correspondence, and it was at their unofficial headquarters, the Merchants Coffee House, that he undoubtedly alighted.

Of all the historic buildings which figure in Wall Street's story, this unpretentious tavern is fairly entitled to a place apart. Erected about 1740,* on what was then practically the water's edge, at a time when privateersmen and other adventurous sons of the sea frequented the port to compare notes and transact business of a kind best consummated over a glass of grog, behind walls devoid of ears, it had immediately become a sort of maritime exchange whose secrets never leaked and whose rear doors were exceedingly convenient for customers who preferred to be within hail of their small boats. With the passing of the privateersmen and other less admirable waterside characters, however, it gradually developed from a sailor's snug harbor into a place of general resort whose patrons were so fastidious that the adjoining slave market had to be removed for their benefit,† and from

* The exact route followed by Revere cannot now be positively identified. He left Boston May 14, 1774; was almost three days on the road; entered the city by the Bowery, or Boston Post Road; and his despatch was for the Committee of Correspondence, some of whose members were usually to be found at the Merchants Coffee House.

* The first reference to this historic building appears to be in the *Weekly Post Boy*, January 16, 1744 (No. 52, page 4), where it is mentioned in an advertisement dated November, 1743.

† "Said Meal (Slave) Markett greatly Obstructs the agreeable prospect of the East

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that time onward its popularity steadily increased, until its guests included all the best people in the community and its influence was that of a civic forum.

There was nothing imposing either in the exterior or the interior of this celebrated inn. All that is known of its outward appearance is that it was a three-storied structure, with a large room on the first floor, another on the second, a piazza or balcony on the front, and a platform or porch on the side, and its interior appointments were in keeping with this very modest architectural plan. The two "long rooms," however, witnessed many a famous meeting and consultation, and their part in the prelude to the Revolution was of the first importance. Here it was that the demonstrations against the military occupation and rule of Boston had taken place in 1769; here some of the most interesting conferences of the Friends of Liberty and Trade were held; here Isaac Sears and other radicals urged the seizure of the stamps; here Lockyer was accorded his mock reception; here began the demonstration against the closing of the port of Boston which ended in the burning of Lord North in effigy before a crowded balcony; here all the political leaders foregathered; and here, on the 17th of May, 1774, Paul Revere arrived with his despatch to the Committee of Correspondence, just reorganized into the Committee of Fifty.

On its face the message which Revere delivered at this famous tavern was not of extraordinary interest, for it merely reported the resolutions adopted at Faneuil Hall, requesting New York's cooperation in suspending trade with England until the ministry should reopen the port of Boston; but the reply to this communication was epoch-making, for it undoubtedly gave the first impulse to the founding of a national government.

Before the famous post-rider was fairly on the road again, headed for Philadelphia,* a meeting of merchants and other citizens was called at the Coffee House to nominate a committee to respond to the proposals contained in his despatch, and the existing Committee of Fifty was reappointed with one additional member. Of the assemblage gathered on this occasion Gouverneur Morris wrote: "I stood on the balcony [of the Coffee House], and on my right hand were ranged all the people of property, with some poor dependents, and on the other all the tradesmen, etc., who thought it worth their while to leave their daily labor for the good of the country." It is characteristic of the man that Morris, then in his twenty-third year, should have made himself the centre of this eventful scene, but he was undoubtedly a leader; for in New York, as in other States, the Revolution was the work of youth tempered by almost precocious maturity of judgment. Among those who, with Morris, were moulding history in Wall Street at this critical period were John Jay, aged twenty-eight; Alexander Hamilton, seventeen; Robert Livingston, twenty-seven; Marinus Willett, thirty-three; Alexander McDougall, forty-three; Isaac Low, thirty-nine; and Isaac Sears, the fire-eating veteran, forty-five. Some of these men were on the committee entrusted with the duty of answering the Massachusetts proposals, and it is doubtful if any other body of citizens ever afforded as rare a combination of youth and intellectual maturity. There were, of course, a few hotheads among them, and Alexander McDougall, disgusted with his associates' conservatism, angrily withdrew and attempted to force their hands. In this he was not successful, but the response which was finally adopted by the majority on the 23d of May, 1774, was certainly not the utterance of timorous senility. Indeed, it was nothing less than the first proposal for a convention of delegates from all the colonies, and when Paul Revere received it on his return from Philadelphia, Wall Street had won historic honors; for of this paper formulated in her famous Coffee House came the Continental Congress.

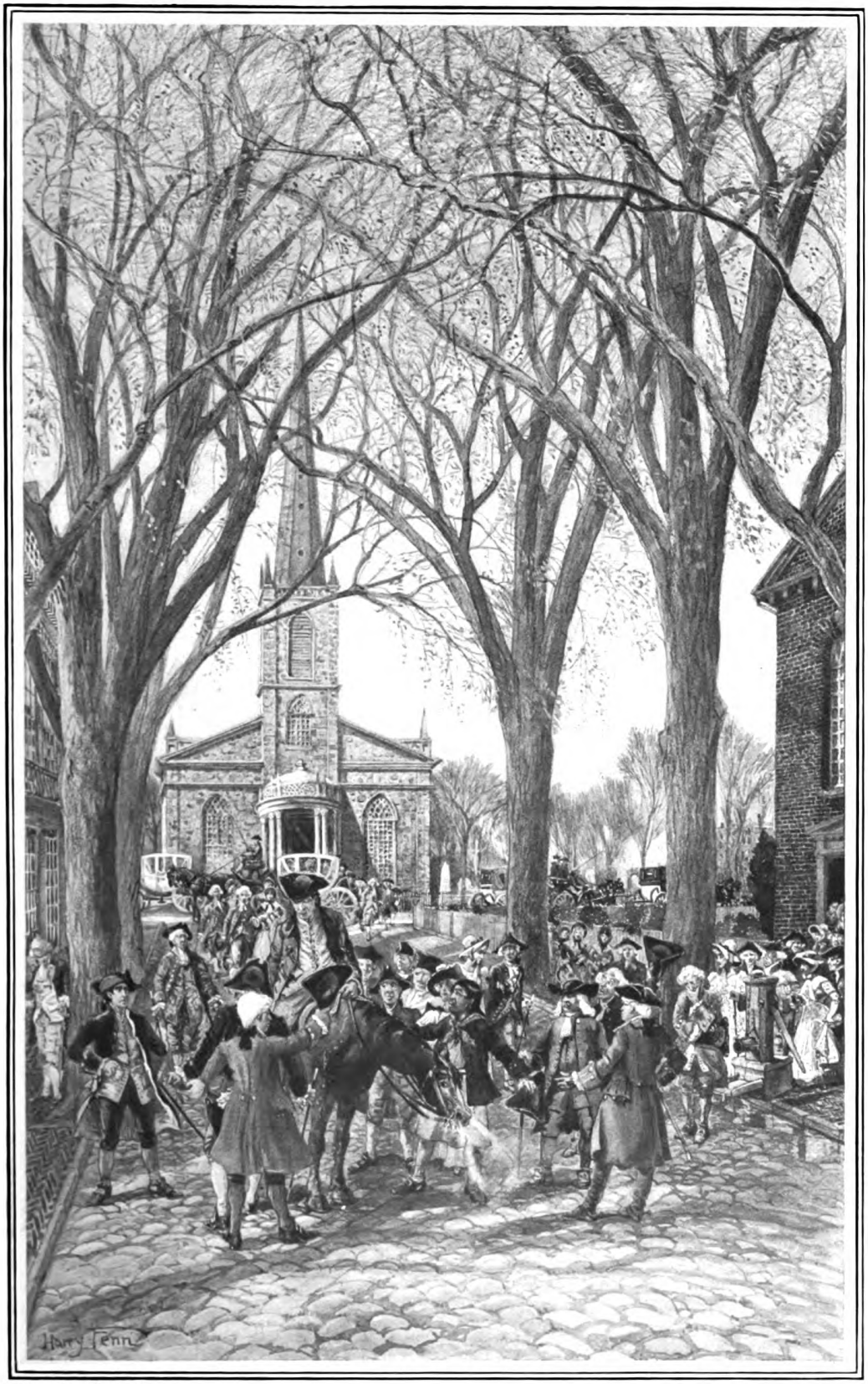
Less than one year* later Israel Bessel, another post-rider, came spurring into the Bowery road from Boston, breaking the quiet of a Sabbath morning by roar-

River which those that live in Wall St. would Otherwise enjoy; that it Occasions a Dirty Street Offensive to the Inhabitants on each side and Disagreeable to those that Pass and Repass to and from the Coffee House a place of Great Resort." (Min. of Com. Coun. Vol. 6, p. 283. N. Y. City Hall.)

* May 19, 1774.

* April 23, 1775.

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Drawn by Harry Fenn

ANNOUNCING THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON IN WALL STREET

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ing startling news at every passing group of citizens; and as the congregations of Trinity and the Presbyterian Church issued from their noonday services he burst upon them with tidings that the battle of Lexington had been fought and won four days before. In an instant he was surrounded by an anxious throng eagerly clamoring for details, and Wall Street was soon in a state of wild commotion, loyalists and patriots scattering to protect their families and property, each man suspecting and fearing the other, and all almost equally dismayed by the news. The patriots were the first to recover from the shock, however, and, headed by Isaac Sears and some of the boldest Sons of Liberty, a band of citizens hastily assembled, and taking possession of the City Hall, seized five hundred stand of arms deposited there for the troops, demanded and received the keys of the Custom House, closed the building, and virtually deposed the royal government.

From that moment all business was suspended in the city, and between April 24 and May 1, 1775, confusion reigned supreme. Then the ablest men in the community assumed control, and calling a mass meeting at the Merchants Coffee House, which had practically become the seat of government, organized a provisional Committee of One Hundred to administer the public business. By the orders of this committee the city was virtually placed under martial law, the shops and factories were closed, the streets were patrolled by improvised bands of militia, all available arms and ammunition were seized, crude preparations were made for resisting an attack, and many timorous loyalists closed their houses and sought safety at their country seats. Meanwhile some of the King's troops had been allowed to enter the city, the loyalist members of the committee feeling that their presence would insure order; but when they made an attempt to appropriate the spare arms deposited in their barracks, Marinus Willett forced an armed guard to surrender this booty, and the carts containing the weapons were triumphantly escorted by a great throng of citizens up Broadway, past the head of Wall Street, to Abraham Van Dyck's ball alley at John Street, where they were placed under lock and key.

Up to this time the leading patriots and loyalists of the city had worked together for the maintenance of order, but anything more than a temporary truce was impossible, and before long the Committee of One Hundred was split into warring factions and party feeling began to run high. Numerically the patriots were in a vast majority, but many men of property and influence were loud in their expressions of loyalty and bitter in their denunciations of the provisional government, whose legality they stoutly denied. Under such circumstances more or less disorder was inevitable, and residence in the city was made extremely uncomfortable for many of the outspoken loyalists. Indeed, some of the more obnoxious were stripped to the skin and ridden on rails through Wall Street, greatly to the scandal of the highly respectable denizens of that most decorous neighborhood.

Such was the condition of affairs in April, 1776, when Washington arrived to oppose the British forces dislodged from Boston, and under his energetic leadership the active preparations for defence which had already been begun were pushed, until the whole appearance of the town was practically transformed. Fortifications were hastily erected on the water front; batteries were planted at various posts of vantage; breastworks and barricades were thrown across the streets; bullets were cast out of lead taken from the roofs of the houses, and some of the buildings were loopholed for street fighting and a house-to-house resistance. Of these crude defences Wall Street boasted a battery masked in the cellar of a house on the East River, a breastwork near the Coffee House, and McDougall's battery, which was stationed a little to the west of Trinity, which continued to conduct its services as though nothing whatever had happened. Indeed, the clergy and congregation of that church did not seem to realize that the Revolution was a fact even when Washington arrived upon the scene, but within a few weeks the war was brought home to them in most extraordinary fashion.

The Rev. Charles Inglis was then assistant rector of the parish, and Washington had not been long in the city

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before an officious member of his staff called upon the clergyman and requested him to omit the customary prayers for the King, which had been loyally read at all services without the least regard for the existing political conditions. But Mr. Inglis, though a non-combatant, was evidently a believer in the church militant and a most ardent supporter of the crown, for he promptly refused the request, which Washington disavowed as soon as it was brought to his attention. Certainly the King never so needed the prayers of his faithful subjects as he did at that moment, when peace negotiations were impending, but this was not the popular view. Nevertheless the services were conducted for some weeks without alteration or interruption, while the contending forces prepared for what promised to be the bitterest struggle of the war.

One Sunday morning in May, however, a motley crew of about one hundred and fifty armed men, preceded by a fife and drum corps, invaded Wall Street and headed straight for Trinity. Whether they were soldiers or not is uncertain, but they carried bayonets on their guns and were apparently under some sort of military control. Marching to the brisk tap of drums, they passed through the street, crossed Broadway, entered the church, and swept up the aisle, drums beating and fifes shrilling in deafening uproar. Appalled by this desecrating intrusion, the congregation sat aghast, not knowing what to expect, but the white-robed clergyman calmly stood his ground, confronted the invaders, and outfaced them. Indeed, the moment the drums and fifes ceased he proceeded with the services as though nothing had happened, and conducting it with admirable dignity to the very end without the omission of a single word, drove the armed rabble into ignominious retreat.

This was the last, or one of the last, services ever held in the church, however, for its authorities soon thought best to close its doors, and within four months it was totally destroyed by fire. Meanwhile Wall Street listened to the Declaration of Independence, which was read from the steps of the City Hall on the 16th of July, 1776, to a small band of patriots, whose enthusiasm prompted them to invade the court room and tear down the royal coat of arms, which they then proceeded to burn on the spot where Zenger's *Journal* had been consigned to the flames, thus affording a precedent for wanton destruction that was to cost the city dear before many months had passed. In fact, when the British troops entered the town two months later they looted the City Hall library without mercy, bartering the valuable books for drink, and completely scattering what would now be a unique collection. The statue of Pitt was also wrecked almost beyond recognition, but there were few who regretted its fate, for Pitt had alienated many Americans by his apparent hostility to their independence, and the statue had already been somewhat defaced before the loyalists completed the work of destruction.

With these acts of vandalism Wall Street began a long and bitter experience. Indeed, before the British troops had fairly established themselves in New York the great fire of September 21, 1776, which obliterated a large part of the city, laid Trinity in ruins, and this disaster, wrongly attributed to rebel sympathizers, resulted in such harsh measures against the American residents that many of them fled, abandoning their houses to the enemy.

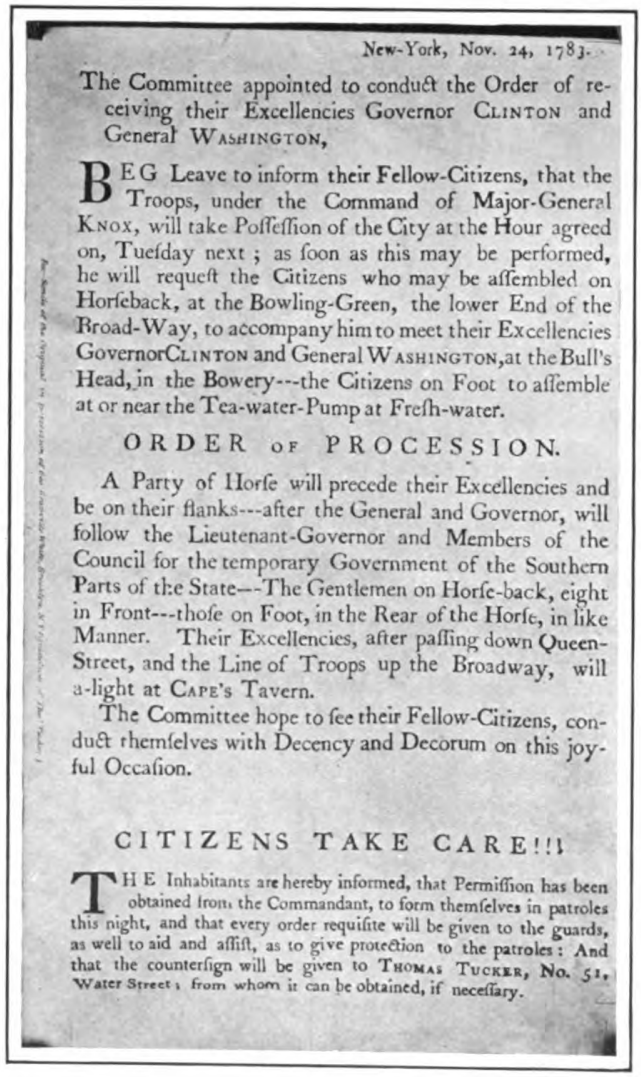
It did not take long for the army of occupation to appropriate all the available property in the street to its own purposes. The City Hall was immediately transformed into a guard-house and prison, and fortunate indeed were those who were incarcerated there, for they received humane treatment and escaped the horrors which were daily enacted in the sugar-houses and hulks where the majority of American prisoners were confined. One of the earliest inmates of this Wall Street prison was General Charles Lee, and it would have been well for him had he been detained there until the end of the war. He was, however, soon set at liberty, and his subsequent conduct not only led to his disgrace, but came perilously close to wrecking the American cause.

Another famous Wall Street building was likewise utilized for the purposes of the army, for the Presbyterian Church was soon pressed into service as a hospital for the British sick and wounded,

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and to adapt it to this use it was practically dismantled. These changes, however, merely marked the beginning of the end, for every house vacated by the Americans was immediately placed at the disposal of a British general or official; and so great was the demand for residential property for the housing of these gentlemen that the dwellings of all rebels were marked with a broad R to subject them to confiscation.

Wall Street thus practically became the headquarters of the army of occupation, and the entire neighborhood assumed a military air. General Knyphausen, the German commander of the Hessians, took possession of the McEvers mansion; General Robertson, the Royal Governor, established himself in the Verplanck mansion between William and Nassau streets,* and this same dwelling also sheltered Benedict Arnold for a short time after he turned traitor. General Riedesel, the Hessian, was another commander who resided in the once fashionable highway, and the famous Coffee House quickly became the favorite resort of all the army and navy officers quartered in the town.



New-York, Nov. 24, 1783.

The Committee appointed to conduct the Order of receiving their Excellencies Governor CLINTON and General WASHINGTON,

BEG Leave to inform their Fellow-Citizens, that the Troops, under the Command of Major-General KNOX, will take Poſſeſſion of the City at the Hour agreed on, Tueſday next; as ſoon as this may be performed, he will requeſt the Citizens who may be aſſembled on Horſeback, at the Bowling-Green, the lower End of the Broad-Way, to accompany him to meet their Excellencies GovernorCLINTON and General WASHINGTON, at the Bull's Head, in the Bowery---the Citizens on Foot to aſſemble at or near the Tea-water-Pump at Freſh-water.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

A Party of Horſe will precede their Excellencies and be on their flanks---after the General and Governor, will follow the Lieutenant-Governor and Members of the Council for the temporary Government of the Southern Parts of the State---The Gentlemen on Horſe-back, eight in Front---thoſe on Foot, in the Rear of the Horſe, in like Manner. Their Excellencies, after paſſing down Queen-Street, and the Line of Troops up the Broadway, will a-light at CAPE's Tavern.

The Committee hope to ſee their Fellow-Citizens, conduct themſelves with Decency and Decorum on this joyful Occaſion.

CITIZENS TAKE CARE!!!

THE Inhabitants are hereby informed, that Permiſſion has been obtained from the Commandant, to form themſelves in patroles this night, and that every order requiſite will be given to the guards, as well to aid and aſſiſt, as to give protection to the patroles: And that the counterſign will be given to THOMAS TUCKER, No. 51, Water Street; from whom it can be obtained, if neceſſary.

BROADSIDE ANNOUNCING WASHINGTON'S ENTRY INTO NEW YORK
From Original in Possession of the New York Historical Society

Under these conditions the whole aspect of the street gradually changed, its buildings steadily deteriorated, and before long very little remained of its former glory. In the summer of 1779 a feeble attempt was made to turn the grounds surrounding the blackened ruins of Trinity into a place of fashionable promenade, and with this idea they were enclosed with wooden railings painted green, lamps were hung in the trees, under which benches were placed, and concerts were given by the garrison bands, to which only people of quality were admitted. This was the only effort, however, which was made to restore Wall Street's prestige, and the following winter destroyed its last claim to beauty; for during the unprecedentedly cold weather, which permitted the transport of cannon to Staten Island over the ice-covered bay, all its stately shade trees were sacrificed

* Almost on the site of the present Assay Office.

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to provide fuel for the families of Generals Knyphausen, Riedesel, and other officers. From this time onward desolation and decay marked the highway for their own, and as the war drew to a close its condition passed from bad to worse; for the British naturally took no pains to preserve the property which they were soon to restore to its former owners, and dirt and débris were allowed to accumulate, until every street was a rubbish heap lined with wrecked, dismantled, or dilapidated buildings.

Such was the condition of Wall Street on the 25th of November, 1783, when Brigadier-General Henry Jackson, in command of about eight hundred men, stationed at McGowan's Pass, set his troops in motion for the Collect, or Fresh Water Pond, on the outskirts of the town, where he halted about noon under the orders of General Henry Knox, deputed by Washington to take possession of New York. At the same hour the rear guard of the British army of 6500 was marching down Broadway to embark for Staten Island, their brilliant uniforms and perfect equipment affording a brave sight for all beholders, and a little later in the afternoon one of Sir Guy Carleton's staff reported to the American commander that the last of his troops were on the transports at the Battery. This was the word which General Knox had been eagerly awaiting, and within a few minutes of its receipt the American column, composed of detachments of Massachusetts infantry, New York artillery, a militia company, and a troop of horse under Captain Stakes, was swinging toward the heart of the city. Down the Bowery road they swept with the stride of seasoned veterans, their motley uniforms encrusted with mud and showing signs of rough campaigning; their tarnished arms and torn colors presenting a sharp contrast to the display of the evacuating host. There was every evidence of discipline and training, however, in the movements and carriage of these weather-beaten soldiers, and as they passed through Chatham Square to Pearl (Queen) Street great crowds of enthusiastic citizens welcomed them with cheers, and falling in on either side of the conquering column, accompanied its march.

Then came the great moment for which Wall Street had waited and suffered for over seven years, and up the devastated highway, thronged with a joyous multitude, swung the tattered but stalwart ranks to the businesslike tap of drums and the music of exultant cheers. Onward they swept past the headless statue of Pitt, past shabby dwellings which their exiled owners would scarcely have recognized, past the head of Broad Street where the whipping-post had stood, past the dilapidated City Hall where the Stamp Congress had assembled, up the slight incline down which many a royal governor had paraded and along which countless throngs jostle and hurry to-day, past the dismantled Presbyterian Church where Whitfield and Jonathan Edwards had preached, to the mournful ruins of Trinity. Then, wheeling to the right, these representatives of the victorious armies lined up in Broadway near Cape's Tavern,* bravely displaying the arms of New York State upon its sign, and on that historic spot where Etienne De Lancey had built his home they halted and stood at parade rest till a salute of thirteen guns announced that the American flag floated over Fort George, and that the Revolution was ended.

On the evening of that day of days Washington attended a banquet in Wall Street. Its golden age was dawning.

* About 115 Broadway.



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The Oversight

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

UPON the lonely country road there appeared, in the middle of the forenoon in the early summer, two black buggies crawling one after the other toward John Dalt's house. So the same dark objects showed against the fields a great many times each year in the forenoons in visiting weather. A woman who was watching by the window in the small house across the road from John Dalt's knew that in response to her letter her cousins, Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin, were coming immediately back to the old homestead to see about things. She hardly noticed that Jimmie Seers and Ben Potkin were sitting thinly beside their wives. For Jimmie Seers and Ben Potkin did not count; so far as any good they would do was concerned they could well have stayed behind. They voluntarily took no part in the oversight of the old home and of John's wife. It was not their old home. Nor could they ever see anything amiss with the town woman. They acted as though they approved of her, and coming on a visit they did not come apostolically, which facts in Ann Dalt's mind reflected to a scandalous degree on their penetration and force of character, proving them mere dull gentlemen of straw. Journeying without staves, animated with the sad joy of duty to be done, Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin, on the comfortable seats of their buggies, held themselves as apostles on the hot Roman road.

John Dalt, when he married, had brought a town wife to the old home. It was an act contrary to all Dalt precedents. The Dalts had been born and had stayed a stubborn country family, very proud of the knowledge that they were born and bred to labor. The idea of John Dalt's marriage with a girl who had not been brought up to farmhouse work—in all probability to no work at all—amazed old Father Dalt, forever rubbing his hands obstinately through the white hair falling on his shoulders. It amazed and wounded the sisters, Aurelia and Miranda Dalt, then yet living in the homestead—strong women with heavy hair, neither of whom was young. There had shared with them in their feeling Ann Dalt across the road, bound to them by the ties of a like age and a cousinly sympathy.

The town wife had gone gayly under the old doorway in her silk bonnet and muslin dress and scarlet mitts. About the doorstone, in a circle, had stood old Father Dalt and his daughters with their hard pink country cheeks and frowning eyes. The little young face beneath the bonnet had smiled out at them in friendliness. They accepted the eager town hand—scarcely larger than a bird's claw—coldly. The small figure had shrunk in perplexity against John Dalt. John Dalt had laughed recklessly, and had drawn his wife to him in a contentment with his choice.

But she had but to pass by them over the stone, and the sisters were able to see the first of the town wife's infirmities. They whispered to each other keenly behind her back.

"Turrible little, ain't she?"

"*I* don't call anybody so peaked *pretty!*"

"Ain't she got thin hair!"

"The thinnest hair I ever seen!"

As the silk bonnet was taken off in the parlor, showing more plainly the delicate, dark hair, Aurelia drew herself up stiffly before her sister-in-law.

"I s'pose," she catechised, "you kin iron shirt fronts?"

"An' wash 'n' churn?" put in Miranda.

John's wife pulled off her scarlet mitts. She turned her face to them, with its wedding joy on it. "Why, no," she cried; "I've not been brought up to work!" It was as bad as they had feared. "But I can learn," she added, with a gay willingness.

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Still, along the countryside lingered Aurelia's and Miranda's tales of John Dalt's wife learning—wringing her small hands and crying above the churn when the butter would not come, developing the first signs of nerves over John's shirt bosoms, and running, in a sort of childish misery and wildness, from the tubs out into the road to look away towards town.

Standing over her, the two sisters took their initial step in their long path of duty.

When in time they married, and went away to live on their inheritances of two farms lying near each other at some distance from the homestead, they did not forsake the path. They were never too much occupied with their own affairs in their new homes to oversee affairs in their old home, which had been willed to John. That their oversight was not desired by their brother, but curiously resented—John Dalt did not cease to be contented with his wife,—made no difference to them. They knew what duty was. And they could not abandon their first principles, as even the father, the stubbornest of all the family, had abandoned his. Old Father Dalt had taken a liking to the town woman. In his admiration of what she had learned to do he was willing to overlook the fact that she had not been born to do it. In the winter of his dying, before his stubborn hands, going feebly through his white hair, fell idle, he said to her affectionately: "Ye done a whole lot better'n I thought ye would. Ye air an awful good, smart little thing."

Ann Dalt had written in her letter that John's wife had fallen to worrying about a ringing in her head. The handwriting, marked by no symptoms of nervous fancies, went on with the horrified words: "An' she wants to rent the old place for a year an' drag John an' the children to town—says she's got to git away from the *tree-toads at night,* an' says the doctor says she's got to hev a change right 'way from farm work for a while. O' course John says it 'll be nice to go—he's so easy." The stamp on her letter had gone on upside down, such was her sense of outrage and her haste.

To her cousins, Ann Dalt was an inestimable blessing. Living so near, a single woman with nothing to distract her attention but her old, crippled mother sitting in the corner and marvelling at the slowness of the clock, she had an opportunity to exercise over the happenings in the old house an oversight, vicarious and unwearied. Her keen calls on John's wife, her immemorial efforts behind the window pane, had enormously enabled them as Mrs. Seers and Mrs. Potkin to keep up their seeing to things from afar. Her letters were minute chronicles, epistles to two distant fellow apostles. Receiving them, her cousins knew whither the path of duty led. "She's a-usin' the parlor weekday!" "She's a-changin' the place o' the old hall table!" "She's a-cleanin' house turrible late this year!" "She wants John to paint them old shutters *brown instid o' keepin' 'em green,* as they've always been!"—these, and other things of a like deviation from the Dalt ideals, she had written through the years.

Yet notwithstanding that for so long she had chronicled enormities, Ann Dalt, sending this particular letter, was aware that she would set the black buggy wheels revolving as seldom before. She had a melancholy pleasure in the thought that she was adding the last stripe to scourged backs. Her own stout back had suffered it, as she dipped her pen in and out of the ink bottle. She knew what Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin would think about renting the old place for a year and dragging John and the children to town, merely because of a ringing in the head.

When the buggies reached the gates she was very near the window pane. A tall, lean, middle-aged woman, her habit of watching things had given her a little of the aspect of a hungry cat at a mouse hole. Back in the room under a low ceiling a very old woman moved her cane upon the floor.

"Does John see 'em comin'?" she asked.

"M-m-m!" Ann Dalt threw back over her shoulder.

"What's *she* doin'?"

"She's a-comin' out o' the kitchen door, an' she ain't a-lookin', from here, 's if she needs to make a change 't all."

Her mother stooped, troubled, in her chair. She had a tender old face, broken by age. "Mebbe—" she quavered.

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Ann Dalt's eyes snapped incredulously. No Dalts ever had nerves. To the healthy Dalt women to insist on having nerves of God was as unnecessary as to demand, notionally, two heads. They recognized the ailments of fevers and colds and such tangible sicknesses, but they did not know what nerves were. And seldom employing doctors, they by no means placed implicit confidence in their notions. As for tree-toads at night, they relished their voices. Nor was farmhouse work ever too heavy for any sensible person. The idea that it was could be nothing but another sign of a town flightiness.

"A ringin' in your head ain't nothin'," she said.

The old woman grasped her cane tremulously. "O' course 'tain't!" she cried. To have something to talk about day after day and an interest in life when her feet were crippled and her country hours were grown wonderfully dull, she, too, for all her tender face, must needs cry out upon how things were going in Aurelia Seers's and Miranda Potkin's old home.

"None o' them children air Dalts," her daughter adjudicated, in severe reproof, seeing a number of little dark heads from the window.

"Not a single one of 'em," the old woman criticised, triumphantly. Then suddenly she sank into retrospection. Six times had she, with her talent for nursing in the past, gone across the road to John Dalt's wife in answer to a hasty summons. Six times had she, by and by, held an alien flannel bundle lovingly against her experienced breast.

"But they was awful sweet," she dreamed. She rocked to and fro as a nurse rocks a child.

Ann Dalt sniffed, speaking the plain truth, according to her practice. "Bein' sweet don't make 'em Dalts," she said.

The old woman did not hear her. Her eyes were still filmed with memories. She gave a soft laugh of entertainment. "I ricollect them stories 'bout town she used to tell me when she was a-gittin' better. She was dreadful good company." She stared out into the room, as though a strange pageant swept before her. Again she gave her soft, charmed old laugh. "An', after all," she protested resentfully, "she learnt to work, an' I always did like her. She's been awful good to me."

Ann Dalt went pointedly by her into the kitchen. Whenever her cousins and their husbands came to the old homestead for dinner they came to her house for supper. She tipped up the flour barrel. "A-wantin' to make a change," she called back, indignantly. "None of the rest of us need to hev a change."

The old woman fell to nodding dully above her cane. "The idee," she scolded, "of makin' a change!"

Across the road, going through the gates into the dooryard, Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin assumed the attitude of grief which was customary with them on their visits to the old home. To-day it was grief of a remarkably deep order. They looked not unlike. The amplitude of proportion which they had possessed as younger women had developed into stoutness. Aurelia Seers's features were the stronger, her chin more pronounced. Both still kept their pink cheeks of health. Their dresses were similar, made of brown linen. Aurelia's had so many hard, bright buttons down the front that with the hard bright brooch at her throat and her hard bright eyes she seemed to possess a line of observation which little could escape. Miranda's dress did not have the buttons, but it had the habit of creaking whenever she breathed deeply. The hands of each were clasped upon their dark laps. Miranda Potkin's fingers never went quite into the ends of her gloves. Nothing about her at this moment was more acutely reproachful of John Dalt's wife's making a change to town than these limp cotton tips.

The old house rose familiarly before them, with its red chimneys. It had the outside air of a house irreproachably kept within. But beholding this, there was no upliftment; for folded back from the clean window panes the old shutters were brown instead of green. John Dalt had painted them the color his wife wanted, although his sisters had, on receipt of Ann Dalt's letter, made a visit to prevent it. Their journeys were not always fruitful of good results. They could often only have the inward comfort that they had done what they could. Aurelia Seers shook her head mournfully. She could hardly bear the sight of the shutters. She looked

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Drawn by Frances Rogers

"I S'POSE," SHE CATECHISED, "YOU KIN IRON SHIRT FRONTS?"

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away from them to the kitchen chimney, from which curled the blue smoke of promise. It was possible to see two black buggies a long ways off upon the road. In the dooryard four of John's wife's children were scurrying about anxiously like a little pack of new hounds, and intuitively she and Miranda Potkin knew that they were running down a couple of spring chickens. They accepted the token gloomily. It was no more than right that in coming back to their old home they should have a chicken dinner.

Aurelia Seers, her husband pulling up his horse, clambered first out of her buggy. John Dalt and his wife were waiting at the hitching-post with the two youngest children. Aurelia extended her hard hand to her brother in the sympathizing condolence which she and Miranda had adopted toward him since his marriage. Whatever happened, they never blamed their brother John. It was only since his marriage that they had for him the proper perspective. Before it they had not infrequently quarrelled with him unsympathetically, Dalt stubbornness sometimes setting different ways. But now there was no one for whom they had such protecting tenderness, so large a sympathy.

"Well, John, how air you?" she said. "Mirandy an' I thought we'd jest hev to come up an' see how you air gettin' 'long."

Miranda Potkin followed after her sister closely to greet her brother. She seldom herself took the initiative in speech. But suffering Aurelia to speak first, she, speaking a few moments later, gathered a greater positiveness and firmness even than Aurelia, who was always very positive and firm.

"You ain't a-lookin' well 't all," she said. "'Rely an' I knowed you wouldn't. We jest had to come up to see you an' the old place."

As Aurelia was shaking her head in a melancholy fashion, she began to shake hers in a depression of sadness.

John Dalt dropped the hands of his sisters quickly. He had healthy pink cheeks like theirs, but his kind eyes were different. He reached out cordially for the hands of Jimmie Seers and Ben Potkin.

The sisters turned to his wife and kissed her. Their manner was delicate. It implied many things—their nobility in kissing her after the havoc she had wrought in their feelings, their justified disapproval of whatever she was contemplating doing—she had so long done what they did not approve of that they now felt it eminently consistent to disapprove of everything she did—and finally their possession of anatomies which had no nerves, which possession it could not but be admitted was a great credit to their common sense. Through Aurelia Seers's attitude of grief broke the sad joy of apostleship which had animated her in coming along the road. She knew how to deal encouragingly with any one having nervous notions.

"I must say, Laura," she said, in her loud, firm voice, "*you* air a-lookin' well."

"I dun'no'," said Miranda Potkin, yet more loudly and more firmly, "when I ever seen you hev sech a good color."

They bent to peck nicely at the cheeks of the children who were twisting shyly in their mother's skirts.

"My!" exclaimed Aurelia Seers, "don't they look del'cate!"

"My land!" exclaimed Miranda Potkin. "I never see my children, Laura, all lookin' so healthy, but what I feel turrible 'bout yours a-being' all so del'cate."

They gave her, commiseratingly, the bundles which they had brought from the buggies. They never came back to their old home empty-handed—whoever in the world failed to do what was right, they did not. Wrapped in the newspapers were a handsome jar of pickles and a large jar of apple butter. Aurelia Seers was a notable pickle-maker, and Miranda Potkin could not deny that she especially excelled in apple butter.

John Dalt's wife took the bundles without saying anything. Her thin face, flushed from the heat of the kitchen stove, flushed more deeply at their words. Going in under the old front doorway gayly in her wedding garments, she had come now to meet them from the back door in a calico dress, a tired town woman with eager eyes.

Aurelia Seers noticed her sister-in-law's quietness about her pickles sensitively. She whispered to Miranda, as they went over the grass of the door-

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yard into the house, "I guess we ain't so very welcome—a-comin' back to our old home."

Miranda Potkin stepped inadvertently into a sunken spot in the grass. "It's turrible to be treated so a-comin' bub—back—home." Her last words were jolted out of her in a dismal way.

They put their bonnets on the bed upstairs in the spare room. Their minds reverted to the dooryard. They sighed heavily.

"The limbs o' that flowerin' quince ought to be cut off!"

"The idee o' her gettin' John to trim off the branches o' that May rose!"

"Ain't she got an awful lot o' geraniums!"

"A turrible lot of 'em."

Miranda Potkin sank down into the chintz-covered chair by the window, while Aurelia was smoothing her hair before the glass. She looked over to Ann Dalt's house. On the stretch of green between the gates she caught sight of something which she had not seen when driving through.

"I declare," she ejaculated, "there's a pig!"

Aurelia Seers came hastily to see. There, undeniably, was a white pig, rooting comfortably. When they had lived on the place the space between the gates had not known anything of the animal kingdom. There they had often walked in the evening after the day's work was done. Now, staring down horrified at the pig, it seemed to them that the stretch of green had only known presences of the kingdom of heaven.

Aurelia Seers shook her head sombrely. "A man can't stand everything. I dun'no' *what* Jimmie 'd do if I had nerves."

"I do b'lieve Ben Potkin 'd hev committed suicide or something if I'd hev had 'em—anyway, he'd hev turned pigs all over the place, an' mebbe cows an' horses."

They looked at the spare room. Going away, they had claimed certain of the articles of furniture in the house. Among other things, Aurelia had taken the old four-poster bed from the spare room, and Miranda the high bureau with the glass candlesticks on it. They had had some words over them, as each had wanted the four-poster, but now they were at peace about the matter. In place of the articles they had taken, John's wife had put a bed and bureau of her own. Aurelia Seers surveyed them reprovingly.

"My! ain't things changed! I tell you it don't look nat'ral 'thout that old four-poster bed o' ma's."

Miranda Potkin arose from the chintz-covered chair. "Nor 'thout that bureau with them glass candlesticks a-settin' on it. I can't never get used to her town things."

They went out of the spare room to make their pained tour of the upper rooms while belowstairs dinner was getting ready. Each room through which they went, the room with the blue glass door-knob, the room with the crooked floor, the room with the hard bed where they had slept together as girls, the kitchen chamber, was marked by the same cleanliness and eager care as the spare room. But each room was to them a sad experience. If the beds and bureaus were the same, the bed spots and the bureau spots were not. Aurelia Seers looked broodingly about her, with her eyes and the brooch and the hard, bright buttons down the front of her dress. Miranda Potkin's skirt trailed ominously behind her and her basque creaked.

In the kitchen chamber, where beneath them they could hear the sounds of dinner, Aurelia Seers repeated again, for the dozenth time, "My! ain't things changed!"

Miranda Potkin could only pull her basque down deeply and creak for a moment.

"That old red bed set over there!"

"An' the old washstand set over *here!*"

Aurelia opened the closet door and peered in. "We always used to hev a pair o' John's old trousers he didn't wear no more a-hangin' up here—they ain't none here now," she grieved. They picked up their skirts about them, going down the little, clean, crooked back stairs. "O' course," she went on, in her loud, firm voice, "we can't let on how we feel 'bout things."

"No," said Miranda Potkin, "we've jest got to keep our feelin's to ourselves."

In the kitchen John's wife was bend-

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ing nervously over the stove. "Don't trouble to get up much of a dinner for *us,* Laura," said Aurelia. She merely glanced up at them with her worried face. They sought the back yard, where they stood together, peering into the hencoops.

Summoned in to dinner, they did not broach the subject of the duty which had brought them. They saved it for the parlor in the afternoon, when John's wife would be through her work and the men would have gone out of the house. They did not want to worry John any more than was necessary—no doubt he was worried enough already. They rarely now fulfilled their duty before him, since the occasion of the shutters. "Ain't you 'n' Mirandy got *nothin'* to 'tend to at home?" he had demanded of them so warmly on that occasion that he had appeared more than willing to throw a shutter at their kind frames.

At the head of the table he dished the chicken on the plates. Down the table six little dark heads bobbed in excitement, turned toward the platter. John Dalt's wife's children were lovingly mended. Their faces shone with soap. Ben Potkin, sitting very tall in his chair, beamed upon them kindly.

John Dalt cheerfully introduced the subject which had brought his sisters.

"I tell you we'll put on airs when we go to town," he boasted. Jimmie Seers started to laugh, but Aurelia looking at him, he merely choked upon his chicken bone.

Abner Dalt spoke out shyly: "I'm a-goin' to roll a hoop 'long the street, like ma used to."

His sister Annie pushed a mop of dark hair out of her eyes. "An' I'm a-goin' to see the house where ma lived."

"Thereth a wed wockin'-chair on the porch!" a child beside Abner sang out, shrilly. On his aunts' visits he was always staring with a quite unreasoning defiance at his aunt Aurelia Seers.

"That 'll cure ma," John Dalt cried, hopefully,—"to set in that rockin'-chair in town every day."

Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin ate distantly. A pair of black eyes were fixed upon them.

"You've got anuther bweast pin on!" little Petie Dalt chirped, suddenly, from beside Abner, in a defiant triumph.

Aurelia Seers coldly wiped the accidental apple sauce from her bosom. "I always try to keep *my* children from a-talkin' at the table," she said, shaking her head.

Neither she nor Miranda Potkin encouraged John Dalt's wife to think much about the ringing in her head by taking any notice of the fact that during dinner she sat before her plate eating nothing.

Helping with the dinner dishes, they went from the rinsing-pan to the cupboard in the wall with a heavy tread of proprietorship. After Annie Dalt had been sent to hang the dish-towels on the dish-towel tree and to mind the youngest children, they sat down in the parlor. Although it would have hurt them to be received in any room in the old house but the parlor, it nevertheless hurt them to see that the room was opened on a week day. Their rockers sounded with a groaning disapproval. Aurelia began to fan herself slowly with the fan she had brought with her—a palm leaf bound about with a border of gingham. For some time she sat sighing and fanning and looking down at the carpet.

"Well, Laura," she said at last to John Dalt's wife, "we didn't know but what you'd be gone by the time we got here—we heerd you air a-goin' away."

Miranda Potkin creaked. "We hurried up to come afore you set out on your travels. I'm sure we both hope you'll enjoy yourself in town." As Aurelia was looking melancholically at a leaf in the pattern of the carpet, she looked at a leaf and a flower and the plain space between them in an acute dejection.

John Dalt's wife opened her lips to speak, but Aurelia went on.

"O' course it don't make no diff'rence 'bout the old place a-runnin' down and a-goin' to pieces—it don't make no diff'rence 'bout our old ho-ome." She drew out the word in her contained grief. She put her handkerchief, with its embroidered edge, up to her eyes. It hid them. But there remained to see what was going on the hard, bright brooch and the hard, bright buttons on her dress.

"It don't make a mite o' diff'rence 'bout our old ho-o-ome," threw in her sister, putting up her handkerchief with the P in the corner.

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"They ain't nothin'," said Aurelia, "worse on a place 'n rentin' it. A rented place 'll go to rack an' ruin inside a year. But if you feel you must go, we won't say nothin' to hinder. As Mirandy says, we hope you'll enjoy yourself in town."

At this mention of her recent utterance Miranda Potkin creaked dismally.

John Dalt's wife put her hand to her head. "I'm not going away to have a good time. I've got to have a change."

Aurelia Seers shook her head. "I ain't much of a hand to make no changes myself. I'm afeerd to." She held her fan poised in an awful stillness. "I heerd of a woman onct that took her husband an' children 'way for a year from the place where they'd always lived—an' they all sickened, *an' one of 'em died.*"

"I s'pose she thought 'twas a vis'tation on her for goin'?" asked Miranda Potkin, with more cheerfulness than she had before managed to gather during the day.

"I dun'no' what she thought—I only know what I'd hev felt if I'd ha' done it. It don't never pay to run 'way from your duties. O' course, Laura, I ain't a-sayin' you air a-runnin' 'way from yours. Everybody knows what's best for 'em to do. I never interfere with nobody."

"No, 'Rely, I know you don't," said Miranda Potkin, "an' I don't."

"Oh!" said John Dalt's wife, fiercely, her small, tired face flashing.

Aurelia Seers, speaking always more in sorrow than in anger, fanned forbearingly. "As I say, I dun'no' what she thought. Mebbe she re'lized after that the danger o' makin' changes with del'cate children an' a husband that has always lived in the same place—her children was always awful del'cate."

"'Twas a turrible risk to take!" Miranda Potkin exclaimed. She threw up both her hands. "I'm sure I hope nothin' 'll happen to your children, Laura, in town—bein' all so del'cate. An' I hope nothin' 'll happen to John, for your sake." She added, kindly, "John ain't a-lookin' a mite well." The gingham border waved to and fro. "Petie ain't never got over that attack of pneumony he had, has he?"

John Dalt's wife's worn town hands tightened. "No," she said.

Aurelia Seers pursued the subject with the same firm indirectness. "I was talkin' the other day with Mary Speers, an' she was tellin' me 'bout havin' a ringin' in her head—that's a real nice-settin' waist you have on, Laura—Mary Speers thinks doctors air always makin' mistakes. She don't hev a mite o' faith in 'em. She said her ringin' wasn't no sign o' sickness 't all. She was jest a-gittin' deef."

"She's turrible deef," said Miranda Potkin, with another rally of cheerfulness.

"O' course," continued Aurelia Seers, "deefness air an affliction—I ain't the one to deny it. But as I told Mary Speers, we've got to take what the Lord sends us. He never sends nothin' too much for us to bear." She glanced up reverently and healthily at the border of the wall-paper.

"Trust in the Lord—that's my motto," Miranda Potkin creaked. She had a comfortable air of heavenly intimacy.

There was a deferential pause. After a while Aurelia Seers broke it. "Mary had sech a time turnin' her black silk." John Dalt's wife did not appear to hear her, so presently she raised her firm voice tactfully for the benefit of any one in the parlor who might be getting deaf.

It was a long story. It was interrupted by the scraping of feet on the door-stone. John Dalt and Jimmie Seers and Ben Potkin came into the room. John Dalt took the wheat straw out of his mouth. His wife looked at him anxiously.

"Well, how air you an' Mirandy gittin' 'long these days?" he asked, good-naturedly.

Aurelia Seers sighed. "We air jest goin' 'long, John, a-doin' our duty as we've always done."

"We ain't a-makin' no *changes*," said Miranda Potkin.

Little Petie Dalt slipped into the room and climbed up on his mother's lap. She put her arms around him suddenly in a nervous fear. He gazed out defiantly over them at his aunt Aurelia Seers.

"I'm sure I'd like nothin' better 'n to stay in the old home. They ain't nothin' I ain't fond of about it—down to them *old tree-toads outdoors at night!*"

"I couldn't a-bear to leave it!"

John Dalt grinned. "How on airth

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did ye ever come to go 'way?" he inquired, pleasantly. He looked past his sister to Jimmie Seers and Ben Potkin.

Jimmie Seers laughed.

Little Petie Dalt squirmed in aggravation. "Ain't she a-never goin' home?" he asked, distinctly, before his mother's hand could stop him.

Aurelia Seers compressed her lips. In the spare room putting on her bonnet she shook her head so many times that the stiff ribbon bows were on one side. Coming down the stairway she had an appearance of rakish gloom. Miranda creaked behind her, the limp tips of her gloves betraying her sensations.

They kissed John Dalt's wife good-by at the door.

"We had a real good dinner," Aurelia Seers said, being always mannerly. "I hope you'll enjoy yourself in town."

"As I said," said Miranda Potkin, "I hope the Lord 'll spare all the family to you. We've had sech a pleasant day."

They walked across the road to Ann's house while their husbands drove over with the buggies.

Ann Dalt was waiting for them. She was watching, stooped forward intently by her tea-roses. Aurelia Seers forestalled her question. "We done all we could, Ann." She looked back at the homestead. "They ain't nothin' Miranda 'n' I wouldn't do for our old home."

Chronicling events after the visit, Ann Dalt was able to write in congratulation to Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin that their efforts had not been wasted as sometimes before. "She ain't a-goin' to go 'way. John says he can't get her to go. She's real bothered now at the idee o' draggin' him an' the children to town, an' she don't say no more 'bout that ringin' in her head."

It was a great relief.

Through the rest of the summer months, when the work in farmhouses was heavier than at any other time in the year, she could go on writing that affairs in the old home were staying well straightened out. She did not have anything to write about in any respect of such importance as to bring her cousins back again in the hot days. Only comparatively bearable matters fell to her pen. "She's a-lettin' Petie run out a turrible lot in the sun"; "Why don't she braid Annie's hair, 'stid o' lettin' it hang loose 'cause she thinks it looks pretty?—when we was Annie's age we had our hair braided an' long afore"; "She's a-washin' this week—she ought to hev washed last"; "I must say she's a-workin' awful hard over havin' the thrashers to dinner an' supper, but I guess we all hev to work in the summer time."

But in the early autumn a strange thing happened at the old home to write down to summon back Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin.

"*She's a-dyin'!*" She wrote hurriedly before her kitchen table. In the other room her mother was sobbing upon her cane.

She went down to the road to meet the visiting black buggies as they came again. Her hair blew about her astonished face in the wind. Even before they reached her she could see how grieved Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin were. Already Miranda Potkin had feelingly taken the pink roses out of her bonnet. Jimmie Seers and Ben Potkin slowed their horses quietly. Aurelia leaned out of her buggy.

"She ain't gone yet?" she asked in a muffled tone. As in the early summer, the sisters feared they had not reached the old home before John Dalt's wife had set out on her travels.

"No," said Ann Dalt, lugubriously, "but 'twon't be long."

Aurelia Seers shook her head sorrowfully and put her handkerchief up to her eyes.

"My!" said Miranda Potkin, in a hollow voice, "you can't never tell what's a-goin' to happen." Her limp cotton tips indicated the uncertainty of existence.

"I was so fond of her," said Aurelia Seers from behind her handkerchief.

"We was all turrible fond of her." Ann Dalt stood against the wind.

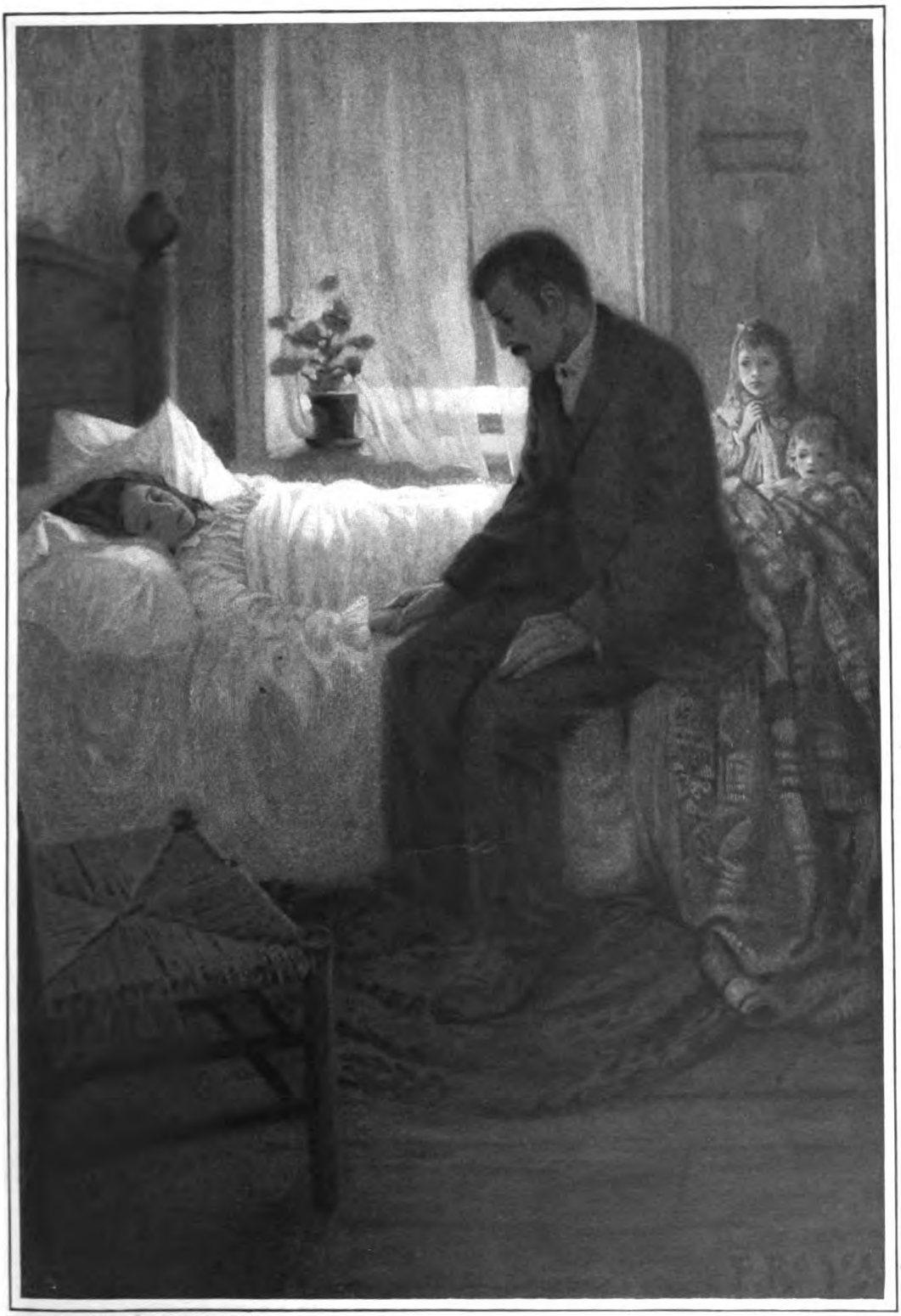
"My!" sighed Miranda Potkin, affectionately, "it's dreadful hard she had to be called to go."

Under the blue autumnal sky John Dalt's wife was forgiven, even to her wanting to rent the old home for a year and make a change for her health.

The buggies drove on slowly.

Reaching the old house, Aurelia Seers and Miranda Potkin entered it on tip-

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Drawn by Frances Rogers

HER HAND WAS IN JOHN DALT'S, WHO SAT BESIDE HER SILENTLY

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toe. In the downstairs bedroom John Dalt's wife lay in a hot and restless sleep. Her hand was in John Dalt's, who sat beside her silently. The small, burning face on the pillow, with the delicate hair tumbled feverishly about it, seemed not so much that of a woman as that of a young girl, wearily dying. In contrast with it the faces of the sisters, bending over the bedside, looked sinister and old. Once the eyes opened.

"We'll all meet again, Laura," Aurelia Seers sniffled in death-bed comfort. Miranda Potkin cried. But the eyes closed again, too dulled to brighten with any admiration of joys to come.

The two sombre figures, leaving the bedside at intervals, moved capably about the old house. John Dalt's wife's children were huddled into frightened groups, although only the oldest knew what was wrong with them. "My! how much we thought of your ma!" Miranda Potkin said to Annie Dalt, bravely tying knots in the corner of her pink apron. Aurelia Seers picked up Abner very kindly when he stubbed his toe and fell, not seeing the floor quite plainly. She gave him a piece of bread and jam, which for that time comforted him, being easier to swallow on than his tears. She tried to draw to her knee, to tell him a funny story about bears, little Petie Dalt, from whom all knowledge had been kept. But he kicked her skirts in suspicion. "I want my *mather*," he wailed, defiantly, "I want my *mather*."

In the gray dawn of the next day, when it was all over, Aurelia Seers started up the kitchen fire and made a pot of coffee. Ann Dalt had come in the night, bringing her mother with her, who, passionately, would not be left behind. She had tried to warm John Dalt's wife's feet in her trembling old hands. Now she shivered by the kitchen stove. The children were not wakened—even little Petie Dalt was not suspicious of his aunt Aurelia Seers allowing him to sleep until morning. Jimmie Seers and Ben Potkin had gone to get some sleep. John Dalt was wandering about the dooryard forlornly.

The women sat close together over their cups. Ann Dalt's mother alone could not drink her coffee. She sat gulping childishly above it. "Mebbe she was sick," she said, over and over; "mebbe she was sick."

Aurelia Seers sipped her coffee slowly, shaking her head. "Nobody could hev done no more for her 'n I did," she sighed.

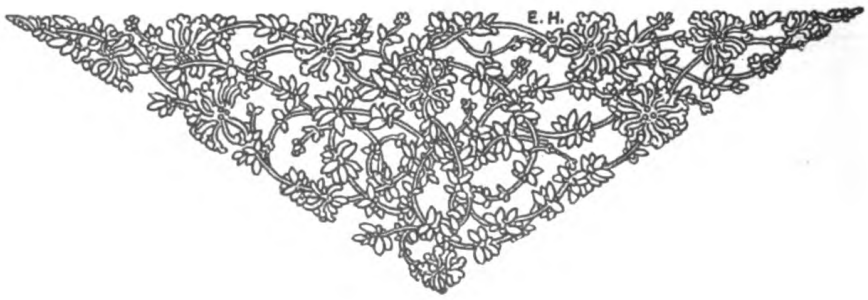
Miranda Potkin took a little more cream. "I'm awful glad I ain't got nothin' to reproach myself for—I done all I could." She paused for a second, not able to enumerate all her good deeds, crowding so thickly upon her. "The things I've brung her! The very last time I was here I gave her a jar o' apple butter —'twas awful nice, if I do say it."

"It's sech a comfort to us now," said Ann Dalt, stirring up her sugar, "to know that we all done what we could."

The coffee created within them a pleasant warmth.

Slowly outside the kitchen window the gray dawn deepened into day. It put the night behind them. Aurelia Seers yawned. It was the first day of the week. By good rights she and Miranda Potkin and Ann Dalt should to-day have been at their washings. Slowly she came back to the great injustices of life.

"A-dyin' on a Monday!" she criticised under her breath.



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Editor's Easy Chair

THEY were talking of the efforts of the East Side tenants to have their rents lowered, last winter, and of the tumultuous rush of the unemployed to get work at shovelling snow after the mid-January blizzard. Those things are now in the far past: the rents have been lowered to a merely nominal rate, or, if they have not, the weather is now so mild that the insurgent tenant can sleep out of doors, or live with his or her family very comfortably on the sidewalk where they have been set with their furniture. For the same meteorological reasons there is no longer any necessity for shovelling snow, but at the time the conversation supposed to have been held was holding, those events were very burning issues.

She said, after they had turned them over gingerly at first, so as not to get their fingers scorched, before grappling fearlessly with them, "Let me see; weren't you very much taken up with these things once upon a time?"

"What things?"

"Oh, the East Side people, and the poor generally; and their cause."

He answered with unexpected frankness: "Yes, very much indeed," but he asked less agreeably, "Weren't you?"

She was surprised into owning with a sigh: "Yes, I *was*. I wonder I'm not so still. But I am not, and I had better confess it. I used to worry about the poor all the time. I went to all the meetings of the board, and got them to let me be a visitor, though those who knew best said that the cases which came up could be much better managed by the salaried agents of the society. I had the sight of the poor creatures continually before my eyes, and after I had visited them several times, I had the smell of them in my nostrils. You know that poverty smell?" He nodded. "Well, I should call my state of mind one of obsession; I can't call it anything else. I had no peace. I wanted to take care of the sufferers. But when I stopped, they seemed to take care of themselves; at least, they did for all I knew. I stopped going to the board meetings, let alone visiting, and the whole thing went out of my mind. When I quit thinking about them I quit seeing so many distressing cases in the papers. These things seem to come in waves, don't you think?"

"Like light; and when the ebb comes it leaves you in darkness, you mean?"

"Something of the sort, yes. Though not exactly that. But go on."

"I don't know that I was going to say anything further. But there is something very curious in these moral phenomena. When you are interested in the misery of the poor you see it, smell it, everywhere. When you are struck by the luxury of the rich, the sense of it focusses itself upon you on every hand. When you turn to something else they both stop, but you cannot really abolish them by simply turning your face from them; you will find them there when you look again."

"Yes, you do find misery, at least; we are finding it now, in the newspapers, anyway."

"Yes," he admitted, "but we find it only in very dramatic instances, like this lockout of the landlords, or this precipitation of the unemployed by the blizzard. Still, even in such cases, do you feel quite as you once did about it? Doesn't it approach your consciousness through the æsthetic sense, like the noble terror of tragedy, and leave your conscience at peace?"

"No, it doesn't leave *my* conscience at peace. Of course, I enjoy, in a certain way, the thought of those poor girls and poor women standing out against the landlords and actually forcing them to come down in their demands; and the mental vision of the twenty thousand unemployed flinging themselves upon the snowdrifts with their shovels, and piling them up into dirty heaps to rot and run away in muddy water along the avenues, is something splendidly dramatic; but

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I sincerely pity them all, too. And I know I shall not sleep a wink to-night."

"What good will that do them?"

"It will do *me* good."

"Ah, it's always ourselves that we wish to do good!"

"No!" she answered fiercely; but she added more and more relentingly: "I can't allow you to say such a thing. We seem always to do ourselves good because it's easier."

"The others are difficult, certainly," he mused.

"And the great question is what to do about it."

He did not flinch from the great question, apparently. "Why," he began, "you know how people do when they are goaded into trying to do good to others, through not feeling their own good good enough. They select some class of sufferers and then they organize. They create themselves presidents, or at least secretaries, and they worry persons of prominence into being vice-presidents upon the understanding that no manner of service shall be asked of them; they make the least obnoxious banker, the least guilty capitalist, their treasurer, and then they commence sending out circulars to the city directory at large, and making personal appeals in their own handwriting to their friends and acquaintance for the sockless, or the shoeless, or the overcoatless, or the one-legged or one-eyed, or the hard-of-hearing. Any sort of Home, or Refuge, or Exile, or Cure will serve as an outlet for the charitable energies of the foundress: you must allow that it is mostly women who wish to befriend the friendless at the expense of their friends or their acquaintance, or their fellow beings.

"Yes," she sighed, "and then you hear on all hands how much *good* so-and-so is doing!"

"But even the people who praise her don't know how *much* good she is doing. They think merely of her beneficiaries; they never think of her involuntary, her reluctant agents, on whom she inflicts the blessing of paying with their purses and persons, and whose consciences she soothes through the sense of their good deeds. When she gets tired of it all, or when it grows beyond her powers, she hands the whole business over to a corps of secretaries, nice girls who certainly earn the salaries she pays them out of the common fund."

He stopped, and she asked, "Do you think you ought to make fun of it?"

"No, certainly not. It's a very serious matter, all round. But it's only a part of the general disability of our economic system. We live in an *impasse*."

"Yes," she assented dreamily, "we do." Then she pulled herself up. "But, even if most of the charities have their ridiculous side, we are bidden to do charity, aren't we?"

"Yes, we certainly are—on a sort of wholesale plan. 'Sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and turn—' you know the rest. Anything less seems grotesque, and that seems impossible."

"I don't know about that," she returned, with spirit.

"Do you think of trying it?"

"Oh no, I suppose not," she said, with a lapse of energy. "But even if we did that, do you believe that it would relieve that—that—"

"Distressing sense of fulness, which seems to come from any sort of superfluity?"

"Yes," she unwillingly assented.

"It certainly ought. It would remove the source of the discomfort, beyond question. But whether a mechanical sort of distress wouldn't remain—a kind of persistent disturbance of the moral centres— No, we don't know whether it would work or not."

"It has never been tried, really," she mused.

"Oh yes, it has. Lots of people have given themselves up to a life of poverty for the sake of the poor."

"But not *nice* people. Not people one *knows*."

"Oh, I grant you that. And you are quite right in believing that no nice person can begin. I have thought a good deal about this matter."

She had fallen back in despair; she now leaned forward in hope. "I *knew* you had. Why don't you tell me what you've thought? I'm sure that there must be some way—"

"Yes, there is. It is the method that has been practised by the rich from the beginning. By the way, did you ever ask yourself who the rich really were?"

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"Yes, often; but I've never found out. Do *you* call *yourself* rich?"

"No. I have a comfortable income which suffices for my modest wants, and leaves me something over at the year's end—to buy Christmas presents. But I shouldn't call myself rich."

"I'm sure," she said, reflectively, "nobody could say I *dress* extravagantly. I never go to those expensive dressmakers; I think it is shameful; and I often trim my own hats—or sometimes."

"I understand. And I have given up all my clubs but one—the one I like—and there are summers when I not only don't go to Europe, but hardly out of town. It's very comfortable at the club."

"Are you making fun of me?"

"Certainly not. But I'll own that I think we're both rather absurd, trying to disclaim riches. Riches is a purely relative thing. Riches in another is having a good deal more than *you* have. To most of the hard-working folk in this town *we* are rich, though we know very well that we are not, and that compared with those we could name we are miserably poor. Still, I think we are in a position to practise the philosophy of the rich in respect to the poor. I don't say it's a conscious philosophy, or that it's of invariable application. I don't say it's always practicable even."

"And what is it?"

"I hadn't got to that yet. We must first clarify our minds and own up to the facts we find in them."

"Oh, do you think that would be pleasant?" she faltered. "Well?"

"We have got to find out what our emotion really is when we are impelled to help the poor, to do the sort of modified charity by which we hope to beat our way into bliss. Is it pity for the poor, or is it pity for ourselves? Is it generosity, or selfishness? Is it to give them relief, or to escape from a sense of the guilty advantage which we seem to be enjoying through their misfortune?"

"I should say that if we were sorry for them, it was no harm to be sorry for ourselves too. We are sorry because we put ourselves in their place; and all the good in the world and all the progress has come from putting yourself in somebody else's place—if it's uncomfortable."

"Excellent! Perfectly just. What we recognize in ourselves, then, is a mixture of motives. We put ourselves in their place and we find we are so wretched in it that we want to get them out of it."

"And isn't that noble?"

"It's mixed. We want to get them out of misery and that's noble; but we want to get them out of it because it hurts us to see them in it, and that's mixed. And now, having owned that our motives are mixed—"

"*I* haven't," she cried.

"That isn't essential to the argument. I've proved it, and it doesn't matter whether you own it or not; you know it. Then we have got to acknowledge that there is a limit."

"How a limit?"

"We can't go and get everybody out of misery merely because it hurts us to see them in it. There is too much of it; there are too many of them. Nobody understands this better than the rich—the people who have more than we have. They realize that if they gave ever so little to each there wouldn't be enough to go round; and they distinguish, they compromise. That is, they employ intelligent persons, male or female, cleric or laic, to distinguish, to compromise for them. This gives work, and is a good thing in itself, and it restricts beneficence to the deserving. Not all the deserving are benefited; there are too many, even of them; but the undeserving are found out and eliminated. That is very good too; when a man has to be left hungry and houseless, it is pleasant to know that he does not merit a meal or a roof."

"And you think that if we all did good, at arm's length in that way, we should not feel so badly about misery?"

"Ah, there you are! I thought we were talking about the charity that begins next door. But it always seems to begin at home. What we all want to do is to get rid of that distressing sense of fulness by sharing it with those who don't know how bad it is. But there is another device which the rich—those who have more than we have—sometimes use; I won't say habitually."

"Yes?"

"I use it myself, when I am driven into a corner by my sympathies. But I won't come to it at once. I must first speak of those pleasure-giving devices by

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which the rich relieve the poor, and at the same time amuse themselves."

"As?"

"Charity balls and charity bazars."

"Well, what have you to say against *them?* I'm sure that nothing more laborious than getting up a charity fair was ever conceived of. And it doesn't amuse the managers, that I ever heard; I don't believe it would amuse even the poor."

"Very likely. But why do you think I want to speak again against charity bazars? Everybody wants to go, and will pay any price for tickets; but why are people willing to dance for good objects?"

"Because they hope to dance in sets far beyond and above their own set outside." She surprised herself by her candor.

"Then it's for themselves they dance? Now, it seems to me *you* are speaking against charity balls. Perhaps you are right. You give me courage to come out with my panacea, the remedy for misery which I use myself when the case is desperate. You won't ask me what it is? Perhaps you know already that some good round piece of self-indulgence—"

"There! I knew that you were going to say something like that. It's shameful. But go on."

"When I feel perfectly desperate realizing how many hungry people in New York must go supperless to bed on any given night I order an especially good dinner at the club, and I have a stout bottle of burgundy with it; claret won't do; it leaves the poor shivering. I eat and drink all I can and more than I want; and it is astounding how comfortable everybody is after it. Or when I'm not just in condition, through my overworked compassion, I take a little run off somewhere — to Lakewood, or Camden, or Tampa, or Bermuda; you needn't go far to get rid of others' sufferings. When you come home, it is generally towards spring, and misery isn't so very miserable in mild weather."

"Horrible!"

"Why horrible? It's what the rich—those who have more than we—do. Somehow they must get away from themselves, which is the only true way of getting away from the poor. They can't use my last resort."

"I thought you had told. But what is it?"

"Doing something I distinctly can't afford, something quite beyond my means, something that blends for me the consciousness of being a fraud with the consciousness of being a fool. This enables me to harden my heart with a good reason. I say to myself: 'Well, if you have committed this iniquitous extravagance, which practically impoverishes you, you have nothing left for others. It's a plain case. You can't do this or that good action, now; you haven't got the money.' But the rich haven't the means of this final consolation, or rather they have too much means for it. They can't go beyond eating or drinking, or leaving town; they never can say that they can't afford to do a good action; so they have a bad conscience, and nothing is so depraving as a bad conscience. It's what makes the rich so wicked."

She got up, and so did he. "Oh, don't go!" she entreated. "I only wanted to look if they were shovelling our street out. Yes, they are really getting round to it at last." She returned from the window and sat down again, but he remained standing before the fire. "Well?" she prompted.

"I was just thinking," he said, "whether it wouldn't help those poor women who are locking out their landlords if you went with me to the opera to-night?"

"To the opera! I should feel guilty the whole time, thinking of them."

"What good will it do anybody if you stay away? The tickets are bought—and they're good places."

"Yes, but why, *why* didn't you send the money to those poor women?—Excuse me! I've no right—"

"Oh yes! But I didn't say *I* bought the tickets. I haven't got to my desperate remedy yet. A friend of mine who bought them last week has come down with the grippe, and he has just sent them to me. I came round as early as possible this afternoon. Better go!"

"I don't believe my aunt could go. May I ask? May I think about it?"

"If you'll let me stay till you've asked, till you've thought."

She went to the bell. "If you're going to stay, you'll certainly want some tea."

"Yes, I shall. There's nothing clears the moral atmosphere like tea."

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Editor's Study

SIMPLICITY is more an urban than a rustic quality in our modern humanity. It is indeed the noblest achievement of civilization, associated with all that we esteem the finest fruits of human culture—freedom and breadth of thought, catholicity of sympathy, truth of art and life.

This was not perhaps quite so evident a few generations ago, when it was the fashion to assume that the city must be perennially redeemed from effeminacy and corruption by the accession of fresh blood from the country. We should now unhesitatingly say that the salvation of the country has all along been the accession of urban influences. A cycle must be in good measure completed before it is clearly understood. Many of our fixed maxims pertaining to policies and economics are derived from ancient history, and have to be reversed for any application to our own time. Even in the ancient and medieval world it is clearly enough seen that the history of the city is that of civilization. The oldest cities are ruined or stagnant, and we know the story of the causes of their decadence, but each, in dying, bequeathed some precious legacy to the world.

The modern city belongs to another order. It does not exist for the glory of an individual sovereign or of a class, or for the exploitation of all outlying humanity. It has not within itself the seeds of inevitable decadence. It rises in fresh vigor with every new generation. The country looks to the city and to the university, which is a concentration of a city's highest values, for its inspiration and uplifting.

We no longer hear of the artificialities of urban life, which during the last half century seems to have undergone the same transformation as our imaginative literature—the same divestiture of sophistication and unreality. The banalities and frivolities of the vain and empty-headed survive, alike in town and country, only with more opportunity for their senseless display in the urban environment, perhaps to a greater extent than they do in the giddier sort of literature, which is more sensitive to the contempt of the thoughtful; but, for thoroughly plain men and women, without pretence or disguise, who exemplify the true modern idea of the simple life, we look to the urban rather than to the provincial type.

The period of this transformation which has given us a new urbanity has been precisely that which has brought to its consummation the vast organization of commerce and industry and the mastery, for human uses, of the forces of Nature. The parallelism is significant. This florescence of material progress would give us only food for pessimism if there had not also emerged, in corresponding impressiveness, the mastery of the human spirit in quick reaction to the materialism, which was thus confessed to be a part of the evolution of that spirit. All we ask of this last phase of that complex social and material organization which it is the office of the modern city to create and promote is that it be democratic, sane, and, in the largest sense, humanly helpful; and the general resolution to make it and keep it that is essentially a part of this whole high and supremely modern transaction. The main and most significant consideration is that the immense leverage upon circumstance gained by this progress means facility and opportunity—the release of the spirit for the noblest uses and purposes of life.

The merely outward spectacle of our metropolis to-day may seem massively imposing, and one whirled along by the Elevated railway on the lower east side of the city catches glimpses of architectural effects which rival in picturesqueness the cañons of the Colorado; but closer acquaintance discloses delicate and ingenious devices for ease, economy, and

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expedition, which appeal to a finer fancy, suggesting the spritely offices of a new and unmythical Ariel, who is as deft in social as in business service. Who can estimate what uptown apartment residence has done to simplify the life of young married couples?

Yet it is not so very long ago that the finest spirits in literature, like Ruskin and Carlyle, were berating this modern progress, and had a large and sympathetic following. It was not that they thought to find the simple life by going into the woods. They were lovers of the city, and it was the disturbance of urban life—the violence done to its old and picturesque aspects — which they chiefly deprecated. All great writers, and especially the poets, have been haunted by the beauties of old cities. Tennyson missed the humors of London streets, and would have more frequented those streets if he had not been so easily recognized that every flower-girl would beg "Mr. Tinnison to buy just one little nosegay."

The amenities of life are of urban genesis and culture. As Lady Montagu truly said, "People mistake very much in placing peace in woods and shades, for I believe solitude puts people out of humor and makes them disposed to quarrel."

A great city is itself no small part of the culture of a young writer or artist; it is at once the fountain and the haven of the Humanities in art and literature, rich also in monuments and historic associations. Human life at full tide offers itself in limitless variety to the sympathetic mind and heart; and sympathy itself is the deepest note of urban sensibility. Every great city has, moreover, its individual mood and temperament, gathering to itself the children of its own feeling and genius.

All this praise is due to cities of the old order, under the aristocratic régime, which, despite the vices and artificialities due to an unwholesome refinement—such as denatured Paris at the middle of the eighteenth century and evoked from Rousseau the most sophistical of tirades against sophistication—still appealed to the poet and humanist. Has the purgation wrought by the more healthy modern sensibility, and completed, as it could not otherwise have been, through comparatively recent triumphs of science and material organization, made our cities less alluring?

Certainly in some cities it has had this effect upon the æsthetic sensibility. Charles Lamb, "revisiting the glimpses of the moon," would be able to find more of his old London, with less violent derangement of the familiar perspective, than Henry James recently could discover of his old New York after twenty years' absence. Yet this distinguished novelist, for all his keen disappointment from the disturbance of personal reminiscence, could not be psychically insensible to many a novel humor and agreeable surprise.

It must be confessed that, in the modern movement, the cities of most rapid recent growth have lost much of their old urbanity. But they have developed suburbanity, and have made urban the vast outlying territory. Hence the automobile—one of the most obvious tokens of the simple life, in our modern conception of it—is a familiar sight on all country roads; and the manifest improvement of public highways has been largely due to new means of locomotion, beginning with the bicycle.

In the times just preceding our own, eminent writers and artists seem to have clustered in groups. Indeed, this is a very old habit in the centres of culture, in cities and university towns; we can point out these stellar groups in the galactic drift of the centuries from Athens to Edinburgh. From the early years of the eighteenth century certain distinctively recognizable groups of writers established and sustained by their contributions periodicals for the popular diffusion of culture. The mention of Addison, Doctor Johnson, Professor Wilson, Sydney Smith, Robert Southey, William Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Tom Hood, and, in a later generation, of Dickens, Thackeray, and Froude, brings to our minds at once not only distinct aggregations of authors bound together by intimate association, but the reviews, monthly magazines, and literary weeklies which were the reflection of their thought and their time.

There are no such closely blended associations of writers in the England of

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to-day, either for concentration of literary influence through periodical publications, or, independently of any special work of this kind, such a group as the Cambridge "apostles," consisting of friendly thinkers like Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, Trench, Spedding, Maurice, and Sterling. Nor in American centres are there any successors to those old affiliations existing among authors in New York in Bryant's, Irving's and Whitman's time, or in Boston and Cambridge in the days of the old Anthology Club, out of which came the *North American Review*, or later when the most notable of all American literary constellations shone first and for a few in the pages of the *Dial*, and afterward for the whole country in those of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is within our memory that the Lyceum lecture system was a kind of national institution, but it was supported by a score of eminent writers who, whether they came from Philadelphia, New York, or Boston, would have needed no personal introduction to each other if they had met by chance in Ticknor and Fields' "Old Corner Bookstore."

Now, in England and America, the club has taken the place of those old spontaneous affinities. This remarkable change in the social habits of writers has come in the natural course of evolution through the urbanization of the whole country. The writer to-day knows no local centre and courts no literary affinities; he does not even care to be considered a literary person. His affiliation is with his readers. The absence of any professional guise helps to simplify his life as a free and plain personality and in his relation to other human beings whom he desires to know simply as plain men and women. He is at home everywhere, without any disquieting apprehension of being recognized as "the great This or That," content to have broken with greatness of any kind, with every labelled distinction.

The social habits of the whole people have suffered a corresponding change. Progressive urbanity promotes readier and wider sympathy, not dependent upon domestic or local relationships, or even upon previous acquaintance. The family is not held so closely together in the old way, and the urbane relaxation of an often irrational lien has refined the relationship, giving it more beauty and friendliness, with reasonable concessions to individuality. Narrow circles, cliques bound together by common tastes or prejudices, have been broken up. Interests larger and more varied have become common in a more general sense, delocalizing community itself. One is not embarrassingly concerned because he has not been introduced to another; if prompted to comradeship, he easily yields to it on the simplest terms, as readily as he would dive into the pages of a new author. Young people who never met, all over the country, are corresponding with each other with graceful familiarity. This could not have happened, naturally and as a matter of course, a generation ago.

Literature in all its forms, from the novel to the newspaper, has, more than anything else, widened the sense of community. Fiction has made every genuine character we meet interesting and companionable. There is little reading of it aloud, which was a common family occupation fifty years ago. Each reader's occupation is with the writer, and with a host of writers. He no longer needs the Lyceum lecture, and does not especially care to see his favorite authors on the platform; the personal curiosity, if it is indulged, is narrow in comparison with that higher curiosity which impels him as simply a reader, and which is so abundantly and variously satisfied.

To this general urbane sensibility travel is no longer necessary for either its stimulation or satisfaction—would indeed limit experience to the observation of mere actualities, and destroy many a beautiful illusion created by writers out of elements which escape the notice of the casual tourist. The desire for travel is stimulated by these writers and our journeys through the world made more pleasurable, through the association of actual scenes with the far more significant pictures they have made for us, but our imagination, thus revivified, still depends, for all the most important values, upon a previous impression, involving much that is absent from actual vision.

Does the American writer miss something which foreign writers seem to have

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ready at their hand from the deeper cleavage between classes and the consequently more marked distinction of outward traits? Some of Thomas Hardy's most characteristic work is in his masterly portraiture of the peasant—the best in English fiction, better than Scott's of the corresponding class in his own country, excellent as that is. But we have no such class in America. Yet our story-writers have made the most possible of rustic local color and character, of pioneer life, of every provincial trait, more eagerly perhaps because of the paucity of material.

We have never had any really close and downright native provincialism in the United States. The types that seem to us most provincial did not inherit that character, but have acquired it through prolonged sequestration in comparatively inaccessible districts. Our earliest settlers sought the new continent, some of them impelled by the spirit of adventure, but most of them by the desire for freedom. They were people with formed characters, obstinate convictions, and strenuous determinations—not a plastic race from which one would expect a renascence in art or literature.

These limitations, intensified by the exigencies of a straitened environment, narrowed American lives through several generations, but in the channels of action rather than in those of sensibility. While creative genius was manifest in statesmanship, we can see why the production of masterpieces in literature was so long delayed. Not thus narrowly determined was the American sensibility to literature or to influences from the main currents of the world's life. Early periodical literature in this country existed mainly to meet the eager demand of readers for selections from the best current English essays and poetry, and to satisfy their keen curiosity concerning European events. Especially toward France the general attention was turned at the opening of the revolutionary drama, and even in Boston, where Federalism was dominant, the sentiment of *égalité* was so fanatically adopted that to many the modest title of "Mr." seemed repugnant and gave place to "Citizen," and it was a subject of discussion in the newspapers what less awkward word might serve the same democratic office as "Citizeness" in place of "Mrs." When Bryant was the one American singer to respond to Wordsworth's note, Byron, Shelley, and Keats and the Lake poets were as joyously acclaimed by American readers as they were derisively criticised in *Blackwood* and in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the next generation Macaulay's essays in the *Edinburgh Review* were collected and published in book form, as were De Quincey's, in a score of volumes, and Thackeray's "Yellowplush Papers" and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" — which was still-born in *Fraser's*, so far as English appreciation was concerned—years before these authors were thus honored in their own land. This quick and keen sensibility was developed not merely in cities and towns, but in country districts and in new Western settlements and mining camps.

The Westward movement carried with it the progress of the nineteenth century, was an expansion of Eastern culture. Even the sharp traits of pioneer life rapidly disappeared. The sensibility was not merely national, it was cosmopolitan. What used to be called, in a peculiar sense, our Americanism is no longer a sought-for distinction, and we do not now look for "the great American novel."

This urbanization of the country does not tend to uniformity. The old outward idiom—the settled form of dialect, tone, and manner—whether in city or country life, was the result of a crystallization which is now impossible. The modern simple life, accentuated by its complexity, is forever flowing into infinitely varied manners and humors—traits of the spirit—thus offering to the writer of fiction a richly diversified humanity, with adventures and excitements of a new order. Since it is a so wholly urbane field, it does not matter whether the writer finds his people in the city or in the country. If Holman Day takes us into the woods in *The Spruce King*, it is the human flavor and not that of the woods which we relish. The theme need not be urban so that it is really and plainly human, though it is only to the urban sensibility of readers that such rustic sketches as Muriel Campbell Dyar gives us could appeal.

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The Anniversary Present

BY BESSIE R. HOOVER

"I DUN'NO' when I ever begrudged a gift afore," declared Ma Flickinger, looking longingly at the frosted glass water-set on her dining room table which she and her married children had bought to present to Mr. and Mrs. Hi Lundy on their fifteenth wedding anniversary.

"Jest where does Mis' Hi Lundy's folks live?" inquired Jule Peebles, one of the married daughters.

"Twelve Corners. Your father and Bill and Milo are goin' to hire a livery rig and take us all out. It 'll be a long, cold, tedious ride. I'd ruther take a lickin' than go; but we've been invited—and the present's bought—and as long as Mis' Hi Lundy's a sister of Mis' Bistle it wouldn't do not to go.

"I never had a water-set, myself," she continued. "We've always drinked out'n jell glasses since my weddin' goblets busted. That makes me think—them goblets was bought jest twenty-nine year ago the—"

"It's funny Mis' Hi Lundy ast us, anyway," interrupted Jule.

"It give me a turn," acknowledged her mother. "Mis' Lundy never saw a livin' soul of us but me; but I suppose our bein' so thick with her sister, Mis' Bistle, makes her feel acquainted with us."

"She did it for the present, observed Jule, cynically; then added: "I've bought the twins new bear-skin hoods."

"You don't want to take babies to a swell doin's like that," advised Ma. "Opal's goin' to stay at home with 'em."

Opal Flickinger, the ten-year-old daughter, looked wistfully out on the snowy world and wished that she might go to the party.

"The twins won't be no bother," protested Jule; "Milo 'll tend one, and me the other."

"Then I can go, too, can't I?" petitioned Opal, eagerly.

"I suppose so," returned her mother, absently, still feasting her eyes on the beauty of Mis' Hi Lundy's present.

At half past seven that evening Pa Flickinger, his son Bill, and son-in-law Milo drove up with a livery team.

"Ain't you a-goin', Jed?" asked Pa of his half-grown son who sat by the stove in his old clothes.



I NEVER HAD A WATER-SET, MYSELF

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"Naw," grunted Jed, disdainfully.

"He ain't got manners enough to go to a swell doin's," volunteered Jule.

"Are we all here that's goin'?" inquired Pa.

"Here and waitin'," answered his wife.

Jule had the twins, Janice and Jasper, wrapped up like Egyptian mummies; Ma Flickinger was pinned into her rusty black shawl; Opal was bursting from her small best cloak; Bill's wife, Sophie, was gay in her wedding finery; and Mandy, the eldest daughter, whose husband was in Klondike, was there with her little son Butch, who had an old string of sleigh bells strapped about him like a harness.

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed Ma Flickinger. "Does Butch go in them bells?"

"I couldn't make him take 'em off," complained his mother.

"He'll take 'em off, or he won't go a step," declared Ma Flickinger.

"Leave 'em on, Butch," countermanded his big uncle Bill; "we want a mascot."

"What's that?" asked Ma, suspiciously.

"It's what Butch is," enlightened her son, with a superior grin.

"I'll bet 'tain't nothin' nice," snapped his mother.

"Come, bundle out," shouted Pa. "Climb right into the box, folks; only one seat, and that's for the driver. Would you want a softer night?" he inquired.

Bill Flickinger, Sophie, his wife, and Opal sat on the seat.

"Be careful of that team, Billie," cautioned Ma, as they started off. "Remember, livery horses ain't cows!"

The night was beautiful, and the road lay like a silver ribbon; while ahead of them sped Bistle's bob, leading the way to Twelve Corners.

"Flyin' some," remarked Pa, jovially.

"We don't go near Lake Michigan, do we?" asked Ma, anxiously.

"T'other way," he assured her.

"Then we won't git spilled into the water," returned Ma.

"Spilled nothin'," laughed Pa. "Who's goin' to git spilled?"

"We are," stated his wife, pessimistically. "I never knew of a bob load yet that didn't git spilled, comin' or goin'."

"Cold?" inquired Pa, solicitously.

"Yes, I be; holdin' on to this here present keeps my hands out'n the blankets all the time. I'm stiff as a wooden Indian."

"Let me drive, Billie," coaxed his little sister Opal.

"You couldn't drive a team of rabbits," teased Bill.

Opal grabbed the line nearest her, but it slipped from her hand and trailed on the snow beside the bob, while Bill laughed boisterously.

"What's loose ahead?" shouted Pa.

"Opal's dropped a line," yelled Bill, not alarmed, for he thought it could be easily picked up.

"What 're you goin' to do?" demanded his father.

"Hop out and git it, Pa," ordered Bill; "they're liable to run away," he added to bother Opal and Sophie.

His father floundered with awkward lunges into the deep snow by the roadside, followed by Butch, whose string of bells jingled like an approaching team, at which the horses quickened their pace, leaving Pa panting behind.

"Here!" cried Ma, shoving the bulky package of Mis' Hi Lundy's wedding present into Milo's lap. "Don't you dast to break it." Then she leaned far over the box and caught the loose line, and pulled on it so suddenly that the puzzled team swerved unexpectedly, dumping the whole box load of people into the soft, deep snow of a shallow ditch.

"Billie Flickinger!" scolded Ma, angrily, as the scared, but unharmed, family scrambled to their feet; "you a married man and actin' like a three-year-old! Where do you expect to go to? Don't you know livery horses are high-lived?"

"You did it yourself, pullin' in so sudden on that line," explained Bill.

"I don't blame myself a bit," claimed his wife.

"Opal started it," accused Bill.

"Keep quiet," ordered Ma. "Opal's lack of sense don't make you no brighter. Pa, take your place where you belong, beside Billie; you girls crawl into the box. Milo, reach me that present; I don't want it broke after all this trouble."

Large flakes of snow now began to fall, the moon's face was hidden by trailing clouds, and a cold wind sprang up from the east as the Flickingers started again on their way.

"Where's that there twin you was a-carryin', Milo?" asked Jule, who had one baby in her own arms.

"I dun'no'; I laid it down summers when I took the present from your Ma afore we tipped," anwered Milo.

"Pa, a twin is lost!" cried Ma, shrilly.

"Hunt it up," advised Pa, shortly, beating himself with one hand to keep his blood circulating, for the weather was becoming very cold.

"But it ain't here!" screamed Jule, pawing wildly about in the bob.

"Do you mean to say that a twin is lost *out'n* the sleigh?" shouted Pa, and, becoming aware of the seriousness of the case, stopped the horses.

"It must have lost out when we spilled," said Ma. "Everybody pike back and look, except Pa—you hold the horses; and, Milo—don't you dast to let go Mis' Hi Lundy's present—a minute."

Frenziedly they hurried to the scene of their upsetting, and tramped down the snow, but no baby was there.

"If you'd 'a' left the twins home with Opal you'd 'a' had *both* of 'em now," Ma complained, bitterly, to Jule.

But soon a shrill cry from the bob warned them that the baby was found, and they hurried back.

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Under the seat, stowed among the cakes, was a shapeless bundle of clothes that contained the unmistakable voice of a twin.

"I found it," grinned Milo. "I didn't leave go Mis' Hi Lundy's present, but I prodded around in the bob with a free foot—and stirred it up and set it goin'."

"Pile in," growled Pa, "d o u b l e q u i c k. Such weather," he grumbled. "Melt one minute and freeze the next." And he urged on the horses.

Bill, tiring of the exposed seat beside his father, crawled under the blankets of the bob; and Butch burrowed under one corner of his mother's shawl, his bells tinkling drearily.

"Ain't we 'most there?" called out Ma, still clutching the awkward bundle with stiffening arms.

"We ought to be," answered Pa, non-committally.

"Holler and ask Bistles," advised Bill.

"I ain't saw Bistles for five miles," returned Pa, gloomily.

"What'd you lose sight of Bistles for, Pa?" demanded Ma Flickinger. "Ain't you got no sense?"

"I lost sight of 'em when that there twin was bein' hunted; but Twelve Corners can't be fur from here."

The keen wind cut their faces, and it grew steadily colder. The Flickingers cowered shiveringly under the blankets that were heavy with snow. Drifts formed across the track, but Pa kept doggedly on, half blinded by the storm.

Mile after mile dragged by. The head of the family was just making up his mind that he must have missed Twelve Corners, and was about to inquire the way, when the horses unexpectedly came to a standstill of their own accord before a house whose outlines were scarcely visible through the falling snow. A dim light burned in a back window. Stumbling stiffly to a side door, he pounded loudly.

"What 're you raisin' the dead for?" complained Ma, querulously.

"Want ter know where I am," replied Pa, gruffly.

"Who lives there?" demanded Jule.

"A danged blockhead," stormed her father, and pounded louder than ever.

An upstair window was opened, and a drowsy voice growled, "The house ain't locked."

"It's Jed!" cried Opal. "It's our house!"

"'Tain't, neither, our house," denied Ma.



INTO THE SOFT DEEP SNOW OF A SHALLOW DITCH

"'Tis, too, our house," contradicted Jule.

They were really at home, for, having lost sight of Bistles, they had turned a wrong corner and the team had come faithfully back.

They all hurried thankfully into the house, except the father, who went on with the horses to the stable.

Butch, who had been sound asleep, was jerked in by his mother, half doubled like a rusty pocket knife. Waking by degrees, he sobbed with the cold.

"Tromp around, Butch," ordered Ma, stirring up the fire. "Opal, cut bread and put to toast on the stove. Jule, fill up the coffee pot and fetch in."

"Oh, oh!" blubbered Butch, his bells jangling miserably. "I'm freezin,' I am."

"Shut up," scolded his grandmother. "Mandy, take them bells off'n Butch: he makes me wild, ringin' like Santa Claus's reindeers."

Pa came stamping in, cold and hungry.

"Land o' Goshen!" cried Ma, "you look 's blue as a jug! Warm yourself. Here's a hot cup of coffee. Billie, where's that big chunk of bread I was toastin' for your father? Hand it over, sir."

Little by little the Flickingers divested themselves of their outer wraps and thank-

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STUMBLING STIFFLY TO A SIDE DOOR, HE POUNDED LOUDLY

fully munched bread and butter and drank hot coffee.

"Was we fetched home?" inquired Pa, solemnly. "Yes, we was. I won't say who did it—but I know 'twa'n't mortal hands."

"You turned a wrong corner," said Bill, practically, "and the team jest naturally come back."

"No livery team 'd 'a' come home with me to my own door," stated Pa, with conviction, "without bein' led by sommat higher nor horse sense."

Sophie, who had been talking aside with Jule and Mandy, went with them into the kitchen, and then called for Bill and Milo to follow.

"What 're you folks doin' in my kitchen?" cried Ma, suspiciously.

"Drinkin'," chuckled Bill, as they all came into the room again. Then he began in a formal tone: "Mis' Flickinger, in behalves of the Flickinger family here assembled together, I present you with Mis' Hi Lundy's present."

"Shut up your nonsense," retorted Ma, accepting the water-set ungraciously and putting it on the dining room table. "We'll have to send it up by the stage."

"That water-set is yourn, Ma. Cut the regrets that you can't give it where it don't belong," said Pa, heartily.

"Dast I take it—would it be decent? What say, Sophie?" asked Ma.

"It's sure yours," declared Sophie.

"Much obliged, everybody," said Ma, openly wiping her eyes and then untying the present. "I couldn't 'a' liked it better if it 'd been bought for me. Many thanks. Still, carryin' it so far, I guess I earned it—besides, it's *our* weddin' anniversary."

"No!" shouted Pa. "Is it?"

"Twenty-nine year ago to-day," replied Ma.

"Not that long," protested Pa. "Well, maybe it is. Whatever put that into your head, Ma?"

"Mis' Hi Lundy's crystal weddin', I suppose. Everybody stay in here a minute," she ordered; then Ma grabbed up the water-set and disappeared into the kitchen.

In a short time she returned with her new pitcher filled with lemonade; then she cut the cakes that had been baked for the wedding.

"I didn't intend to serve refreshments," laughed Ma, "but I jest had to do something after that present. Opal, fill the glasses; begin with Pa first."

"What this 'll do to my digestion I don't know and I don't care," cried Pa, recklessly. "If a feller can't *re*lax onct in twenty-nine year, he's a poor stick."

"I dun'no' but it's nicer to have our weddin' celebration like this," reflected Ma—"no fuss, no feathers; and I'll bet you, Pa, that Mis' Hi Lundy, with all her swell presents, ain't one bit happier than I be with this one."

Honey

A BEE stung Gordon on the cheek:
The wee man's tears came fast.
"Be brave!" I whispered. "It's a hurt,
I promise you, won't last."

He sobbed and said, "It's not the hurt
I care so much about.
But *do* you think that naughty bee
Got all my honey out?" L. A. G.

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Thrifty

A BANKER of a New England town was sent for on one occasion by a prominent business man of the place, said to be "the closest man of the county," for the purpose of discussing a financial engagement of importance to both.

When the banker entered the room he found it lighted by one dim gaslight.

"It's a bright moonlight night," explained the close one, "and we don't need the gas to talk by." Whereupon he turned off the light as soon as his guest had found a seat.

The room was pitch dark, and the conversation was long. When the ordeal was over the host lighted the gas again in order to show his visitor out.

"Well, well, sir, this is a strange sight!" the banker blurted out, for his host was minus coat, vest, collar, and even shirt.

"I thought I might as well save the wear and tear on them," said the host, "so long as nobody could see."

Inopportune

A NATURALIST, painfully thin,
A snake's hole once tried to go in;
But the angry snake cried:
"Won't you please stay outside
Till I get through with changing my skin!"

M. M. LEE.

Martyrdom

SOAP an' water I can't bear,
Smarts my eyes an' mats my hair,
Makes me holler in the sink
Words nice boys won't even think!
Soap's all right fer washin' clo'es—
Gotta use it, I suppose—
Water's good fer swims an' sails,
Good fer fish an' good fer whales,
But to go an' *mix* the two
As us fellers haf to do,
Rub it on our neck an' ears,
Fill our eyes all full o' tears,
That's too mean fer any use!
Ain't no sense in such abuse.
Soap an' water I can't bear,
Smarts my eyes an' mats my hair,
Makes me wanta run away
Where just dirty people stay.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

Never Used It

MRS. CARSON was giving little Marian her bath when she was called from the room. On leaving, she charged Marian to wash herself well, and to get carefully out of the tub, and said she would be back in two minutes to dry her.

On returning, she found Marian putting on her stockings, and she said: "Marian, did you wash your back well?"

"No," replied Marian. "I did not wash my back at all. I hardly ever use it, and I supposed it was clean."



The Bread Line

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WILLIE *(in church for first time).* "*What are they doing now, mother?*"

MOTHER. "*Taking up a collection, dear.*"

WILLIE. "*Who for, mother? The organ-grinder?*"

A Foreign View

LITTLE things frequently illustrate the English view of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman had taken the Pacific Express at Philadelphia, and feeling tired, had retired to his berth. Just before he fell asleep he happened to remember that he had forgotten something, so he put his head out between the curtains and called, "Portah! portah!"

The porter came. "What is it, sir?" he said.

"Please wake me up when we get to San Francisco, you know."

Boston Swearing

OCCASIONALLY Boston swears — even feminine Boston. Not long since things went wrong with Dorothy, aged six, and after prolonged self-control she exclaimed, with the air of one who is going to the bad and who knows it:

"Ain't! Got! Kind of! There, that's just the way I feel!"

Invited

A CHICAGO woman, engaged in soliciting subscriptions for a charitable institution, was not long ago pleading persistently with a Board of Trade man for his aid, but without success. Finally the broker said, with a smile:

"Now, Mrs. Dash, I will give you fifty dollars for this charity if you will promise not to come into my office again until I ask you to do so."

"Certainly, I agree to that," said the lady, promptly, and walked out smiling with a check.

Some weeks thereafter the broker heard a knock at his door. "Come in!" he called, and in walked the lady who had been working for the charitable institution. She had her little subscription book under her arm.

"Good morning, Mr. Blank," said she. "I want you to help me with a little matter—"

"Come now, Mrs. Dash," interrupted the victim. "When I gave you that last fifty dollars, wasn't it on the express condition that you wouldn't come into my office again until I invited you?"

"Why, yes, that was the understanding," smiled the lady. "But didn't you say 'Come in' just now when I knocked?"

Dancing Defined

CHARLES had been looking on at a dance for the first time in his life.

When he reached home he said: "Auntie, it wasn't a bit like I thought it would be. I thought when people danced they jumped up and down—but they didn't. They just took each other by the waist and skated."



"*Now look pleasant—Please.*"

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MR. GIRAFFE. "*This wave of prosperity is great, isn't it?*"
MR. TURTLE. "*Yes. But provisions are so high only giraffes can get enough to eat.*"

The Heathen

BY WILBUR NESBIT

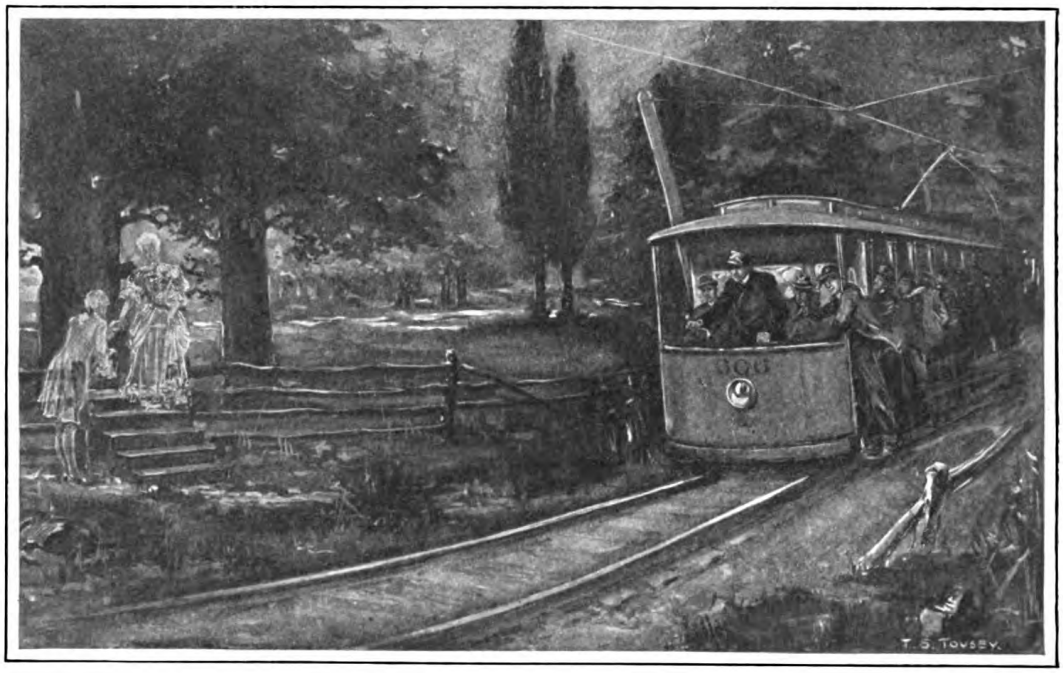
WHEN Sunday is, w'y I'm so bad
  My folks they don't know what to do
'Cause wicked things they make me glad
  An' I do what I ough'n't to!
So I'm a *heathen!* Yes, sir! I'm
  A sit-in-darkness kind, 'at don't
Do good things ever any time
  'Cause what I got to do, I won't!

An' I wish 'at I could go wild
  'Ith just some feathers in my hair—
An' my aunt Sue say: "Such a child!
  A *perfeck heathen*, I declare!"
'Cause I don't like th' Sunday school,
  An' I won't learn th' golden tex',
An' I won't know th' golden rule,
  An' they don't know what I'll do nex'!

An' I bowed down to wood an' stone!
  I bowed right at our big front door
An' at th' front step—all alone—
  I did! A dozen times an' more!
I shut my eyes each time; you see,
  Th' heathen-in-his-blin'ness does,
An' I'm just go' to try to be
  Th' bigges' heathen ever wus!

An' I don't care, utceptin' it's
  So hard to keep on actin' queer
With ever'body givin' fits
  To me—th' only heathen here.
But if you watch me close, w'y, you'll
  Know w'y I'm doin' it. You see,
Th' childern in th' Sunday school
  Will give their pennies all to *me!*

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A Country Lane

Then and now.

Ballade of the Little Things that Count

THE furrow 's long behind my plough—
My field is strewn with stones of care,
And trouble gathers thick enow
As years add silver to my hair.
Could I an easier path prepare
For baby feet that start to mount?
Save them a bit of wear and tear,—
And show the Little Things that Count?

I see a tiny maiden bow
O'er slate and pencil, in her chair;
A little pucker on her brow,
A little tousle in her hair.
And one wee tear has fallen where
The crooked figures grin and flount:
My heart goes reaching to her there—
I love the Little Things that Count!

Arithmetic is such a slough—
A Pilgrim's swamp of dull despair.
But Discipline will not allow
My hand to point a thoro'fare.
Harsh figures face us everywhere,
O'erwhelming in their vast amount;
Must she so soon their burden bear?
I love the Little Things that Count!

Stern Teacher, must she ever fare
Alone to Learning's chilly fount?
There is so much I long to share—
I *love* the Little Things that Count!

BURGES JOHNSON.

Not Caught Twice

AN insurance man tells of the many humorous difficulties and curious complications experienced by a life-insurance solicitor in writing a policy for a German farmer in Indiana.

It appears that the house of the farmer, insured for a thousand dollars, had a short time ago been destroyed by fire. The company insuring exercised the usual privilege of replacing the burned structure, much to the disgust of the German, who held out for his one thousand dollars. "Dot house could not be puilt again for even a dousand dollars!" the Teuton continued to repeat over and over.

"Oh yes, it could," said the insurance adjuster. "It was an old house. A six-hundred-dollar house would be a whole lot bigger and better than the old one."

So it was with this in mind that the German steadfastly refused to do business with the life-insurance solicitor. "I got notings to insure but my vife," said he, stolidly.

"Well, then," said the insurance agent, cheerfully, prepared by previous experience for any emergency, "insure her."

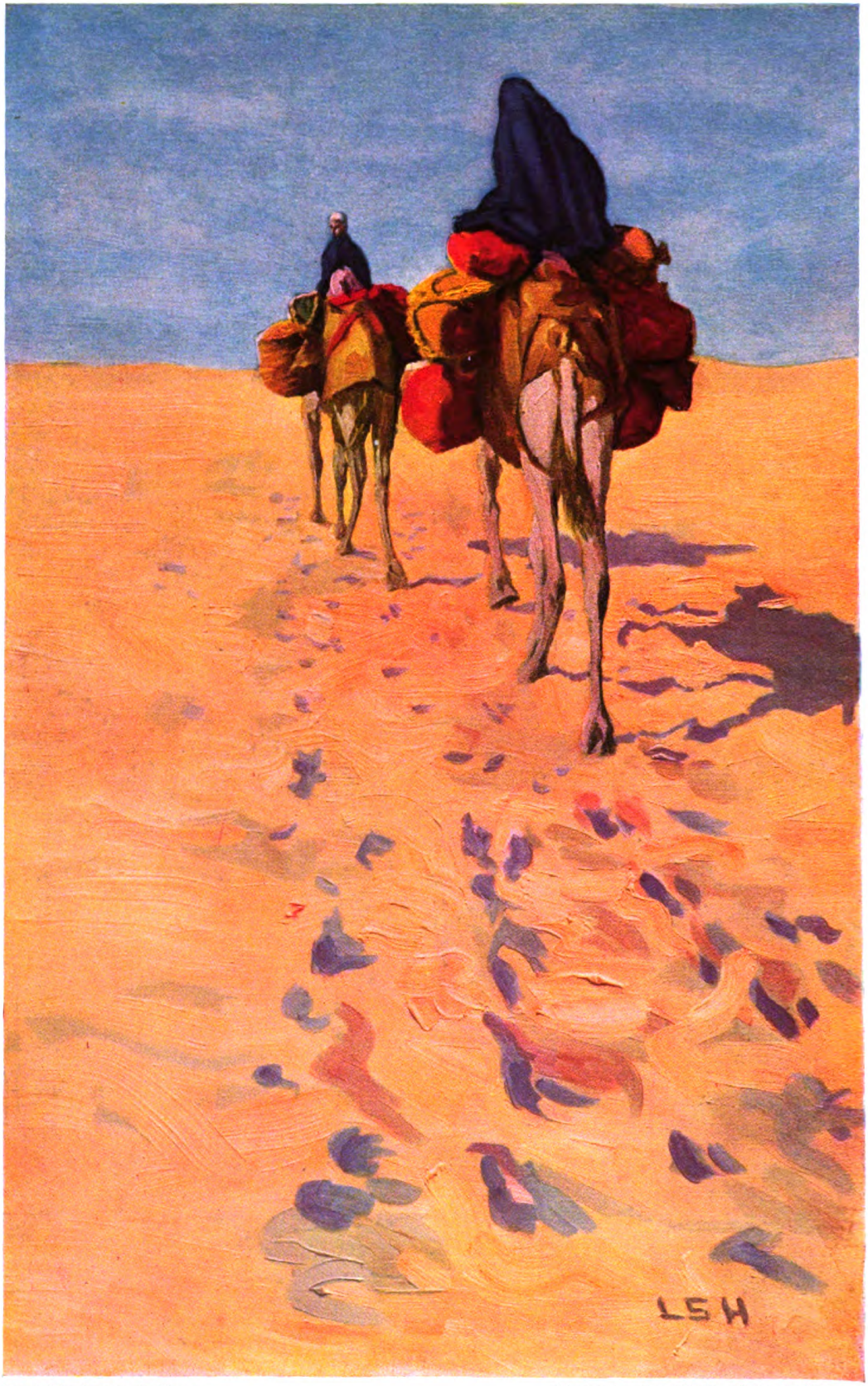
"No, indeed, I vill not!" indignantly exclaimed the German. "If she die, den you come here und say, 'Ve vill not gif you one dousand dollars. Ve vill get you a bigger und better vife for six hundred.' No, sir, I dakes no more insurance oud!"

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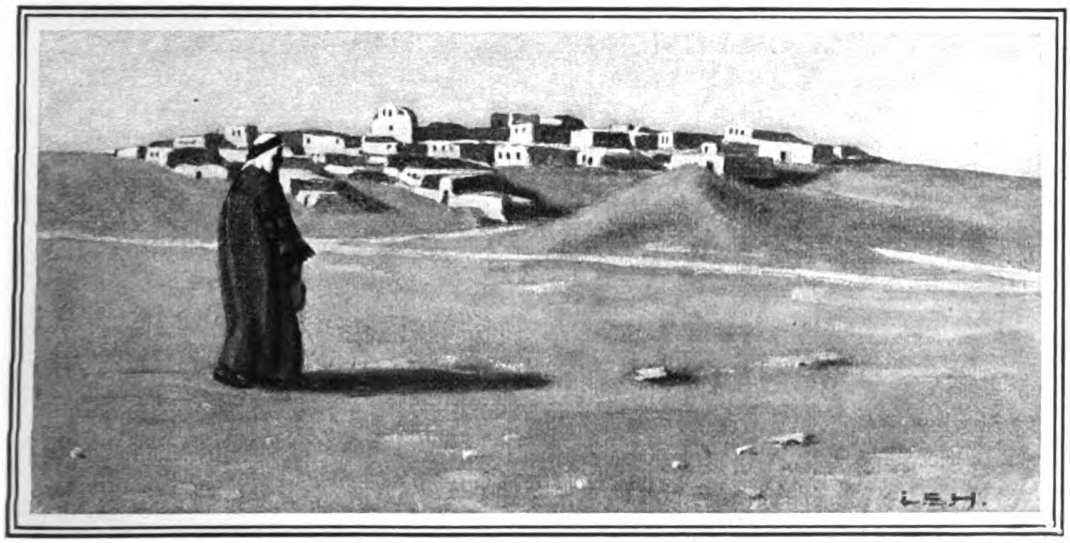
Painted by Lawren S. Harris Illustration for "Riding Down to Egypt"

OVER THE OLD ROUTE INTO EGYPT

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EDH DAHARIYEH—A BEDOUIN VILLAGE

Riding Down to Egypt

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

JERUSALEM to Cairo overland: many days of placid and companionable journeying over the ancient caravan route—riding thus, in the grateful January weather, among the pastoral Bedouins beyond Beersheba and through the farther sandy wastes. I remember the rosy morning air, the sunlight, the blue distances and greening fields of our departure, the olive trees and stony barrens, the blithe patter of hoofs, the bells of the baggage mules, and dust of our small company on the white road beyond, the dwindling towers and walls of the sacred hills. I recall, too, the exhilaration of the hour: proceeding no more from an errand into the open, in expectation of mild adventure, than issuing upon the disappearance of all pitiable shrines and the spectacle of an ignorant adoration which had depressed our spirits.

We conceived the auguries favorable to a happy progress in strange places; and it pleased us in this way to make-believe—a grave pretence that omens, as once they had been, still were large with meaning to such as took the old road into Egypt. In a field beyond Bethlehem

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a new-born kid lay at the feet of a small shepherd of those hills, whereby the wonder of our followers was excited to an amazing garrulity, for no birth had ever before occurred at their passing; and a masterless dog of the city had attached herself to our adventure, which was a happy omen (they said), though, indeed, it presently appeared that she was but a friend of the white mule, and had come, not to join fortunes with us, but in the regular exercise of her devotion. Ah, but! he of the muleteers insisted, the little beast had foreseen the luck of our journey.

At the Jaffa Gate, a ragged Moslem graybeard, afflicted, but held in holy regard by the pious because of an illumination exceeding wisdom, had lifted his hands and muttered a vacant benediction, including us with all the thronging world; past the foot of the hill, a band of Russian pilgrims, toiling toward the gate of their holy city, gave us for our beggarly greeting—worn souls!—an abundant blessing, besting us mightily in this wayside exchange; he that calls himself John the Baptist, having come but yesterday from long wandering in the wilderness beyond Jordan—hairy, gaunt, barelegged, and in rags,—conveyed the Divine sanction from the shade of an olive tree by the way, whence, when the sun was high (they said), he would into the city, uplifted and eloquent, to proclaim his message to a heedless generation.

We rode out in great humor with the time and undertaking, blessed by infidel and pilgrim, hermit and *fellah*, dusty travellers afoot and them that bestrode fine beasts; and this was a curious and heartening departure.

That night we lay at Hebron. . . .

Here is a city of gentle situation, lying in a sunlit valley: a grape-land, fertile and well watered through these ages since the children of Israel first beheld it. It is a place of evil faith and monstrous reputation; the zeal of twenty thousand Mohammedans, grown restless, finds occasional vent in the murder of some wretched Jew or wandering native Christian, and is an abiding menace to all travellers not of Islam.

"Men," the missionary shouted from his threshold, "no tent where there is a roof! God bless you all!" with glowing heartiness; "come in. Made this house myself," he apologized, with a chuckle, "and it isn't finished. But never mind that; come right on in here and be at home. You *are* at home," cried he; and immediately gave over his kitchen to our cook, which made us guests, indeed, of his compassion, as we were glad to be.

He was a spare, eager young man, all aflash and twinkling with vital love of folk, and so abstracted with us and uneasy, because of a habit of preoccupation —though he rattled on with much charm and intelligence—that I fancied he was forever devising cunning schemes to lure the people to his faith. Here dwelt he, then, in discomfort and grave isolation, in much real peril—in poverty, doubtless, without hope of any gain—but was ingenuously proud of his employment.

"I *tell* you, men," he declared, in conviction so lively that I jumped and was amazed in the presence of it, "this work is its *own* reward!"

There had been a vast expenditure of reasonable love here — of money little enough, I think, so mean a sum that it mocked the wealth of the churches—but of the strength of one wise man its all; and I wondered concerning its visible return: not in total attendance, neither in day-school progress and behavior, but in the tale of captives taken from the hosts of Islam, by which the knight himself must measure his own victory. This was no mean intention to make divisor and dividend of souls and cash, which may not by any gracious heart be done, nor was it a narrow and cynical curiosity, neglecting the ultimate return, but a simple traveller's wonder concerning the immediate effect of a rare conjunction of great purpose with an impeccable efficiency and a personality so engaging that the business of proselyting was here indulged above the law.

"One soul," the man answered, frankly.

There was no sigh, no complaint or hopelessness; there was a brief expectation of blame, perhaps, to arise from lay misunderstanding, but no readiness to resent it, as the missionary regarded me steadfastly.

"One soul?" I echoed.

"The Lord," said he, brushing the hair from his brow, "has given us—*just one soul!*"

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I had not thought that in all Hebron one man had dared declare himself apostate; but the missionary—perceiving no triumph—was now fallen into a wistful muse, embittered, no doubt, by some unjust self-accusation.

"I think," he added, diffidently, looking up, "that it is a genuine conversion; I *think* it is. There is a blood feud against the man, and—he has laid off his weapons."

The convert (thought we) would soon be numbered with the martyrs!

It was the Sabbath; the sun was gone down, leaving the olive groves and vineyards in the purple shadow of the hills. Under cover of the dusk, it seemed, many men would come to evening service. "By the back door," the missionary whispered; "they steal in, these poor people—on the quiet, you understand? dressed in rags, in disguise, afraid to be known. They come; oh yes—they *come,* men!" There was a congregation of two in the bare little service-room: the convert, a weak-eyed shoemaker, and his apprentice. The boy was restless, bored, timid, and flea-bitten; the man snuggled to his new faith: he was ecstatically happy. But yet he lived in expectation of death: as how should he not?—a damned and outcast apostate, the object of a blood feud, who in obedience to the new teaching (and of his own notion) had put off his weapons and was become defenceless against his blood enemy and the hatred of his city. I remember him as a stalwart fellow, able, in fair fight, to hold his life against odds.

It was dark, and the street was silent and empty, when the apostate slunk away. Came then the missionary to us, despondently.

"Men," he began at once, but with distaste, "the Lord wished to humble us."

But why?

"I—I—*boasted,*" he stammered, bitterly; "and only two came."

We had forgotten the promise of numbers.

"And, men," the good man concluded, speaking from the very dust of humiliation, "I—I—*am* humbled!"

Presently, however, and with better heart, he told us of sundry healings by prayer, and, after that, of a gracious miracle worked in his behalf. "It happened, men," he related, "on the road from Beersheba, at midsummer. It was hot. I tell you, men, it was *hot!* No sign of rain—dry midsummer. You don't expect clouds at midsummer, do you?—nothing short of a miracle, as it were, could produce them. And I couldn't stand the sun. No, men; I just *couldn't!* I knew I couldn't live another day without relief. So I thought I'd tell the Lord all about it. Just tell Him frankly, you know, and depend upon Him. And I did: just got right down on my knees that night, men, and told Him what I thought. 'Lord,' said I, 'I can't stand it. I would if I could; but I just *can't.* You'll have to save me—you'll have to do it, Lord—or I'll perish right here in the wilderness.' And next day, men, a little cloud covered the sun—no bigger than a man's hand. A little cloud—at midsummer! It didn't move away, remember: just hung right there, all day, between the sun and me. And my life was saved. Now," he demanded, "what do you think of that?"

That a little cloud had intervened.

"I tell you, men," the missionary declared, in pathetic bewilderment, "I believe the Lord *heard* me—that time!"

We were given Godspeed in the olive grove, as we rode away, soon after dawn; and we keep the man in faith and in affection. He is a good man, a devoted and efficient man in his profession, and most tender. . . .

Edh Dahariyeh is a village of the Bedouins who till the rich plains beyond Hebron, and there dwell in peace and in submission: both peace and submission being contemptible to the warlike tribes of the great desert to the east, who successfully resist all authority. The people of the fields are much oppressed: the burden is of taxation; three thousand dollars are yearly extracted from a population of eight hundred men, women, and children, but leave no pennyworth of benefit to solace the ravished community. When the crops begin to spring and the flocks give promise, a Turkish assessor rides from Hebron, and upon every man levies according to the utmost power of that man to pay, so that some let their land lie fallow, and some, at news of his coming, slaughter their animals, rather

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GOAT'S-HAIR TENTS, SHELTERING A BEGGARLY CREW OF BEDOUINS

than suffer an excessive extortion. The village is itself but a jumble of listless earthen huts, risen on a mound of its own refuse and ruins. Beneath the homes of this time are the forgotten chambers of the forefathers.

Whilst the tents were rising on the common—a sweep of clean and close-cropped green—we came to the guest-room, as all good travellers must, or live ill-mannered, arrogant fellows in the recollection of these punctilious folk. Here was a hospitable refuge for wanderers of whatsoever degree, free to them, to sleep and pass on, unquestioned, or for three days to tarry, guests of the tribe: an admirable and saving custom of these parts. It was a dark and stagnant interior—a black shadow under the vaulted roof, I recall, into which a dusty sunbeam intruded through a high slit in the wall—but was now comfortably aglow at the coffee fire, where two ragged old men, whose turn it was (at the sheikh's behest) to provide the travellers refreshment, were nursing the coals, in some ill humor. There was a good company squatting about in expectation of our coming; and they gave us *es-salâm 'aleikum* in no heartening fashion, but led us to the high seat, which they distinguished for us by spreading an abba taken from the back of a young man.

Then came the sheikh, swaggering from the sunlight—a glum, impatient old man, tattooed on the tip of his nose, now wry-mouthed and out of sorts, wearing a blue abba of quality, all his garments soft and proudly flowing; but yet he was a man of no account, save here.

The ceremonial three cups of coffee were served to us in awkward silence.

"Now," the sheikh demanded, on the heels of the last gulp, "why have you slighted our hospitality?"

"We have pitched our tents," I protested, "on your common."

"It is true," he rejoined; "but you mock us."

"What mockery," I asked, angrily, "is there in this?"

"You ride down to Egypt," he replied. "It is a great journey. You will lie here and there by the way; and they will say to you: 'How fared you at Edh Dahariyeh? Did they take you in—at Edh Dahariyeh? Did they kill a sheep—at Edh Dahariyeh?' You will answer: 'They did not kill a sheep at Edh Dahariyeh; they left us to sleep in the open — at Edh Dahariyeh.' No traveller," the sheikh boasted, but with what truth I know not, "lacks entertainment at Edh Dahariyeh. We are able to kill a sheep every day. Had you sent word of your coming, I would have had you

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to my house; but your mules came without warning, and your servants began to pitch your tents. We shall be laughed at for mean men from Edh Dahariyeh to Egypt."

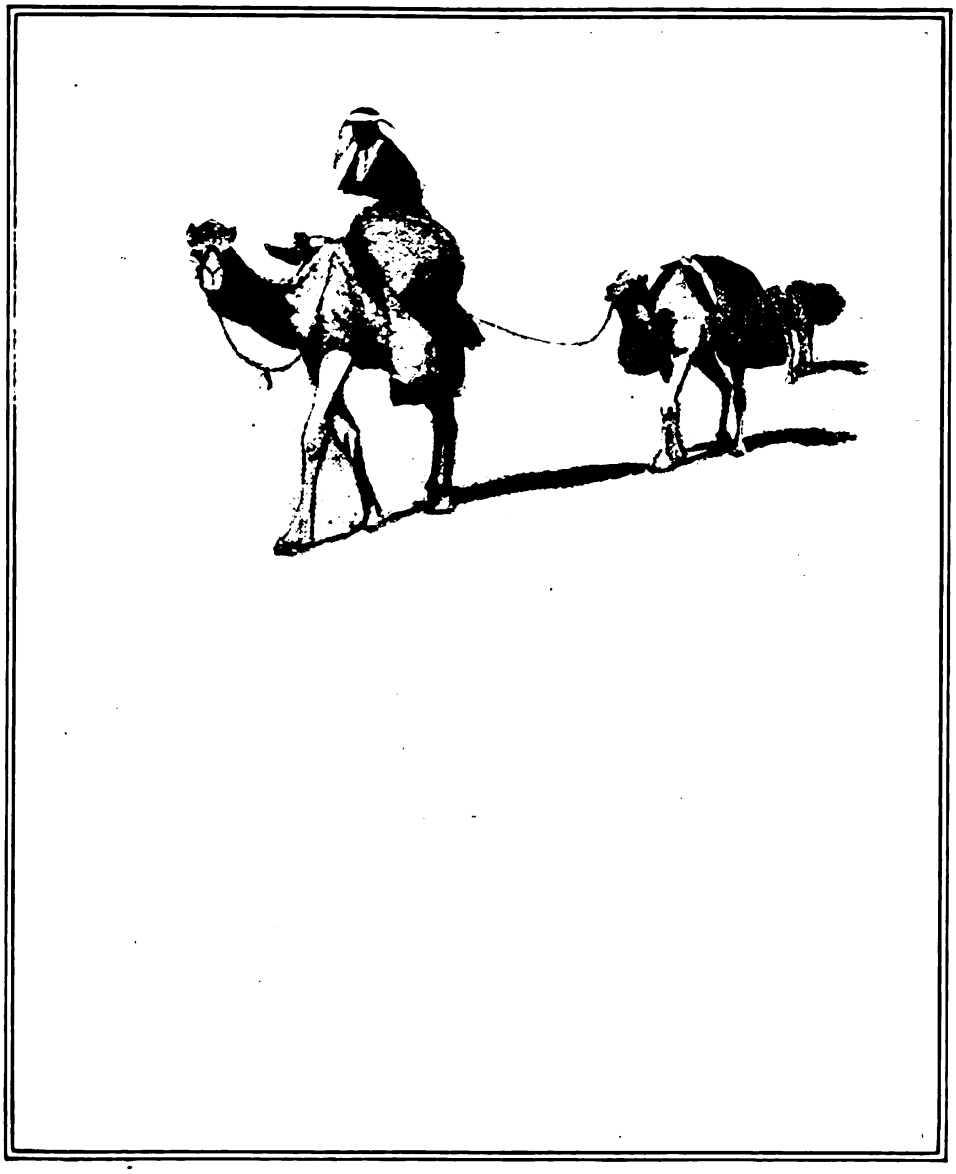
The man, it seemed, would yet have us conscripts of his pride, and house us in his flea-run dwelling; and in the alarm of this prospect I turned to Aboosh—that admirable interpreter and guide.

"Ephraim," said I, firmly, "the man must be diverted. Ask him if the world is round or flat."

The diversion was effected: moreover—a sensation.

"If the world is flat," was the response, after some heavy pondering, "I am content; if it is round, it is round by God's wisdom."

The men in the guest-room softly applauded. It was a characteristic thing: an evasion is with them equal to an answer. They drew nearer now, scenting a discussion of natural philosophy; and an expectant silence fell. They had forgotten the offence against the hospitality of their tribe.



CAMELS CARRYING GRAIN

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"Answer me this," said the sheikh: "how is the world supported in this blue space?"

"The world," I answered, cunningly, "depends upon the thread of God's will."

It was a sufficient answer: curiosity dared proceed no farther; an inquiry beyond the comfortable explanation of God's will would be impiety. . . .

We came to Beersheba in a wind-storm, a driving gale, the horses lagging dispirited. The air was parching and misty with dust blown in from the wilderness; and some idle old wiseacres, loitering near, said that all travellers in the sandy desert would be in peril. It is a mushroom trading settlement, for these six years a struggling market-place; they have digged up the ruins of the ancient city to make new habitations: a turn of the spade, and here are the squared blocks of fallen palaces ready to hand. The *kaimakam* said that we must ride thence to Gaza, or ride no farther on our journey, lest we come to harm on the plains, where, said he, were many Bedouins and no familiar paths. "Everybody," said this timid man, "rides to Gaza, and therefore must you. If you took the path of your choosing, and met with evil treatment, how should I escape?" We would not buy his acquiescence (were that his meaning), but departed in the early morning from Beersheba, choosing the shorter way to Rafieh, which was to our liking.

In these days was an agreeable amazement: no desert this, but a wide and fertile land, lying between the sea, which once glimpsed blue from far away, and a range of barren mountains, three days' journey inland. It yields abundantly to an indolent cultivation; and for the rich harvest come in the season a host of eager Egyptians, with their long trains of camels, to trade for the grain: so that (said they) there were a thousand tents pitched hereabouts, and a joyous activity, with spectacles and merrymaking, like a fair. Everywhere I observed fragments of earthen water-jars. How long the goat's-hair tents have been moving over these plains God knows, but it seems that every foot of the land must in its day have been a warm hearth. They were now turning the brown fields, with camels harnessed to the plough, or sowing, in the ancient way, a hand scattering over the shallow furrows. I remember this as a dewy, pastoral land, of wet brown earth, shy flowers, of wide sky and great clouds, of flocks returning in the dusk, of a soft-speaking, gentle people—plains of uttermost peace.

The grass thinned day by day until we came to Rafieh, the frontier station of Egypt, where, from the crest of a hill, we first saw the sandy desert of et-Tih. . .

Until this time there had come with us from Hebron a Turkish soldier, riding a young camel, whose virtues he boasted—and, indeed, exhibited: the clean limbs, the stride, and the docility of the beast. It seemed a worthy camel: a camel of excellent humor and of distinguished promise; and it was much coveted by the way. At night, as the custom is, the man was used to sleeping close to his beast, the winds being chill; but now, at Rafieh, whilst the mules were unloading and the cook was coaxing his fire, he tethered the camel, flung his saddle on the sand, and went off to the mud barracks to hobnob with the Egyptian frontier guard. I was presently alarmed by the cook's outcry and a rising excitement in camp: the docile camel was viciously trampling his master's saddle, stupidly believing that he was engaged in his master's murder—a savage and dreadful attack, a rearing and heavy plunge.

"What!" ejaculated the Turk, when he was informed of this. "Have I cherished a man-killer?"

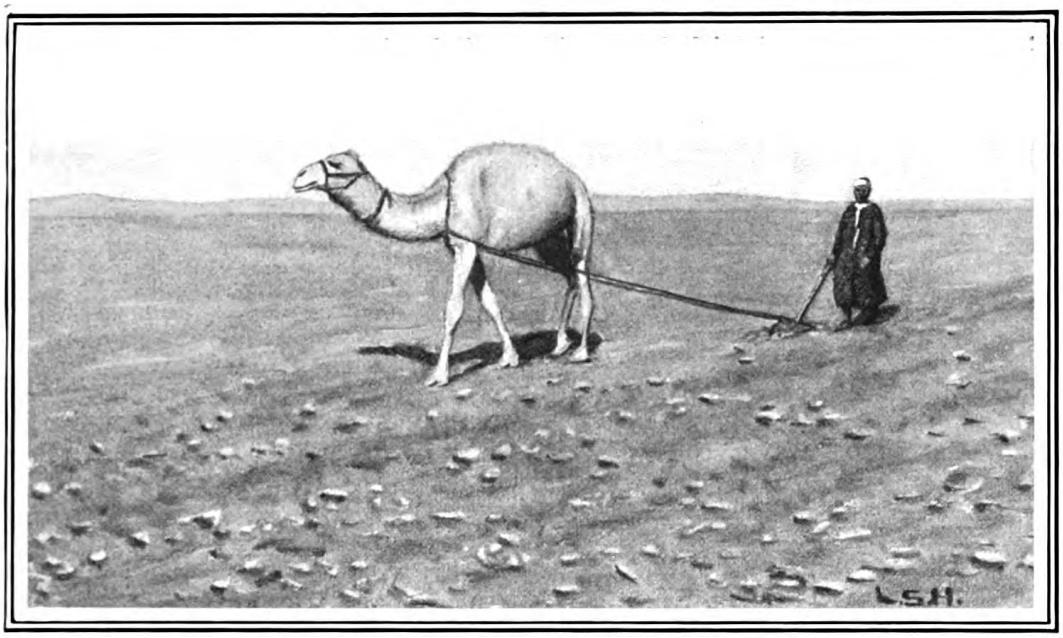
The camel was heartily beaten and reduced to his knees, whereupon his doubled fore leg was tied so that he could rise but with difficulty, and we withdrew to observe his behavior, for his master was not yet convinced. Rise he did, a persistent, silent effort, and cautiously approached the saddle, which he attacked as savagely as before, but now with one hoof.

"I have had a narrow escape," said the Turk; "my camel would have killed me to-night. By God and Mohammed the Prophet of God!" he swore, "I will put the beast in the bazar at Beersheba."

I inquired concerning the future owner's prospect of long life.

"He is in God's hands," was the answer.

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TURNING THE BROWN FIELDS WITH A CAMEL HARNESSED TO THE PLOUGH

This is a disposition much feared in a camel; the soldier's beast (they said) should have been butchered for food, lest he accomplish a murder. I have heard of a revengeful camel which bit off the top of a boy's head; but though the disposition is known to all men, some say that camels do not employ their teeth in attack. . . .

Here then we entered again the old route into Egypt, travelled these ages, but now almost forsaken: a long, voiceless, glowing road, touching the shore of the sea, wandering over blistered salt bottoms, past stagnant, encrusted pools, through deep sand, drifted in hills, smoking in the wind. There is some commerce between Gaza and El-Arish, between El-Arish and the canal, brief trains of camels carrying grain; and in the season droves of camels pass from the great Arabian Desert to the markets of Egypt; but no opulent caravans go that way, as formerly, nor is there anywhere the suggestion of a former importance, save at Rafieh, where a broken granite column lies beside the road, half buried in the sand.

Beyond El-Arish is no town, no considerable habitation—no more, at that season, than the huts of the keepers of the wells, and widely dispersed groups of goat's-hair tents, sheltering a beggarly crew of lean, low-living Bedouins. Wells are at merciful intervals—deep holes in the sand, well kept in these days of the Occupation, but accumulating brackish, bitter water. One well of sweet water I recall in a six days' journey. They may be sunk in a barren, without a bush or blade of grass to grace the neighborhood; at the most beautiful, a grove of date palms rises from the sand. There is no oasis of the imagination on the desolate and forgotten caravan route that crosses the sandy desert of et-Tih into Egypt. It is a broiling path—hardly tolerable at midday, even in January. . . .

Approaching El-Arish — passing now, in the midday heat, over rolling sand, from which, here and there, dry, gray bushes sprang—our company halted to observe a curious and disquieting sight: a woman in flight—slipping like a hare from bush to bush; stopping, exhausted, then venturing desperately on. Whither she fled, God knew, for her face was turned to the very heart of the desert, and there she must surely perish: there was neither water nor encampment in that forlorn direction, as we knew. There came over a near-by rise, whilst we debated, a Soudanese of the garrison, riding a camel, which he had at the trot, and a gray-bearded old man, with his

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loins girt up, running afoot, the breath almost gone from his creaking body. At sight of the small, fleeing figure they swerved from the road, hastened the faltering pace, and presently overtook the fugitive, whom the old man caught by the wrist and roughly persuaded to return.

"I am her uncle," he explained, but not unkindly; "she has no other relative, and she has run away from her husband, to whom I gave her."

She was but a girl, a child, overyoung to be married, it seemed, and though her face was in part veiled and in part concealed by bangles, it was apparent that she was comely, if only with youth.

"Has she done a wrong?"

"It is not that," he replied; "it is because I guaranteed her behavior, and must now restore her, or pay the penalty."

"My husband is old," said the girl, defiantly, "and beats me."

"What refuge," I asked, "did you think to find in the desert hereabout?"

She answered sullenly, like a child, "I was running away."

El-Arish, to which we came that day, lay near the sea, past a fruitful, primitively irrigated sand plain where date palms and fig trees and sprawling vines grew in the sand, and where were green and flourishing vegetable patches. It is a city, beautiful in these parts, of many low white houses, blinding in the sunlight, of streets ankle deep with sand, of bazars and mosques, of a small military establishment, under the English, a city of eight thousand inhabitants (I think)—a seat of justice, at any rate; for next morning the runaway wife was taken before the cadi of the district for judgment. "I will not live with my husband," said she, "except I have my will in a certain matter." The cadi asked for an explanation, whereupon a curious thing happened. "It is my will," said the girl, "that my uncle shall give his daughter to my husband's eldest son, which he has refused to do. Upon these terms I will return to my husband, and will continue dutiful." It was then so agreed among them; and the grateful cadi dismissed them all.

They said in the town that the girl loved her husband's son, and had sacrificed herself to his happiness; and of the young man good words were spoken. . . .

Beyond El-Arish, where the road departs from the shore, the desert is rolling and sparsely bushed; and here is a gruesome place: for (said the Soudanese as we rode) a youth of the town, returning from the sale of camels in Egypt, with the gold in his belt, had behind a near drift of sand been murdered by one whom he had befriended, a Bedouin of beyond the frontier, broken in fortune. There were, indeed, two, for they travelled three together, and the deed was accomplished by arrangement. "Save me!" cried the poor youth, staggering under the first blow of the sword, and ran confidently to this Bedouin; but the man employed his dagger in a way that may not be described, being most foul and gory, and the youth expired at his feet. And now, as we rode from this unhappy spot, we came upon a caravan of distinction: a man of some carriage, clad in silk, riding with two body servants, a guard and a secretary, his baggage camels trailing behind; and he wavered loosely on the back of his camel in a fashion most painful and weary.

"By God! friends," he groaned, "how far is it to El-Arish?"

We told him four hours.

"Praise God!" said he; "for I have been tortured six days on the back of this beast."

I inquired of his errand.

"I am a judge," he answered, "come this distance from Egypt to try a cursed Bedouin for murder. Four hours to El-Arish? Then, by God!"—more cheerfully—"we shall try the Bedouin this afternoon, and hang him to-morrow."

Beyond the frontier the Bedouin might easily have bought himself free with stolen gold; but here was English jurisdiction. . . .

Riding once, past noon, in a blistering glare, we came unexpectedly upon an old man, bent, lean, and gray, but trudging sturdily eastward, ankle deep in the sand, appearing a helpless figure in that inimical waste. He was afoot, alone, clad all in the rags of a pilgrim; and that he was piously inclined was speedily evident, for no sooner had he perceived our cara-

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Painted by Lauren S. Harris

WELLS ARE AT MERCIFUL INTERVALS

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van than he removed from the road, spread his abba in haste, and knelt to recite the prayers, continuing to bow and patter until we halted abreast.

"Whither bound?" said I.

"To Mecca, *khawaja,* to perform the ceremonies. I am come from beyond Egypt, and am belated because of sickness."

"Have you no fear of starvation?"

"God is my sustenance, *khawaja,*" he answered.

"Neither dread of wild beasts nor robbers?"

"God is my shield."

"Here is a lonely pilgrimage," said I, in pity.

"God is my companion, *khawaja,* and my comfort."

"But to die in this wild desert!"

"The will of God, *khawaja:* I am content."

We rode on, having stood, in pity, to watch the pious pilgrim turn a sand drift, moving in haste above his strength; and presently—it may have been two hours—we encountered, in a gully, a red-bearded, mighty man, not yet grown past his youth, who in this heat had stripped to his fluttering shirt: a morose and angry fellow (thought we), now sweating and out of breath, as with running. He, too, was in haste, it seemed—but wherefore was a mystery,—and heeded us with impatience; but we could not let him pass, for he had no *girbie* of water, nor any bread that we could see, and seemed to be travelling incontinently to a bitter death.

"Have you neither food nor water?" I demanded.

"Two hours gone," he answered, "did you not pass an old man much given to piety and praying?"

"Bearing an Egyptian water-bottle?"

"The bottle is from Algiers, whence am I; but the man is the same, may God reward him with hunger, thirst, and plague! For three days, *khawaja,* we travelled in friendship, and he shared all that I had, having nothing himself; but this morning, when I awoke, he had stolen away, and I was deserted, thieved of my water and bread, and left to die."

We gave the man food and water, urging him the while to leniency.

"Your beneficence," said he, "has saved the life of that false friend; but still, by God! will I punish him."

He departed, running. . . .

It seemed, sometimes, after noon, that the elder *khawaja* wished the day's riding over; and Mustafa, the camel-driver, wise and kindly man, would stride smilingly by his stirrup, in the way of some medieval retainer. "I will tell the *khawaja* a most excellent and engaging story, to relieve his weariness, if he will but deign to listen," he would begin. Whereupon there would crowd near all the muleteers and chance followers of our fortunes; and an orderly caravan would all at once turn into a jostling company of mules, donkeys, camels, and horses, for the moment having the will of their abstracted riders. "There was once a Sultan," Mustafa related, I recall —and this was approaching Bir-el-Abd— "who commanded that there should be no occupation followed after sundown in his city. 'My city,' said he, 'shall be silent: I will have not so much as a whisper to disturb the sleep of my people.' And after that there was no sound —except a tapping: a mysterious tap-tap-tapping, which no servant of the Sultan could locate or explain. But the Sultan commanded that the culprit should immediately be discovered, since it was his will, he said, to decapitate so flagrant an offender; and eventually a poor shoemaker was surprised at his labor, and forthwith haled before the Sultan, to answer to the accusation that he was the most disobedient subject in all the land.

"'Come!' cried the Sultan, in anger; 'is it true that you are a disobedient fellow, who must lose his head?'

"'It is true,' answered the poor shoemaker, 'that I have disobeyed your Majesty's command.'

"By this candor the Sultan was amazed. 'Then why,' he demanded, 'have you ventured your life in this unprofitable fashion?'

"'Alas!' cried the culprit, 'I must labor for the one by night and for the other by day.'

"The Sultan asked for an explanation.

"'I am the slave,' answered the shoemaker, 'of a robber and a creditor.'

"'What robber,' demanded the Sultan,

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'has escaped my law, and what creditor is so cruel?'

"'The robber,' answered the shoemaker, 'is my daughter, who takes from me for clothing which she needs not; and the creditor,' said he, 'is my son, to whose future I am in grievous debt, since I have fathered him, and owe him, God knows, what he may achieve.'

"'Your daughter,' said the Sultan, pleased with the answer, 'I will give to a husband; your son I will take into my service: and will you then continue to despite me?'

"'Nevermore,' answered the shoemaker."

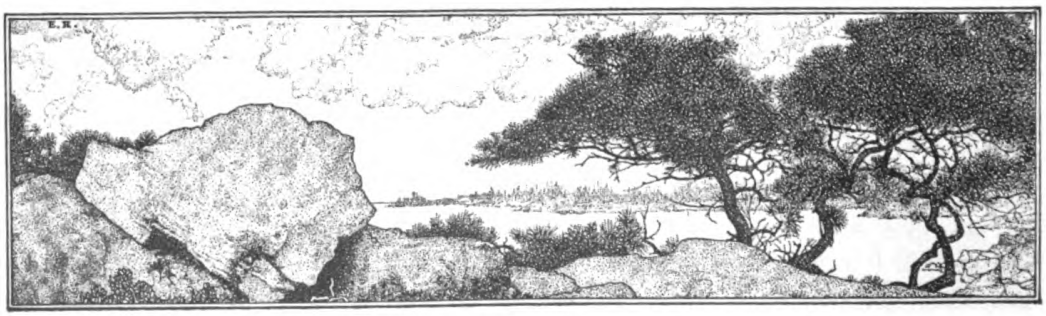
I thanked Mustafa for the story.

"Labor in your service, *khawaja*," he answered, smiling, "is like rest."

These were tales, told in ancient fashion—as to the Canterbury pilgrims—to relieve the tedium of travelling ahorse. . .

There came once a thick, hot dawn; no rosy color in the east—no cool tint or stirring of the air. Who had been used to the refreshment and cheerful expectation of the morning had now no spirit for the road. We labored into a salt marsh, most foul and desolate, a dreary place, lying dead under a sullen sky: slimy pools, listless rushes, a crust of salty mud, through which our horses floundered, breaking now and again to their bellies. When we came again to the sand, a breeze was blowing from the east, but brought no relief, being hot and dry, as from an oven. It rose quickly to a gale of wind. The air was all at once dusty and unpalatable; the encompassing hills disappeared in a mist of driven sand—the road vanished beneath our feet. Presently, the wind still rising, there was not a hoofprint to be descried; the desert was trackless: we were haplessly — even perilously — lost. The noise of the gale—a swish and shrieking, as at sea—was a confusing commotion, and the flying sand choked and stung and blinded us. There was nothing to be seen in the fog of dust but the nearer hills—smoking like crested seas in a hurricane—which the wind was shaping anew. For hours we wandered westward, urging the nervous, complaining beasts in the direction of water, which we might not hope to find, since at best the well was no more than a speck in that wilderness. In the late afternoon we staggered by chance into a deep gully, with the wind howling overhead; and in this sheltered spot Aboosh found the hoofprints of the road—faintest depressions, almost obliterated by fine sand sifting from above. Here, too — and to our amazement — we encountered a Mecca pilgrim, on his haunches, his head wrapped in a mantle, waiting with religious patience for the storm to pass. The wind fell then, and the heavy sand fog immediately settled; and following the pilgrim's directions (he had come from Kantara) — depending somewhat, too, upon the configuration of the desert for guidance—we came by happy fortune to the well of Googa, long after sunset.

Next night—having been fourteen days on the road from Jerusalem — we encamped on the bank of the canal at Kantara.



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Simply

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

HE came to us from the hill country. He served an apprenticeship firing a switch engine on a jerkwater branch up there. He was well used to hard work, and Connors said that he might have made good on the main line.

We put him at work firing a pusher up over the Seven Mile Grade, and he almost came up to the mark from the first. His mind was already on the main line. Perhaps he might have dreamed of a passenger run down there in the lowlands. Sometimes the boys who fire the wood-burners dream those very dreams.

Connors almost smiled when he saw how the boy—for he was a man only in size and strength—tackled the fire-box door of the pusher. The old boss said that he knew a man from the stiffness in his knees, and Simply was stiff in his knees.

When they sized him up down there in the sun-carpeted place back of the roundhouse he was still stiff in the knees. The crowd was inclined to be rough with newcomers, and even the hill country men sometimes caught it hard in there. Murdock, the only man who could put the Day Express over Seven Mile on schedule in wet weather and throw in an extra Pullman or two for good measure, was chief inquisitor.

"What's yer name?" Murdock had asked.

"Hank."

"Hank what?"

"Simply Hank."

And that was how we came to call him Simply. That name stuck to him like burs to corduroy, and all the time he stayed on the Upper Wyandotte he was known everywhere, save at the pay-car and on the old boss's books, as Simply. He could not shake the name, and it's not told that he ever tried.

A few months after that session back of the roundhouse, Murdock went in to see Connors, our Road Foreman of Engines for the division.

"My man Dyson's a loafer," he said to the R. F. of E. "Some day we will fall down with Fifteen, and the big boss will go up in the air."

Connors looked thoughtful a moment, and then he said,

"Who do you want in your cab with you?"

"Give me Simply."

And so it came to pass that Simply stood on the tender board of the big 302—H-2 type—and worked as no other man on the whole division had to work. But he just seemed to eat up work, and if it had been Murdock's way to praise folks he would have told Simply that he was the best fireman he had ever seen during all the years that he had been fingering a throttle up the Upper Wyandotte. He did not even tell Connors that at first.

"Do you want George Dyson back again?" asked the Road Foreman of the gray-haired engineer. "He's running extra, and bothering the life out of me for a regular run."

"I'm satisfied to let good enough alone," grunted Murdock, which was his own way of saying that Simply was the only fireman who had ever scraped the insides of the big 302. And as for Simply, what was the old wood-burner up in the hills, the stumpy pusher at the Seven Mile, compared with working in a cab as big as a city parlor, if a little less clean? Then think of the chance it gave him to see the country! Every other day he doubled the division with Murdock, the Day Express, and the 302. He would be up and at the roundhouse at dawn getting out his big engine and making the hostlers help him get up steam in her fat boiler. It was a hard tug all the way to Seven Mile, the summit of the division, and then coast and coast and coast all the way down to Somerset on the main line. Time there for a bite to eat and the 302 to cool,

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then a swing around in the yards, and back under the black train-shed of the dirty old depot in that city to receive the Up Express.

How the 302 would dig her heels into the steel and send them hurrying out of the station, out of the yards, through the lower valley, past the lonesome junction tower at Briar Creek, and then up and at the first of the big hills of the Upper Wyandotte! It was work and tug and tug and work all the way to the Seven Mile, and after that, when even arms of steel were beginning to ache, a coast down-hill past Stoneville and all the other little towns of the upper valley into the dingy depot yard at Rockville again. This was the best part of the day's work. Simply would sit there in the cab and look out along the long boiler of the 302 gilded by the setting sun, watch the twilight mists and fogs rise from the river, while all the time he listened to the heart-beat of the engine. Sometimes he would stand on the tender board and watch the rich country as the Day Express went flying through it; watch the farmers pull up their buggies at the crossroads, and the girls who stood at the side of the track, shading their eyes to see the train, and putting their fingers in their ears when Simply let the catcall of the 302 loose. He would always bow gravely to the girls, but they were not of his kind, and he knew but little of them.



LUCY WAS TEACHING THE FIREMAN TO READ AND WRITE

When they were again in the Rockville roundhouse he would have already forgotten about them. He would have the 302 in the first stall, shining her plated parts, and he would listen with an ill-disguised pride when the roundhouse gang worked out of Langley, the veteran freighter, how he had brought a five-thousand train up a two-mile grade with a hot box and defective brakes to work against him, and Murdock would mumble something about making up thirteen minutes with Fifteen that day—pity they wouldn't run it in two sections—he had two extra Pullmans that very day over the Seven Mile. Simply would only be dabbling with the waste by that time. He was dreaming again, wondering when he could sit back in the shade of the big roundhouse and tell the boys just what you could do and Jove a'mighty couldn't do in dovetailing fast freight and trunk-line passenger business over one hundred and fifty-four miles of single-track division.

Stoneville is fifty-two miles below Rockville, and the prettiest town on the Upper Wyandotte. There are a lot of stores on the main street at Stoneville, and the last of them the Millinery Emporium of Miss Lucy Hawkins. Miss Lucy went down to New York one year, and when she returned the name of Hawkins was lost to commercial circles in Stoneville. She had her old sign erased from her store window, and in its place Zeke Cole, the all-round man of the village, painted the British coat of arms, the single script "Lucy," and be-

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low it, "Paris—London—New York—Stoneville." Zeke had to get drunk to do the job right, but after it was done folks used to drive to Stoneville to see it—the meat-market sign, "Broilers to order," was as nothing,—and Miss Lucy began to get the swell trade from the summer boarding-houses along the river.

You can throw a pebble in the mill pond there at Stoneville and the ripples will reach the far edges of the pool. Just so the rumor spread through that calm community that Miss Lucy had a beau, and Stoneville rippled and revelled in consequence. Rumor was presently confirmed by fact, for Miss Lucy was seen returning one Sabbath evening from the Hard-shell Baptist Church, of which she had been an adornment for thirty-two years, clingingly hanging upon the arm of a tall and muscular young man who was a stranger in the village. After that Stoneville made it its business to discover the identity of Miss Lucy's beau. Jem Clark, the station agent, finally found out that it was a railroad man who was shining up to the little lady, could not definitely discover his name, and found that he was known up and down the division as Simply, and that was enough.

Miss Lucy surely had Simply as her steady company. She perked up quite a bit; wore colors again—she had put on black when her little bay pony died—and finally got the newfangled frameless spectacles instead of the gold-edged ones she had worn since the summer she went to the World's Fair. While Simply took one of his off days each week to get down into Stoneville to see his girl the news went flying up and down the division. It travelled by cab and caboose, by slow freight and fast express, the operators ticked it over the wires, and it was the spiciest bit of gossip that ever entered the roundhouse at Rockville. It even wormed its way into Connors's office, and he told it to the Master Mechanic, who in due course repeated it to Mr. Wagner, the Superintendent of the division.

"Guess I'll have to lay over at Stoneville," said Murdock, "and see if I have any fancy for Simply's girl."



HE SAT THERE WATCHING THE SIGNALS

Now Murdock had had no real idea of bothering his head about Stoneville or Miss Lucy or Simply; he was no such busybody as that ordinarily; yet fate seemed to direct his footsteps in this instance, for within the month Connors sent him down to Stoneville to relieve the engineman of a special there and bring her up to Rockville. Murdock found that he had an hour in that town, and his footsteps began irresistibly leading him up its business street. When he reached "Lucy, Paris — London — New York—Stoneville," he stopped short in front of the little shop.

"Simply's girl," said he to himself.

There was an alley at the far side of the darkened shop, and the spirit of mischief, which was alive in Murdock, took

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him down this alley. He felt a bit of guilt because of his snooping, but kept apologizing to himself by saying that it was only because he wanted to see for himself how Simply made love, and not for gossip along the division. Finally he came to a place, very dark and secluded, where a lighted window at the rear of the little milliner's shop threw its radiance out into the night. Murdock discovered that he could hide himself behind a high wall, and by stretching his six foot three tiptoe observe all that transpired within Miss Lucy's parlor. It would be rare fun to see Simply courting.

He raised himself upon his toes and gazed down into the uncurtained room, keen in the enjoyment that was soon to be his. It was a tiny parlor, rather meagrely furnished, but as dainty and as immaculately clean as the milliner herself. A table stood in its centre, lighted by a green-shaded student lamp, and at it sat Miss Lucy and Simply side by side, the ungainly fireman entering right into the gates of Wonderland.

For a long time Murdock stood upon his toes, watched the two, listened to their talk—for the night was mild and the window open. Once or twice he hid himself in the shadow for fear of detection, but each time he returned to the engrossing scene. He was convinced that Simply was happy, was well within a land that he had rarely dreamed existed. He listened intently, but the joke of the thing was quite gone. The big railroader had been won by the very fact that the little milliner was teaching the fireman to read and write.

Murdock slowly retraced his steps to the depot, very grave and very much absorbed in his own thoughts. He had started out on a lark and had seen something that had made him ashamed of his eavesdropping; made him go to Simply when the boy came around the corner of the depot a little while after.

"You'd better jump in with me and come up to Rockville," said Murdock. "I can save you more'n an hour on your schedule that way."

"All right," said Simply, which was his way of thanking Murdock. He was astonished to find the big engineer showing kindness to him. So he sat in the fireman's seat all the way to the end of the division and watched another in blue jeans feed the hungry stomach of the locomotive; sat there without talking, watching the signals and looking out into the black night.

When they were at Rockville, Murdock went straight to Simply again.

"No engine to wipe to-night, boy," said he. "I'm hungry. Let's go over to The Widow's and have chowders."

Then it was that Simply opened his big blue eyes wide. Murdock, the best engine-runner on the Upper Wyandotte and known far and wide as the crossest man that ever trod a tender board, asking a fireman to eat with him.

"I guess I'd better be bunking," said Simply.

But Murdock would hear none of that, and the end of it all was that they sat across the table from one another at The Widow's, the most popular place for "eats" on the whole division. The engineer was filled with curiosity, and after he had talked with Simply on general topics he became more direct.

"Stoneville's a purty town?" said he.

Simply agreed with him.

"Stoneville's a growin' town?"

Simply again agreed with him.

"All in all, Stoneville's 'bout the nicest town on the division?" was Murdock's next comment.

Simply nodded assent. The engineer was about to reconnoitre for his next attack on this reserved country boy, and was wondering if he dared comment upon the fireman's frequent visits to Stoneville, when Simply asked him,

"Do you think that eddication counts in the railroad business?"

"I reckon education pays in any business."

"Yes, but it's the railroading that gets me now. You don't mind my asking you, do you?"

"Not at all, boy. I ain't much on gettin' too friendly with folks in a hurry, but I've been watchin' you, and I guess you're my sort."

Simply was a bit embarrassed, but he began talking again.

"Up where I come from, where they put in the side-hill drifts, there ain't any too much eddication. Readin' an' writin's been rare tricks with my folks."

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"Thar's a plenty of good folks that couldn't read nor write."

"But not many that got to be rich an' powerful," said the boy, slowly and gravely, looking into the engineer's eye. Murdock did not answer him, but toyed with the pewter spoon in his chowder bowl.

"Mr. Connors, our Road Foreman, he knows a whole lot about railroading?" asked Simply, after a few minutes. He may or may not have known it, but he touched a sensitive chord in Murdock's heart. The engineer and the R. F. of E. had grown up with the division since the days of wood-burners, long before the time when it became part and parcel of the great T. and S. system.

"Connors — know — this — railroading game?" said Murdock. "Why, there ain't nothing he don't know about it. You ain't to tell another soul, but I tells it to you as a God-solemn fact that Mr. Wagner, the Super, comes to Tom Connors time and time again for advice."

"Did Mr. Connors have much eddication? Did he go to one of them colleges?"

Murdock laughed in the face of his guest.

"I reckon that about the only college Tom Connors ever seed was the old roundhouse over across the way there."

But Simply was not to be convinced. He was solving his proposition in his own dogged way. "Mr. Wagner's Tom Connors's boss," said he.

"'Course the Road Foreman of Engines 's got to take orders from the Super. That's the way on all the roads."

Simply's face lighted with triumph.

"I knew it," said he. "Mr. Wagner's been to college. I know that. And can't you see for yerself, Murdock, that that's where the man with eddication does the bossing and gets the pay?" He paused for a moment, then added in a softer key, "I'm gettin' eddication myself."

Murdock was silent and still toyed with the spoon.

"You was askin' me a few minutes ago why I was goin' down to Stoneville, Murdock. I'll tell you. I'm a-goin' to a night school now. You ain't ever goin' to know enough to know what that means to me. See here." Simply drew a folded wad of paper from his pocket which was closely written in lead-pencil. "There ain't no matter what I've wrote here. It's a letter, the first letter I ever wrote in my life, Murdock. I've wrote it to my old woman up in the hill country. It's got twenty-seven words in it—eleven of one syllable, nine of two, six of three, and one of four. You don't find many four-syllable words, Murdock. This one's 'conflagration,' an' I reckon it's guv a good deal of style to this letter.

"When my old woman gets this letter she won't know what it is. She can't read, neither. But I've got a brother that's night timekeeper at one of the drifts, and he'll read it to her. Don't you think, Murdock, that the old 'un 'll think a heap sight more o' her boy—'her kid,' she uset to call me?"

"She sure will," said Murdock. He was filled with a growing admiration for Simply, and yet his curiosity was not altogether dead.

"I didn't know there were a night school down at Stoneville," he said.

The boy answered his frank and unabashed glance, and said:

"There isn't any night school as you'd know it, Murdock. There's a lady that's givin' me my eddication," said he. "That ain't to be peddled. I'd lick the man that made fun o' her an' o' me about it."

And into the gentle blue eyes there shot a fierceness that did not make Murdock doubt for a moment that Simply meant precisely what he said.

"I'm the las' to make fun of you," he said, uneasily. "You've been my cabmate, an' now you're a-goin' to be my friend."

"I hope so, Murdock," answered the boy. "I want your help so much."

Murdock called for two more chowders, for he was still hungry, and after the woman who owned the place went clattering into her kitchen he began talking to the boy again.

"I had a lady teacher once myself," said he, slowly, as he scoured his brain for words to fit his thoughts. "I was a sort of no-account boy when I got my schoolin'. I was near as big then as now, and near as ugly, an' I thought if I could lick the teacher I was mos' as big a man as the President of the U. S. A. I licked two or three of them for tryin' to make me good for somethin' in the world, an' then the school board up an' sends in a lady teacher to take my measure."

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"They seed you wouldn't lick no lady," said Simply. His eyes were as big as saucers, and he leaned forward with his elbows on the oilcloth.

"Lick that lady?" echoed the engineer. "Why, kid, I fell in love with my schoolmarm."

"Love's a new word on me, Murdock," said the boy, gravely. "Miss Lucy's been a-teachin' it to me. It's what makes folks go an' get spliced, ain't it? Did you marry your teacher, Murdock?"

If Murdock had been inclined to laugh at the first thing Simply said, there was something in the last that made him choke and hesitate before he spoke again.

"No, I didn't marry the schoolmarm," he said, slowly, after a time. "God knows I would have given my arm to. Typhoid's a wicked thing, kid, and that was why I've been stumblin' 'long all these years 'thout a helpmate, eatin' in holes like this instead of—"

But Murdock could not finish, and they ate chowder in silence. When they arose to leave, Simply brushed against the side of the table and a bit of blue cloth went fluttering from his pocket to the floor in front of Murdock. The engineer stooped, picked it up, and handed it to the fireman. The only question was in his eyes. Simply began to blush, the least little bit.

"It's some new duds I'm goin' to have, Murdock. Miss Lucy's been good enough to show me how to have them done in tart style."

Murdock bent over and whispered in the fireman's ear.

"Don't quit that night school," said he, gently. "An' don't you miss them lessons in love." He paused to clear his throat. "An' if there is any man 'tween here an' Somerset that dares to open his trap 'bout you or her I'll make it my business to put him in shape for sick pay. That's all now."

And the two men went out into the night together.

Simply, radiant in his new blue suit, alighted from the evening local as it pulled into Rockville depot. He thought that he would wander over to the roundhouse for a moment. He was anxious to see what the boys thought of his new suit. He also wore patent-leather shoes for the first time, and although they hurt him immensely, he wanted us to see that he was not always to be the raw country boy that first came down from the hills.

Harry Fisher—a young man who Simply vaguely knew made writing pieces for the papers his business—stood talking to Ordley, the night agent, there at Rockville. Simply could not well help overhearing the reporter as he passed behind the two men.

—Sleeper-train two hours and a half late on K. N. and W. That meant four and a half hours before he could get to Stoneville, and Stoneville all afire. Yes, it was a bad fire. Long-distance had told him so—had said all the stores in the town were—everything was ablaze and going—

Gone were the thoughts of the roundhouse and the new clothes. Back at Stoneville was the Millinery Emporium, and in the Millinery Emporium was Miss Lucy. Simply stopped short and faced Ordley.

"There's some freight runs down there sooner than Eight?" he asked.

"Not on Sunday nights."

"You heard about the fire?"

"I'm tryin' to get Jem Clark's man down there at Stoneville depot. I guess that's him calling now."

And as the night agent went back to his key, Simply came very close to the young man who wrote pieces for the city papers and whispered in his ear.

"Don't you say nothin' just now," he cautioned. "But I'll get you down there to Stoneville in three jerks if you'll stand by me."

He was tremendously excited, but trying to keep very cool all the time. His eyes ran up and down the little yard as if they sought to shape the idea that was framing itself in his mind. There was plenty of good motive power available, but it was all housed; and then there were the stove committee and the turntable and, good Lord! how many other obstacles there at the roundhouse. He ran to the corner of the depot and looked down the cripple track, where they put the worn-out duffle of the division just before it went to scrap. Down at the very end of the line of dead and rusty engines was one crowded out of a roundhouse stall, a faint glow beneath

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THE AGENT WHIRLED ABOUT AND LOOKED THE FIREMAN IN THE FACE

its drivers showing that there was fire in its grates. Simply recognized the ancient craft as the pusher that he used to fire out on the Seven Mile.

"Not much of a trick for a fifty-two-mile run," he said. "But she's got to do it."

He turned to Harry Fisher and told the reporter to run down the yard and get aboard the pusher. Then Simply went to the telegraph office of the depot. He was pale, but his eyes burned with the intensity of his purpose.

"It's bad, Simply," said the night agent. "It seems to be spreading all over the business part of the village."

Simply acted as if he had not heard a word of it. He gave orders as if he was the Superintendent of the division.

"I want you to clear a special extra from RK to ST," he ordered, "with rights over every damn thing on the

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track. We'll be out o' here in five minutes."

The agent whirled about and looked the fireman in the face.

"You're crazy, Simply," said he. He had a revolver in the loose papers at the back of his table, and he began furtively rummaging for it. "What do you think you are, trainmaster and despatcher rolled into one? Why, the General Manager's coming up the division bound for Chicago in his car and running special. S'pose you have me ditch the big boss, hey?"

Simply broke in, saying:

"I ain't got time to stop and argy the matter with you. You catch the G. M. there at Tower E-Z, and hold him at Stoneville. You can't run more'n two opposin' specials safely on single track, an' my special has the right of way over every damn thing on the road. Don't you forget that."

And with a caution that he would toot when he was off, Simply saw the agent's revolver under a pile of dusty files. The agent saw the glitter in Simply's eye, and his hand moved for his gun. But the fireman saw the move, and as one hand closed sharply over the agent's wrist the other put the revolver in his own pocket. He addressed the agent a final time:

"I need a gun to-night, Ordley, a good deal more than you. You put me through to Stoneville, clear line, an' no delay, or you'll be needin' a gun by this time to-morrow."

Without more ado the fireman was out of the place, leaving Ordley amazed and astonished, half believing he was in the midst of a bad dream, until he caught the double toot of the Seven Mile pusher at the far end of the yard. That awoke him into action. He called and called, and got the Despatcher down at Somerset. The Despatcher swore madly in dots and dashes; yet they all knew Simply on the Upper Wyandotte, and he hesitated to give the word to ditch the runaway. There was but one night office between Rockville and Stoneville, and when the Despatcher had all but decided to ditch Simply, word came from it that a freight-pusher running wild at fifty miles an hour had just passed down the line. After that the Despatcher wired Jem Clark at Stoneville to get the constable and put Simply under arrest as soon as he pulled in there. It's serious business to interfere with a railroad's property.

But while the wires sang madly of their exploit and Ordley burst into the round-house group at Rockville with his tale of hell gone loose along the division, while the call-boys went to get Connors and Wagner and all the rest out of their comfortable beds, Simply was getting down to the rescue of the Millinery Emporium at Stoneville at a neat and lively pace. The pusher had been a creditable piece of work when it was turned out of the Philadelphia shops somewhere about Centennial year, and Simply knew almost as much about a coal-eater now as Murdock or Langley or the other star actors on the division. He made the reporter keep watch ahead while he handled the throttle, the signals, on certain rare occasions the brakes, and, most important of all, kept a roaring furnace ablaze beneath the ancient boiler.

The engine rocked and ramped horribly, and the reporter had some difficulty in keeping his seat. He only attempted conversation once.

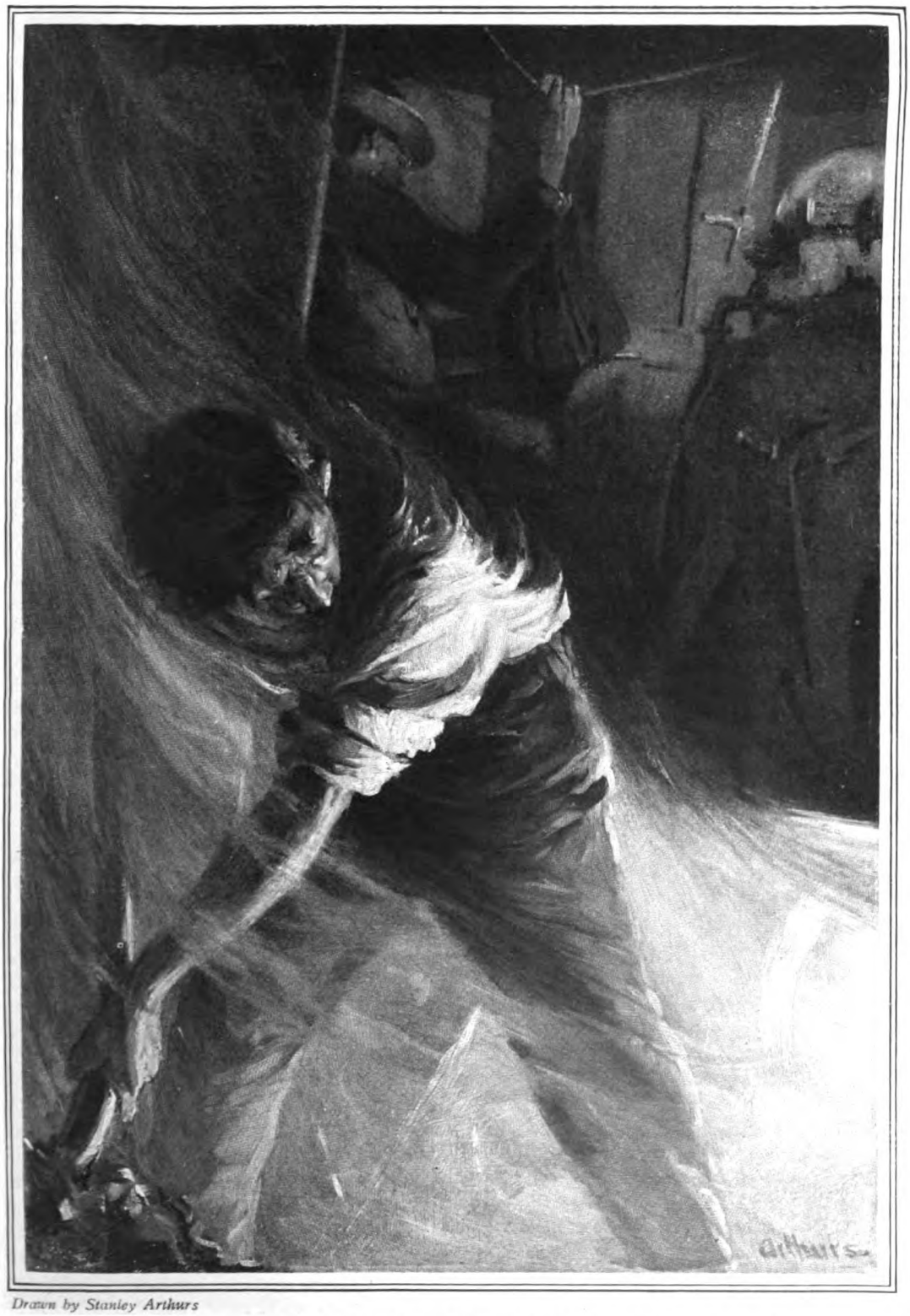
"I suppose we'll go to the pen for this?" he shouted once to Simply.

The other swung his fire-box door open and looked up, an expression of vast disgust on his face.

"I ain't as afraid of that," said he, "as that I'll raise hell with my new store clothes. My lady friend sent to New York for my straw hat."

But though he would not admit it, the reporter's question raised a point that was already troubling. Somehow it had not seemed so serious back there at Rockville, taking the engine on an impulse, as it now began to seem. He remembered how Murdock had told him of a man who stole an engine and did ten years for it. Oh, it was serious business tinkering with railroad property. And yet, on the other hand, no one save Simply could ever know how the news of that Stoneville fire had wrung him. Miss Lucy had told him that Stoneville folks were a selfish lot, and he suspected that they were a careless lot as well. If they should forget about the little milliner in all of their excitement, forget the little woman who had done so much for him,—well, Sim-

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Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

HE KEPT A ROARING FURNACE ABLAZE BENEATH THE ANCIENT BOILER

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ply's very thought of the thing he imagined would justify the stealing of every bit of motive power on the division if such a thing became necessary.

And as he thought these things, fancied Miss Lucy in peril of her very life, he threw the coal into the fire-box with a new energy. He was thankful that it was Sunday night and that the pusher had been well coaled and tanked for Monday's work, for coal did not begin to run short until they were well within sight of the fire. Down the road the men in the engine could see a faint pink glow, such as would have made them think of early summer sunrise save for the cab clock reading ten in the evening. The glow grew clearer and clearer, until it outlined the track, the glistening rails, the telegraph poles and wires, even the fences along the right of way, more clearly than the headlight. It silhouetted an edging of forest trees, behind which the flames and smoke took fantastic and terrifying shape.

It was light enough to read fine print in that cab before they were across the iron bridge and up to the depot, stowing the pusher away on a siding. The whole main street of the village was ablaze, and no wonder was it that Jem Clark, the station agent, had no warrant or constable as a reception committee for Simply or the reporter.

"We'll have to hustle," yelled Simply to his companion. "I give you your passage that you was blubbering 'bout up there at Rockville, and now there's a little lady that 'll be needin' all the help that you an' me can give her."

The night that Stoneville burned went into the history of the little place as its greatest event, and folks there were too excited to notice many things aside from the steady omnipotent rush of the flames, the crash of in-falling roofs, and the roar and tumble of out-falling walls, but Miss Lucy's fellow, dressed "fit to kill," bound down the smoke-filled street was still a conspicuous object. The Millinery Emporium stood directly in the path of the fire; and in front of it, standing guard over a pile of boxes and light furniture, was Miss Lucy herself, gently bewailing her fate. The sight of Simply was as a tonic to her tired nerves, and the sight of his girl safe and sound a reassurance to the fireman. He went straight to her and caught her hands awkwardly, for it was the first time he had ever tried that.

"Don't you worry, Miss Lucy," he told her. "I'm mighty glad you cum out'n it all right. I was pow'rful worried 'bout you up there at Rockville, an' I got this young man to come down with me and help get your stuff out."

He felt a world of relief, and stood closely watching her while she dabbed her eyes nervously with her kerchief.

"I couldn't get any one to help me," she softly whined. "They are all so excited, and they think that the stocks in the big stores down the street are worth a whole lot more than the Emporium."

"We'll look after your duds all right," said Simply, and then he spoke to her in a low voice so that the reporter might not hear—something about a new house just being finished up at Rockville that needed a life partner.

Just at that minute the bank roof went crashing in, and the blaze was more lurid than before. It lighted the street red, and Simply's face reddest of all. Miss Lucy ceased crying, and she also reflected the ruddy blaze. Then she blew something suspiciously like a kiss at Simply as the rescuing party went into her little place.

After that fortune aided them and saved the Emporium. The wind shifted and the fire started its course down toward the river, the highway bridge, and the depot. Simply saw the column of smoke and flame twist in its tracks, and he placed Miss Lucy's whatnot in a corner of the yard next door.

"I'm a-goin' down an' see if I can't help them," he told that lady, hastily. "You're safe now, and they'll be needin' me down at the depot."

He turned to leave her, but she caught him by the coat sleeve.

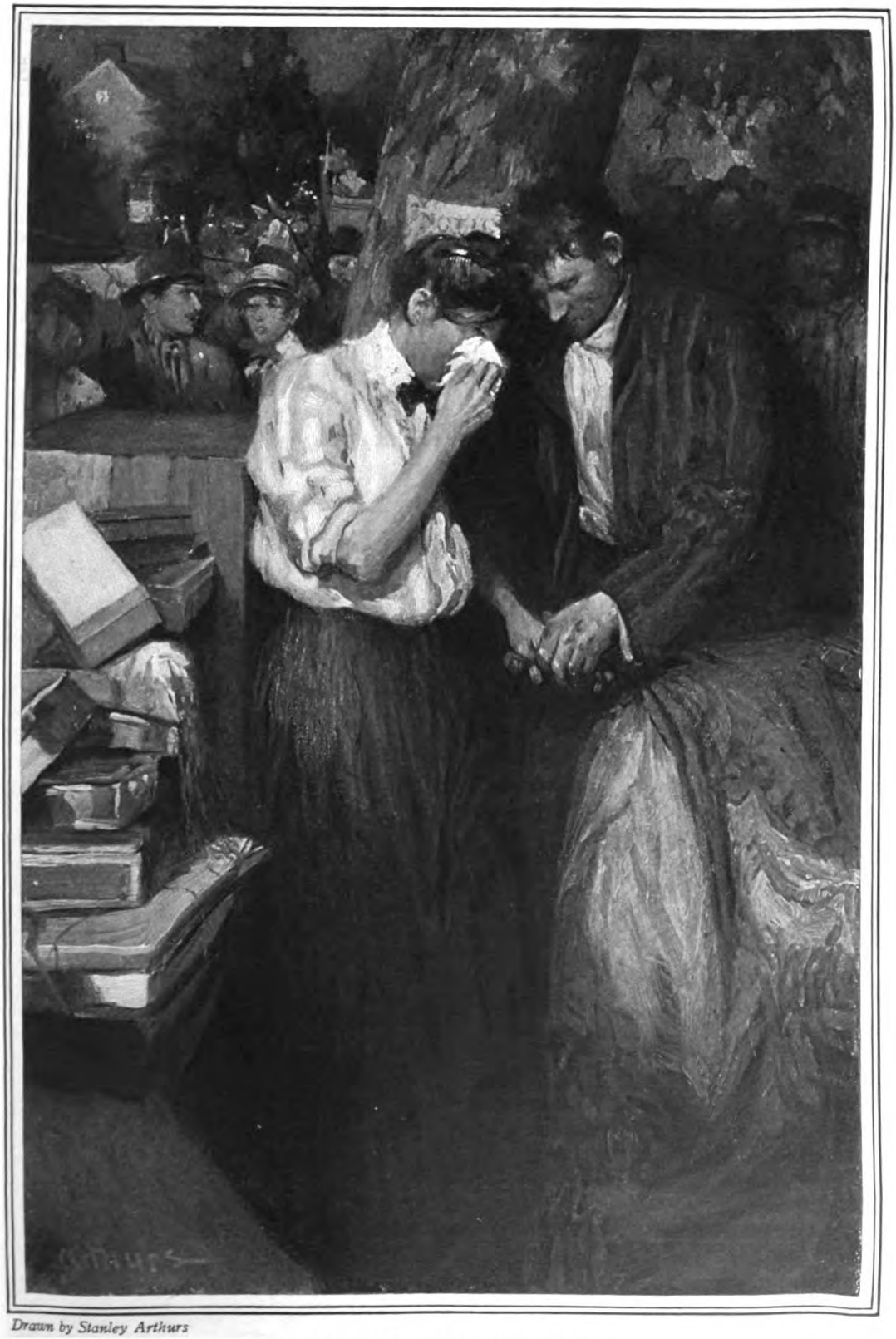
"I can't spare you now, Henry," she whispered. "Why don't you let your young man go and you stay here with me?"

They were in a shadow now, and he bent low and kissed her for the first time.

"I'll be back soon," he said. "They're tired, and they'll need me."

Her fingers loosened themselves. She told him to take care of himself, and he was away in a moment, while she, watch-

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Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

"DON'T YOU WORRY, MISS LUCY"

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ing him disappear in the flame and smoke and confusion, thought that it was nice that a girl who had waited years and years, and all the church societies of the village had pronounced her case as hopeless, should be able to marry a man who was a hero.

Simply was hardly less than a hero. He kept saying, "I'm in love," under his breath, and he worked at the head of the fire-fighters like a general. The local chief had been carried away from the fight injured, and Simply came at a time when the men of the village were discouraged and well-nigh demoralized. He was intoxicated with the joy of the moment, and after the theft of a locomotive fire-fighting dangers were as nothing to him. He planned, he led, he inspired, and when they called him down by the depot he was their leader against the stubborn blaze, fast making its way to the warehouses that lined the track. A big showy private car hitched to a light engine stood at the depot, and for a moment Simply's eyes were glued upon it. Then a hand gripped his shoulder.

"This one's the ringleader," shouted a voice from behind.

Simply squirmed and faced his accuser. He had all but forgotten how he had helped himself to the Seven Mile pusher down there at Rockville. His captor was a gray-haired, well-dressed man with a square jaw and sharp eyes.

"Now, Mr. Constable, where's your document? I propose to show this young man that he cannot run roughshod over this railroad."

But Zeke Cole, Stoneville's all-around man and arm of the law, hesitated.

"Didn't the squire give you the warrant?"

Zeke Cole still made no move toward arresting Simply.

"I'd hate to lock this young man up," he finally said. "He's done a whole lot toward saving our town to-night."

"And a lot more toward paralyzing the Upper Wyandotte."

A thick-set man pushed his way into the conversation.

"I'm Jedge Hallett, the justice of the peace here. I understand that you're the General Manager of the T. and S., and anxious to have this boy put in the lock-up because he showed more enthusiasm than judgment earlier in the evenin'. It occurs to me that he must have had some reason for taking—"

And as Simply began to shudder at the very thought of having to tell how he had made his crazy run to save the life of his girl, a young man touched the shoulder of the railroad executive.

"We'll not be able to détour and get into Chicago by to-morrow noon," he said. "To make it we'll have to be getting right out of here in a mighty few minutes; that is, unless you are willing to get in there a little later."

But the General Manager answered him by saying:

"It is imperative that I get there by noon. I've been delayed enough."

He was a practised railroader, and his eye ran along the rails to a point where they curved and passed between two high warehouses, and then he wondered how much longer T. and S. would let its right of way get hemmed in in such a way. For already the roof of one of the warehouses was ablaze, while the shingles of the other began to smoke from the nearby heat.

"We haven't a moment to lose," said the General Manager, loosing hold on Simply and forgetting that young man's offence for the moment. "You'd better get our engineman at once and pull through the gap there."

Both the warehouses were ablaze now and smoke smuttering ahigh from their roofs. But the private secretary answered, saying:

"Our crew is fighting fire. I'll have to go across the bridge and rout them out."

Both buildings were well ablaze. Simply had been watching them, but suddenly he turned about, touched his cap, and said:

"I'll clear it for you. I'll put you in Chicago on your schedule."

The General Manager laughed at first thought of the thing. Then he said:

"Suppose you try. You seem to have developed as an engine-runner."

But as Simply ran to the cab of the locomotive he was more than half sorry that he had given the boy his permission, for the warehouses, filled with ton upon ton of inflammable flour, were already furnaces. He ran to stop the engine.

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"Hi there, boy! It's too late now. Back out of it."

But if Simply heard him he paid no attention. The engine gained speed, and the empty car was as nothing to it. It swung past the little depot, rounded the curve, and lost itself behind a trail of box cars and in the deep gap between the warehouses.

Simply's hand was still upon the throttle. When he saw the blackness of the heavy smoke obscuring the track ahead, heard the roll of the flames high above, he first realized the great danger he was in. Still, he thought that he would show them. He would show the big boss and all the rest of them that if he was not afraid to help himself to a convenient engine when the life of a lady, who was all that was good to him in this world, was at stake, he was at least not afraid to do as much for any of them.

The smoke rolled thick into the cab. The heat was intolerable, and Simply dropped his throttle hold and sank to the floor of the place. Hardly had his cab passed the gap when the roof of the biggest warehouse came crashing through. The brass-railed rear platform of the private car barely cleared the old building when the heavy-timbered side walls followed, filling the track with a mass of flame-racked rubbish. As they swept by the smoke and fire, fresh air—the fresh air that God sends to the countryside at night—rolled into the cab, and then Simply got up and stopped his engine, poked it slowly back to the nearest crossroad.

"I blistered your pretty car a bit," said he, when the G. M. came hurrying up to him a few minutes later. "But I guess nothin's worse hurt than my clothes, an' they won't do me a whole lot of good if I go to the pen."

The General Manager stood, arms akimbo, and laughed at Simply.

"I guess we can fix you up with a new suit," said he, "with stripes—but we'll run the stripes up and down instead of round and round. It's going to be worth a whole lot more to me my getting into Chicago on time than sending this car to the paint shop. P'r'aps after a time I may think that it is worth more to me than your damfoolishness with that pusher engine."

But when Simply, gathering courage all the time before his big boss, sought more explanation, the G. M. waved a clearance card in front of him, and said that he would be off and up the road without wasting more time in talking to its clean crazy employees.

We all had cards to Simply's wedding—Connors and old Langley and big Murdock, every blessed one of us, with an extra bid tacked up on the roundhouse call board for any new ones that came after he left the division.

"'Requests the pleasure of your comp'ny at her marriage to Mister J. Henry Davidson,'" spelled out Murdock, just as though he was repeating a train order. "Say, boys, I don't think that *was* his name. I think that's some name his gal got out of a story book. He'll allus be just Simply to us."

And Simply he remains in our roundhouse, although to-day he is handling the Limited down on the main line. Funny, isn't it, how all the hill country boys dream of runs down on the main line?



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Barrow the Repellant

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

FOUR miles away from Hull, by a slanting course across the Humber, is the village of New Holland: which preserves in its name its tradition that old-time Dutchmen—fishers and traders—in some forgotten century were its founders.

Both name and tradition were spurs to my too mettlesome imagination—and off it went at a canter with the fancy that over there on the Lincolnshire shore I should find a proper little Dutch town: Rows of gabled squat Dutch houses; a Dutch little snug tavern where I could have bread and cheese and beer and smoke a comfortable pipe with the broad-beamed Dutch landlord; more broad-beamed Dutch—sailormen for the most part—loitering in the streets, and broader-beamed Dutch housewives leaning out over the half-doors of their little houses sociably, with all of whom (using the few Dutch words I happen to have in my possession) I could pass the time of day friendly; and out in the stream, lying at anchor, a fleet of lee-boarded bulgy-bowed schuyts—the whole being in accord with my composite memories of various Dutch villages on the shores of the Zuyder Zee.

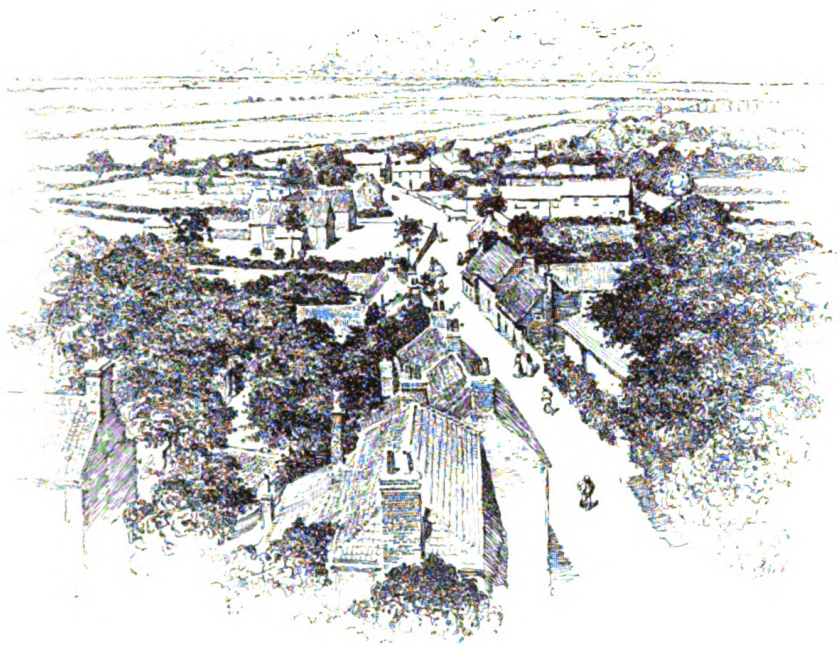
So quaint an exotic being well worth seeing, away we went one morning in the ferry-boat to see it: very pleased with the notion of reaching a foreign country in twenty minutes at a cost of fourpence ha'penny; and cheerfully confident—as we are always at the outset of our expeditions—that pleasing adventures of one sort or another would attend our voyage. Later on, I must admit—as we found what the stars in their courses were doing with us—we came to have a pretty warm sympathy with Sisera.

Our landing was made (this was the first fly in our amber) at a very up-to-date railway pier—the train terminal of the Great Central's branch line to Hull—that extended far out from the low shore through the shallows; and as we walked landward we noted with some concern that—while on either side of the pier the anchorage for such vessels was excellent—not a schuyt anywhere was to be seen. We told each other, reassuringly, that the railway pier was a commendable innovation in the interest of practical convenience; and we accounted buoyantly for the lack of schuyts by the rational explanation that they had taken advantage of the good weather for fishing and had gone away to sea. But when we were come to the pier-head, and were face to face with the Yarborough, we could but shake our heads at each other pretty dismally and admit that things seemed to be in the way to go badly wrong!

Probably the Yarborough is as good a hotel, of its calibre and range, as is to be found within the three kingdoms; but it has such a tripper look about it, and yet such an inappropriate air—for a tripper hotel—of desolate loneliness, that it wholly puzzled us: until we accounted for its present situation by assuming that it had been washed away—during a gale of exceptional severity—from South End or Margate; had been blown up the coast and into the Humber; and eventually had been stranded where we found it by an even higher than Miss Ingelow's Lincolnshire high tide.

This strayed revelling-place was an unpromising outpost to the Dutch antique village that we had come in quest of; and all of its unpromise was realized—when we had passed it, and had walked on for a while gloomily—by the smug street or two of very new squat little brick houses, all alike and all aggressively dull-looking, which made up the village that we found. The one odd, and therefore interesting, note about the place was that the whole body of its inhabitants seemed to have gone into hiding. Save

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A Tangle of little Brick Houses bowered in Trees

a lost-looking dog, and a melancholy grocer brooding in a very small grocery, no living creatures were visible. The squat little houses had the air of being dwelt in—their suburban trimness and trigness was one of our objections to them—but their dwellers lay so close that a Mexican town at midday never was more desert nor more still. Even when we fell back on the hypothesis that all the townsfolk had gone to sea in all the schuyts—and bolstered up this proposition with the incontestable fact that all the schuyts were missing—we did but resolve the mystery of this abandoned town into the larger mystery of its abandonment.

Nor did any view of the situation modify its remnant essence: which was —to our utter discomfiture as explorers— that New Holland failed to exhibit even a rudimentary trace of its Dutch origin, and in every particular was as uninterestingly commonplace as it possibly could be!

I am never for crying over spilt ideals. It is better to make new ones, and to take a fresh start. We had not found what we had come in search of—no more did Columbus—but it did not matter much. We were explorers for the game, not for the stakes—and any queer finding would serve our turn. Open to our adventuring lay the whole of what Baedeker —with a made-in-Germany spitefulness— calls "the flat and featureless county of Lincoln"; and directly before us was a most characteristic featureful bit of it: fading away to a far horizon of hazy hills, a great plain cut by hedge-bordered roads and hedge-bordered wide ditches— "drains," they are called locally—with patches of woodland and little wooded knolls breaking the wide level of it; and, above the treetops on one of the knolls, a church tower rising sharp against the sky.

It was the church tower that settled the direction of our travels. Where there was a church, we reasoned inductively, there would be a village containing an inn containing a luncheon: which last content—by then we had got past noontime—agreeably could be transferred to ourselves. The tower did not look to be more than a couple of miles away, and off we started for it—glad to leave our New Holland unrealized hopes behind us—along a Roman-like road: wide

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and straight, ditched on each side, and banked above the level of the billiard-board meadows across which it ran. The road did not lead directly to our objective point; and when we had fetched a compass and were come to Barrow—from the chemist we learned the name of that repellant village—we had walked a good three miles.

Barrow is a tangle of old little red brick houses bowered in trees grouped about and dominated by a very beautiful graystone church that dates—I infer from its blending of Decorated and Perpendicular—from the latter part of the fourteenth century; and standing apart stately from the rabble of small dwellings is a great rambling red brick white-moulded hip-roofed ivy-draped manor-house: the whole making a thoroughly typical English village, and equally making—I can rise above prejudice—a picturesque delight. Although we came to Barrow hungry, only to be thrust forth from it hungrier; although I believe that all of its inhabitants who are not Publicans (with the pleasing exception of the chemist) are Priests and Levites; and although I know certainly that (saving possibly the sick one) all of its publicans are sinners—I still will say handsomely for it that it is one of the most charming villages that ever I have seen. And I will add, in cold justice, that whited sepulchres may be referred to in equally handsome terms!

We were brought to a halt—hungrily eager though we were for our inn and our luncheon—before the chemist's window in the tiny High Street: as we found displayed there, all mixed up with the bottles, an array of Barrow photographs which did not class at all—the man behind the camera evidently having had original notions about how and at what to point it—with the ordinary "local views."

At times I have had dealings with a camera myself, and I know the innate perversity of that objectionable instrument. In these pictures were delightful clouds and far-extending clear backgrounds—of a sort that I frequently have tried to get, under seemingly favorable conditions, and uniformly haven't. Moreover, the subjects were chosen as a painter would have chosen them—always with a nice feeling for mass and for composition and for light-and-shade. The best of the lot—technically because of the skill required to capture an effect so illusive, and artistically because of the beauty of it—was a late twilight view of a sedge-bordered stream soft flowing through meadows toward a dying sunset: a picture filled with the poetic feeling of the Fen Country at dusk. Altogether, we were charmed.

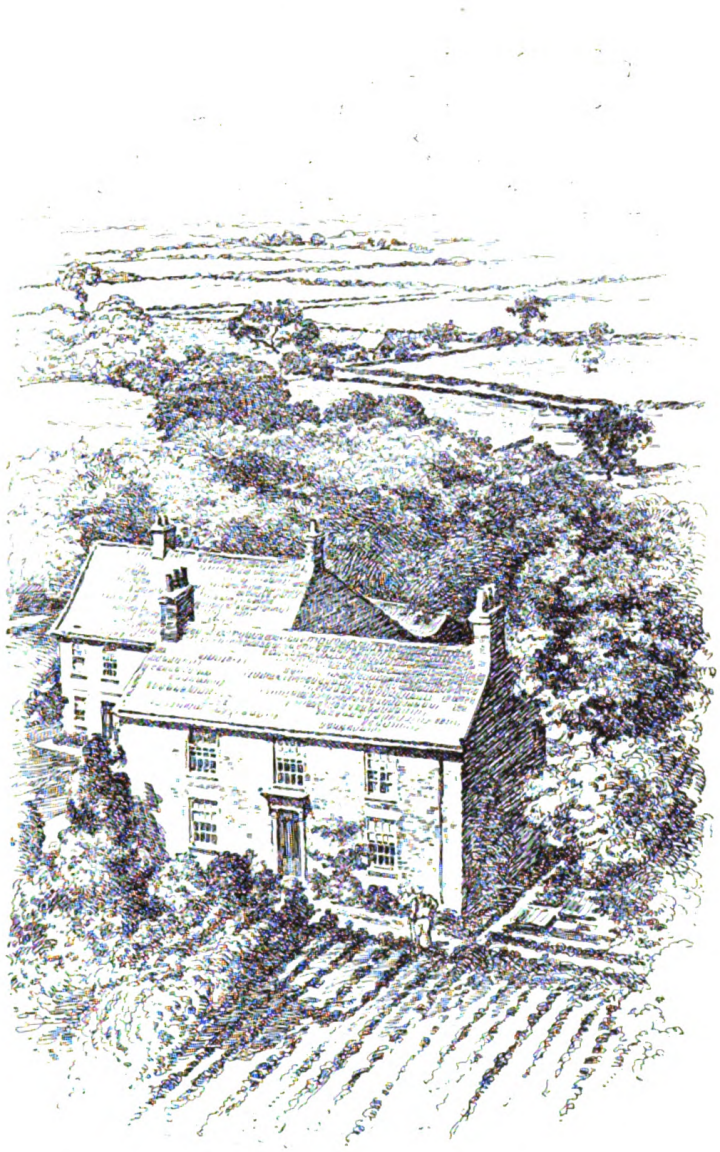
It was the chemist himself who had made these photographs we discovered—when we had entered his shop from the front, and the bell over the door had jingled him into it from the rear—and he turned out to be, while by vocation an apothecary, an artist who felt for his avocation of photography a genuine love. Our obviously sincere interest in his work, and especially our recognition of the artistic quality of it, brought us to friendly terms with him quickly—and presently we all were chatting away together as cordially and as sociably as though our acquaintance had been not a matter of minutes but of years. Had our hunger been less urgent we should have had a still longer session with that unusual chemist; but our need for food did not suffer us to linger in his agreeable company—and off we went to get our belated luncheon, in accordance with his advice, at the Six Bells.

It is an enticing name for a public-house, Six Bells: meaning seven o'clock in the evening—and so suggesting the restful after-supper time when work for the day is all over and done with, and bed-time waiting at the end of it, and no need to keep strictly sober because your wife can be counted upon—even though she may not be exactly pleasant about it—to come for you and fetch you safe home. For myself, to be sure, I had no intention of going adrift down the broad way leading to beery perdition; but the name of the place did have a charm for me, in that it gave promise of friendly hospitality: and I had a heartening vision of a clean-spread table with a big cold joint and pickles and cheese and bread and butter on it, and likely a tart to end off with; and of a smiling plump landlady bringing me all the pewter pint pots I wanted abrim with well-brewed ale! But over the Six Bells was hanging heavily a cloud of trouble that we had to

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take a share of. While, doubtless, all of those elements of a good country luncheon did lurk in the larder and in the cellar of it, they were not for us that day.

When we were come to the little inn — a trig and tidy place, that we liked the looks of—there was about it an odd air of forsakenness; and in the atmosphere of the bar parlor—to which we penetrated without sight of a living human—was a boding gloom. Evidently, there was something all wrong about the place; and presently, from a harried and flurried woman whom we caught on the wing scurrying along an inner passage—her black hair disordered, and her black eyes having a scared look in them—we found out what it was. In a breaking voice she told us, briefly, that the landlord of the Six Bells was ill, very ill; that everything was upset and in confusion; that food could not be given to anybody—no, not even to the King! Then she was for hurrying on again: but paused for a moment—good-heartedly caring for our small trouble in the thick of her own great one—to advise us to try the Red Lion; and to add that—if that rubescent beast failed us—the grocer on the High Street, "who sometimes fed trippers," might serve our turn.



FAR-OFF MEADOWS FALLING AWAY TO THE HUMBER

Being human institutions, inns must take their share, of course, of human sorrows and anxieties; and in such seasons of misfortune must be permitted to subdue their public duties to their private pains. It was our bad luck that had made us bring our hunger to the Six Bells at that calamitous moment: and the only course open to us was to take it away again—and on to the Red Lion, in accordance with that kind poor woman's direction—with no more delay than was needed for the saying of a word or two of sympathy and thanks.

As amateur antiquarians, we were disposed to take kindly to the Red Lion. It was a little old ale-house, not an inn;

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and of a type that nowadays is found only in out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the land. Filling more than half the width of one side of the low-ceiled tap-room was a great pent-hooded open fireplace; and before it, set squarely, were fixed old-fashioned high-backed settles—making a draught-defying warm quadrangle to sit in before the blazing fire cozily through long winter evenings of biting cold. For a century or two, no doubt, the humbler class of Barrow folk very comfortably has nooked itself of such bitter nights on those old settles before that old great fireplace; and has listened relishingly to the gusty outside wind a-blowing, and to the gusty roar of the big chimney, while smoking its pipes in warm ease there, and while pulling in warm contentment at its pots of poker-heated spiced ale. But the great fireplace is choked up with a cook-stove now; and, even were it stoveless, I have my doubts—and I have my reasons for them—if those hospitable traditions still survive.

An unfriendly-looking man was the only occupant of the tap-room when we entered it, and he listened to my request for luncheon in a distinctly unfriendly way. Without answering, he retired with a doubting slowness into the Red Lion's inner recesses—whence came for a while, faintly, a murmur of talk. At the end of it a woman, presumably the Red Lioness in person, appeared in the doorway and asked us what we wanted—she knew perfectly well what we wanted—in a voice that was hard and cold. While I told her—and I was very humble about it, and moderate in what I asked for, and doing my best to be ingratiating—she looked us over censoriously; and at the end of my appeal—having by that time reached her own disparaging conclusions—she said shortly that she had nothing to give us: and said it not as to one who with a purposeful ostentation was jingling shillings and half-crowns in his pockets, but as to a shillingless and half-crownless tramp!

As I have written, the Red Lion is an ale-house, not an inn, and so perhaps was warranted—now that the painful incident is closed, and I am cool again, I wish to be fair to it—in denying food to chance wayfarers coming (it was near two o'clock by that time) at somewhat



THE MARKET CROSS

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THE MANOR HOUSE

unusual hours. But, I protest—wrath not being the only thing that should be turned away by a soft answer—there was no need to make its denial so curtly crushing; so humiliatingly severe. Really, I never remember feeling quite so ignominiously small!

Filled with a bitterness that made more poignant our otherwise emptiness, we left the lair of that ungenerous animal and went onward—pretty dismally—to the grocer who sometimes fed trippers. Why —in view of our experience in tripping there—trippers ever should come to Barrow, I cannot imagine. Why—after being fed by the grocer—they never should trip back to it, I can imagine very easily indeed! All that he had to offer us was a dusty regale of soda biscuit—that even in our famishing we rejected: aghast at the Sahara notion of eating such arid morsels away from even so small an oasis as ginger ale.

Being thus at the end of our rope, we went back to the chemist. He was not in the least responsible, of course, for the way that Barrow was starving us; but we clutched at him, despairingly, because in that small ocean of unfriendliness he was our one friendly straw.

We found him, as we were confident that we should find him, comfortingly sympathetic. He really seemed to be quite cut up by the way that the place was treating us; and I am sure would have tried to balance matters—had he happened to think of it—by offering us heartily from his own stock a picked-up luncheon of any pills that we fancied, along with a bottle of his best decoction of calisaya bark to wash it down. However, hospitality of that medicated nature did not occur to him; and all that he did offer us was the suggestion that we should take the omnibus that would start at three o'clock for New Holland—where, he assured us cheerfully, we could get at the Yarborough a very good luncheon indeed.

We did not share—our points of view were different—our chemist's cheerfulness. Cheer there was in the thought of getting to the Yarborough—toward which we were beginning to have a friendly feeling quite at odds with our earlier superciliousness—but not in his plan for getting us there: which involved our lingering for a long hungry hour in Barrow, with no better pastime than nursing our resentment of its cold-shouldering ways.

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Better, we decided, was the bad alternative of walking the three miles on our own empty stomachs—and so to the filling of them before the tarrying wheels of the omnibus began to turn. In all amity we bade farewell to our kindly chemist, but with finality: being well persuaded—as in regard to Saint Paul were them of Ephesus, but for other reasons—we should see his face no more. Then, down the High Street, we started on our breadless march.

"When the tale of bricks is doubled, Moses comes!" We had no more than got well out of Barrow, and shaken from off our feet the dust of it, when our luck turned. Our Moses was an elderly philanthropist wearing extensible purple spectacles—they hinged around the corners of his eyes, and gave him a totally misleading look of dark malevolence—who came up behind us driving an empty brake. With all the good-will in the world, after no more than a moment of parley, into his salving brake he welcomed us—and whisked us along in it so briskly that, just catching an outgoing boat, by three o'clock we were across the Humber, and in our own sitting-room at the Minerva, and listening with a great thankfulness to the jingling of plates and dishes on our luncheon tray on its way up-stairs!

Tuppence apiece was the price set by that true-hearted purple-spectacled brake-driver for his rescue of us from our raft of the *Medusa*—'tis no extravagance to draw the parallel—and he still may be formulating wondering theories to account for my largess of half a crown. And I, on my side, take shame to myself for my parsimony and regret that his reward was so mean.

The Way to Wait

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHETHER by the lonesome road that lies across the lea
Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-shadowed, to the sea,
Or by a sail that blows from far, my love returns to me!

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my face less fair,
No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the brightness there—
I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and come not by the hill
And come not by the far seaway, yet come he surely will—
Close all the roads of all the world, love's road is open still!

My heart is light with singing (though they pity me my fate
And drop their merry voices as they pass my garden gate)
For love that finds a way to come can find a way to wait!

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A Marriage of True Minds

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

BLITHE dabbler though she had been in personal enthusiasms, the young woman was this time in the bright snare of no personality; she was in the logical grasp of a document. Two days out from New York, she had presented the shining tower of her intention to her cousin's readily conjectured assault; and had since then remained immovable. Yet all that she could produce to explain the destiny she had so suddenly seized was the letter that Eugene Dermody, whom she had met three times and scarcely given a thought to, had sent her, and which she had read only after the steamer had sailed.

There was nothing else. Charlotte might, as she did, voluminously expatiate and embroider—there was but the one lonely fact of the letter for a basis. Yet a letter, she day after day insisted, of such nobility, insight, tenderness, and charm, moreover of such transparent candor, that it told more, and told it better, than a thousand familiar meetings. Every conceivable essential the letter held and proved. The lesser, incidental things it should later be her stimulating pleasure to discover. Of those encounters in which it appeared that she had so happily revealed her own nature, she could give but the most fragmentary account; but this, she readily explained, indicated nothing derogatory to Dermody's personal force. The case was quite simply that she had then been in the full swing of what the elder Miss Prestwich, with an indulgent spinster sniff, called her "affair" with young Cotterel; the affair that Charlotte had brought to a sharp finish the day before she sailed and the triviality of which still shamed her. Dermody's letter, his fashion of proposing marriage to her, as she set forth in the severity of her reaction, lacked nothing but specious personal charm; and on that she had lately feasted to satiety. A mind that matched her own with intricate closeness, a mind that divined, that *knew*, had suddenly, without commonplace preamble, chosen to address her; there was but one response. In the face of Harriet's many admirably pointed and tenderly urged objections, this was the attitude she held: that her hour had struck. And if all women were as wise as she in recognizing that hour, marriage, she went so far as to say, would be a holier thing. Thus, like some royal virgin, she serenely awaited the unknown bridegroom she had summoned.

The cable had been sent from Southampton, and the answer—there was, of course, but one answer to expect—had reached them at the earliest possible hour. Now the two women, that musical pilgrimage of theirs abandoned, were established at the little hotel in Kensington, with ten days ahead of them to prepare for Eugene Dermody's arrival. Although, as the confident Charlotte gayly insisted, it was rather her cousin than herself who had had to be prepared for the event; to be adroitly persuaded, that is to say, into countenancing the marriage of a Prestwich, and, as everybody admitted, the most desirable Prestwich, to a man of whom even the headstrong bride could tell the Prestwiches nothing. But, as they both knew well, it was less her susceptibility to persuasion than her knowledge that the marriage would just as promptly take place without her that detained the scrupulous Harriet. If she could not hinder the ill-considered thing, she could insist on lending it the decent veil of her chaperonage.

The first discomfiture that the elder cousin's clear spectacles were able to detect, she herself inadvertently produced on the day of Dermody's arrival. He had landed at Liverpool, and was to arrive in London in the afternoon.

"I suppose," Harriet suggested, with

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CONTENT, SMILING, HE SUSTAINED HIS LEVEL MONOLOGUE

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an honest kindness which she could not wholly purge of irony, "that since you are what you call engaged to the man, you would like me to go with you to Euston to meet him.—Or you are going alone, perhaps?" The poor woman unaffectedly floundered in the absence of conventions governing the preposterous case.

But Charlotte dumbly hesitated. Her cousin pounced eagerly on what was certainly a very natural shyness, — what might also be dismay,—remorse,—withdrawal. But the young woman denied the successive conjectures with spirit; and was therefore the more inevitably led to the admission into which Harriet's shrewd guess at last surprised her. She was not sure of recognizing Dermody—it would embarrass them both. Her lover's type—she remembered him as an indeterminate blond—was rather usual among Americans,—and of course one couldn't ask him to wear a ribbon on his coat! It was quite true that she would prefer him not to suspect the unflattering dimness of her recollection.

Harriet's stunned look implied her agreement that if one had chosen a bridegroom whom one could not distinguish from a thousand others, it was indeed wiser to await him at home; but she magnanimously forbore to comment, saying merely that she thought she would spend the afternoon in the British Museum. Her delicacy constrained her to fulfil this intention to its literal extreme; and it was dinner time when she returned to Kensington.

Meanwhile Charlotte, her personal radiance strangely smouldering, had sat for two hours in the little sitting-room, talking with, or rather listening to, the man she had promised to marry. It was only the first minute, the first five minutes, that had been so terrible. The fear whose uncouth grip she had so resented was releasing her, and her paralyzed speech was slowly yielding to her will. But it was surely not Dermody's fault that this foolish panic had beset her. He had done precisely what she would have had him do. He had come in with just enough eagerness, he had kissed the hand that she gave him, and then he had said,

"I want you to know that I shall always be sorry I could not sail on the day your message came."

That was all she heard; though he continued to talk to her. She heard only her own tumultuous, traitorous questionings. Was this what she had, in her wilfulness, evoked?—Was this—*all*?—this pleasant, plump little man with pink cheeks and stubby mustache? Yet a woman does not stipulate personal beauty in a man whom she definitely marries for his inner quality; and, after all—she darted a look—there were his eyes—and his smile. If he would only leave her for a little, so that she might again look at the letter, she could recover herself. Had she really supposed—she was not sure—that any human voice could speak to her precisely as that letter had spoken? No—it was not the repetition of those phrases that she missed; it was that actual relation between her lover and herself, mental or spiritual, whatever it might be, which the letter had brought into being,—and which Dermody's agreeable, irreproachable presence had dispelled. Would Harriet, too, perceive the discrepancy: Harriet who had not read his letter, who did not know him as she alone knew him,—exigent, kind Harriet who must not be allowed to speak, even to think, the thoughts that Charlotte herself was thinking now?

But there was no shock of perception in Harriet's face when she shortly after entered, although for a moment a perhaps inevitable dumbness smote them all. Then it was neither of the two women but Dermody himself who, ignoring or perhaps unconscious of the pause that had afflicted the others, assuredly drew the newcomer into the current of the narrative which he had been addressing to Charlotte, and which he now continued to its rather protracted end. If it was the case that the others desired to be relieved of speaking, Dermody abundantly met their desire. Content, smiling, thoroughly at his ease, he sustained his level monologue until dinner. If he wondered what lay behind the two faces almost rigidly turned toward him, he betrayed no sign of that entirely legitimate curiosity. He was plainly not the sort of man who, even in a situation so excruciatingly critical as this, is concerned

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as to the sort of impression he is producing. Of that delicate and uncomfortable social sensitiveness, that vanity, if it be such, he was obviously free.

At dinner, Charlotte herself took the lead; her cousin, though acquiescent and alive to every topic that was brought up, was, as usual, rather scant of speech. But the lines that were thrown out to Dermody, mere glistening filaments, intended for his light, momentary grasp, he squarely seized and held. It became increasingly apparent that Charlotte could neither guide him nor resign herself to his following his own course. Yet, if he failed to please his hostess, he remained quite unaware of his failure. No instinct saved him from a recital of an accident to the ship's machinery on the voyage over; but when he had finished it, Harriet noticed that Charlotte gracefully checked him, and then talked rather feverishly until the end of the meal.

That night it was the older cousin who sought the other out in her bedroom.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, "if you could know the relief I felt! Why, I *like* him!"

Charlotte smiled a little. "What did you fear to find in him?"

"M'm—glibness. You know that gift of letter-writing that impressed you so—"

"Dear Harriet, you don't understand!—"

"—isn't at all trustworthy. If one were in desperate straits, one might perhaps engage a companion or a maid on the strength of a letter,—but a husband! However, he's sensible and conservative and *good*. He'll know how to take care of you, and that's nice to know."

But Charlotte's acknowledgment lacked the hearty note of her cousin's assurance, and they parted, each with a disturbing sense of unsaid things.

For the next week the betrothed pair spent their days together; and each day the man, or rather the incorporeal framework of knowledge, graces, intuitions, to which the now baffled woman had promised herself, receded farther into an impenetrable perspective. There was certainly no virtue, as there was also no accomplishment, unless it were that of adding to his conversation a light, desultory glint, that Dermody lacked. Yet the effort that Charlotte continually made to reconcile the admirable figment she had cherished with the man who still seemed as hopelessly alien as at the moment of their first meeting—was so intense that Dermody himself compassionately noticed her exhaustion. No thought of retreat occurred to her; her eyes were still stanchly fixed on that reconciliation as the inevitable task that her own capriciousness imposed. Before the day of the marriage should be set she had sworn to herself that that must be accomplished. Yet the situation was coming to reveal poignant hints of a more dangerous element than the mere indifference which Dermody's personality had at first produced.

At the end of the week Harriet came in, one afternoon, to find her cousin unexpectedly alone. Eugene, Charlotte explained, had gone to Paris, leaving his deferential farewells. It was uncertain when he would return. Miss Prestwich accepted the announcement as though Dermody's departure were a natural thing. She had, as women who are near each other must have, gathered enough of the spirit of Charlotte's unacknowledged suffering to hope devoutly in her heart that the decent, timely end had come of a project in itself foredoomed.

Something that was partly pity had kept Harriet from watching her cousin too closely while Dermody was at hand; but now she zealously kept her eyes upon her. And it was not long before Charlotte's agitation seemed to this affectionate observer plainly to betray that she had herself sent Dermody away; that she was deliberately subjecting to this experiment her empty, paradoxical infatuation. Charlotte's face after the first letter from her lover had come sufficiently confirmed this reading of the matter. The distracted woman had planned what seemed a pitiful little game to recover her precious hallucination; and she had mysteriously succeeded. The strange, almost unearthly communion between the ill-matched pair had been restored. Absent, the lover had triumphantly replaced his own disturbing presence. Silent, he had spoken in the voice and the language that had first enraptured her. The magic element of distance had at last brought them ecstatically together.

There had been no spoken admission

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between the two women. Nevertheless, Harriet now ventured to say, "Dear child, I had hoped you wouldn't recover it,—but I fear you have!"

Charlotte gave her an exalted look. "I have recovered everything," she said, in the abundance of her conviction. "He is more even than I had thought. The very hour that he comes back to me I shall marry him."

For the next three months, which, after a prompt return to New York, they spent in setting up the machinery of their life together, Charlotte Dermody found no relief from the intolerable situation that had developed between her husband and herself; or that, rather, had existed between them from the beginning. The conception which she had first formed of him and which his letters from Paris had fed and strengthened had not deserted her; had not even been crushed under what seemed to her the ponderous and unbuoyant personality of Dermody himself; but the two remained irreconcilably distinct. Nor could she be sure whether it was a solace or an added irritation that Eugene's untroubled faith in her prevented his least suspicion of her experience. Her first patient, unsparing efforts to disentangle the dreadful thing had taken her no further than the reasonable conviction that one could not both love and hate the same innocent, unconscious object; that one feeling must be true, the other an intrusive absurdity. Could a sane woman be bored—even worse, repelled—by the same human being that under certain conditions held her imagination and affection completely captive? Later, she believed that she saw it clearer; believed it was an unnatural fastidiousness of her own temperament that was alone at fault. It was the ineffectual best of her, she scornfully told herself, that remained true to her husband; it was her unworthier self that unreasoningly suffered from—from things so irrelevant, so petty, that she could not put them into words. But though she could not conquer her dreadful feeling, she could control its expression. There was no likelihood that Eugene, that any one, would ever know.

A chance of respite seemed to be contained in a brief letter from Harriet Prestwich, who, having settled herself in Germany, there devoutly to await the additional cubit to her æsthetic stature, had now, this letter admitted, fallen ill. Charlotte formulated a few deft plans, then laid them before her husband. It seemed right, she set forth, that she should make the trip over and bring the unfortunate Harriet home. She had abandoned her cousin, for the best of reasons, at the outset of their enterprise; and there was no one whose special privilege it was to do what she, in mere decency, now proposed doing. Eugene, whose utterly sweet reasonableness was almost in itself a provocation, acceded with disarming unreservedness; secured his wife's passage, made every provision for her trip, and remained her earnest, unruffled cavalier to the moment of the boat's sailing.

It was at the very moment that they stood together in the cabin that a singular thing happened. The material Eugene seemed suddenly to give way to the immaterial; and the radiance of her unseen lover alighted for a moment on the undistinguished outlines, the chubby, serious face. Charlotte's eyes felt the rush of unaccustomed tears. Now that she had but a moment more of him, she knew that the little man at her side was of all the world supremely important to her. She felt herself leaning with indescribable tenderness toward his spirit; and she said with a faint sob,

"Eugene—it is very hard to leave you!"

To Eugene the exclamation must have seemed entirely natural, for he answered quickly, as if reassuring her: "Yes, yes, I know,—but we mustn't think of that. You are going because you believe that you ought. That is what we must keep our minds upon."

It was as martyr to duty, then, that he conceived of her. Charlotte felt scorched with fires of shame and tenderness. If he would only challenge her perversity, if he would only rebuke her extravagances and contradictions! Disquieted, miserable, she watched him leave the ship. Then she suddenly turned away—that she might hold her vision fast. She dared not risk that later sight of him—when, on the dock, he should turn to smile at her.

Eagerly watching her, day after day in Dresden, Harriet Prestwich was obliged to conclude that her cousin's rash mar-

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riage had been successful. It was not merely—for she knew that the dissimulation of proud women is incalculable—that Charlotte seemed glad to talk of her husband, eager to extol him. She judged rather from the understanding that must exist between them, to justify the character and extent of their correspondence. Theirs were not, Harriet had gathered, mere love-letters; they were something safer and surer than that. Nor was Charlotte's impatience to receive her husband's letters, or her zeal in replying to them, suggestive of the sort of infatuation that her cousin distrusted.

Charlotte had indeed, as she had herself foreseen, again recovered her rare relationship with the lover upon whose devotion to herself she set so ineffable a value. It lacked nothing, this marriage of their minds; this bond, alone of all earthly bonds, was of indestructible tissue; unlike less sublimated relationships, it need not wane and die, for she felt convinced that their common zest in it would persist imperishably. And when she had once formulated these things to herself, she knew that she had reached a dangerous point. For she saw that she no longer even wished to reconcile the Eugene that was conveniently confined in New York with the Eugene that could reach to her across continents and seas. It was rather her absorbing desire to forsake the one and cling to the other. All her striving, she saw, would be toward this point; to separate herself from Eugene that she might, in the only real sense, be near him.

She was only too pitifully aware that her next sight of her husband would arouse none of that misleading emotion that had colored their parting. And so it proved. The Eugene that met the two women in New York was a figure of disheartening familiarity; and as they drove home together, speaking naturally of simple matters that concerned them both, the chasm between husband and wife seemed to stretch to a new and terrible width.

It was not her first day as the Dermodys' guest, nor her first month with them, that revealed the truth to the horrified Miss Prestwich. Nor was it any flaw in Charlotte's perfectly arranged manner to her husband that betrayed her. She listened to his recitals as smilingly, accepted his presence as welcomingly, as though the accord between them were as complete as Dermody himself believed it to be. But her sedulous attempts to arrange brief absences for herself or her husband, and the transfigurement that such separations brought her, started Harriet on the train of speculation that brought her ultimately to a dim, frightened guess of what it all meant.

Harriet's visit, repeatedly extended, was not yet finished when Charlotte's child was born. It was at a time when Dermody was in the West upon one of the architectural commissions which now took him away from New York with increasing frequency. On the day after its birth, Charlotte demanded Harriet's impression of her daughter.

"She is a very lovely baby," Harriet stammered. "But—but not a Prestwich, Charlotte."

"You mean she is like Eugene," the mother calmly declared. "I have thought so. It is what I wanted above everything. I have named her Eugenia."

And after she had said it, both women wondered how it would have been if Dermody himself had been near:—whether the child did not owe her name, the very manner in which her mother regarded her, to her father's absence.

When the child was three years old her increasing frailness made it imperative that she spend a winter in the South. Her parents' life had by this time become a close-strung series of separations, and Charlotte's departure, in November, with little Eugenia and the faithful Harriet, seemed altogether in the natural course of things. They had chosen for their retreat a little town on the Gulf; and under its gracious, healing influence the little girl shortly reasserted her right to life. It had for some time been among Harriet's suspicions that Charlotte could not thoroughly enjoy her child except when she was apart from her husband. In her earliest babyhood the child's round, fair face had been an almost absurdly faithful replica of Dermody's own. And as she grew older, the movements of her body and the tricks of her voice were so startlingly a direct inheritance that the one initiated observer dared not

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SHE TURNED AWAY THAT SHE MIGHT HOLD HER VISION FAST

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face the inevitable inference. At all events, the devoted mother had no intolerable moments under such circumstances as these, with Eugenia each month more sturdily convalescent, and with that correspondence with her husband, that their life together had too often interrupted, at even now its most stimulating stage. If Charlotte's feeling toward her husband had been at first a mere intellectual fascination, she was now, she had long been, profoundly in love with him;—in love, it was understood, with his invisible essence. It seemed to the always mystified Harriet that there could be no more whole-hearted adoration than that of which Dermody was the object, so long as he remained outside his wife's vision.

It was late in March when Charlotte went alone for a few days' visit to New Orleans. On the day that she was to return, a telegram came for her, which Harriet, according to their arrangement, opened. Eugene Dermody was dead; he had been killed in an accident. After an hour's delay she sent, in Charlotte's name, an answer.

Long afterward, Harriet Prestwich was sure that from the first moment she had known what Charlotte must be saved from, and what she ought therefore to do. But it was not until after a severe ordeal that she gained the courage to do it. Her message to New York was that the arrangements were not to be delayed; but that Mrs. Dermody, who was ill, would probably not arrive in time. She had discovered that only by transferring Charlotte, on her arrival, to a train that left in half an hour, would she gain sufficient margin for catching the through train; that the later connections were notoriously uncertain. And at whatever sacrifice of explicit truth, Charlotte must be told of the later train alone.

It was by no means the literal phrases of the message she had sent that Harriet repeated, later on, to the stricken woman. And when Charlotte had declared that she must leave at once, Harriet set forth:

"There is no train until morning; and that will make you due in New York on Wednesday morning."

Further than this Charlotte, in her misery, did not inquire. Refusing her cousin's companionship, in order that Harriet might keep charge of little Eugenia, she undertook her miserable journey alone.

For many hours she sat almost externally unconscious, drawn deep within the profound purity of her grief. She had lost him at the very time when he was most dear to her. There was a severe ecstasy in the very thought. Each fresh, cruel pang of loss was also a reminder of the greatness of her possession. What other woman had ever had so precious and impalpable a thing,—ah, still had it, for all that the apparent end had come.

Suddenly, monstrously, a dreadful fear leaped into her heart. If she saw Eugene again—and what other significance had her journey?—would it not, must it not, mean that she must forever lose him? The result of every meeting they had ever had, she pitilessly reminded herself, had been to destroy for a time the precious relation between them; but there had always been an opportunity to restore it. And now, when there would be no such opportunity, when her last impression would be the irrevocable one,—it suddenly seemed to her that she must jump from the train, seize any desperate, disastrous means to avoid the thing she was on her way to accomplish.

They were drawing slowly in at some station she did not recognize. It seemed dark and smoky and portentous. Blindly she arose, allowed the porter to take her bag, and followed him.

"The New York train," she directed.

The man grunted amiably. They were too late, he told her. They usually did not make the connection, anyway. But there was a good hotel, and she could go on in the morning.

She questioned him eagerly. Was there no possible way she could leave for New York before morning? Again the man good-naturedly assured her that the night's delay was inevitable.

She stood still; and in one instant, as may happen, her mind swung through almost illimitable circles of reflection. She had done her best—was the point her mind halted at; she had not shirked the thing;—and she would be too late. The sacredness of her widowhood would be spared to her. She could always hold in her heart unimpaired the image she had loved.

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Republican Aristocracy

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

"I NEVER could understand," wrote to me, some thirty years ago, my kinsman, the poet Stedman, "why men consider seventy years a proper term of life. Five hundred years of earth are none too many, could we retain vigor and health. Wouldn't you like to be fifty years a traveller, fifty an inventor, fifty years a statesman—to practise painting, sculpture, oratory—and all the time a fisher, sailor, poet, author, a man of the world? I should, and then might be willing to try some other sphere."

If it thus takes as long as five hundred years to test the range of human pursuits and pleasures, it may well have taken half that time to test the ups and downs of republican aristocracy. Few things have been more puzzling to antiquarians than to explain the curious arrangement of each class in the catalogues of our earlier colleges before the time of the American Revolution. If we look at the Harvard catalogues down to the year 1772, or those of Yale down to 1767, we reach the dates at which the alphabetical method was first adopted for what had come to seem an important object. The names of the students in each class had been previously arranged, as in English colleges, in accordance with the assumed social rank of their parents. Sometimes the analogy with the English practice had been carried so far that those representing certain families were permitted to take their meals at the higher table allotted to the President and Fellows of the institution, and after this promotion bore the name of Fellow Commoners.

This sort of social distinction showed itself at that early period in other ways. Look at any of the college class lists of that period and you find, for instance, that the name of Winthrop, where it occurs, is quite sure to be at the top of the list, while other class lists, at either Harvard or Yale, are likely to be headed by such names as Mather, Dudley, Saltonstall, Downing, Quincy, or Thacher. These names expressed simply social precedence. The names of ministers' sons were apt to follow them in the lists, but from time to time we find that there was a lowering or raising of the position of these, on account of some special deed of good or evil on the part of the father or the son. Familiar offences may have caused the penalty, as that of stealing fowls or being disrespectful to tutors. In one instance a drop from a place within the first half of the class to the very foot was brought about by a student's stealing combustibles and making a bonfire. In one of the earliest records of the acts and judgments of the Yale faculty, dating back to December, 1751, there is an entry to this effect:

"Whereas Holmes, a student of this College, on 10th of Novr. last, being the Sabbath or Lord's Day, travelled unnecessarily, and that with a Burden or Pack behind him, from beyond Wallingford to this place; which is contrary to the Divine and Civil Law, as well as to the Laws of this College: It is therefore considered by the President, with the Advice of the Tutors, that the said Holmes shall be fined 20d. sterl., viz. 20/ 0. Tenor."

This Holmes subsequently made a public confession of his crime and spent his life as a highly respected minister of the gospel. He was a granduncle of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The present writer having been born and bred in a college town, which might in his youth have been more properly called village, had little knowledge of any such thing as an aristocracy in America, except as represented by the president and professors of Harvard. This list included not merely the distinguished presence of President Quincy or such picturesque figures as Professor

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Sales with his powdered head and big pigtail, but also Dr. Popkin, who wore the last of the cocked hats—an ornament still preserved with his manuscript sermons at the Cambridge Public Library. He it was who was once seen leaning on his cane at the side of Cambridge Common and looking with indignation upon a man across the street, with the inquiry, "What right has that fellow to call me 'Old Pop'? He is not a Harvard student!" Yet I remember distinctly the existence of an intermediate class composed of the leading mechanics of the place who were employed on a sort of marshal's duty amid the crowded popular excitement of Commencement day, and who carried painted poles or wands symbolic of their position, these being a curious relic of semi-aristocratic days of which I have vainly tried to find a lingering specimen in later years. This being before what is now sometimes called the Irish invasion, men servants in families were at that day invariably Americans by birth and often men whose descendants are now in some cases professional men or professors in the university.

I can indeed remember distinctly the fact, well known among the boys, that the man servant of President Quincy, while acting as head waiter at official dinners, became on national public days the colonel of the militia regiment and rode on horseback, while President Quincy figured only as captain of a company and went on foot. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that social lines were drawn far more strongly in Cambridge in those early times than now; and that gentlemen of social standing from other places took rooms in the town for Commencement day and kept open house with the aid of the inevitable punch bowl. The militia companies at that time in smaller country towns were made up almost entirely from farmers or mechanics, and the field officers were taken from professional men or men supposed to be of higher social position, these officers often exhibiting on public occasions their total want of drill. This condition of things lasted even down to the Civil War, and I remember one of these officials, a colonel, who on going out with his regiment found himself so utterly unfit for his duties that he promptly resigned his commission and adopted in place of it the humble career of a regimental sutler. As for the college students, there remained some social gradations visible even to my own time, and my older brother recalled the time when a family carriage was sent out every Saturday night to take one student into Boston—that student, curiously enough, being Wendell Phillips.

This early habit of social distinction extended itself, in those primitive days, beyond academical circles and showed itself in the modest churches then called meeting-houses in the country towns of New England. The process of distributing seats in these was called with expressive phrase "dignifying the meeting-house." It was annually arranged by a committee who were supposed to be influenced mainly by regard to family descent, wealth, and general social standing, or as the Glastonbury (Connecticut) *Record* styled it, "Age, state, and parentage." In picturing the churchgoers of that period, one sees the oldest men sitting in the pews beneath the pulpit, the wives of the magistrates in prominent seats, the grammar-school master's wife next them. The young men are in the gallery or near the door, wearing ruffs with showy belts and gold and silver buttons. The young women sitting in their own place have silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs, "immoderate great sleeves," "immoderate great veils," "long wings," etc. One year in age was then counted in this allotment as the equivalent of four pounds on the tax list—that is, a man who was one year younger than another, but paying four pounds more of taxes, was only entitled to an equally good seat; while later on, in the town of Southington, Connecticut, the sum of fifteen pounds was required to balance every additional year of age, and after 1800 it needed as much as eighty pounds. There are to this day remote villages in Connecticut where these quaint relics of unrepublican distinction are said to have been retained even as late as 1875.

The truth is that in America, as in England, there has been under all the advances of modern wealth a gradual decline of what may properly be called aristocracy. It has come to be recog-

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nized more and more that the older form of aristocracy was deceptive, and that, as Scott's Halbert Glendinning says, every prominent family had its origin in one humble man; and has gone through a period of assumed grandeur which, in England at least, is now declining again. In that country we still find traditions of the elder Argyles who used to dine at a separate table from their guests, because only royalty was entitled to sit with the hosts; and of the Marquis of Abercorn, who would never go hunting without wearing his blue ribbon and who required his chambermaids to wear white kid gloves while making the beds. Yet even in such regions it needs to go back but a little way to reach a lowly station. When in 1611 King James created the whole class of baronets in England, beginning with two hundred who paid him a thousand pounds apiece for the honor, it only prepared the way for later times when William Pitt said that every man whose income was ten thousand pounds a year ought to be raised to that higher position. The actual basis of English aristocracy, as a whole, has been that of wealth, at least since that of the Georgian period, when it often had an origin even less creditable. Since then wealth has begun and all else has followed, meeting with ready obsequiousness from lower social classes. They tell you in England the story of a well-trained footman who was present when the two little sons of a noble family were playing on the stairway and the elder of the two fell over the banisters, and the younger brother, leaning over in terror, asked if the other was hurt. The footman cried, promptly, "Killed, me Lud." One moment had passed and the whole habitual deference had transferred itself instantly to the next in rank.

Foreigners do not at once understand that there are in America social distinctions as marked as those in England, only more temporary. The difference is immense between rank which is won, as in this country, and that which is hereditary and therefore permanent, as in the British Empire. It needs only to live and grow old in America to be impressed by the disappearance of social names once prominent and the sudden appearance of others. John Adams wrote in one of his frank letters to Samuel Adams: "You and I have seen four noble families rise up in Boston—the Craftses, Gores, Daweses, and Austins. These are as really a nobility in our town as the Howards, Somersets, Berties, etc., in England. Blind, undistinguishing reproaches against the aristocratical part of mankind, a division which nature has made and we cannot abolish, are neither pious nor benevolent. They are as pernicious as they are false. . . . It is a fixed principle with me that all good government is and must be republican." But what need of this protest? The reader of to-day turns with some unavailing curiosity to the Boston directory to search for the recognized representative of those names once patrician.

Side by side with this, we have the fact, so well stated by Hamerton in his essay entitled "Human Intercourse," that there is no nation in the world which has so acute a sense of the value, almost the necessity, of wealth, for human intercourse as the English nation. "I once dined at a country house in Scotland," he elsewhere says, "when the host asked each one of the guests this question, 'Are you a landowner?'" in order to determine his precedence at table. The best method in such a society, he thinks, would be to embroider the amount of each gentleman's capital in gold thread or something equally appropriate on the breast of his dress coat. It might be becoming, he thinks, and would perform the service devolving on necklaces and bracelets in the case of women. The mere fact of taking the trouble to dress is an act of deference to civilization and disposes the mind to other observances. The trouble is, says Hamerton again, that "a narrowly exclusive society despises the virtue which is most creditable to the *nouveau riche*, his industry; while it worships his wealth, as soon as the preservation of it is accompanied by idleness." The provoking fact is that this wealthy idleness tends more to the external graces than does the most unflinching selfmade prominence. Nothing is more curious to the observer than the difficulty found by those who have raised themselves from the ranks in outgrowing ungracious ways and even obvious inaccuracies of speech.

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Yet their children often gain in some unaccountable way a knowledge of manners, of dialect, of the drama, and even of books.

The writer once spent the summer in a New England country town where there was an excellent Normal School, and an annual conference of teachers from the whole State was there brought together. On the edge of the town, in a beautiful country-seat, there lived the family of a deceased clergyman of high distinction whose children were taught by tutors and governesses, having never been to school in their lives. The mother told me that she was the object of pity to all the mothers in the village because her children had never been to school, while she, herself, pitied the village mothers for the opposite reason. She finally took advantage of one of the summer gatherings to invite two of the rural delegates to come and stay with her, as an object of study, and it was to her and her daughters a period of astonishment. Their guests were familiar with many things which to her daughters were quite unknown; while the very books on the table, which she had supposed everybody to be reading, were equally unknown to her guests. One of them stoutly declared that she had never before even heard of the author of a certain book, while the other, on reflection, said: "Yes, you have. Do you not remember that there is something of his in the Sixth Reader?" To her, as it seemed, the literature of the age was limited to such scraps as had been selected by the unknown editor of some "Reader." Yet the hostess and her guests parted with mutual respect afterwards, and she always felt that they had mutually profited one another. The observer may have, it is said, similar experiences in the halls of Congress, even in the United States Senate itself.

The basis of aristocracy in a republic must at length lie clearly in character and culture, things which can sooner or later be made accessible to all. To develop this we need always to bear in mind the utter inconsistencies to which any other definition of it leads. The best proofs of this are to be found in the very regions where social standards rest on a different basis. Nothing, for instance, seems to an American more curious in that ever-delightful book *The Letters of Madame d'Arblay*, originally Fanny Burney, than the career of her most familiar friend, Mrs. Thrale. The latter lady was the wife of a brewer, and held, therefore, a creditable position in English society; but her husband the brewer was mortal, although the remark of Dr. Johnson at the subsequent sale of the brewery may prove immortal. When Johnson was bustling about at the sale, wearing the badge of an auctioneer, he said in his sonorous way to those present: "We are not here to decide upon a parcel of pots and pans, but upon the possibility of becoming rich beyond the dreams of avarice." After a due interval the widow married a highly trained Italian musician named Piozzi, and instantly lost thereby most of her social position, not merely in England, but in Italy. She was despised in England for having stooped to marry a musician, and was equally disapproved in Italy by his relatives for having been the wife of a brewer. This fine touch of discrimination, it is fair to say, could never have occurred in America.

Thackeray, though by no means democratic in his tastes, used to delight in telling a story of an Englishman to whom he was introduced at a London club and who was utterly startled by hearing that he was an author. "Can it be?" asked his new acquaintance; "I had taken him for a gentleman." It was long after this when an English bishop, within my knowledge, on being asked what sort of pupils had thus far entered Girton College for women, at Oxford, replied that they were "only daughters of the middle class—of lawyers, doctors, and clergymen." Yet this, after all, hardly surpassed what was said by an American lady of the highest social position at Newport who forty years ago discouraged the young Lady Amberley from going to visit Vassar College by telling her that "only the daughters of mechanics and ministers" went there.

In the old days of lyceum lecturing, no experience ever proved to the present writer more cheering or instructive than once when, on his way to a country village in Massachusetts, he saw the male passengers in the railway car collecting

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together as they approached the town where he was to speak, and talking with evident delight over some local event. One of them finally left the rest and came to him with the inquiry whether he was to be the lecturer of the evening. It was not so alarming a question as if it had come next day from a dissatisfied auditor; and it might in that case have proved the truth of Emerson's saying, "There is nothing like a railway car for teaching a lecturer humility"; but there was no such peril here, and the only needful reply was to say with meek dignity, "Yes." Upon this, the fellow traveller proceeded to say with some eagerness: "Then, sir, you may like to hear something which pleases us all. The president of our lyceum has been detained away this evening, and the vice-president, who will introduce you, is the engineer on this very train." In due time the lecturer was introduced to the presiding officer, and was by him presented with quiet dignity to the audience; and he did more than any other presiding officer had ever done for this particular lecturer, by letting him ride back the next morning on the locomotive. The superb beauty of the sunrise that day gave him a new view as to what constituted a liberal education.

One of the ablest of modern social students has lately pointed out that in all the leading modern nations, whether styled republican or otherwise, society is no longer complex, but has practically become divided into two social classes and no more: that which gains a livelihood by manual toil and that which earns it in other ways or subsists on the interest of capital. But is this to be a final conclusion? Now that mercantile life has come to be recognized as an employment fitted for a gentleman, who can help seeing that it only involves a question of time for mechanical occupations to be equally recognized? Who can go into a machine shop of the present day without thinking how much more of intellect has gone to the contrivance of those wheels and bands than to the majority of work done, not in counting-rooms alone, but even in court-rooms and pulpits. The time may arrive when the proper recognition of cog-wheels shall be held a qualification for membership in a republican aristocracy.

The Magi

BY ETHEL R. WHEELER

WE serve the hest of Wisdom's quest; we burn to find
The whisper lone, the monotone, the light behind,—
O'er grassy fringe and sands that singe and seas that roll
We chase the star, and high and far it draws the soul.

Beyond the height where primal light in song revolves,
To spheres so vast the soul, aghast, recoils, dissolves,
Is gripped in vice of fiery ice and whirled in spires
Of racking bliss through Night's abyss by icy fires,—

On whirlwinds fierce we rise and pierce the hidden place,
The inmost shrine, the heart divine, of starry space,—
Our souls explore the radiant core, where, undefiled,
Lies, swathed in twists of rosy mists,—a little child.

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From Tolstoi to Terrorism

BY ALBERT EDWARDES

I HAD stumbled upon him on the Nevski Prospekt ten minutes before and dragged him up to my room, divided between joy at finding a friend in that city of strangers and astonishment at his queer make-up. I plied him with questions. No one knew exactly what had become of him when he disappeared from the university ten years before. One rumor said he had married a rich widow; another that he got religion and went to China to spread it. Still another that he had drunk himself into oblivion. He was believed to have come to no favorable end. So he had passed out of my life, and now here he was, old Lambert, with unkempt beard and the cap and blouse of a Russian workman, strangely and deeply changed even to the most casual sight.

He began his explanation haltingly, speaking in broken sentences, with evident difficulty in recalling the circumstance which had so transfigured him.

"You see," he began, "the spring before I jumped the university I got hold of Tolstoi,—or he got hold of me, whichever way you want to put it. It was especially the *Resurrection*. I can't quite explain it; you never can explain the important things; but somehow it—changed everything. Suddenly all the rottenness of life and our smug acceptance of it, which I had only half perceived before, stood out naked—and Tolstoi seemed to show a way out.

"Well, I had a little income and lots of time, and I made up my mind to spend them spreading my gospel. If I came here and learned the language, I could translate all that Tolstoi and his disciples wrote, and publish it over in America. That was my idea in coming to Russia. I was a Tolstoist for two years.

"The second year I entered the university for practice in the language. I took a young fellow to room with me for the same reason. His name was Nikolai. He was a fine-looking chap and clean in his habits. That was why I chose him. He was a revolutionist; I was sorry about that—but, God! there isn't a decent man in the university who isn't mixed up in the revolution.

"A lot of Nikolai's friends used to come up to the room. At first my relations with them were what you might call 'platonic.' I liked them personally, and in a general pulseless way sympathized with what they were trying to do. What American wouldn't? But I was dead against their methods. Two or three times a week we'd fight it out, half a dozen of them against me, sitting close to the table and sputtering in this shower-bath language. But they couldn't shake me. Two wrongs don't make a right, I kept saying. Peaceful educational work, the only justifiable propaganda. Spread books! That was my position.

"One day Nikolai and I were walking along the street together, when suddenly I felt his grip on my arm tighten. 'Look out,' he said, in a voice so low as to be almost a sigh; 'don't turn around; there is a spy following us. He is from Moscow,' he added, pointing to a stone in the gutter, 'and knows me. I'll go into the hotel and out the other door.' He began to laugh and clap me on the shoulder. 'Stand here and keep an eye on him, the chap with the brown fur cap. In about fifteen minutes come in and go home by the back way.' Then in a loud voice he said that he would be with me in a moment, and ducked into the hotel. I had a good look at the spy. He was well dressed and pompous." Lambert paused. "He looked like a scoundrel," he added, after a moment. "He crossed over to a jewelry store and pretended to be looking at the display, but I could see that he was watching the hotel in the mirror at the back of the show window and waiting for Nikolai. After a

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few minutes of pacing up and down I followed Nikolai's directions.

"All night Nikolai did not come home. The next morning a girl brought a message from him. He had cleared out. She told me that he had been arrested once in Moscow for complicity in an attempt to assassinate the governor. I was pretty well staggered. I had never before realized that he had practised terrorism.

"I kept on the lookout for spies for some weeks. I had nothing to fear from them for myself, but it is unpleasant to feel that some one may be following you. I did not see the man again. Nikolai's ruse had evidently worked, and the scent had been lost. Almost six months passed before I saw that spy again." He threw himself back in his chair and spun his empty glass around with his finger a moment before he went on, staring at me, with the muscles of his face loosening and tightening. "I went on with my work translating peace doctrine into English, and once or twice a month I would go down to the 'Old Man's' home for inspiration.

"One morning, after about three months, Nikolai turned up. I found him when I came in from breakfast. He had a scheme. One of the good typesetters of the party had just come out of jail, and they wanted a printing-press here in St. Petersburg. 'This is the kind of work,' Nikolai said, 'that you believe in, and we need your help.' They wanted a blind to hide behind, a place where some real business went on in the daytime so that they could run their presses there at night without being suspected. The details had been arranged. All they needed was some one who was above suspicion to take charge of the business. I did approve of that kind of work, and I said at once that I would help them. I was strong on propaganda, of course.

"And so, early in June—it was 1902—I found myself at work as the Russian agent of an English machine factory. I never saw my employers, but of course they were next to the game. My headquarters were a storehouse on a lonely back street. The firm had representatives travelling in the interior; all I had to do was to get the goods through the customs and forward them to the buyer. There was a big cellar, and there, hidden away among crates of machinery, was the printing-press, then the warerooms, and on the top floor our bedrooms. Nikolai went out every morning at six and returned in the evening. The neighbors thought he worked somewhere. In reality he carried out what had been printed during the night and brought back with him the copy for the next job. He slept during the day with friends across the river. At the back was a girl about thirty—'Tyotka' we called her. She was supposed to be my housekeeper, and, as a matter of fact, she did the housework and cooked the meals.

"Things went on in this way for nearly three months. It was deadly dull; only my interest in the language and my own theories kept me alive. Tyotka was a wonder. She had a husband off somewhere in the active work, and she must have longed for news and excitement, but she was always as sweet as a June meadow. It was just like sunshine to have her come into the room. I have seen heroism among these revolutionists, but hers was better than the kind that chucks bombs. I never heard a word of complaint out of her in those three months." He started up and began to walk up and down the room, and then he stopped in front of me, his face twitching.

"I don't know whether you have ever had a woman friend like that," he said. "I wasn't in love with her—it's good I wasn't—she had a husband and she loved him. But I admired her more than any person I had ever known. She didn't wear her hair short, or get herself up like a tub as some of these soulful Russian girls do. I never saw her in any dress except some kind of plain housekeeping thing, but I am sure a ball dress would have looked well on her. She was the right sort. She was not a narrow-minded fanatic, either, like many of these revolutionists. She scarcely ever talked about the revolution, in fact. Once or twice—only once or twice—in those three months we really talked together, not about things, but about ourselves and what life meant to us. She was interested in my Tolstoism. I remember once when I was talking about it she dropped her head in her hand as if she were very weary, and said, sadly, 'We Russians, we would all like to be Tolstoists—but we can't.'

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Painted by Sigismond Ivanowski

"TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK WE'D FIGHT IT OUT"

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She believed in terrorism. Well, if I ever should win the love of a woman, I want her to be like Tyotka," he said, quietly. He sat down and relit his cigar.

"Three months had gone by like this," he went on. "I had been in Russia then two years. I was beginning to think of coming back to America, when something happened. I generally took my meals out to save Tyotka the extra cooking, and I used to eat at a little restaurant not far from my office. The waiter was a talkative chap, interested in America, and willing to listen to my halting Russian. I usually had my supper at seven. It is an odd hour here, and I was often alone in the place.

"One night as I sat down I noticed another man at a table in the corner. I noticed him without thinking of him, seemed to register him in my mind. I didn't really think about him until he called the head waiter and began to talk. Then I seemed to get alert suddenly. My ears burned. The waiter made a gesture as though he were directing the fellow to my office, and just then the man made a movement with his head that I recognized in a flash. I had enough presence of mind not to start. A change in the way he wore his beard had deceived me. But that turn of the head I knew—like an animal's. He was the spy whom I had left standing before the mirror of the jeweller's show-case opposite the Hotel France.

"I ate my meal mechanically, and wondered what I ought to do. I was sure he recognized me, and equally sure that it was only a chance encounter. But he would follow me when I went out. He suspected me because I had been with Nikolai. It would be easy enough to give him the slip, but I saw that if he had asked the waiter where I lived he would come there and discover Nikolai and perhaps unearth the whole scheme. I shifted nervously in my chair, and then I felt the revolver in my pocket rub against my hip. It touched me like a hand out of the dark. I carried a revolver because the office was in a lonely district, deserted after dark except by night-birds, and they were inclined to be insolent, poor famished devils, if they thought you were unarmed. I had to use force one night to get away from one that kept at me. I lost my temper and hit him harder than was necessary. You know I never did know how hard I was hitting. And so I decided it was better to threaten violence than to really use it. I hardly knew how the thing worked. You've seen these Brownings," and he pulled out the short bright pistol and laid it on the table.

"Well, when I felt it pressing against my hip that night I got up at once and went up to the desk and paid my bill. I had no definite idea of killing the man, but I rehearsed in my mind the fact that I had opened the barrel in the morning, and there was one cartridge in the chamber. When I went out my man followed me, apparently sure that I had not recognized him. I didn't look back, but I could hear him following me quite plainly." Lambert got up and began to walk up and down again. The excitement of that night was upon him.

"I was in a strange, an awfully strange, psychological state. Subconsciously—when I thought of the cartridge in the pistol—a complete plan of action had sprung into my mind, not step by step, like something you think out, but ready to use in an instant. All I had to do was to keep the hound with me until dark, lead him into a deserted part of the city, then turn a dark corner and wait for him. I knew a certain street. A pistol doesn't make much noise. The people indoors—I had nothing to fear—they would only peer out cautiously, and the police are no braver than ordinary mortals. It was as simple as taking a walk. The whole thing came to me instantaneously, not as a doubtful, desperate plan, but as something ordinary, certain to work.

"But somehow as I plunged on down the street I put it from me. Everything I had ever thought consciously was against it. I had never killed a man; there must be some other way, I said to myself. I must think; I must find it. And so instead of walking to the deserted part of the town, I turned to the crowded Nevski. I wanted to gain time to think. I resolved not to accept the plan I had made; I tried consciously to put it out of my mind, but it stayed there like a stationary thing in the back of my brain. The facts stared at me;

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there was no other way. He was following me now—they were safe so long as he did that,—but if I shook him off he would come to the office the next day. If he did not already know the address, he would ask the waiter. So I turned away from the Nevski. Afraid of losing him accidentally in the crowd, I strolled about aimlessly for a while. Over and over I went through the round of my argument. I was sure that he had picked me up by chance, that he had not denounced me to any one else, that if he were out of the way the danger would be over. I could save them all if I killed him. Well, for the first time in my life I appreciated Hamlet," he said, pausing suddenly.

"It's strange how your mind works on such occasions," he went on. "I seemed to see Irving saying, 'I'll have grounds more relative than this,' with that emphasis which makes life of words —just the way he dragged his feet and gestured with his full arm. And then I laughed to myself over a story I had once heard about him. I could have screamed with laughter. Then the shuffle of feet behind me brought me back to reality. Again I went around the vicious circle—the lives and the work of my friends were in this man's hands. If he lived, their work would stop. The way to save them was to silence him now,—murder, in plain speech. My mind said it quite plainly.

"The moon was rising as I went along the boulevard, and falling across a ridged roof; it made me think of one of Whistler's etchings. Every Whistler etching I had ever seen stood out in my mind as if they had been cut there on a series of copperplates, and I took off one after another. My mind seemed like a vast atelier full of Whistlers. When I came to the portrait of Carlyle I began to think of some passages in the *French Revolution*, considering the style closely, the size of the man's canvas. Again the shuffling following feet came into my consciousness. Carlyle justified violence. The plan which I had tried to drive from my mind stood out there again, complete and effectual. It was the only thing. I decided it then.

"I turned on to the bridge over to the Vasily Island. At the end of the bridge there would be a policeman. We would pass him; beyond, up the boulevard, there were a number of cross-streets; I would turn into the darkness and wait. When my man turned the corner after me—well, they'd find him in the morning, but they wouldn't find his secret. Nikolai and Yakov and Tyotka would go on.

"I looked at my watch. It was after ten, and I stepped out briskly. It seemed as though I could read the fellow's mind as he followed along. He was thinking that I had wandered around to kill time, and was hurrying now to keep an appointment. Instead of bagging only me he would get a valuable address, and perhaps people more important than I, and be promoted. This is what I imagined he was thinking, and my heart hardened.

"We passed the policeman on guard and went on up the boulevard. Everything was just as I had remembered it—a dense shadow fell across the entrance to the street I had chosen; there was an old piece of wall there. Just before we came to it I stopped before a tobacco store and turned around slowly. I did it slowly on purpose. That had been part of the plan that had come to me. It would make my man think I was afraid of being followed and wanted to be sure the coast was clear. It would make him think he had stumbled upon a meeting. I caught just a glimpse of him as he slunk into a doorway—then I turned and walked rapidly around the corner.

"But that glimpse of him—it seemed to take—it seemed to blunt my purpose. As I had walked over the bridge he was only a spy, a hound who leaped at the throat of free things, to be slain like a rat. But that glimpse of him—it was so strange—had turned him into a man—a man with blood in his veins, with passions like Nikolai and Tyotka. The idea that he might have women somewhere who thought him a god, shot into my head—and—well—I walked on —I don't know how to tell you—for a moment I couldn't have done it—if he had killed them before my eyes. I walked on down that dark street wondering at myself. He was there—I was ready, but I couldn't do it. Never had my mind been more firmly made up to the necessity, the righteousness of an act, and

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Painted by Sigismond Ivanowski

HERS WAS A BETTER KIND OF HEROISM

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yet something in me stronger than that conviction, something ancient, I suppose, and mixed with my blood through centuries, made my legs walk on despite my will. It lasted only a second, that strange interim of purpose, and then I seemed to be hot metal again—white hot — red — my very blood seemed to boil. He was following me, he had turned the corner as I had expected, but the street was deserted, and he had dropped far behind. I would have to get nearer to him.

"Quite suddenly I remembered the street more distinctly than I had before. I remembered an alleyway—a dark and dismal hole even in daylight, — and I turned into it. A buttress in the wall made a hiding-place, ten feet down the alley from the street. I remember that my Browning felt cold in my hand and that shivers ran down my spine. I leaned against the stone wall and waited. There was no wavering this time.

"The seconds dragged themselves out, and I heard no sound, no steps. Many minutes passed. A great agony of fear came to me—awful fear that he might not come. 'Perhaps the darkness of this court is too forbidding,' I thought to myself. 'He is afraid to come; he will wait for me outside.' Yes, I was quite sure that was it. I pictured him crowded into the shadow of a doorway waiting for me to come back. It was a frightful experience, that waiting for him in the inky darkness. When people tell of their hair turning white at such times I don't believe them. Something in me grew old in that half hour, but it wasn't my hair nor anything on the outside. Something deep as the loss of life seemed to writhe and stiffen. It had been awful enough walking across the bridge feeling the rub of the pistol on my hip at every stride, hearing the fall of his feet behind me, and knowing that I was going to kill him. But it was worse here, —a thousand times worse, standing with my revolver in my hand, and in my heart the awful fear that I might not have the chance to kill him, that I might have lost it.

"There was one hope which kept me chained in my place. He might come, after all. If I waited long enough, he would decide that I really had a rendezvous there and would gather courage to follow. He would not lose his game just at the finish. Perhaps he had crept silently to the entrance of the alley and was peering in at that moment, ready to take flight at the slightest sound. It was so dark that I could not have seen him if he had. If he did not come— I stood there through eternity. Off somewhere in the night a woman with a commonplace voice was singing. I am not good at remembering music, but I know that tune!—Italian. Sometimes I hear it in my sleep, and wake up in a sweat. It was so damnably incongruous, that soft Southern thing being sung in some dim warm drawing-room, perhaps ending at some man's lips, and I standing there, wild with rage that I might not have the chance to kill a man. After a while the singing stopped. There was an interminable silence, and then some drunkards shouted hoarsely on the boulevard. God!

"How long I had been there I didn't know. I knew that one could never be sure about time. Often my mind would wander off. Once I thought of an order received that morning for some Lipton drills. I stood there and wondered what Lipton drills were. I didn't know whether they were army exercises or mining tools.

"I don't know how long it had been when suddenly a new thought flashed into my brain. Perhaps the spy had recognized my trap when I had let my chance pass; perhaps he guessed that there was no rendezvous, that I was just standing in there with my revolver cocked, waiting for him. The thought of him just around the corner, smiling, laughing at me, filled me with a fury I can't express. I cursed the weakness which had paralyzed me just when I could have acted. I could wait no longer.

"I crept to the entrance of the alley. The nights are not very dark in Russia in September, and I had no doubt that I could make him out lurking in some shadow in the street. If he were near enough, I would try a shot at him. I relied on a rush. I would be on him before he realized it, and even if he could get his revolver out, I had one too— just so I would kill him—to get him wiped out—his power gone. So I took my Browning in my teeth and crawled

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along on my hands and knees close to the wall where the shadow was darkest. It sounds funny, I suppose, an American citizen in the twentieth century crawling around a dark alley, like a brigand in a treasure story, with a revolver in his teeth. But it didn't seem funny to me then. One can laugh at life—even sneer at it—but death, whether you're giving or taking it—there isn't any humor in that.

"I reached the entrance to the alley and looked quickly up and down the street. I looked again more intently. I probed every shadow. There was no one there. Suddenly the truth came to me, and I sank down on the pavement. I lay there for some time, seeing what had happened—plainly. I had never thought of his going and leaving me there. He had probably thought that I could be caught at his leisure. It was not me he wanted, anyway. It was better to search my house for traces of Nikolai. He was probably at the office now with the police.

"I sprang up, quite crazed by my folly and weakness, and ran wildly up the street. There was no cab in sight. The policeman at the bridge shouted at me. His voice and the cold breeze from the river as I went on up the bridge cooled me. I had been fool enough for one night. I must be calm now. Perhaps it was not too late. I looked at my watch. It was after one. I had been at least two hours in that black hole. To go to the office now would be to walk into the lion's mouth and would do no good. Nikolai had given me the address of a revolutionist to whom I must go in a case of extreme emergency. He was the janitor in a house where some of the comrades lived. I routed him out. He listened to my story so gravely as to satisfy even my frenzy. I told him all except that one moment of weakness when I might have killed my man and didn't. What was the use of telling that? Somehow I knew—I knew well—that such a moment of weakness would never come again. 'Of course you must not go,' he said; 'I will send some one.' He took me up-stairs, pulled a young man out of bed, and sent him off to give warning if there was time. If not, to bring the news. I remember that room. I sat there three hours and stared about it, waiting. Of course the warning was too late. Everything looked quiet, but the young fellow saw cracks in the door and a bullet hole in the window. He was sure that the police were inside, waiting for me to return, so he had walked by.

"It was days before we got the details. Some news of the affair leaked out through the police, and at last Tyotka smuggled out a letter by the prison doctor. My spy had gathered some police and smashed in the door. There were six of them. Three went up-stairs to my room and three stayed below. Nikolai and the others, seeing only the three at the door, decided on a dash. Nikolai got a ball through the head at the first shot. Tyotka was wounded in the foot and was captured. Only Yakov got away.

"For some days the comrades hid me,—days of hell for me when I thought of Nikolai and Tyotka and that bloated-faced devil. I did mechanically what they told me to. At last they brought the news that they had arranged to smuggle me aboard a ship for England. I was a marked man now, and would not be safe in Russia. Then I rebelled. I suppose I had decided long before, only I did not know it. I had tried non-resistance—had hesitated to kill a common fool hired to betray; and one man—a worthy one—had died through my weakness, and a woman, the finest I had ever known, was in a prison hospital. So I decided to stay. You see, I felt as though I had some business with that spy that had to be settled, two long blood-red marks. And then as long as they had taken Tyotka on my account, I thought I'd stay to do what little I could in her place, at least till she got out."

He looked up as though his story was finished.

"Where is Tyotka now?" I asked.

He waved his hand in the direction of the Peterpaulovsky prison.

"And the spy?"

He did not answer.

"And the spy?" I repeated. "Did you find him again?"

He looked at his hands a moment, with some emotion, terrible as a typhoon, rolling up into his face, and then he looked up at me and nodded, his teeth clenched, his eyes ablaze and wild.

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AN EVENING SKY—CIRRO-CUMULUS ABOVE STRATUS

Clouds

BY ARTHUR W. CLAYDEN

Principal of the Royal Albert Memorial College, Exeter, England

CLOUDS in some one or other of their many forms are almost always with us. They, and the blue vault which forms their background, together make one-half of our environment. They accompany, and often precede, all those changes of weather which make a large part of our lives, and an even larger part of our conversation. Yet the English language, the richest tongue which is spoken, has no words of popular origin by which the details of a cloudy sky can be intelligently discussed. A few popular cloud names do, indeed, exist, but they are used in so vague a manner, and there is so much uncertainty as to their meaning, that they only serve to emphasize the lack of any real code.

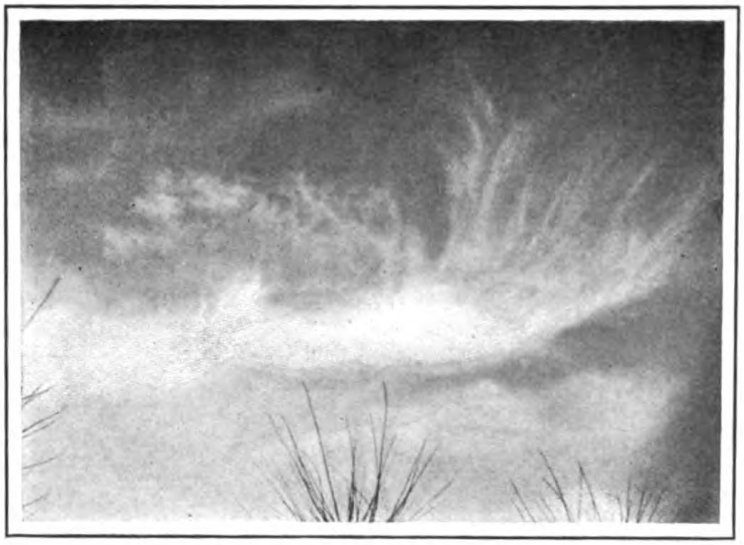
To many, the extraordinary variety of cloud forms, and the way in which they graduate into one another, may seem enough excuse, since it is not easy to fasten a special name upon one particular stage in a long-continued series. But cloud forms do group themselves into well defined families, and certain forms bear a relation to weather changes so obvious that very little observation is required to note them. How is it, then, that these families and these portents of the weather to come have not long ago found places in the popular dictionary?

The fact is that singularly few people really observe the clouds. Even those who are keenly on the alert for all else that goes on around them very often take little heed of the clouds unless they happen to form the chief features of a

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CIRRUS CLOUDS

those whose component particles are frozen into minute crystals of ice, and those whose particles are tiny droplets of water. Ice clouds are the highest and thinnest, and are almost always characterized by a fibrous structure, and by the fact that they cast no definite shadows. Indeed, as a general rule, they fail to hide the sun enough to make their presence greatly felt.

These are those which were named by Luke Howard, little more than a century ago, cirrus clouds. True, typical cirrus always appears as short, curling wisps of white tangled threads, sometimes arranged in fan-shaped bunches, sometimes in long parallel bundles, sometimes in beautifully intricate network. Every large storm-cloud is fringed on its advancing side by long bands made up of cirrus, and many of these broad ribbons have a most complicated internal structure resembling that of an enormous feather. At other times, when the air is still, the ice clouds form into small balls of cloud

sunset sky, or some such phenomenon, and then it is the effects of light and color which are noticed rather than the cloud forms.

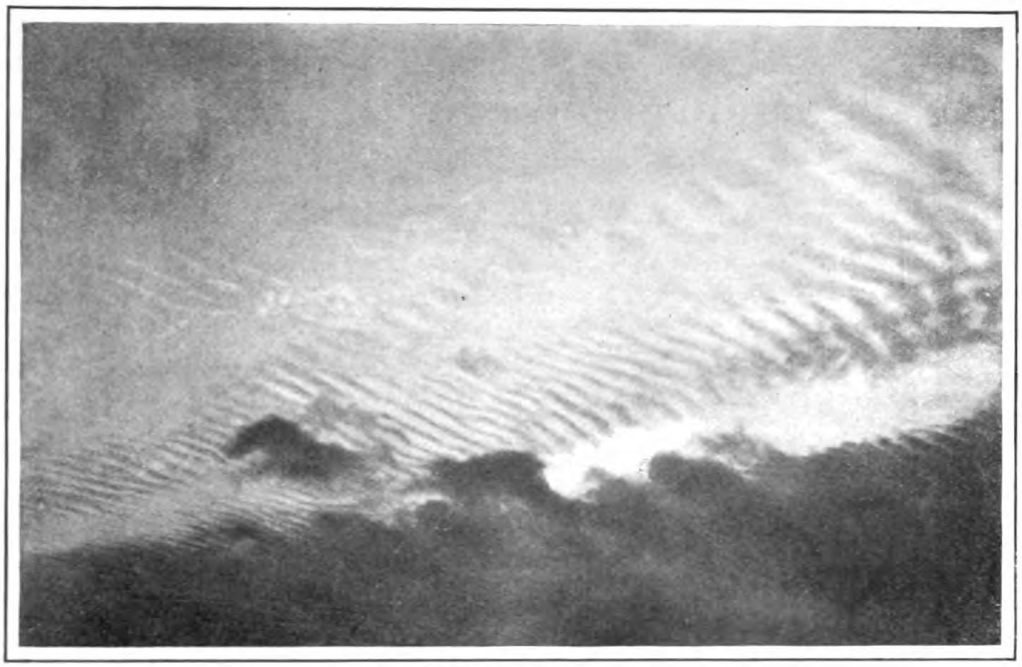
Some twenty years ago, when the application of photography to cloud study was in its infancy, the writer had a large collection on view at a meeting of the British Association. On passing one day through the gallery where they were hung a group of three or four of the most distinguished physicists of the world was found standing before some pictures of wavelike forms, busily discussing the mode in which such clouds could have been produced. "I had no idea," said one of them, turning to the writer, "that clouds had such definite forms until I saw these photographs of yours." Here was a man whose whole life had been spent in accurate observation, and yet he had never seen what any one may see for the mere trouble of looking. What wonder, then, that such things should escape the notice of the great majority.

Clouds fall naturally into two great classes,



ALTO CLOUDS

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WAVED ALTO-STRATUS CLOUDS

which float side by side in patches. The little balls are always small, and each cloudlet is more or less semi-transparent, showing no shadow on the side away from the sun, but all parts gleaming equally bright. If such clouds are watched they are often seen to change their shape, passing from the globular cloudlets to a mass of fibres, as if the little snowflakes which made them had begun to fall slowly earthward. Then in a moment the whole lacework melts away into the blue, only to begin again.

At other times the little balls of cloud make their appearance and float along with little change, so that they may be watched while they travel many miles. On these occasions they frequently drop down long slender filaments, which trail behind, bending into graceful, descending curves which dwindle away to nothing. These are the falling snowflakes, and they trail behind because they descend into air which is moving less rapidly.

Yet, again, when the upper air is full of movement, eddies and swirls taking place in different directions, the cirrus clouds are transformed into curving lines, some downward, some upward, according to whether they are caught and drawn out by this eddy or that. Such a condition can only occur when there is a strong wind above us, and the characteristic form of cirrus, therefore, comes in windy weather, or when storms or gales may be expected.

Cirrus clouds are generally detached, leaving broad spaces of blue sky, but sometimes they spread out in level sheets which ultimately cover large portions of the heavens. These sheets of cloud are then called cirro-stratus, while the granular or lumpy variety is known as cirro-cumulus. But there is one peculiar cloud which should be classed as cirrus although it shows little of the characteristic fibrous structure, because there is no doubt that it is made of minute ice particles. It makes its appearance at first as a silvery gray haze through which the sun or moon shines with little loss of lustre, but the presence of the cloud is shown by a large ring of light around the luminary. A halo, as this is called, around the moon is often seen, and is well known to be an indication of a coming storm, for the great cloud canopy of a moving cyclone is fringed with this cirro-nebula, as it is called by meteorologists. The halo formed round the sun, though really very much commoner and much more beautiful, is comparatively seldom seen. The whole sky, when covered with the cirro-nebula, glows so bril-

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SUMMER CUMULUS

liantly under full sunlight that the eye is dazzled; but if the sun is hidden by some denser and lower cloud, or if the whole is seen by reflection from a sheet of glass blackened on the back, the halo stands out in glowing rainbow tints, glittering like the colors on an iridescent shell. Every now and then some one happens to notice these beautiful tints, and in due course a paragraph appears in some newspaper about the wonderful iridescent cloud, though the phenomenon is much commoner than a thunder-storm.

Cirrus clouds are extremely beautiful, but their very delicacy is a defect, and they must yield the palm for beauty to those which come a little lower in the air, where moisture is more abundant, and where the water clouds begin. These are known to science as alto-cumulus when their characteristic feature is the collection of the particles into more or less rounded or detached cloudlets, or alto-stratus when the dominant feature is a level sheet or layer of cloud.

Our most gorgeous sunsets and our most brilliant skies are due to the alto clouds. They resemble cirro-cumulus and cirro-stratus, but their component cloudlets are larger and denser, and there is rarely any admixture with cirriform fibres. The sun shining through them is greatly dimmed, and may even be hidden altogether; but this denser structure enables them to reflect more light from their sunlit surfaces, and to throw contrasting shadows on the surfaces turned away. They stand out on the background of the blue sky with a brilliancy and solidity which easily distinguish them from the thinner cirrus, and no halo or iridescent play of color is ever seen among them. When, however, the glowing colors of sunset are thrown upon them they shine out with a splendor which is matched by no other cloud. Floating, as they do, at a height of several miles above the ground, they catch the full light of the sun long after it has set, and it is no uncommon thing

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for them to stand out like flakes and balls of fire against a background of purple sky. The most splendid sunset ever seen by the writer was one evening in December, 1883, when the gorgeous coloring of one of the famous sunsets due to the volcanic dust thrown up from Krakatoa was reflected by some wonderfully marshalled rows of alto-cumulus.

This arrangement of cloudlets in rows is not restricted to those of the alto class. Cirro-cumulus shows it even more often. In both cases it must be caused by differences in the velocity with which the air is moving at different altitudes. Any such difference must result in wavelike up and down movements, which act upon the level where the clouds are forming in such a way as to determine where they shall or shall not come into being. Waved clouds, or ripple clouds, as they may be called, have very short lives. They mark either the closing hour of a sheet of cloud which is breaking up and disappearing, or the opening phases of one which is growing. Sometimes the waves are bent or curved. At one time they may form long unbroken lines, and at another each wave is composed of a row of balls or flakes. In any case they are most beautiful, and from their rapid changes most interesting to watch.

Alto clouds are most frequent, most varied, and most beautiful in still, calm, summer weather. Not the type of blazing heat which attends a very high barometer. That is marked by a steel blue sky, a dim, hazy distance and absence of cloud, except perchance a few light wisps of lofty cirrus. But when such a spell of anti-cyclonic weather is coming to an end, or in the sultry heat which gives birth to thunder-storms, then it is that we find the alto clouds in their greatest perfection.

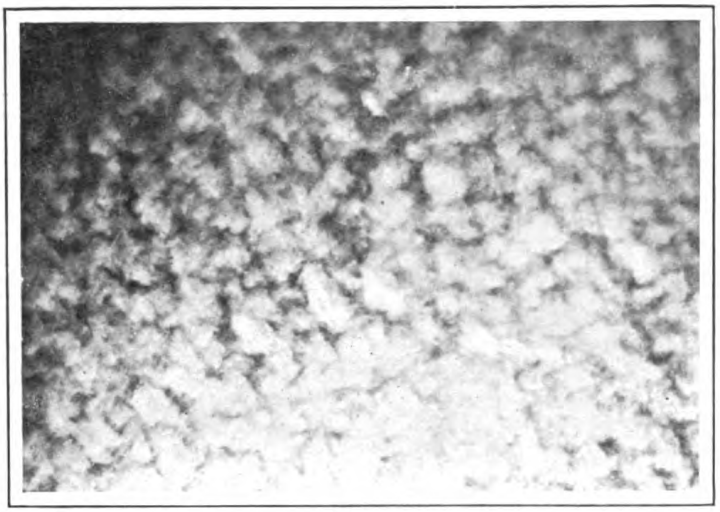
We may watch them, if we will, slowly forming as little spots of white, larger and evidently more opaque than their loftier representatives in the cirrus zone. Sometimes they form rounded balls of cloud, and, if so, they signify only that the weather conditions are rather unstable. At other times the little balls begin to lengthen upward, so that they float like pillows upon end. This is a well known warning that the state of the air is just that which breeds the thunder-cloud. Indeed, alto-cumulus of this type is probably unknown except in the neighborhood of violent electrical disturbances, and, if it is seen, the anvil top of a thunder-cloud is usually to be found somewhere or other on the horizon. Turreted cloud it has been called in reference to the way in which its cloudlets lift up their heads. They commonly stand in companies, but are sometimes broadly and evenly distributed over wide areas of sky, drifting slowly at a height of four or five miles above our heads. They are clouds of the afternoon, rarely forming until the day is well advanced, and seldom lasting into twilight.

Late in the afternoon, and persistent long after the sun has disappeared, another form of alto cloud is seen in which the detached cloudlets have the form of



THOR'S ANVILS

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ALTO-CUMULUS CLOUDS

pillows lying flat. Indeed, the idea they convey is rather that of a flat sheet broken into innumerable pieces, so the whole is called spotted alto-stratus, or in popular language mackerel sky, when that term is properly used. The common saying that mackerel sky is a sign of rain is not altogether mistaken. Alto-stratus of this kind is always a sign of unsettled conditions, but it is more frequent when wet weather is improving, and often forms the glory of the sunset after a rainy day.

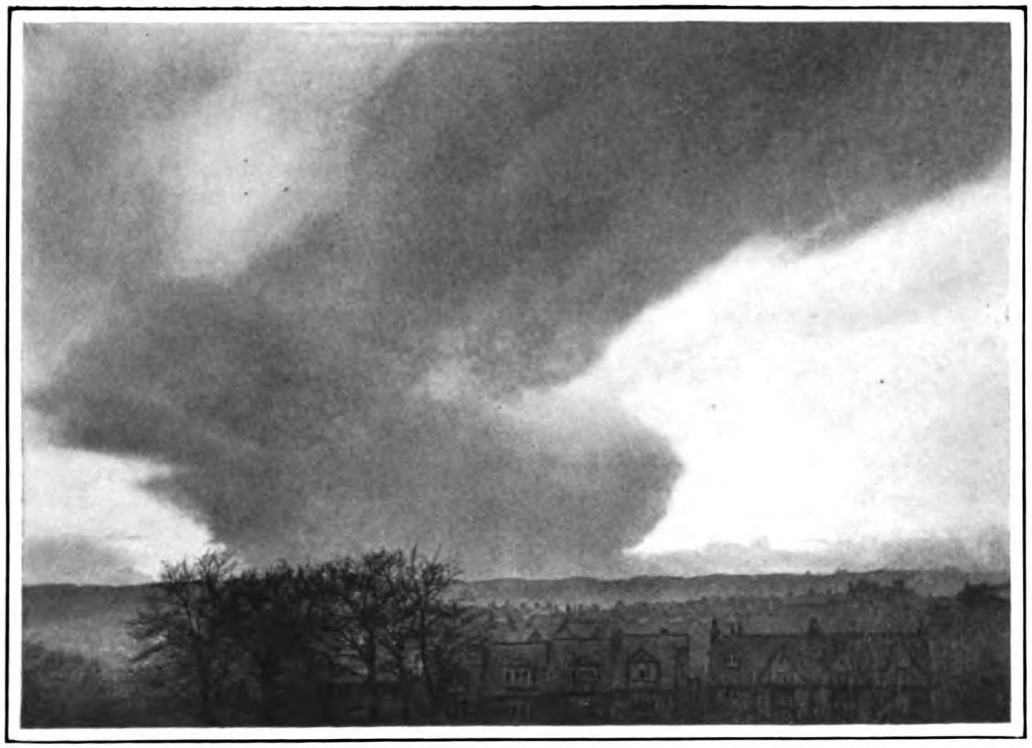
The alto cloud which is an almost sure symptom of bad weather is the level sheet of alto-stratus through which the sun or moon shows as a bright blur without any colored fringes or distant halo. If it grows denser and darker, shutting out more and more light, the wise and observant will make ready, for however fine the weather may have been, a change is almost certainly at hand.

Far below the level of the alto clouds come those which seem to concern us more immediately. We do not always realize that the changing features of the shining cirrus, or the more brilliant formations of the alto clouds, are full of meaning, or how much may be learned from them by noting their forms in connection with the behavior of the barometer. But all can appreciate the nimbus, or rain-cloud, with its dull gray ragged masses of vapor; and we must be preoccupied indeed not to see its approach and know its meaning. The stratus also, or level sheet of cloud, comes home to us, for it brings the dull gray skies of winter, and seems to serve no useful purpose except to draw a blanket over us at night and save us from too keen a touch of frost. Stratus is also a very familiar feature of the evening sky. The uprising currents which are the consequence of the heat of day begin to slacken toward sunset, and when the twilight is upon us they generally cease



ALTO-STRATUS CLOUDS

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A COMING THUNDER-STORM

altogether. While they last, the water particles which form the clouds are buoyed up like corks upon a fountain, but when they end, the little droplets fall earthward into warmer air. The layer in which this takes place is soon saturated with moisture, and then more droplets convert it into a slowly sinking sheet of cloud which gets lower and lower, and more and more broken, until it disappears altogether.

As for the cumulus, the towering white masses of gleaming vapor which rear their vast pyramids against the sky, who has not watched them as they move in silent state from one horizon to the other? They are clouds of spring, summer, and autumn, reaching their best development in sunny weather when the ground is moist and warm.

Each one, indeed, is but the visible summit of a tall column of rising air which floats upwards from the ground, carrying its water vapor with it. As the damp air rises higher it expands more and more and becomes cooler in consequence, until at length, at some particular level, it is cooled so much that some of its watery burden is condensed. This is the base of the cloud, and as the air rises, more and more of the mist appears, until the mass of air is so cool and so laden with water particles that ascent is stopped. The clear-cut outline of the upper part of a cumulus seems still enough to the careless eye, but, if it be steadily watched, it will be seen to be in continual movement, some of its domes rising, others sinking or moving sideways, and the stately stillness is seen to be really incessant change, huge columns of vapor heaving and rolling together.

The warmer the surface of the ground and the stiller the air the greater do these uprising columns become, and the clouds grow in volume until they can be measured by the cubic mile; and then they pass into the cumulo-nimbus or shower cloud, of which the awe-inspiring thunder-cloud is the ultimate development.

Thunder-clouds, or those from which a smart shower is falling, can always be distinguished from the harmless cumulus by the contour of the upper part. On a hot day, if the top of a distant thunder-cloud is watched, it may be seen to be

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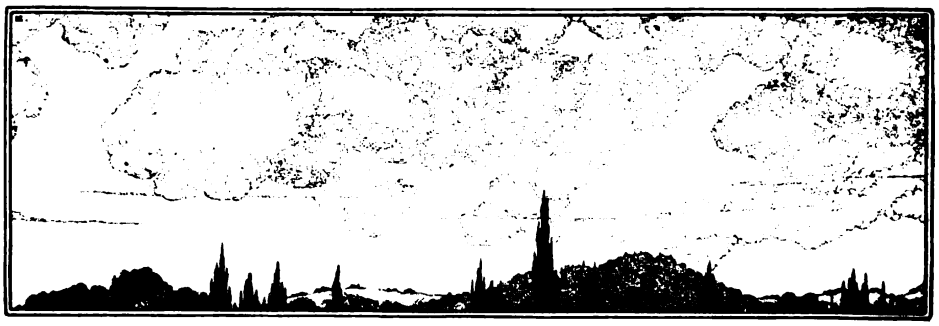
rising rapidly above its fellows, or some one of its domes may be rising above the rest. Step by step it rises, at first ending in a rounded curve. But the top soon seems to flatten, not by a descent of the crown, but by a more rapid uprush of its sides, and then the summit spreads out rapidly in a horizontal plane, while the central column thickens until the outline of the whole is like that of a gigantic anvil far above the summits of the other clouds. Well may our forefathers have thought that the thunder was the sound of Thor's hammer strokes, for this anvil form is the distinguishing feature of the fully formed thunder-cloud. It is hidden in the larger examples, and passes into the greater thunder-clouds which consist of a disk of cumulus whose summits rise higher and higher toward the centre. Here is a vast column, sometimes several miles in diameter, of uprushing vapor, which expands above into an upper disk of cirriform cloud, often spreading for many miles ahead of the central storm. The dimensions of these thunder-clouds are sometimes very great. One which was roughly measured by the writer must have contained at least one hundred and fifty cubic miles of cloud; and it was by no means an unusually large specimen of its kind.

Steadily these great clouds pass onward, but just as the growth of a summer cumulus creates forces which limit its size, so the heavy rain and frozen hail which are the consequence of the great size of the thunder-cloud chill the ascending currents and check their uprush. Ultimately they come to an end, and the anvil top sinks down into a flat-topped cloud destined to break up and disappear, unless perchance some other portion of the great lower disk should boil up in a similar way and repeat the whole cycle. This is what happens when a thunder-storm divides into two, and to some extent it is the reason why such storms seem to roll to and fro.

Thunder-clouds are rarely single. They form in companies, and since they are due to specially violent upward currents they come chiefly in hot weather, and though they often make very violent squalls of wind they rarely come into being in windy weather.

The very conditions which give rise to them are also those which bring the most beautiful and most varied examples of the higher cloud, for the same expansion of the lower air to which they are due produces upward heavings of the upper air, and so brings about the production of alto-cumulus and cirro-cumulus.

Growth, change, and decay form a trio which amount to a law of nature. Each has its causes, each its meaning, each comes in its proper place. The student of the clouds can follow all their forms through the three stages, and can learn by experience how to foretell what is to come from what he sees occur. The thunder-cloud gives us the grandest and most rapid history, and has a human interest of danger and destructiveness which makes it appeal to all. But all clouds have their histories also. Their modifications are no less interesting and no less marked, but their meaning and their movement can only be fully appreciated by those who care to look above them and study carefully the mysterious and beautiful features of the great aerial ocean upon whose floor we live.



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The Testing of Diana Mallory

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XVII

THE Whitsuntide recess passed—for the wanderers in Italy—in a glorious prodigality of sun, a rushing of bud and leaf to "feed in air," a twittering of birds, a splendor of warm nights,—which for once endorsed the traditional rhapsodies of the poets. The little party of friends which had met at Assisi moved on together to Siena and Perugia, except for Marion Vincent, and Frobisher. They quietly bade farewell, and went their way.

When Marion kissed Diana at parting, she said with emphasis—

"Now, remember!—you are not to come to London! You are not to go to work in the East End. I forbid it!—You are to go home—and look lovely—and be happy!"

Diana's eyes gazed wistfully into hers.

"I am afraid—I hadn't thought lately of coming to London," she murmured. "I suppose—I'm a coward. And just now, I should be no good to anybody."

"All right. I don't care for your reasons—so long as you go home—and don't uproot."

Marion held her close. She had heard all the girl's story, had shown her the most tender sympathy. And on this strange wedding journey of hers, she knew that she carried with her Diana's awed love and yearning remembrance.

But now she was eager to be gone; to be alone again with her best friend, in this breathing space that remained to them.

So Diana saw them off—the shabby, handsome man, with his lean, proud, sincere face,—and the woman, so frail and white, yet so indomitable. They carried various bags and parcels, mostly tied up with string, which represented all their luggage; they travelled with the peasants, fraternizing with them where they could; and it was useless, as Diana saw, to press luxuries on either of them. Many heads turned to look at them, in the streets or on the railway platform. There was something tragic in their aspect; yet not a trace of abjectness; nothing that asked for pity. When Diana last caught sight of them, Marion had a contadino's child on her knee, in the corner of a third-class carriage, and Frobisher opposite—he spoke a fluent Italian—was laughing and jesting with the father. Marion, smiling, waved her hand, and the train bore them away.

The others moved to Perugia, and the hours they spent together in the high and beautiful town were for all of them hours of well-being. Diana was the centre of the group. In the eyes of the three men her story invested her with a peculiar and touching interest. Their knowledge of it, and her silent acceptance of their knowledge, made a bond between her and them which showed itself in a hundred ways. Neither Ferrier, nor Chide, nor young Forbes could ever do too much for her, or think for her too loyally. And on the other hand it was her inevitable perception of their unspoken thoughts which gave her courage towards them; a kind of freedom which it is very difficult for women to feel or exercise, in the ordinary circumstances of life. She gave them each—gratefully—a bit of her heart, in different ways.

Bobbie had adopted her as elder sister, having none of his own; and by now she knew all about his engagement, his distaste for the Foreign Office, his lack of prospects there, and his determination to change it for some less expensive and more remunerative calling. But Lady Niton was the dragon in the path. She had all sorts of ambitious projects for him, none of which, according to Forbes,

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ever came off, there being always some better fellow to be had. Diplomacy in her eyes was the natural sphere of a young man of parts and family, and as for the money, if he would only show the smallest signs of getting on, she would find it. But in the service of his country, Bobby showed no signs whatever of "getting on." He hinted uncomfortably in his conversations with Diana, at the long list of his obligations to Lady Niton—money lent, interest exerted, services of many kinds—spread over four or five years, ever since, after a chance meeting in a country house, she had appointed herself his earthly providence, and he, an orphan of good family, with a small income, and extravagant tastes, had weakly accepted her bounties.

"Now of course she insists on my marrying somebody with money. As if any chaperon would look at me!—Two years ago I did make up to a nice girl,—a real nice girl—and only a thousand a year—nothing so tremendous after all. But her mother twice carried her off, in the middle of a rattling ball, because she had engaged herself to me—like sending a naughty child to bed! And the next time the mother made me take her down to supper, and expounded to me her view of a chaperon's duties—'My business, Mr. Forbes'—you should have seen her stony eye!—'is to *mar*, not to make. The suitable marriages make themselves, or are made in heaven. I have nothing to do with them, except to keep a fair field. The unsuitable marriages have to be prevented, and will be prevented. You understand me?' 'Perfectly,' I said—'I understand perfectly—To *mar* is human, and to make divine? Thank you. Have some more jelly? No? Shall I ask for your carriage? Good night.' But Lady Niton won't believe a word of it. She thinks I've only to ask and have. She'll be rude to Ettie, and I shall have to punch her head—metaphorically. And how can you punch a person's head when they've lent you money?"

Diana could only laugh, and commend him to his Ettie, who, to judge from her letters, was a girl of wits, to get him out of his scrape.

Meanwhile, Ferrier, the man of affairs, statesman, thinker, and pessimist, found in his new friendship with Diana at once that "agrément," that relaxation, which men of his sort can only find in the society of those women who, without competing with them, can yet by sympathy and native wit made their companionship abundantly worth while; and also, a means, as it were, of vicarious amends, which he very eagerly took.

He was in fact ashamed for Lady Lucy; humiliated, moreover, by his own small influence with her in a vital matter. And both shame and humiliation took the form of tender consideration for Lady Lucy's victim.

It did not at all diminish the value of his kindness, that—most humanly—it largely showed itself in what many people would have considered egotistical confessions to a charming girl. Diana found a constant distraction, a constant interest, in listening. Her solitary life with her scholar father had prepared her for such a friend. In the overthrow of love and feeling, she bravely tried to pick up the threads of the old intellectual pleasures. And both Ferrier and Chide, two of the ablest men of their generation, were never tired of helping her thus to recover herself. Chide was an admirable story-teller; and the mere experience of his life had stored him with tales, humorous and grim; while Ferrier talked history and poetry, as they strolled about Siena or Perugia; and, as he sat at night among the letters of the day, had a score of interesting and amusing things to say about the politics of the moment. He reserved his "confessions" of course for the *têtes-à-tête* of country walks. It was then that Diana seemed to be holding in her girlish hands something complex and rare; a nature not easily to be understood by one so much younger. His extraordinary gifts, his disinterested temper, his astonishing powers of work raised him in her eyes to heroic stature. And then, some very human weakness, some natural vanity, such as wives love and foster in their husbands, but which in his case appeared merely forlorn and eccentric,—some deep note of loneliness—would touch her heart, and rouse her pity. He talked generally with an amazing confidence, not untouched perhaps with arrogance, of the political struggle before him; believed he should carry the

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country with him, and impose his policy on a divided party. Yet again and again, amid the flow of hopeful speculation, Diana became aware, as on the first evening of Assisi, of some hidden and tragic doubt, both of fate and of himself, some deep-rooted weariness, against which the energy of his talk seemed to be perpetually reacting and protesting. And the solitariness and meagreness of his life in all its personal and domestic aspects appalled her. She saw him often as a great man—a really great man—yet starved and shelterless—amid the storms that were beating up around him.

The friendship between him and Chide appeared to be very close, yet not a little surprising. They were old comrades in Parliament, and Chide was in the main a whole-hearted supporter of Ferrier's policy and views; resenting in particular, as Diana soon discovered, Markham's change of attitude. But the two men had hardly anything else in common. Ferrier was an enormous reader, most variously accomplished; while his political Whiggery was balanced by a restless scepticism in philosophy and religion. For the rest he was an ascetic, even in the stream of London life; he cared nothing for most of the ordinary amusements; he played a vile hand at whist (bridge had not yet dawned upon a waiting world); he drank no wine, and was contentedly ignorant both of sport and games.

Chide on the other hand was as innocent of books as Lord Palmerston. All that was necessary for his career as a great advocate he could possess himself of in the twinkling of an eye; his natural judgment and acuteness were of the first order; his powers of eloquence among the most famous of his time. But it is doubtful whether Lady Niton would have found him much better informed about the politics of her youth than Barton himself. Sir James too was hazy about Louis Philippe, and could never remember, in the order of Prime Ministers, whether Canning or Lord Liverpool came first. With this, he was a simple and devout Catholic; loved on his holiday to serve the mass of some poor priest in a mountain valley; and had more than once been known to carry off some lax Catholic junior on his circuit to the performance of his Easter duties, willy-nilly,—by a mixture of magnetism and authority. For all games of chance, he had a perfect passion; would play whist all night, and conduct a case magnificently all day. And although he was no sportsman in the ordinary sense, having had no opportunities in a very penurious youth, he had an Irishman's love of horseflesh, and knew the Derby winners from the beginning with as much accuracy as Macaulay knew the Senior Wranglers.

Yet the two men loved, respected, and understood each other. Diana wondered secretly whether Sir James could have explained to her the bond between Ferrier and Lady Lucy. That, to her inexperience, was a complete mystery! Almost every day, Ferrier wrote to Tallyn, and twice a week at least, as the letters were delivered at table d'hôte, Diana could not help seeing the long pointed writing on the thin black-edged paper, which had once been for her the signal of doom. She hardly suspected indeed how often she herself made the subject of the man's letters. Ferrier wrote of her persistently to Lady Lucy, being determined that so much punishment at least should be meted out to that lady. The mistress of Tallyn on her side never mentioned the name of Miss Mallory. All the pages in his letters which concerned her might never have been written; and he was well aware that not a word of them would ever reach Oliver. Diana's pale and saddened beauty; the dignity which grief, tragic grief, free from all sordid or ignoble elements, can infuse into a personality; the affection she inspired, the universal sympathy that was felt for her—he dwelt on these things, till Lady Lucy, exasperated, could hardly bring herself to open the envelopes which contained his lucubrations. Could any subject, in correspondence with herself, be more unfitting or more futile?—and what difference could it all possibly make with the girl's shocking antecedents?

One radiant afternoon, after a long day of sightseeing, Diana and Mrs. Colwood retreated to their rooms to write letters and to rest; Forbes was hotly engaged in bargaining for an Umbrian

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primitif, which he had just discovered in an old house in a back street, whither, no doubt, the skilful antiquario had that morning transported it from his shop; and Sir James had gone out for a stroll, on the splendid road which winds gradually down the hill on which Perugia stands, to the tomb of the Volumnii on the edge of the plain, and so on to Assisi and Foligno in the blue distance.

Half way down, he met Ferrier, ascending from the tomb. Sir James turned, and they strolled back together. The Umbrian landscape, girdling the superb town, showed itself unveiled. Every gash on the torn white sides of the eastern Appenines, every tint of purple or porcelain-blue on the nearer hills, every plane of the smiling valley as it wound southwards, lay bathed in a broad and searching light, which yet was a light of beauty,—of infinite illusion.

"I must say I have enjoyed my life!—" said Ferrier abruptly, as they paused to look back—"though I don't put it altogether in the first class!"

Sir James raised his eyebrows—smiled—and did not immediately reply.

"Chide—old fellow!" Ferrier resumed, turning to him— "Before leaving England I signed my will. Do you object that I have named you one of the two executors?"

Sir James gave him a cordial glance.

"All right, I'll do my best—if need arises. I suppose, Johnnie,—you're a rich man?"

The name "Johnnie," very rarely heard between them, went back to early days at the Bar, when Ferrier was for a time in the same chambers with the young Irishman, who within three years of being called was making a large income; whereas Ferrier had very soon convinced himself that the Bar was not for him, nor he for the Bar, and being a man of means had "plumped" for politics.

"Yes, I'm not badly off," said Ferrier; "I'm almost the last of my family; and a lot of money has found its way to me first and last. It's been precious difficult to know what to do with it. If Oliver Markham had stuck to that delightful girl, I should have left it to him."

Sir James made a growling sound, more expressive than articulate.

"As it is"—Ferrier resumed—"I have left half of it to my old Oxford college; and half to the University."

Chide nodded. Presently a slight flush rose in his very clear complexion, and he looked round on his companion with sparkling eyes.

"It is odd that you should have started this subject. I too have just signed a new will."

"Ah?" Ferrier's broad countenance showed a very human curiosity. "I believe you are scarcely more blessed with kindred than I?"

"No. In the main I could please myself. I have left the bulk of what I had to leave—to Miss Mallory."

"Excellent!" cried Ferrier. "She treats you already like a daughter."

"She is very kind to me," said Sir James, with a touch of ceremony that became him. "And there is no one in whom I feel a deeper interest."

"She must be made happy!" exclaimed Ferrier—"she *must!* Is there no one—besides Oliver?"

Sir James drew himself up. "I hope she has put all thought of Oliver out of her mind long since. Well!—I had a letter from Lady Fenton last week,—dear woman that!—all the love-affairs in the county come to roost in her mind. She talks of young Roughsedge. Perhaps you don't know anything of the gentleman?"

He explained, so far as his own knowledge went. Ferrier listened attentively. A soldier? Good. Handsome, modest, and capable?—better. Had just distinguished himself in this Nigerian expedition—mentioned in despatches last week. Better still!—so long as he kept clear of the folly of allowing himself to be killed. But as to the feelings of the young lady?

Sir James sighed. "I sometimes see in her traces of—of inheritance—which make one anxious."

Ferrier's astonishment showed itself in mouth and eyes.

"What I mean is," said Sir James hastily, "a dramatic, impassioned way of looking at things. It would never do if she were to get any damned nonsense about 'expiation,' or not being free to marry,—into her head."

Ferrier agreed, but a little awkwardly,

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since the "damned nonsense" was Lady Lucy's nonsense, and both knew it.

They walked slowly back to Assisi, first putting their elderly heads together a little further on the subject of Diana, and then passing on to the politics of the moment—to the ever present subject of the party revolt, and its effect on the election.

"Pshaw!—let them attack you as they please!" said Chide, after they had talked a while. "You are safe enough. There is no one else. You are like the hero in a novel, 'the indispensable.'"

Ferrier laughed.

"Don't be so sure. There is always a 'supplanter'—when the time is ripe."

"Where is he? Who is he?"

"I had a very curious letter from Lord Philip this morning," said Ferrier thoughtfully.

Chide's expression changed.

Lord Philip Darcy, a brilliant but quite subordinate member of the former Liberal Government, had made but occasional appearances in Parliament during the five years' rule of the Tories. He was a traveller and explorer, and when in England, a passionate votary of the Turf. An incisive tongue, never more amusing than when it was engaged in railing at the English workman and democracy in general, a handsome person, and a strong leaning to Ritualism,—these qualities and distinctions had not for some time done much to advance his Parliamentary position. But during the preceding session he had been more regular in his attendance at the House, and had made a considerable impression there,—as a man of eccentric, but possibly great ability. On the whole he had been a loyal supporter of Ferrier's; but in two or three recent speeches there had been signs of coquetting with the extremists.

Ferrier having mentioned the letter, relapsed into silence. Sir James, with a little contemptuous laugh, enquired what the nature of the letter might be.

"Oh well, he wants certain pledges." Ferrier drew the letter from his pocket, and handed it to his friend. Sir James perused it, and handed it back with a sarcastic lip.

"He imagines you are going to accept that programme?"

"I don't know. But it is clear that the letter implies a threat if I don't."

"A threat of desertion? Let him."

"That letter wasn't written off his own bat. There is a good deal behind it. The plot in fact is thickening. From the letters of this morning, I see that a regular press campaign is beginning."

He mentioned two party papers which had already gone over to the dissidents, one of some importance, the other of none.

"All right," said Chide; "so long as the *Herald* and the *Flag* do their duty. By the way, hasn't the *Herald* got a new editor?"

"Yes—a man called Barrington—a friend of Oliver's."

"Ah?—a good deal sounder on many points than Oliver!" grumbled Sir James.

Ferrier did not reply.

Chide noticed the invariable way in which Markham's name dropped between them, whenever it was introduced in this connection.

As they neared the gate of the town they parted, Chide returning to the hotel, while Ferrier, the most indefatigable of sightseers, hurried off towards San Pietro.

He spent a quiet hour on the Peruginos, deciding however with himself in the end that they gave him but a moderate pleasure; and then came out again into the glow of an incomparable evening. Something in the light and splendor of the scene, as he lingered on the high terrace, hanging over the plain, looking down as though from the battlements, the *flagrantia moenia* of some celestial city, challenged the whole life and virility of the man.

"Yet what ails me?" he thought to himself curiously; and quite without anxiety. "It is as though I were listening—for the approach of some person or event—as though a door were open—or about to open—"

What more natural?—in this pause before the fight? And yet politics seemed to have little to do with it. The expectancy seemed to lie deeper, in a region of the soul to which none were or ever had been admitted, except some friends of his Oxford youth,—long since dead.

And, suddenly, the contest which lay before him appeared to him under a new aspect, bathed in a broad philosophic

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air; a light serene and transforming, like the light of the Umbrian evening. Was it not possibly true that he had no future place as the leader of English Liberalism? Forces were welling up in its midst, forces of violent and revolutionary change, with which it might well be he had no power to cope. He saw himself, in a waking dream, as one of the last defenders of a lost position. The day of Utopias was dawning; and what has the critical mind to do with Utopias? Yet if men desire to attempt them, who shall stay them?

Barton, McEwart, Lankester — with their boundless faith in the power of a few sessions and measures to remake this old, old England—with their impatiences, their readiness at any moment to fling some wild arrow from the string amid the crowded long-descended growths of English life; he felt a strong intellectual contempt for both their optimisms and audacities; mingled perhaps with a certain envy.

Sadness and despondency grew upon him. His hand sought in his pocket for the little volume of Leopardi he had taken out with him. On that king of pessimists, that prince of all despairs, he had just spent half an hour among the olives. Could renunciation of life, and contempt of the human destiny, go further?

Well, Leopardi's case was not his. It was true, what he had said to Chide. With all drawbacks, he had enjoyed his life, had found it abundantly worth living.

And after all was not Leopardi himself a witness to the life he rejected, to the Nature he denounced? Ferrier recalled his cry to his brother—"Love me, Carlo,—for God's sake! I need love, love, love!—fire, enthusiasm, life."

"*Fire, enthusiasm, life.*" Does the human lot contain these things, or no? If it does, have the gods mocked us after all?

Pondering these great words, Ferrier strolled homeward, while the outpouring of the evening splendor died from Perusia Augusta, and the mountains sank deeper into the gold and purple of the twilight.

As for love, he had missed it long ago. But existence was still rich, still full of savor; so long as a man's will held; his grip on men and circumstance.

All action, he thought, is the climbing of a precipice, upheld above infinity by one slender sustaining rope. Call it what we like—will, faith, ambition, the wish to live,—in the end it fails us all. And in that moment, when we begin to imagine how and when it may fail us—we hear, across the sea of time, the first phantom tolling of the funeral bell.

There were times now when he seemed to feel the cold approaching breath of such a moment. But they were still invariably succeeded by a passionate recoil of life and energy. By the time he reached the hotel, he was once more plunged in all the preoccupations, the schemes, the pugnacities of the party leader.

A month later, on an evening towards the end of June, Dr. Roughsedge, lying reading in the shade of his little garden, saw his wife approaching. He raised himself with alacrity.

"You've seen her?"

"Yes."

With this monosyllabic answer, Mrs. Roughsedge seated herself, and slowly untied her bonnet strings.

"My dear,—you seem discomposed."

"I hate *men!*" said Mrs. Roughsedge vehemently.

The doctor raised his eyebrows. "I apologize for my existence. But you might go so far as to explain."

Mrs. Roughsedge was silent.

"How is that child?" said the Doctor, abruptly. "Come!—I am as fond of her as you are."

Mrs. Roughsedge raised her handkerchief.

"That any man, with a heart—" she began in a stifled voice.

"Why you should speculate on anything so abnormal!" cried the Doctor impatiently. "I suppose your remark applies to Oliver Markham. Is she breaking her own heart? — that's all that signifies."

"She is extremely well and cheerful."

"Well, then, what's the matter?"

Mrs. Roughsedge looked out of the window,—twisting her handkerchief—

"Nothing — only — everything seems done and finished."

"At twenty-two?" The Doctor laughed. "And it's not quite four months yet

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since the poor thing discovered that her doll was stuffed with sawdust. Really, Cecilia!"

Mrs. Roughsedge slowly shook her head.

"I suspect what it all means—" said her husband—"is that she did not show as much interest as she ought in Hugh's performance."

"She was most kind and asked me endless questions. She made me promise to bring her the press cuttings and read her his letters. She could not possibly have shown more sympathy."

"H'm!—well, I give it up."

"Henry!—" his wife turned upon him. "I am convinced that poor child will never marry!"

"Give her time, my dear,—and don't talk nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense! I tell you I felt just as I did when I went to see Mary Theed, years ago,—you remember that pretty cousin of mine who became a Carmelite nun?—for the first time after she had taken the veil. She spoke to one from another world—it gave one the shivers!—and was just as smiling and cheerful over it as Diana—and it was just as ghastly and unbearable and abominable—as this is."

"Well then—" said the Doctor, after a pause—"I suppose she'll take to good works. I hope you can provide her with a lot of hopeless cases in the village. Did she mention Markham at all?"

"Not exactly. But she asked about the election—"

"The writs are out," interrupted the Doctor. "I see the first borough elections are fixed for three weeks hence; ours will be one of the last of the counties; six weeks to-day."

"I told her you thought he would get in."

"Yes—by the skin of his teeth. All his real popularity has vanished like smoke. But there's the big estate,—and his mother's money—and the collieries."

"The Vicar tells me the colliers are discontented—all through the district—and there may be a big strike—"

"Yes, perhaps in the autumn, when the three years' agreement comes to an end,—not yet. Markham's vote will run down heavily in the mining villages; but it 'll serve—this time. They won't put the other man in."

Mrs. Roughsedge rose to take off her things, remarking, as she moved away, that Markham was said to be holding meetings nightly, already; and that Lady Lucy and Miss Drake were both hard at work.

"Miss Drake?" said the Doctor looking up. "Handsome girl! I saw Markham in a dog-cart with her, yesterday afternoon."

Mrs. Roughsedge flushed an angry red, but she said nothing. She was encumbered with parcels and her husband rose to open the door for her. He stooped and looked into her face.

"You didn't say anything about *that*, Cecilia!—I'll be bound."

Meanwhile, Diana was wandering about the Beechcote garden, with her hands full of roses, just gathered. The garden glowed under the westering sun. In the field just below it, the silvery lines of new-cut hay lay hot and fragrant in the quivering light. The woods on the hillside were at the richest moment of their new life, the earth forces swelling and rioting through every root and branch, wild roses climbing every hedge,—the miracle of summer at its height.

Diana sat down upon a grass bank, to look and dream. The flowers dropped beside her; she propped her face on her hands.

The home-coming had been hard. And perhaps the element in it she had felt most difficult to bear had been the universal sympathy with which she had been greeted. It spoke from the faces of the poor,—the men and women, the lads and girls of the village; with their looks of curiosity, sometimes frank, sometimes furtive or embarrassed. It was more politely disguised in the manners and tones of the gentlepeople; but everywhere it was evident; and sometimes it was beyond her endurance.

She could not help imagining the talk about her in her absence; the discussion of the case in the country houses, or in the village. To the village people, unused to the fine discussions which turn on motive and environment, and slow to revise an old opinion, she was just the daughter—

She covered her eyes—one hideous word ringing brutally, involuntarily through

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her brain. By a kind of miserable obsession, the talk in the village public houses shaped itself in her mind. "Ay, they didn't hang her, because she was a lady. She got off, trust her!—But if it had been you or me—"

She rose, trembling, trying to shake off the horror, walking vaguely through the garden into the fields, as though to escape it. But the horror pursued her, only in different forms. Among the educated people,—people who liked discecting "interesting" or "mysterious" crimes—there had been no doubt long discussions of Sir James Chide's letter to the *Times*, of Sir Francis Wing's confession. But through all the talk, rustic or refined, she heard the name of her mother bandied; for ever soiled and dishonored; with no right to privacy or courtesy any more;—"Juliet Sparling" to all the world,—the loafer at the street corner,—the drunkard in the tavern—

The thought of this vast publicity, this careless or cruel scorn of the big world — towards one so frail, so anguished, so helpless in death—clutched Diana many times in each day and night. And it led to that perpetual image in the mind, which we saw haunting her in the first hours of her grief; as though she carried her dying mother in her arms, passionately clasping and protecting her, their faces turned to each other, and hidden from all eyes beside.

Also, it deadened in her the sense of her own personal case,—in relation to the gossip of the neighborhood. Ostrichlike, she persuaded herself that not many people could have known anything about her five days' engagement. Dear kind folk like the Roughsedges would not talk of it; nor Lady Lucy surely. And Oliver himself,—never!

She had reached a point in the field walk where the hillside opened to her right, and the little winding path was disclosed, which had been to her, on that mild February evening, the path of Paradise. She stood still a moment, looking upward, the deep sob of loss rising in her throat.

But she wrestled with herself, and presently turned back to the house, calm and self-possessed. There were things to be thankful for. She knew the worst. And she felt herself singularly set free—from ordinary conventions and judgments. Nobody could ever quarrel with her, if, now that she had come back, she lived her own life in her own way. Nobody could blame her—surely most people would approve her — if she stood aloof from ordinary society, and ordinary gayeties, for a while at any rate. Oh! she would do nothing singular, or rude. But she was often tired and weak—not physically—but in mind. Mrs. Roughsedge knew—and Muriel.

Dear Hugh Roughsedge!—he was indeed a faithful understanding friend. She was proud of his letters; she was proud of his conduct in the short campaign just over; she looked forward to his return in the autumn. But he must not cherish foolish thoughts or wishes. She would never marry. What Lady Lucy said was true. She had probably no right to marry. She stood apart.

But—but—she must not be asked yet to give herself to any great mission—any set task of charity or philanthropy. Her poor heart fluttered within her at the thought; and she clung gratefully to the recollection of Marion's imperious words to her. That exaltation with which, in February, she had spoken to the Vicar of going to the East End to work had dropped—quite dropped. What had she to give the poor? She wanted guiding and helping and putting in the right way herself. She could not preach to any one—wrestle with any one. And ought one to make out of others' woes plasters for one's own? To use the poor as the means of a spiritual therapeutic seemed a dubious indecent thing; more than a touch in it of arrogance—or sacrilege!

Of course, there was a child in the village—a dear child—ill and wasting—in a spinal jacket, for whom one would do anything—just anything! And there was Betty Dyson—plucky, cheerful old soul. But that was another matter.

Then her thoughts passed on to the news which Mrs. Roughsedge had brought her. Oliver was speaking every night almost, in the villages round Beechcote. Last week, he had spoken at Beechcote itself. Since Mrs. Roughsedge's visit, Diana had borrowed the local paper from Brown, and had read two of Oliver's speeches therein reported. As she looked

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up to the downs, or caught through the nearer trees the lines of distant woods, it was as though the whole scene—earth and air—were once more haunted for her by Oliver—his presence—his voice. Beechcote lay on the highroad from Tallyn to Dunscombe, the chief town of the division. Several times a week at least he must pass the gate. At any moment they might meet face to face.

The sooner the better! Unless she abandoned Beechcote, they must learn to meet on the footing of ordinary acquaintances; and it were best done quickly.

Voices on the lawn! Diana peeping through the trees beheld the Vicar, in conversation with Muriel Colwood. She turned and fled; pausing at last in the deepest covert of the wood, breathless and a little ashamed.

She had seen him once since her return. Everybody was so kind to her, the Vicar, the Miss Bertrams—everybody. Only the pity and the kindness burnt so. She wrestled with herself in the wood; but she none the less kept a thick screen between her and Mr. Lavery.

She could never forget that night of her misery, when—good man that he was!—he had brought her the message of his faith.

But the great melting moments of life are rare; and the tracts between are full of small frictions. What an incredible sermon he had preached on the preceding Sunday! That any minister of the national church—representing all sorts and conditions of men—should think it right to bring his party politics into the pulpit in that way! Unseemly! unpardonable!

Her dark eyes flashed—and then clouded. She had walked home from the sermon in a heat of wrath, had straightway sought out some blue ribbon, and made Tory rosettes for herself and her dog. Muriel had laughed—had been delighted to see her doing it.

But the rosettes were put away now; thrown into the bottom of a drawer. She would never wear them.

The Vicar, it seemed, was no friend of Oliver's; would not vote for him, and had been trying to induce the miners at Hartingfield to run a Labor man. On the other hand she understood that the Ferrier party in the division were dissatisfied with him on quite other grounds; they reproached him with a leaning to violent and extreme views, and with a far too lukewarm support of the leader of the party, and the leader's policy. The local papers were full of grumbling letters to that effect.

Her brow knit over Oliver's difficulties. The day before, Mr. Lavery, meeting Muriel in the village street, had suggested that Miss Mallory might lend him the barn for a Socialist meeting; a meeting, in fact, for the harassing and heckling of Oliver.

Had he come now to urge the same plea again? A woman's politics were not of course worth remembering!

She moved on to a point where, still hidden, she could see the lawn. The Vicar was in full career; the harsh creaking voice came to her from the distance. What an awkward unhandsome figure, with his long, lank countenance, his large ears and spectacled eyes! Yet an apostle, she admitted, in his way; a whole-hearted, single-minded gentleman. But the barn he should not have.

She watched him depart, and then slowly emerged from her hiding-place. Muriel, putting loving hands on her shoulders, looked at her with eyes that mocked a little—tenderly.

"Yes, I know—" said Diana—"I know. I shirked. Did he want the barn?"

"Oh no. I convinced him the other day you were past praying for."

"Was he shocked? 'It is a serious thing for women to throw themselves across the path of progress,'" said Diana, in a queer voice.

Muriel looked at her puzzled. Diana reddened, and kissed her.

"What did he want then?"

"He came to ask whether you would take the visiting of Fetter Lane—and a class in Sunday-school."

Diana gasped.

"What did you say?"

"Never mind. He went away quelled."

"No doubt he thought I ought to be glad to be set to work."

"Oh! they are all masterful—that sort."

Diana walked on.

"I suppose he gossiped about the election?"

"Yes. He has all kinds of stories—about the mines—and the Tallyn estates," said Muriel unwillingly.

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Diana's look flashed.

"Do you believe he has any power of collecting evidence fairly? I don't. He sees what he wants to see."

Mrs. Colwood agreed; but did not feel called upon to confirm Diana's view by illustrations. She kept Mr. Lavery's talk to herself.

Presently, as the evening fell, Diana sitting under the limes, and watching the shadows lengthen on the new-mown grass, wondered whether she had any mind—any opinions of her own at all. Her father — Oliver — Mr. Ferrier — Marion Vincent—she saw and felt with them all in turn. In the eyes of a Mrs. Fotheringham could anything be more despicable?

The sun was sinking, when she stole out of the garden with some flowers and peaches for Betty Dyson. Her frequent visits to Betty's cottage were often the bright spots in her day. With her, almost alone among the poor people, Diana was conscious of no greedy curiosity behind the spoken words. Yet Betty was the living chronicle of the village, and what she did not know about its inhabitants was not worth knowing.

Diana found her white and suffering as usual, but so bubbling with news, that she had no patience either with her own ailments, or with the peaches. Waving both aside, she pounced imperiously upon her visitor, her queer yellowish eyes aglow with "eventful living."

"Did you hear of old Tom Murthly dropping dead in the meldor, last Thursday?"

Diana had just heard of the death of the eccentric old man, who for fifty years—bachelor and miser—had inhabited a dilapidated house in the village.

"Well he did. Yo may take it at that—yo may." (A mysterious phrase equivalent no doubt to the masculine oath.) "Ee 'ad a lot of money—Tom 'ad. Them two 'ouses was 'is, what stands right be'ind Learoyds', down the village."

"Who will they go to now, Betty?"

Betty's round, shapeless countenance, furrowed and scarred by time, beamed with the joy of communication.

"*Chancery!*" she said, nodding. "Chancery 'll 'ave 'em, in a twelvemonths' time from now, if Mrs. Jack Murthly's Tom—young Tom—don't claim 'em from South Africa,—and the Lord knows where ee is!"

Diana tried to follow, held captive by a tyrannical pair of eyes.

"And what relation is Mrs. Jack Murthly to the man who died?"

"Brother's wife!" said Betty sharply. "I thought you'd ha known that."

"But if nothing is heard of him, Betty—Mrs. Murthly's two daughters will have the cottages, won't they?"

Betty's scorn made her rattle her stick on the flagged floor.

"They ain't daughters!—they're only 'alves."

"Halves?—" said Diana, bewildered.

"Jack Murthly worn't their father!" A fresh shower of nods. "Yo may take it at that!"

"Well, then, who was their father?"

Betty bent forward—Diana had placed herself on a stool before her—and thrusting out her wrinkled lips—said in a hoarse whisper—

"Two fathers!"—

There was a silence.

"I don't understand, Betty," said Diana, softly.

"Jack was *'is* father, all right—Tom's in South Africa. But he worn't *their* father, Mrs. Jack bein' a widder,—or said so. They're only 'alves—and 'alves ain't no good in law,—so inter Chancery those 'ouses 'll go, come a twelvemonth,—yo may take it at that!"

Diana laughed—a young spontaneous laugh—the first since she had come home. She kept Betty gossiping for half an hour, and as the stream of the village life poured about her, in Betty's racy speech, it was as though some primitive virtue entered into her and cheered her,—some bracing voice from the Earth-spirit, whose purpose is not missed—

If birth proceeds—if things subsist.

She rose at last, held Betty's hand tenderly, and went her way, conscious of a return of natural pleasure, such as Italy had never brought her, her heart opening afresh to England and the English life.

Perhaps she should find at home a letter from Mr. Ferrier—her dear, famous friend, who never forgot her, ignorant as she was of the great affairs in which he was plunged. But she meant to be igno-

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rant no longer. No more brooding and dreaming! It was pleasant to remember that Sir James Chide had taken a furnished house—Lytchett Manor—only a few miles from Beechcote; and that Mr. Ferrier was to be his guest there as soon as politics allowed. For her, Diana, that was well; for if he were at Tallyn, they could have met but seldom, if at all.—

She had made a round through a distant and sequestered lane in order to prolong her walk. Presently she came to a deep cutting in the chalk, where the road, embowered in wild roses and clematis, turned sharply at the foot of a hill. As she approached the turn she heard voices—a man's voice. Her heart suddenly failed her. She looked to either side,—no gate, no escape. Nothing for it but to go forward. She turned the corner.

Before her was a low pony-carriage which Alicia Drake was driving. It was drawn up by the side of the road, and Alicia sat in it, laughing and talking, while Oliver Markham gathered a bunch of wild roses from the roadside. As Diana appeared, and before either of them saw her, Markham returned to the carriage, his hands full of flowers.

"Will that content you? I have torn myself to ribbons for you!"

"Oh, don't expect too much gratitude!—*Oliver!*" the last word was low and hurried. Alicia gathered up the reins hastily, and Markham looked round him,—startled.

He saw a tall and slender girl coming towards them, accompanied by a Scotch collie. She bowed to him and to Alicia, and passed quickly on.

"Never mind any more roses," said Alicia. "We ought to get home."

They drove towards Tallyn in silence. Alicia's startling hat of white muslin framed the red-gold of her hair, and the brilliant color,—assisted here and there by rouge,—of her cheeks and lips. She said presently in a sympathetic voice—

"How sorry one is for her!"

Markham made no reply. They passed into the darkness of overarching trees, and there, veiled from him in the green twilight, Alicia no longer checked the dancing triumph in her eyes.

CHAPTER XVIII

ONE Saturday in early August, some six weeks after the incident described in the last chapter, Bobbie Forbes, in the worst inn's worst fly, such being the stress and famine of election time, drove up to the Tallyn front door. It was the day after the polling; the result was being declared from the Dunscombe town-hall; and Tallyn, with its open windows and empty rooms, had the look of a hive from which the bees have swarmed. According to the butler, only Lady Niton was at home, and the household was eagerly awaiting news from Dunscombe. Lady Niton indeed was knitting in the drawing-room.

"Capital!—to find you alone," said Bobbie, taking a seat beside her. "All the others at Dunscombe, I hear. And no news yet?"

Lady Niton, who had given him one inky finger—(a pile of letters just completed lay beside her)—shook her head, looking him critically up and down the while.

The critical eye, however, was more required in her own case. She was untidily dressed as usual in a shabby black gown; her brown "front" was a little displaced, and her cap awry; and her fingers had apparently been badly worsted in a struggle with her pen. Yet her diminutive figure in the drawing-room—such is the power of personality—made a social place of it at once.

"I obeyed your summons," Bobbie continued, "though I'm sure Lady Lucy didn't want to invite me, with all this hubbub going on. Well, what do you prophesy? They told me at the station that the result would be out by two o'clock. I very nearly went to the Town Hall, but the fact is everybody's so nervous I funked it. If Oliver's kicked out, the fewer tears over spilt milk the better."

"He won't be kicked out."

"Don't make too sure! I have been hearing the most dismal reports. The Ferrierites hate him much worse than if he'd gone against them openly. And the fellows he really agrees with don't love him much better."

"All the same he will get in; and if he don't get office now he will in a few years."

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"Oliver must be flattered that you believe in him so."

"I don't believe in him at all," said Lady Niton sharply. "Every country has the politician it deserves."

Bobbie grinned.

"I don't find you a democrat yet."

"I'm just as much of one as anybody in this house, for all their fine talk. Only they pretend to like being governed by their plumbers and gas-fitters, and I don't."

"I hear that Oliver's speeches have been extremely good."

"H'm—all about the poor," said Lady Niton, releasing her hand from the knitting-needles, and waving it scornfully at the room in which they sat. "Well, if Oliver were to tell me from now till doomsday that his heart bled for the poor, I shouldn't believe him. It doesn't bleed. He is as comfortable in his middle region as you or I."

Bobbie laughed.

"Now look here, I'm simply famished for gossip, and I must have it."—Lady Niton's ball of wool fell on the floor.—Bobbie pounced upon it, and put it in his pocket. "A hostage!—Surrender—and talk to me! Do you belong to the Mallory faction—or don't you?"

"Give me my ball, sir—and don't dare to mention that girl's name in this house."

Bobbie opened his eyes.

"I say!—what did you mean by writing to me like that if you weren't on the right side?"

"What do you mean?"

"You can't have gone over to Lady Lucy, and the Fotheringham woman!"

Lady Niton looked at him with a queer expression of contempt in her tanned and crumpled face.

"Is that the only reason you can imagine for my not permitting you to talk of Diana Mallory in this house?"

Bobbie looked puzzled. Then a light broke.

"I see! You mean the house isn't good enough? Precisely! What's up. Alicia? *No!*"

Lady Niton laughed.

"He has been practically engaged to her for two years. He didn't know it of course—he hadn't an idea of it. But Alicia knew it. Oh! she allowed him his amusements. The Mallory girl was one of them. If the Sparling story hadn't broken it off, something else would. I don't believe Alicia ever alarmed herself."

"Are they engaged?"

"Not formally. I dare say it won't be announced till the autumn," said his companion, indifferently. Then seeing that Bobbie's attention was diverted, she made a dash with one skinny hand at his coat pocket, abstracted the ball of wool, and triumphantly returned to her knitting.

"Mean!" said Bobbie. "You caught me off guard. Well, I wish them joy. Of course, I've always liked Markham, and I'm very sorry he's got himself into such a mess. But as for Alicia, there's no love lost between us. I hear Miss Mallory's at Beechcote."

Lady Niton replied that she herself had only been three days at Tallyn, that she had asked—ostentatiously—for a carriage the day before to take her to call at Beechcote, and had been refused. Everything, it seemed, was wanted for election purposes. But she understood that Miss Mallory was quite well and not breaking her heart at all. At the present moment she was the most popular person in Brookshire, and would be the most petted, if she would allow it. But she and Mrs. Colwood lived a very quiet life, and were never to be seen at the tea and garden parties in which the neighborhood abounded.

"Plucky of her to come back here!" said Bobbie. "And how's Lady Lucy?"

Lady Niton moved impatiently.

"Lucy would be all right if her son wouldn't join a set of traitors in jockeying the man who put him into Parliament, and who has been Lucy's quasi-husband for twenty years!"

"Oh you think he *is* in the plot?"

"Of course Lucy swears he isn't. But if not—why isn't Ferrier here? His own election was over a week ago. In the natural course of things he would have been staying here since then, and speaking for Oliver. Not a word of it! I'm glad he's shown a little spirit at last!—He's put up with about enough."

"And Lady Lucy's fretting?"

"She don't like it,—particularly when he comes to stay with Sir James Chide and not at Tallyn. Such a thing has never happened before."

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"WILL THAT CONTENT YOU? I HAVE TORN MYSELF TO RIBBONS FOR YOU"

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"Poor old Ferrier!" said Bobbie, with a shrug of the shoulders.

Lady Niton drew herself up fiercely.

"Don't pity your betters, sir. It's disrespectful."

Bobbie smiled.—"You know the Ministry's resigned?"

"About time! What have they been hanging on for so long?"

"Well it's done at last. I found a wire from the club waiting for me here. The Queen has sent for Broadstone, and the fat's all in the fire."

The two fell into an excited discussion of the situation. The two rival heroes of the electoral month on the Liberal side had been of course Ferrier and Lord Philip. Lord Philip had conducted an astonishing campaign in the Midlands,—through a series of speeches of almost revolutionary violence, containing many veiled—or scarcely veiled attacks on Ferrier. Ferrier on the whole held the North; but the candidates in the Midlands had been greatly affected by Lord Philip, and Lord Philip's speeches, and a contagious enthusiasm had spread through whole districts, carrying in the Liberal candidates with a rush. In the West and South too, where the Darcy family had many friends and large estates, the Liberal nominees had shown a strong tendency to adopt Lord Philip's programme, and profess enthusiastic admiration for its author. So that there were now two kings of Brentford. Lord Philip's fortunes had risen to a threatening height, and the whole interest of the Cabinet-making just beginning lay in the contest which it inevitably implied between Ferrier and his new but formidable lieutenant. It was said that Lord Philip had retired to his tent,—alias, his Northamptonshire house—and did not mean to budge thence till he had got all he wanted out of the veteran Premier.

"As for the papers," said Bobbie—"you see they're already at it hammer and tongs.—However, so long as the *Herald* sticks to Ferrier, he has very much the best of it. This new editor Barrington is an awfully clever fellow."

"Barrington! — Barrington!" — said Lady Niton, looking up—"that's the man who's coming to-night."

"Coming here?—Barrington? Hullo, I wonder what's up?"

"He proposed himself, Oliver says; he's an old friend."

"They were at Trinity together. But he doesn't really care much about Oliver. I'm certain he's not coming here for Oliver's *beaux yeux*, or Lady Lucy's."

"What does it matter?" cried Lady Niton, disdainfully.

"Hm!—you think 'em all a poor lot?"

"Well, when you've known Dizzy and Peel, Palmerston and Melbourne, you're not going to stay awake nights worriting about John Ferrier. In any other house but this I should back Lord Philip. But I like to make Oliver uncomfortable."

"Upon my word! I have heard you say that Lord Philip's speeches were abominable."

"So they are. But he ought to have credit for the number of 'em he can turn out in a week."

"He'll be heard in fact for his much speaking?"

Bobbie looked at his companion with a smile. Suddenly his cheek flushed. He sat down beside her and tried to take her hand.

"Look here," he said, with vivacity—"I think you were an awful brick to stick up for Miss Mallory as you did."

Lady Niton withdrew her hand.

"I haven't an idea what you're driving at."

"You really thought that Oliver should have given up all that money?"

His companion looked at him, rather puzzled.

"He wouldn't have been a pauper," she said dryly; "the girl had some."

"Oh but not much. No!—you took a dear, unworldly generous view of it!—a view which has encouraged me immensely!"

"You!" Lady Niton drew back, and drew up, as though scenting battle,—while her wig and cap slipped more astray.

"Yes—me. It's made me think—well, that I ought to have told you a secret of mine, weeks ago."

And with a resolute and combative air, Bobbie suddenly unburdened himself of the story of his engagement—to a clergyman's daughter, without a farthing, his distant cousin on his mother's side, and quite unknown to Lady Niton.

His listener emitted a few stifled cries,

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—asked a few furious questions—and then sat rigid.

"Well?—" said Bobby, masking his real anxiety under a smiling appearance.

With a great effort, Lady Niton composed herself. She stretched out a claw, and resumed her work, two red spots on her cheeks.

"Marry her, if you like," she said, with delusive calm—"I sha'n't ever speak to you again. A scheming minx without a penny!—that ought never to have been allowed out of the schoolroom."

Bobby leapt from his chair.

"Is that the way you mean to take it?"

Lady Niton nodded.

"That is the way I mean to take it!"

"What a fool I was to believe your fine speeches,—about Oliver!"

"Oliver may go to the devil!" cried Lady Niton.

"Very well!—" Bobby's dignity was tremendous. "Then I don't mean to be allowed less liberty than Oliver. It's no good continuing this conversation.—Why, I declare!—some fool has been meddling with those books."

And rapidly crossing the floor, swelling with wrath and determination, Bobbie opened the bookcase of first editions which stood in this inner drawing-room and began to replace some volumes which had strayed from their proper shelves, with a deliberate hand.

"You resemble Oliver in one thing!—" Lady Niton threw after him.

"What may that be?" he said carelessly.

"You both find gratitude inconvenient!"

Bobbie turned and bowed. "I do!" he said—"inconvenient, and intolerable!—Hullo!—I hear the carriage. I beg you to remark—that what I told you was confidential. It is not to be repeated in company."

Lady Niton had only time to give him a fierce look when the door opened, and Lady Lucy came wearily in.

Bobbie hastened to meet her.

"My dear Lady Lucy!—what news?"

"Oliver is in!"

"Hurrah!" Bobbie shook her hand vehemently. "I am glad!"

Lady Niton, controlling herself with difficulty, rose from her seat, and also offered a hand.

"There, you see, Lucy, you needn't have been so anxious."

Lady Lucy sank into a chair.

"What's the majority?" said Bobbie, astonished by her appearance and manner—"I say, you know, you've been working too hard."

"The majority is twenty-four," said Lady Lucy, coldly, as though she had rather not have been asked the question; and at the same time, leaning heavily back in her chair, she began feebly to untie the lace-strings of her bonnet. Bobbie was shocked by her appearance. She had aged rapidly since he had last seen her, and in particular, a gray shadow had overspread the pink and white complexion which had so long preserved her good looks.

On hearing the figures (the majority five years before had been fifteen hundred), Bobbie could not forbear an exclamation, which produced another contraction of Lady Lucy's tired brow. Lady Niton gave a very audible "Whew!"—to which she hastened to add—"Well, Lucy, what does it matter? Twenty-four is as good as two thousand."

Lady Lucy roused herself a little.

"Of course," she said, languidly,—"it is disappointing. But we may be glad it is no worse. For a little while, during the counting, we thought Oliver was out. But the last bundles to be counted were all for him, and we just saved it." A pause, and then the speaker added with emphasis—"It has been a *horrid* election! Such ill-feeling—and violence—such unfair placards!—some of them I am sure were libellous. But I am told one can do nothing."

"Well, my dear, this is what Democracy comes to," said Lady Niton, taking up her knitting again with vehemence. "'Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin.' You Liberals have opened the gates—and now you grumble at the deluge."

"It has been the injustice shown him by his own side that Oliver minds." The speaker's voice betrayed the bleeding of the inward wound. "Really, to hear some of our neighbors talk, you would think him a Communist. And on the other hand, he and Alicia only just escaped being badly hurt this morning at the collieries—when they were driving round. I implored them not to go.

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However, they would. There was an ugly crowd; and but for a few mounted police that came up, it might have been most unpleasant."

"I suppose Alicia has been careering about with him all day?" said Lady Niton.

"Alicia—and Roland Lankester—and the chairman of Oliver's committee. Now they've gone off on the coach, to drive round some of the villages, and thank people." Lady Lucy rose as she spoke.

"Not much to thank for, according to you!" observed Lady Niton, grimly.

"Oh, well, he's in!" Lady Lucy drew a long breath. "But people have behaved so extraordinarily!—That man—that clergyman—at Beechcote—Mr. Lavery. He's been working night and day against Oliver. Really, I think parsons ought to leave politics alone."

"Lavery?" said Bobbie. "I thought he was a Radical. Weren't Oliver's speeches advanced enough to please him?"

"He has been denouncing Oliver as a humbug, because of what he is pleased to call the state of the mining villages. I am sure they're a great, great deal better than they were twenty years ago!"—Lady Lucy's voice was almost piteous. "However, he very nearly persuaded the miners to run a candidate of their own, and when that fell through, he advised them to abstain from voting. And they must have done so—in several villages. That's pulled down the majority."

"Abominable!" said Bobbie, who was comfortably Conservative. "I always said that man was a firebrand."

"I don't know what he expects to get by it," said Lady Lucy slowly, as she moved towards the door. Her tone was curiously helpless; she was still stately, but it was a ghostly and pallid stateliness.

"Get by it!" sneered Lady Niton. "After all, his friends are in. They say he's eloquent. His jackasseries will get him a bishopric in time—you'll see."

"It was the unkindness—the ill-feeling—I minded—" said Lady Lucy in a low voice, leaning heavily upon her stick, and looking straight before her as though she inwardly recalled some of the incidents of the election. "I never knew anything like it before."

Lady Niton lifted her eyebrows,—not finding a suitable response. Did Lucy really not understand what was the matter?—that her beloved Oliver had earned the reputation throughout the division of a man who can propose to a charming girl, and then desert her for money, at the moment when the tragic blow of her life had fallen upon her?—and she, that of the mercenary mother who had forced him into it. Precious lucky for Oliver to have got in at all!

The door closed on Lady Lucy. Forgetting for an instant what had happened before her hostess entered, Elizabeth Niton, bristling with remarks, turned impetuously towards Forbes. He had gone back to first editions, and was whistling vigorously as he worked. With a start, Lady Niton recollected herself. Her face reddened afresh; she rose, walked with as much majesty as her station admitted to the door, which she closed sharply behind her.

As soon as she was gone Bobbie stopped whistling. If she was really going to make a quarrel of it, it would certainly be a great bore,—a hideous bore. His conscience pricked him for the mean and unmanly dependence which had given this capricious and masterful little woman so much to say in his affairs. He must really find fresh work, pay his debts, those to Lady Niton first and foremost, and marry the girl who would make a decent fellow of him. But his heart smote him about his queer old Fairy Blackstick. No surrender!—but he would like to make peace.

It was past eight o'clock, when the four-in-hand on which the new member had been touring the constituency drove up to the Tallyn door. Forbes hurried to the steps to greet the party.

"Hullo, Oliver! A thousand congratulations, old fellow! Never mind the figures. A win's a win! But I thought you would have been dining and junketing in Dunscombe to-night. How on earth did you get them to let you off?"

Oliver's tired countenance smiled perfunctorily as he swung himself down from the coach. He allowed his hand to be shaken; his lips moved, but only a husky whisper emerged.

"Lost his voice," Roland Lankester explained. "And so done, that we begged

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him off from the Dunscombe dinner. He's only fit for bed."

And with a wave of the hand to the company, Markham, weary and worn, mounted the steps, and passing rapidly through the hall, went up-stairs. Alicia Drake and Lankester followed, pausing in the hall to talk with Bobbie.

Alicia too looked tired out. She was dressed in a marvellous gown of white chiffon, adorned with a large rosette of Markham's colors—red and yellow—and wore a hat entirely composed of red and yellow roses. The colors were not becoming to her; and she had no air of happy triumph. Rather, both in her and in Markham there were strong signs of suppressed chagrin and indignation.

"Well, that's over!—" said Miss Drake, throwing down her gloves on the billiard table with a passionate gesture—"and I'm sure neither Oliver nor I would go through it again for a million of money. How *revolting* the lower classes are!"

Philip Lankester looked at her curiously.

"You've worked awfully hard," he said. "I hope you're going to have a good rest."

"I wouldn't bother about rest if I could pay out some of the people here," said Alicia passionately. "I should like to see a few score of them hanged in chains, *pour encourager les autres*."

So saying, she gathered up her gloves and parasol, and swept up-stairs declaring that she was too dog-tired to talk.

Bobbie Forbes and Lankester looked at each other.

"It's been really a beastly business!" said Lankester, under his breath. "Precious little politics in it too, as far as I could see. The strong Ferrierites no doubt have held aloof on the score of Markham's supposed disloyalty to the great man; though as far as I can make out he has been very careful not to go beyond a certain line in his speeches. Anyway they have done no work, and a good many of them have certainly abstained from voting. It is our vote that has gone down; the Tories have scarcely increased theirs at all. But the other side—and the Socialists—get hold of a lot of nasty little things about the estate, and the collieries. The collieries are practically in rebellion, spoiling for a big strike next November, if not before. When Miss Drake and Markham drove round there this morning they were very badly received. Her parasol was broken by a stone, and there was a good deal of mud throwing."

Bobbie eyed his companion.

"Was any of the opposition personal to *her*?"

Lankester nodded.

"No doubt. The story of the broken engagement accounts for a good deal. It has got about in all sorts of forms,—none of them favorable to our friend. There is an extraordinary feeling all over the place for the other girl—Miss Mallory. The tragic story no doubt—her beauty—and all the rest of it. And then this militant young woman—leading all the canvassing—always on the box-seat with him—appropriating him—directing him:—you can hardly wonder people have drawn conclusions. And there's an odious fellow,—a certain Birch, a solicitor at Dunscombe,—he seems to have been the source of a number of tales. Lady Lucy has lately taken away from him the business that the firm used to do for the estate, in his father's day.—By the way, there's some unpleasant story of an entanglement between him and a cousin of Miss Mallory's."

"I hope no fresh trouble for her," said Forbes, with a face of concern. "Whatever happens—she seems to be the victim."

Lankester agreed. "I am told she has hardly been seen during the election. I only hope the gossip has been kept from her. I say—isn't it time to dress?"

The two men went up-stairs. As Lankester left his companion, he whispered—

"I must say I hope Markham won't press for anything in the Government. I don't believe he'll ever get in here again."

Forbes shook his head.

"Markham's got a lot of devil in him somewhere. I shouldn't wonder if this made him set his teeth."

Forbes was right. At the moment he spoke, Markham, in his room, looking over the letters which his servant had brought him, was conscious of two main feelings, disgust and loathing with regard to the contest just over, and a

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dogged determination with regard to the future. He had been deserted by the moderates—by the Ferrierites—in spite of all his endeavors to keep within courteous and judicial bounds; and he had been all but sacrificed to a forbearance which had not saved him apparently a single moderate vote, and had lost him scores on the advanced side.

With regard to Ferrier personally, he was extremely sore. A letter from him, a telegram even, during the preceding week, would have meant some hundreds of votes. Markham denied hotly that his speeches had been of a character to offend or injure his old friend and leader. A man must really be allowed some honest latitude of opinion, even under party government!—and in circumstances of personal obligation. He had had to steer a most difficult course. But why must he give up his principles,—not to speak of his chances of political advancement, —because John Ferrier had originally procured him his seat in Parliament, and had been his parents' intimate friend for many years? Let the Whig deserters answer that question, if they could!

His whole being was tingling with anger and resentment. The contest had steeped him in humiliations, which stuck to him like mud stains.

The week before, he had written to Ferrier, imploring him if possible to come and speak for him,—or at least to write a letter; humbling his pride; and giving elaborate explanations of the line which he had taken.

There on the table beside him was Ferrier's reply.

"My dear Oliver,—I don't think a letter would do you much good, and for a speech, I am too tired—and I am afraid at the present moment too thin-skinned.—Pray excuse me. We shall meet when this hubbub is over. All success to you.—Yours ever, J. F."

Was there ever a more unkind, a more uncalled-for letter? Well, at any rate, he was free henceforward to think and act for himself, and on public grounds only; though of course he would do nothing unworthy of an old friendship, or calculated to hurt his mother's feelings. Ferrier, by this letter, and by the strong negative influence he must have exerted in West Brookshire during the election, had himself loosened the old bond; and Markham would henceforth stand on his own feet.

As to Ferrier's reasons for a course of action so wholly unlike anything in the history of his previous relations with Lucy Markham's son, Markham's thoughts found themselves engaged in a sore and perpetual wrangle. Ferrier, he supposed, suspected him of a lack of "straightness," and did not care to keep up an intimate relation, which had been already, and might be again, used against him. Markham recalled with discomfort various small incidents in the House of Commons which might have seemed—to an enemy—to illustrate or confirm such an explanation of the state of things.

But after all he *was* an old friend of Ferrier's—whose affection for his mother necessarily involved close and frequent contact with her son. And in the past, Ferrier had no doubt laid him under great personal and political obligations. But at the same time, he, Oliver, had by now, in the natural course of things, developed strong opinions of his own, especially as to the conduct of party affairs in the House of Commons, opinions which were not Ferrier's—which were indeed vehemently opposed to Ferrier's. It was Oliver's belief that Ferrier's lead in the House—on certain questions—was a lead of weakness, making for disaster. Was he not even to hold, much less to express, such a view, because of the quasi-parental relation in which Ferrier had once stood to him? The whole thing was an odious confusion—most unfair to him individually—between personal and Parliamentary duty.

Frankness?—loyalty? It would no doubt be said that Ferrier had always behaved with singular generosity, both towards opponents, and towards dissidents in his own party. Frank and serious argument was at no time unwelcome to him.

All very well! But how was one to argue, beyond a certain point, with a man twenty-five years your senior, who had known you in jackets, and was also your political chief?

As to the correspondence between them, which had been actively carried on dur-

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ing the Whitsuntide recess, up to the date of the Dunscombe meeting, when Ferrier had abruptly ceased to write,—if Ferrier had misunderstood it, he, Markham, could not help it. He gathered from his mother that Ferrier's letters to him had been intended to reach and influence the rebels of the party, through Oliver's mediation. It would have been absurd to have attempted any such use of them. The arguments employed in them had been considered and rejected a hundred times already by men like Lord Philip, or Barton or McEwart.

As to the meeting, which had apparently roused so sharp a resentment in Ferrier, Markham maintained that he was not responsible. It was a meeting of the advanced Radicals of the division. Neither Markham nor his agents had been present. Certain remarks and opinions of his own had been quoted indeed, even in public, as leading up to it, and justifying it. A great mistake. He had never meant to countenance any personal attack on Ferrier or his leadership. Yet he uncomfortably admitted that the meeting had told badly on the election. In the view of one side, he had not had pluck enough to go to it; in the view of the other he had disgracefully connived at it.

The arrival of the evening post and papers did something to brush away these dismal self-communings. Wonderful news from the counties! The success of the latest batch of advanced candidates had been astonishing. Other men, it seemed, had been free to liberate their souls! Well, now the arbiter of the situation was Lord Philip; and there would certainly be a strong advanced infusion in the new ministry. Markham considered that he had as good claims as any of the younger men; and if it came to another election in Brookshire, hateful as the prospect was, he should be fighting in the open, and choosing his own weapons. No shirking! His whole being gathered itself into a passionate determination to retaliate upon the persons who had injured, thwarted, and calumniated him, during the contest just over. He would fight again—next week if necessary—and he would win!

As to the particular and personal calumnies with which he had been assailed,—why, of course, he absolved Diana. She could have had no hand in them.

Suddenly he pushed his papers from him with a hasty unconscious movement.

In driving home that evening past the gates and plantations of Beechcote, it seemed to him that he had seen through the trees—in the distance—the fluttering of a white dress. Had the news of his inglorious success just reached her? How had she received it? Her face came before him—the frank eyes—the sweet troubled look.

He dropped his head upon his arms. A sick distaste for all that he had been doing and thinking rose upon him, wave-like, drowning for a moment the energies of mind and will. Was there anything worth while, in this perverse, intractable life? Had anything been worth while—for *him*—since the day when he had failed to keep the last tryst which Diana had offered him?

He did not, however, long allow himself a weakness which he knew well he had no right to indulge. He roused himself abruptly, took pen and paper, and wrote a little note to Alicia, sending it round to her through her maid.

. . . . . .

Markham pleaded fatigue, and dined in his room. In the course of the meal he enquired of his servant if Mr. Barrington had arrived.

"Yes, sir—he arrived in time for dinner."

"Ask him to come up afterwards, and see me here."

As he awaited the newcomer, Markham had time to ponder what this visit of a self-invited guest might mean. The support of the *Herald* and its brilliant editor had been so far one of Ferrier's chief assets. But there had been some signs of wavering in its columns lately, especially on two important questions likely to occupy the new ministry in its first session; matters on which the opinion of the Darcy section was understood to be in violent conflict with that of Ferrier, and the senior members of the late Front Opposition Bench in general.

Barrington no doubt wished to pump him—one of Ferrier's intimates—with regard to the latest phase of Ferrier's views on these two leading measures.

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The leader himself was rather stiff and old-fashioned with regard to journalists; gave too little information, where other men gave too much.

Oliver glanced in some disquiet at the pile of Ferrier's letters lying beside him. The pile contained material for which any ambitious journalist, at the present juncture, would give the eyes out of his head. Could Barrington be trusted? Oliver vaguely remembered some stories to his disadvantage, told probably by Lankester, who in these respects was one of the most scrupulous of men. Yet the paper stood high, and was certainly written with conspicuous ability.

Why not give him information?—cautiously, and with discretion. What harm could it do—to Ferrier or any one else? The party was torn by dissensions; and the first and most necessary step towards reunion was that Ferrier's aims and methods should be thoroughly understood. No doubt in these letters he had expressed himself with complete, even dangerous freedom. Markham remembered one or two strong warnings to that effect on the part of the writer. But he was not going to put them into Barrington's hands. Certainly not!—merely to use them—and perhaps refer to them.

As he began to sketch his own share in the expected conversation, a pleasant feeling of self-importance crept in, soothing to the wounds of the preceding week. Markham knew well that he had never yet made the mark in politics that he had hoped to make, that his abilities entitled him to make. The more he thought of it, the more he realized that the coming half hour might be of great significance in English politics; he had it in his own power to make it so. He was conscious of a strong wish to impress Barrington, perhaps Ferrier also. After all a man grows up, and does not remain an Eton boy, or an undergraduate, for ever. It would be well to make Ferrier more aware than he was of that fact.

In the midst of his thoughts, the door opened, and Barrington—a man showing in his dark-skinned, large-featured alertness, the signs of Jewish pliancy and intelligence—walked in.

"Are you up to conversation?" he said, laughing. "You look pretty done!"

"If I can whisper you what you want," said Oliver huskily—"it's at your service! There are the cigarettes."

The talk lasted long. Midnight was near before the two men separated.

The news of Markham's election reached Ferrier under Sir James Chide's roof, in the pleasant furnished house about four miles from Beechcote of which he had lately become the tenant, in order to be near Diana. It was conveyed in a letter from Lady Lucy, of which the conclusion ran as follows—

"It is so strange not to have you here this evening—not to be able to talk over with you all these anxieties and trials. I can't help being a little angry with Sir James. We are the oldest friends.

"Of course I have often been anxious lately lest Oliver should have done anything to offend you. I have spoken to him about that tiresome meeting, and I think I could prove to you it was *not* his fault. Do, my dear friend, come here as soon as you can, and let me explain to you whatever may have seemed wrong. You cannot think how much we miss you. I feel it a little hard that there should be strangers here this evening—like Mr. Lankester and Mr. Barrington. But it could not be helped. Mr. Lankester was speaking for Oliver last night,—and Mr. Barrington invited himself. I really don't know why. Oliver is dreadfully tired—and so am I. The ingratitude and ill-feeling of many of our neighbors has tried me sorely. It will be a long time before I forget it. It really seems as though nothing were worth striving for in this very difficult world."—

"Poor Lucy!—" said Ferrier to himself,—his heart softening as usual. "Barrington? H'm. That's odd."

He had only time for a short reply—

"My dear Lady Lucy,—It's horrid that you are tired and depressed. I wish I could come and cheer you up. Politics are a cursed trade. But never mind, Oliver is safely in, and as soon as the Government is formed, I will come to Tallyn, and we will laugh at these woes. I can't write at greater length now, for

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Broadstone has just summoned me. You will have seen that he went to Windsor this morning. Now the agony begins. Let's hope it may be decently short. I am just off for town.—Yours ever, JOHN FERRIER."

Two days passed,—three days—and still the "agony" lasted. Lord Broadstone's house in Portman Square was besieged all day by anxious journalists watching the goings and comings of a Cabinet in the making. But nothing could be communicated to the newspapers; nothing in fact was settled. Messengers went backwards and forwards to Lord Philip in Northamptonshire. Urgent telegrams invited him to London. He took no notice of the telegrams; he did not invite the messengers, and when they came he had little or nothing of interest to say to them. Lord Broadstone, he declared, was fully in possession of his views. He had nothing more to add. And indeed a short note from him laid by in the new Premier's pocket-book, was, if the truth were known, the *fons et origo* of all Lord Broadstone's difficulties.

Meanwhile the more conservative section exerted itself; and by the evening of the third day it seemed to have triumphed. A rumor spread abroad that Lord Philip had gone too far. Ferrier emerged from a long colloquy with the Prime Minister, walking briskly across the square with his secretary, smiling at some of the reporters in waiting. Twenty minutes later, as he stood in the smoking-room of the Reform, surrounded by a few privileged friends, Lankester passed through the room.

"By Jove," he said to a friend with him, "I believe Ferrier's done the trick!"

In spite, however, of a contented mind, Ferrier was aware on reaching his own house that he was far from well. There was nothing very much to account for his feeling of illness. A slight pain across the chest,—a slight feeling of faintness,—when he came to count up his symptoms, nothing else appeared. It was a glorious summer evening. He determined to go back to Chide, who now always returned to Lytchett by an evening train, after a working day in town. Accordingly, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House dined lightly, and went off to St. Pancras,—leaving a note for the Prime Minister to say where he was to be found, and wishing him well through the remainder of his task.

The following morning fulfilled the promise of the tranquil evening and starry night, which, amid the deep quiet of the country, had done much to refresh a man, in whom indeed a stimulating consciousness of success seemed already to have repaired the ravages of the fight.

Ferrier was always an early riser; and by nine o'clock he and Sir James were pottering and smoking in the garden. A long case in which Chide had been engaged had come to an end the preceding day. The great lawyer sent word to his chambers that he was not coming up to town; Ferrier ascertained that he was only half an hour from a telegraph office, made a special arrangement with the local post as to the delivery of his letters, and then gave himself up to rest, gossip, and a book.

By a tiresome *contretemps* the newspapers did not arrive at breakfast time. Sir James was but a newcomer in the district, and the parcel of papers due to him had gone astray through the stupidity of a newsboy. A servant was sent into Dunscombe, five miles off; and meanwhile Ferrier bore the blunder with equanimity. His letters of the morning, fresh from the heart of things, made newspapers a mere superfluity. They could tell him nothing that he did not know already. And as for opinions, those might wait.

He proposed indeed, before the return of the servant from Dunscombe, to walk over to Beechcote. The road lay through woods, two miles of shade. He pined for exercise; Diana and her young sympathy acted as a magnet both on him and on Sir James; and it was to be presumed she took a daily paper, being, as Ferrier recalled, "a terrible little Tory."

In less than an hour they were at Beechcote. They found Diana and Mrs. Colwood on the lawn of the old house, reading and working in the shade of a yew hedge planted by that Topham Beauclerk who was a friend of Johnson.

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The scent of roses and limes; the hum of bees; the beauty of slow sailing clouds, and of the shadows they flung on the mellowed color of the house; combined with the figure of Diana in white, her eager eyes, her smile, and her unquenchable interest in all that concerned the two friends, of whose devotion to her she was so gratefully and simply proud:—these things put the last touch to Ferrier's enjoyment. He flung himself on the grass, talking to both the ladies of the incidents and absurdities of Cabinet-making, with a freedom and fun, an abandonment of anxiety and care that made him young again. Nobody mentioned a newspaper.

Presently Chide, who had now taken the part of general adviser to Diana which had once been filled by Markham, strolled off with her to look at a greenhouse in need of repairs. Mrs. Colwood was called in by some household matter. Ferrier was left alone.

As usual he had a book in his pocket. This time it was a volume of selected essays, ranging from Bacon to Carlyle. He began lazily to turn the pages, smiling to himself the while at the paradoxes of life. Here, for an hour, he sat under the limes, drunk with summer breezes and scents, toying with a book, as though he were some "indolent irresponsible reviewer"—some college fellow in vacation, —some wooer of an idle muse. Yet dusk that evening would find him once more in the Babel of London. And before him lay the most strenuous, and as he hoped the most fruitful passage of his political life. Broadstone too was an old man; the Premiership itself could not be far away.

As for Lord Philip—Ferrier's thoughts ran upon that gentleman with a good humor which was not without malice. He had played his cards extremely well; but the trumps in his hand had not been quite strong enough. Well, he was young; plenty of time yet for Cabinet office. That he would be a thorn in the side of the new ministry went without saying. Ferrier felt no particular dismay at the prospect; and he amused himself with speculations on the letters which had probably passed that very day between Broadstone and the "iratus Achilles" in Northamptonshire.

And from Lord Philip, Ferrier's thoughts — shrewdly indulgent — strayed to the other conspirators, and to Oliver Markham in particular, their spokesman and intermediary. Suddenly a great softness invaded him, towards Oliver and his mother. After all, had he not been hard with the boy, to leave him to his fight without a word of help? Oliver's ways were irritating; he had more than one of the intriguer's gifts; and, in Ferrier's opinion, he had certainly not understood how to run straight, with equal loyalty to his beliefs and to his friend. Several times during the preceding weeks Ferrier had thought with anxiety of the letters in Markham's hands. But, after all, things had worked out better than could possibly have been expected. The *Herald* in particular had done splendid service, to himself personally, and to the moderates in general. Now was the time for amnesty and reconciliation all round. Ferrier's mind ran busily on schemes of the kind. As to Oliver, he had already spoken to Broadstone about him; and would write again that night. Certainly the boy should have something—a Junior Lordship at least. And if he were opposed on re-election, why, he should be helped—roundly helped. Ferrier already saw himself at Tallyn once more, with Lady Lucy's frail hand in one of his, the other perhaps on Oliver's shoulder. After all, where was he happy—or nearly happy—but with them?

His eyes returned to his book. With a mild amusement he saw that it had opened of itself at an essay by Abraham Cowley on "Greatness" and its penalties.

"Out of these inconveniences arises naturally one more, which is, that no greatness can be satisfied or contented with itself; still, if it could mount up a little higher, it would be happy; if it could but gain that point, it would obtain all its desires; but yet at last, when it is got up to the top of the peak of Teneriffe, it is in very great danger of breaking its neck downwards, but in no possibility of ascending upwards—into the seat of tranquillity about the moon."

The new Secretary of State threw himself back in his garden chair, his hands behind his head. Cowley wrote well: but the old fellow did not, after all, know much about it, in spite of his boast-

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ed experiences at that sham and musty court of St. Germain's. Is it true that men who have climbed high are always thirsty to climb higher? No!—"What is my feeling now? Simply, a sense of *opportunity.* A man may be glad to have the chance of leaving his mark on England."

Thoughts rose in him, which were not those of a pessimist; thoughts, however, which the wise man will express as little as possible; since talk profanes them. The concluding words of Peel's great Corn Law speech ran through his memory, and thrilled it. He was accused of indifference to the lot of the poor. It was not true. It never had been true.

"Hullo! who comes?"

Mrs. Colwood was running over the lawn, bringing apparently a letter, and a newspaper.

She came up, a little breathless.

"This letter has just come for you, Mr. Ferrier, by special messenger. I have told the man to wait. And Miss Mallory asked me to bring you the newspaper."

Ferrier took the letter, which was bulky and addressed in the Premier's handwriting.

"Kindly ask the messenger to wait. I will come and speak to him."

He opened the letter and read it. Then having put it deliberately in his pocket, he sat bending forward staring at the grass. The newspaper caught his eye. It was the *Herald* of that morning. He raised it from the ground, read the first leading article, and then a column "from a correspondent" on which the article was based.

As he came to the end of it, a strange premonition took possession of him. He was still himself,—but it seemed to him that the roar of some approaching cataract was in his ears. He mastered himself with difficulty; took a pencil from his pocket, and drew a wavering line beside a passage in the article contributed by the *Herald's* correspondent. The newspaper slid from his knee to the ground.

Then with a groping hand he sought again for Broadstone's letter, drew it out of its envelope, and with a mist before his eyes, felt for the last page, which, he seemed to remember, was blank. On this he traced with difficulty a few lines, —replaced the whole letter in the torn envelope,—and wrote an address upon it, —uncertainly crossing out his own name.

Then, suddenly, he fell back. The letter followed the newspaper to the ground. Deadly weakness was creeping upon him; but as yet the brain was clear. Only his will struggled no more; everything had given way, but with the sense of utter catastrophe there mingled neither pain nor bitterness. Some of the Latin verse, scattered over the essay he had been reading, ran vaguely through his mind—then phrases from his last talk with the Prime Minister—then remembrances of the night at Assisi,—and the face of the poet—

A piercing cry rang out—close beside him—Diana's cry. His life made a last rally; and his eyes opened. They closed again, and he heard no more.

Sir James Chide stooped over Diana.

"Run for help!—brandy—a doctor. I'll stay with him. Run!"

Diana ran. She met Mrs. Colwood hurrying, and sent her for brandy. She herself sped on blindly towards the village.

A few yards beyond the Beechcote gate, she was overtaken by a carriage. There was an exclamation, the carriage pulled up sharp, and a man leaped from it—

"Miss Mallory!—what is the matter?"

She looked up, saw Oliver Markham, and, in the carriage behind him, Lady Lucy, sitting stiff and pale, with astonished eyes.

"Mr. Ferrier is ill—very ill! Please go for the doctor! He is here—at my house."

The figure in the carriage rose hurriedly. Lady Lucy was beside her.

"What is the matter?" she laid an imperious hand on the girl's arm.

"I think he is dying," said Diana, gasping. "Oh, come!—come back at once!"

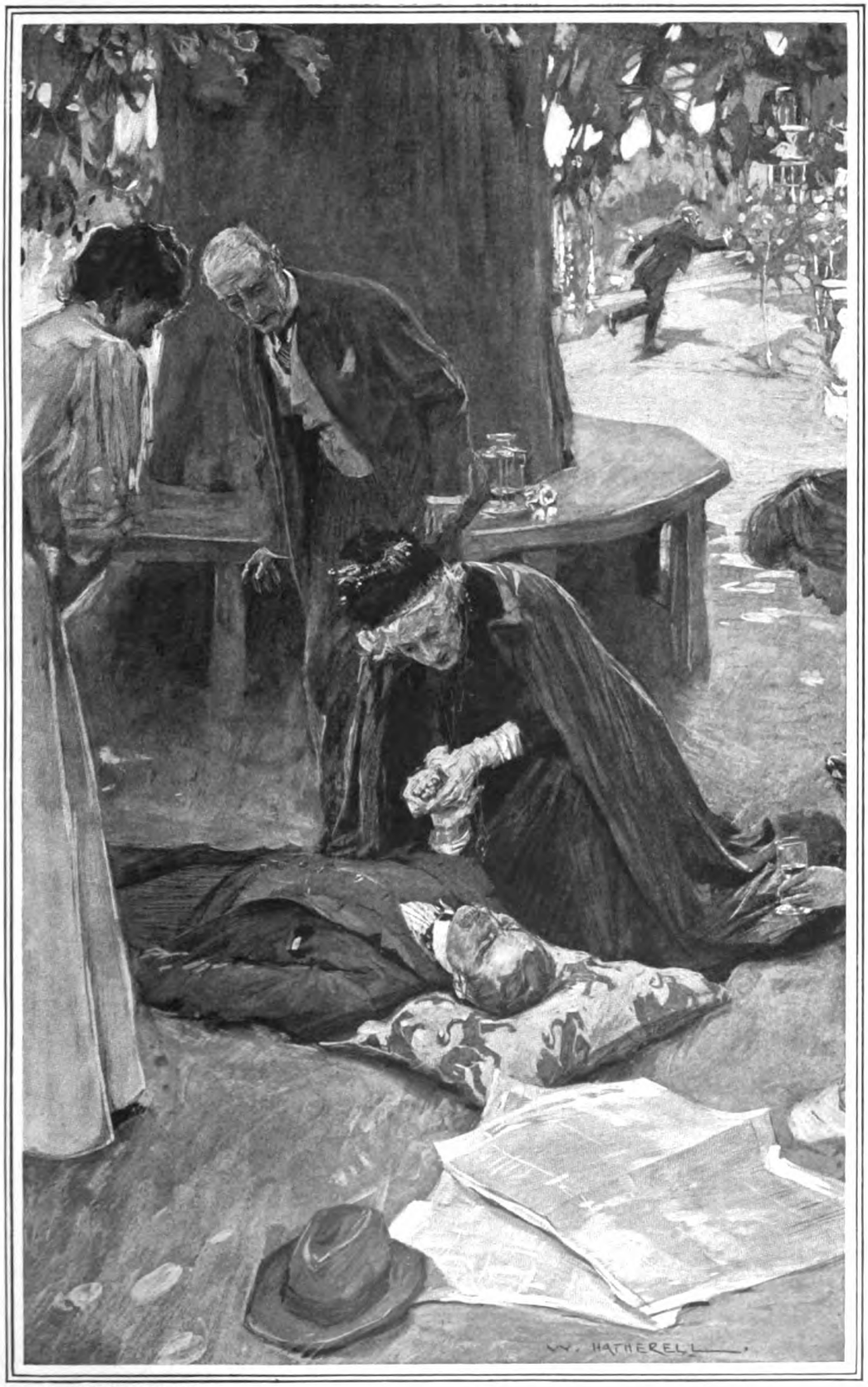
Markham was already in the carriage. The horse galloped forward. Diana and Lady Lucy ran towards the house.

"In the garden—" said Diana breathlessly, and taking Lady Lucy's hand she guided her.

Beside the dying man stood Sir James Chide, Muriel Colwood and the old butler. Sir James looked up, started at the sight of Lady Lucy, and went to meet her.

"You are just in time," he said tender-

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"JOHN!" SHE CALLED IN A VOICE OF ANGUISH

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ly; "but he is going fast. We have done all we could."

Ferrier was now lying on the grass, his head supported. Lady Lucy sank beside him.

"John!—" she called, in a voice of anguish—"John,—dear, dear friend!"—

But the dying man made no sign. And as she lifted his hand to her lips,—the love she had shown him so grudgingly in life, speaking now undisguised through her tears and her despair,—Sir James watched the gentle passage of the last breaths, and knew that all was done,—the play over and the lights out.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The World Within

BY ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

OH yes, the world is fair to see
From dawn to setting of the sun;
Green fields are a delight to me,
And cooling waters, as they run
To the far-sounding sea.

The glory of the clouds I know,
And the sweet peace of yonder blue;
The sadness, too, when dusk doth grow
And, ever deepening, lights to view
The stars of long ago.

But glory dwells not in the sky,
In stream, nor sea, nor gleaming star;
Nor theirs the voices strange that cry,
And stir the trembling soul with far
Dim sense of mystery.

From whence then spring, oh, who can say,
The voice and vision, gloom and glow?—
All thou dost see by night or day,
Or hear in music's troubled flow
Wells up within, alway.

Sound aye within what thou dost hear,—
The far-off voices old and new.
Only within thou seest clear
The ancient beauty of the blue
And distant atmosphere!

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The Unknown Palisades

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

THE edge of the world, if such a thing may be, lies hardly a rifle-shot away from one of the centres of the world itself—the city of New York.

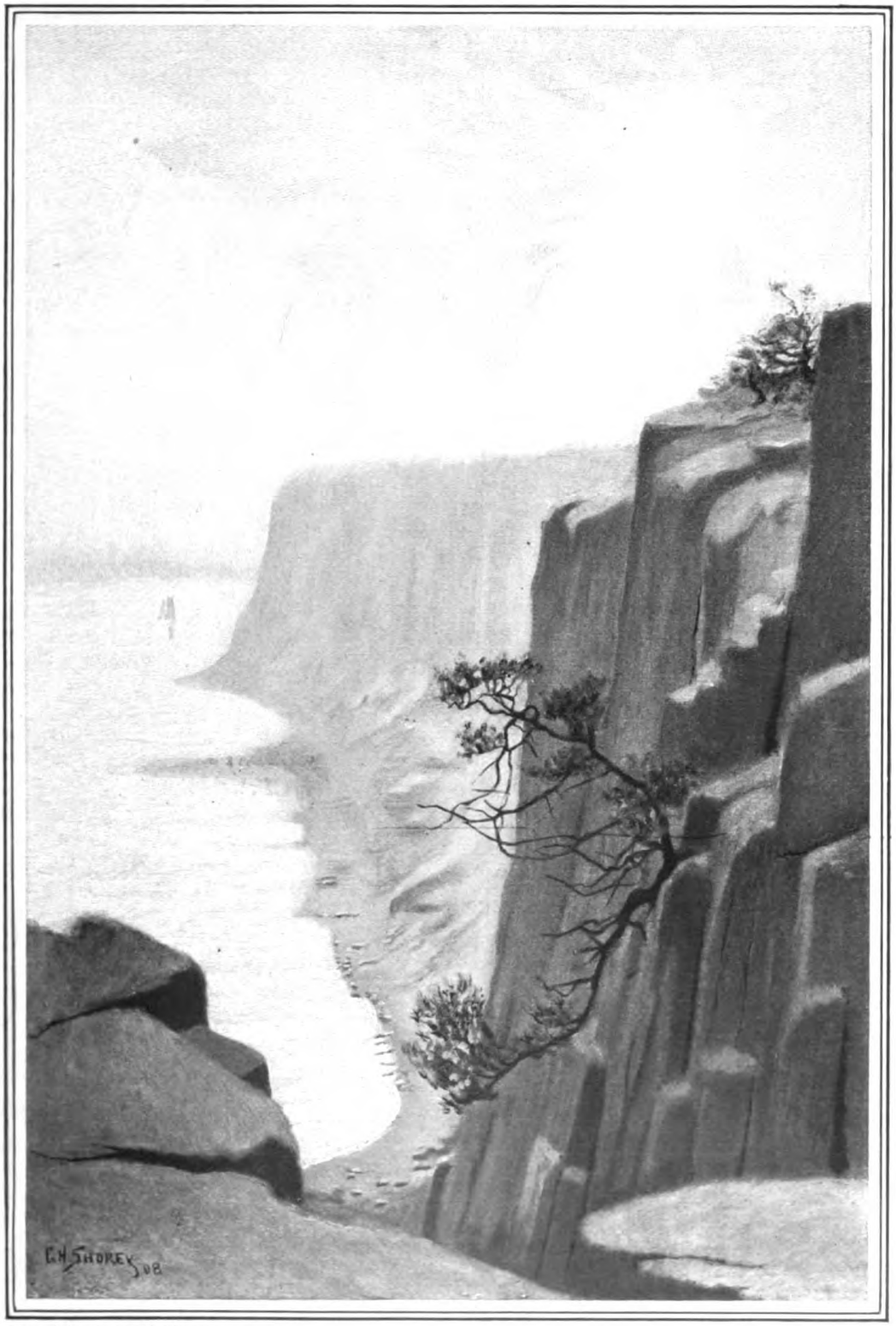
The Palisades, those mighty walls whereon the annals of the centuries are graved—what an edge of the world their lip presents to him who comes, perhaps at night, to their rough-hewn elevation! In no place other than this near proximity to man and one of his greatest cities could a physical feature so profoundly vast and impressive be so hidden from the world. Their counterpart cannot be found in all the world; and yet the Palisades are almost unexploited and unknown to the globe-circling, sight-hunting public that yearly traverses the continents or seas to gaze at things less wonderful in some distant field of Nature's marvellous achievements. For little does any one know of these Titanic walls who has merely seen them from the Hudson. Were they somewhere off in a land comparatively inaccessible, reached by a transcontinental thread of steel, the guide-books would be rich in their pictured grandeur and man would rove far to explore them.

To the visitor who comes upon them for the first time, from the rear, these walls present in some aspects a panorama of immensity wholly unexpected. The edge of the world—I repeat the phrase—is the fit description, for this brink seems nothing less. It is lifted in places almost sheer in the air to a height of half a thousand feet. Below, at its base, the Hudson River moves in unhurried majesty, its tide nearly a mile in width. Across lies the low, crowded island of Manhattan, utterly insignificant in elevation as viewed from this lofty place of vantage.

I first came cautiously up to the lip at night, and this was the optical illusion: The moon hung in a cloudy sky; the mists had obscured New York and all its lights. The river and the vaulted heavens were blended into one prodigious void by the dim, diffused light of the moon. There was nothing above but roofless space, there was nothing straight out but gray infinity, there was nothing below my very feet but the bottomless abyss of creation—nothing, absolutely nothing to be seen. The water, as water, five hundred feet below, had ceased to be. No ripple disturbed its calm. I had come to the lip where the world had its end, and the walls fell straight down into nothingness. The silence was absolute; the wintry air and a coating of snow completed the sense of desolation, where things had ceased to exist. Great fissures, split tables, and columns of rock, black wells of mystery and yawning depths—all rugged, forbidding, and austere, gulfing off below—all completed the edgelike appearance of the scene. Had some vast force cleft the world in twain and dropped one half into swallowing space, the utter vacancy that stretched out beyond from my foothold on the verge could have been no more thoroughly impressive. It was awesome—a strange, transporting sensation of solitude, such as unpeopled planets at the limits of creation would suggest.

That the Palisades in their unfamiliar features, their aspects derived from the seasons, atmospheric changes, and the hours of day or night, could so long have escaped a public recognition is astounding. Extending as they do for fifteen miles along one of the world's most beautiful water-highways, they present to the edge-explorer innumerable variations upon Nature's masterpieces in ruggedness, majesty, and grimness. No one, acquainted only with their wall-like appearance as presented from the river or the New York shore, may conceive of the hugeness, the boldness, or the roughness revealed, as it were, behind the scenes.

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Painted by George H. Shorey

MIGHTY WALLS WHEREON THE ANNALS OF THE CENTURIES ARE GRAVED

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They are built of basalt — hard, straight-cleaving rock, like that of the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland. The brink—in places singularly flat and smooth—is shattered in forms not infrequently suggestive of the wonderful mosaics of the Causeway. But here there are cracks which extend straight down a hundred feet, cracks ten or twenty feet in length and a foot or less in width. There are masses of adamant, large as a house, that appear to be hung so precariously above the drop that it seems the mere weight of a child might topple them down the lofty structure. The hard, black material is often fissured and hewn into almost perfect columns, of Doric severity, sometimes as straight as if the Architect and Builder of it all had plumbed them there against all time and shock, like monuments to beauty and precision.

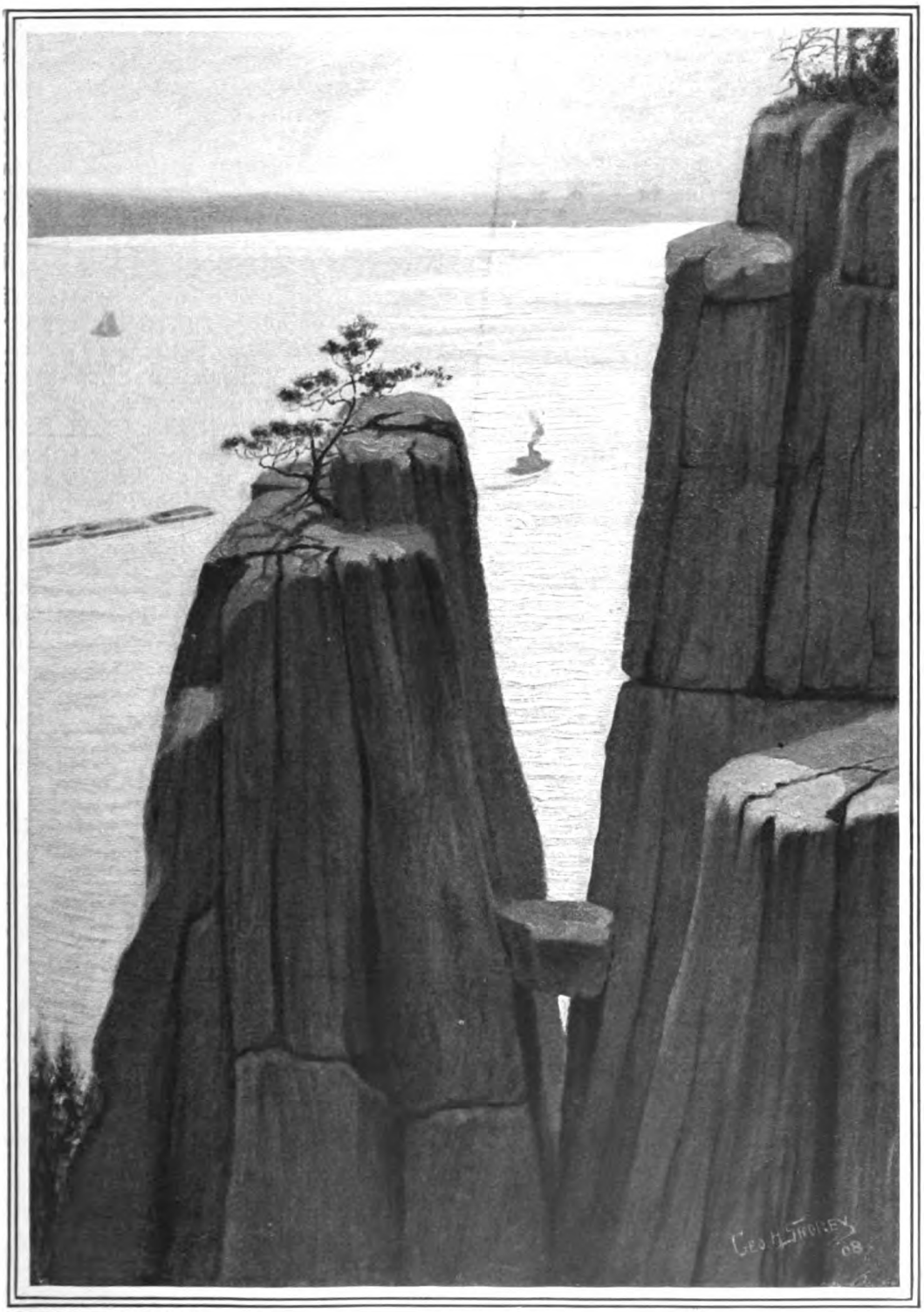
The sense of the overreaching mass is of immensity. Its headlands are prodigious, its units are huge, its distances and upraise are tremendous. It could scarcely have been more majestically crude on the day it was poured from the volcanic crucibles of Nature — molten themselves from the creative heat of the mid-sphere furnaces of earth. In places it is like a succession of amphitheatres, stupendous in area. Here is one Titanic semicircle abandoned to the silent tragedy of trees subsisting on little else than rain and light, with perhaps some elemental hope, too mute for our dull comprehension; and just beyond a jutting headland of the wall is another coliseum even more prodigious in dimensions. At times the rock in some such place is piled up in colossal terraces, as if constructed for a conclave of the gods, who, from this fitting aloofness on the heights, would watch the progress of the pygmy man, on the panoramic Hudson stretched below. There are not two, but miles of these vast auditoriums, rudely excavated in the solid rock and left in all the splendor of their roughness. And how silent they are, and austere!—what theatres for the winds of passing centuries to play in as they pass!

Again, the Palisades resemble a dry Niagara. The real Niagara, stripped of its flood, would be but a miniature of this. Here is not only a greater drop, and scores of horseshoe bends and massive promontories of the rock, but miles succeeding miles of the sheer descent over which all the rivers of the earth combined could pour in a world-engulfing torrent. There is nothing else like them in the prospected round of the sphere. In no other place in all the world can the daring adventurer walk so many miles at the very scarp of a precipice. And always the one impression is of immensity—and magnified immensity—so huge are the blocks of which it is built, so high and extensive the structure.

It seems like a visit to a novel land to behold these structures from their brink. From some massive pedestal, overhanging a drop of many hundred feet, the nearest promontory looms Cyclopean against a high horizon where the sky and river meet. Far down, on the slender strip of beach below, are the dwarfed habitations of some fisherfolk, and the men themselves, of still more stunted stature, living out their lives. They and their huts have dwindled into insignificance—and yet remain far greater than the giant cliffs above. Here is a huge rock pinnacle, standing apart from the wall. Monoliths of giant proportions shoulder together in its bulk. Below, between the wall and the base of the pillar, a boulder, tons in weight, has lodged to await disintegration, pushed from the crumbling lip above by the patient force that will one day level all the mass. Here and there, in some frost-widened crevice, a tree has thrust tenacious roots, in the grim, silent struggle for existence. The winds have torn at the stubborn thing till its limbs resemble muscled arms, made rigid with resistance, but there it yet remains. Nearly all the trees upon the barren edge, or fastened in a pinching cleft, where they typify the almost incomprehensible insistence of life, are gnarled, undersized, and contorted by their fight in the passion to survive. A number are cedars, dwarfed old men of their clan; but perhaps the trees that lose their leaves in winter, and cling there naked, twisted, and alone, best testify to that hard mandate, "Thou shalt live!" that actuates the being of us all.

It is almost endless, this magnificence of rock with its constantly varying fea-

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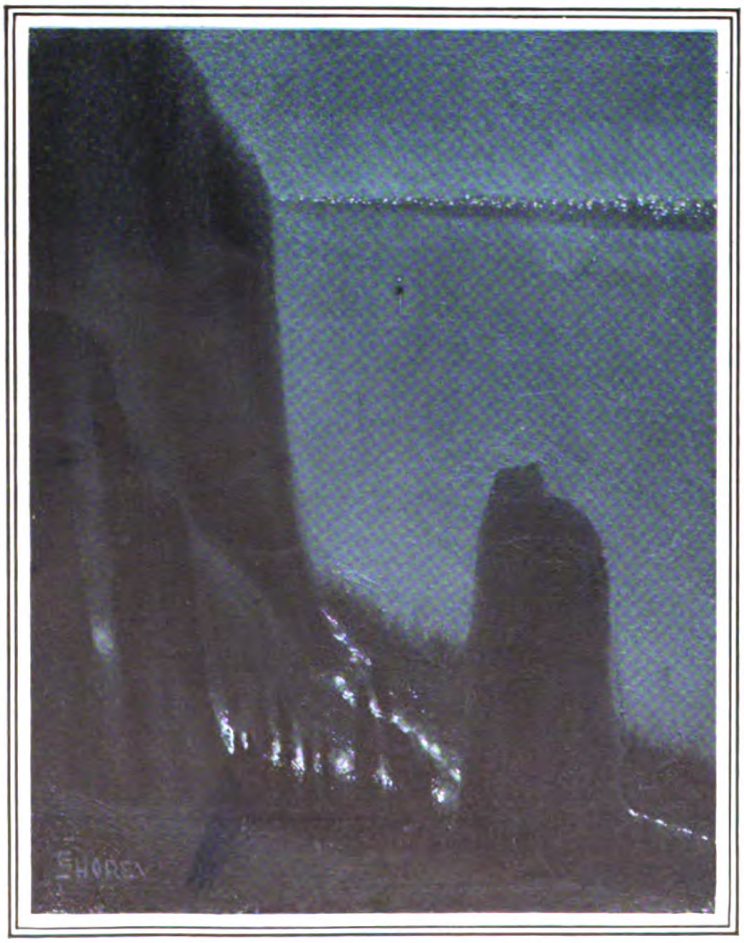
HERE AND THERE A TREE HAS THRUST TENACIOUS ROOTS

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tures. There are scores of gorges, channelled in the basalt, as steep and terrible as any that imagination could conceive or precipice afford. There are many places the unprotected brink of which is not only appalling, but also where a short, false step would plunge an explorer down to death on shattered boulder beds below. There are profiles of castles and animals and gods, colossal, broken, changing only with the centuries, at the sculpturing hand of time. There is rock enough to build a thousand pyramids and the cities of the world.

One of the most inspiring aspects of the Palisades is afforded in winter, of a moonlit night. Not far above old, historic Fort Lee the ruggedness has its beginning. This is, perhaps, one of the most astonishing facts concerning these towering walls, that they lie so close, in all their primordial grandeur, to the most artificial, man-subjugated area that civilization has evolved. Indeed, when the wind flows up with the tide and across to the world-edge of the cliffs, the roar of New York — that full-throated cataract of life—comes there with a volume and incessancy that those who are part of it miss.

On such a night I have seen a new creation. Unlike the hour of the enshrouding mist, this night showed New York in starry glory. On coming to the edge and looking out upon the sky and river, there seemed to be nothing in all the space beyond save the long, slender strata whereon New York has been so tremendously extended. As before, in the mist, the river and sky were of one gray tint and one profundity. If the sky seemed boundless, the Hudson seemed fathomless, an awe-inspiring deep that blended with infinity itself. Manhattan, therefore, seemed to hang in space, a slender dark region of mystery, brilliant with millions of stars. It seemed to have no substance, and to be but a darker, star-sprinkled zone in the ether. Like a new Milky Way, in a firmament unplotted, its countless lights stretched for miles across the sky, many in clusters, many in rows, but all of them lifted with their hazy foundation into regions with the moon and distant planets. A roaring train, across the Hudson's width and at the island's very shore, came thundering down from Sleepy Hollow. The locomotive's furnace fires cast a glow upon the steam and smoke that issued from the

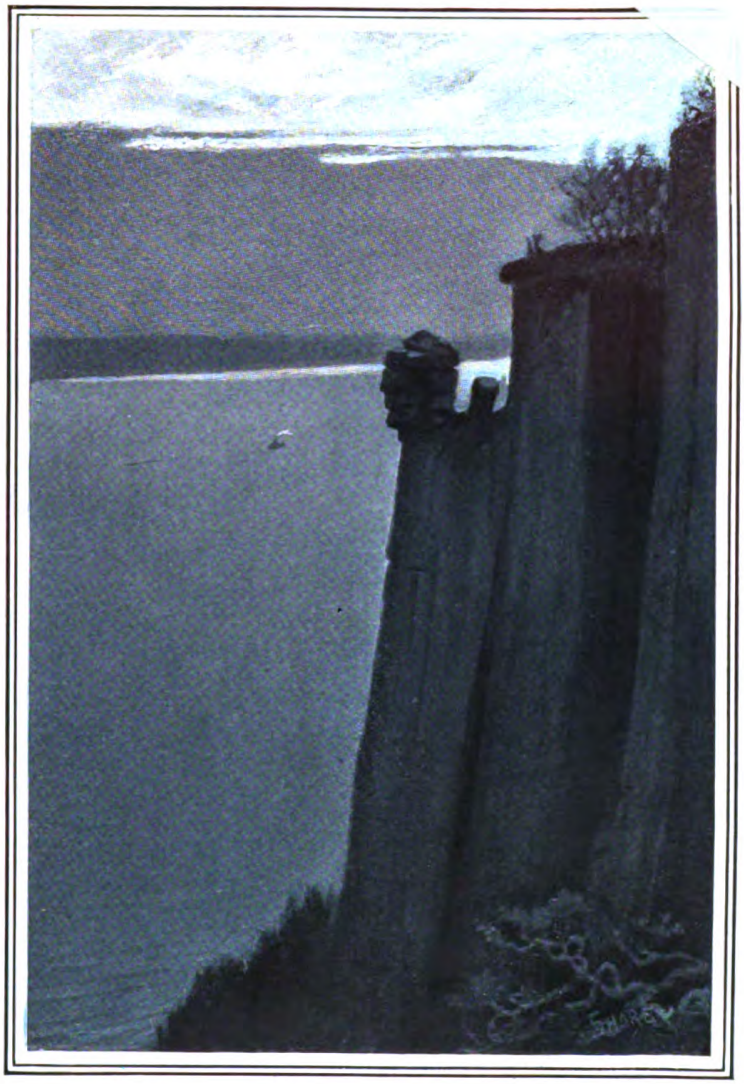


THE NIGHT SHOWS MANHATTAN'S COUNTLESS LIGHTS

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funnel. It seemed like a comet with its trailing tail rushing through the stellar constellations. Then a boat, as silent as the moon in its orbit, came gliding down the bosom of the river with two lights visible against the gray, like twin stars floating in the void.

The cliffs themselves, like drawings made in black and white, had taken on a midnight mystery. Deep shadows, soft grays, and the modified whites of frost and ice, laid a sombre mood upon the walls. They resembled huge, unpeopled castles of the Titan-folk, forbiddingly roofed by the snow.

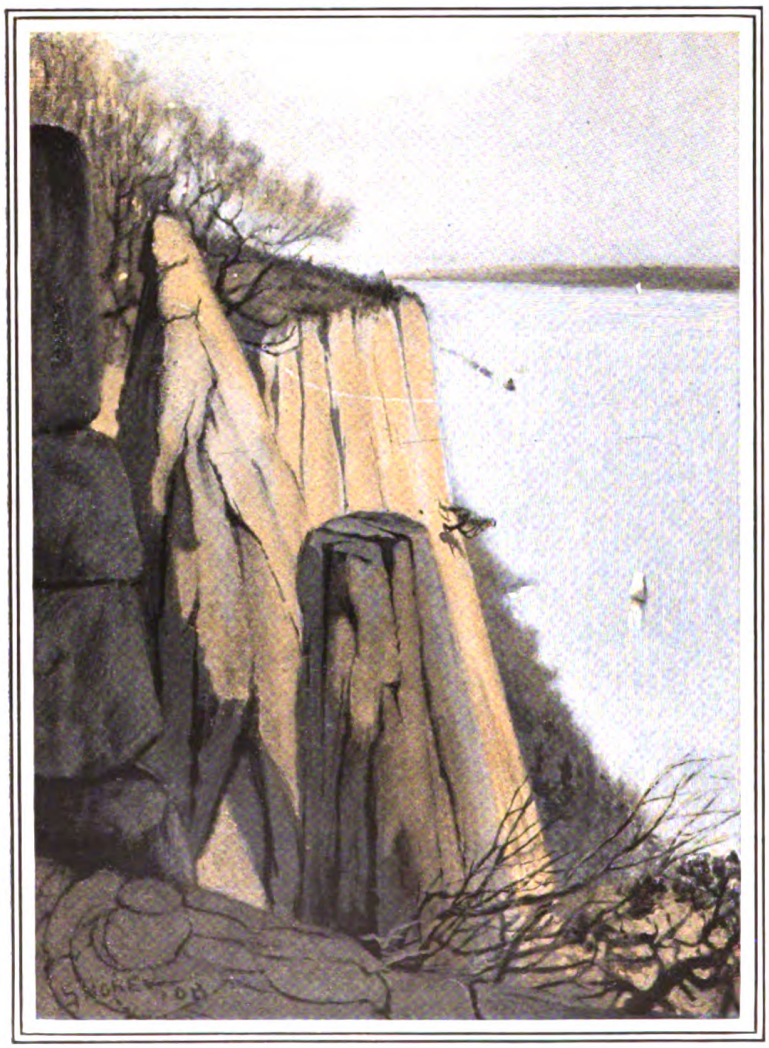


PROFILES CHANGING ONLY WITH THE CENTURIES

Far beyond, up the river, where man has not yet come to encroach with his dwellings on the edge, the city and all its noise, its lights, its touch of things man-made and bizarre, is lost at last. Here things remain as they were when the elements carved out the bed that the Hudson was to follow evermore. It is almost incredibly wild and abandoned to the wild. Silence broods here nightly, at the brink. When we came to this untramped region, in the moonlight, the sense of solitude was universal. A few gray rabbits scurried swiftly from the rocks and fled to their retreats. We came to a clearing, where the moon shone whitely down. There on the snow was a blot of red and a tuft of wind-blown fur. Reynard the fox, with no haunting fears of the arch-destroyer, man, had dined—achieved success, in a word, and gone his way. The same struggle and tragedy of life, here on the cliff and afar in the town, go on forever. But the contrast could scarcely be more wide. Yonder, with lights, the roar of machines, and with Comedy invited to the feast, the man prowler works out his merciless scheme of survival with all his artificial tricks. Here it is the world-old simplicity of craft, in a sanctuary of the wind and solitude. It is well-nigh unbelievable that in any place so hedged about by the oldest, largest cities of the continent the constant operation of Nature's forces and the unchanged ways of wild things should so force themselves upon our observation. The theatre of natural existence and the stage of artificial life touch scenes upon this old volcanic wall, and yet are forever apart.

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In a snow-storm the Palisades present an aspect inspiring to a mood of peace. Stern headlands of the adamant, looming with perhaps even greater magnitude for the blotting out of all the world about them, are softened and grayed till their ruggedness is smoothed entirely away. They take on a majesty inseparable from great, simple masses of form. The contrast, then, of huge, dark blotches with the level lakes or uplifted islands of snow is striking in a singular degree.

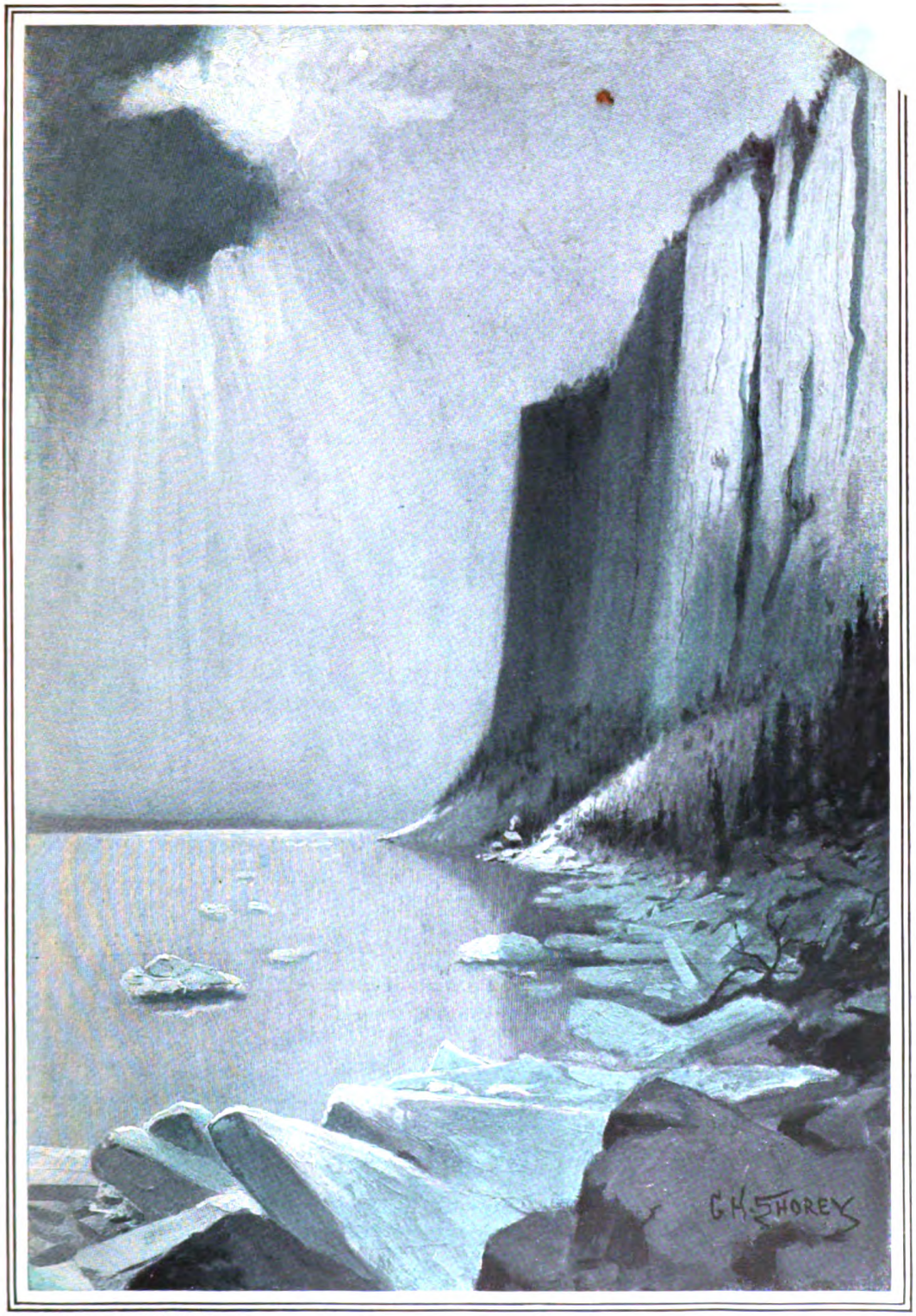


GIANT MONOLITHS SHOULDER TOGETHER

At times, a sleet of rain and ice, all of it clinging to the barren walls and freezing as it falls, performs a wondrous miracle of change. The rock face then becomes a face of glass where the clear, hard coating plates it over. From crown to base the wall will appear as one vast glacial front, and if, perchance, as often happens in winter, the Hudson is floating full of ice, the river resembles a terminal moraine for the unmoving, frozen Palisades. It is not uncommon, when this frozen-rain phenomenon occurs at night, for the sun to rise unclouded on the following day and gild the vast, shimmering veneer of ice. With the tree limbs encased and the face of the cliffs laid an inch under crystal, with a million brilliant facets all aglint, the beauty is too magic to endure. But, while this may happen hardly once in three years, the sight of the Hudson filled with moving ice may be witnessed from the cliffs in any winter. It is always a wonderful tide—and terrible. Ice floes of two and three acres in extent are not uncommon. For the greater part, however, the cakes are ten to twenty feet across and many are broken much smaller. All of them grind and climb upon each other like struggling things of life. And the sound they make, a ceaseless clatter as of sliding slabs of crockery, comes clearly to the brink of the wall.

There are many days in an ordinary winter when the Palisades hold frozen streams upon their terraces like crystal stairways climbing to the top. Many such streams go plunging down the scarp, some of them large and others

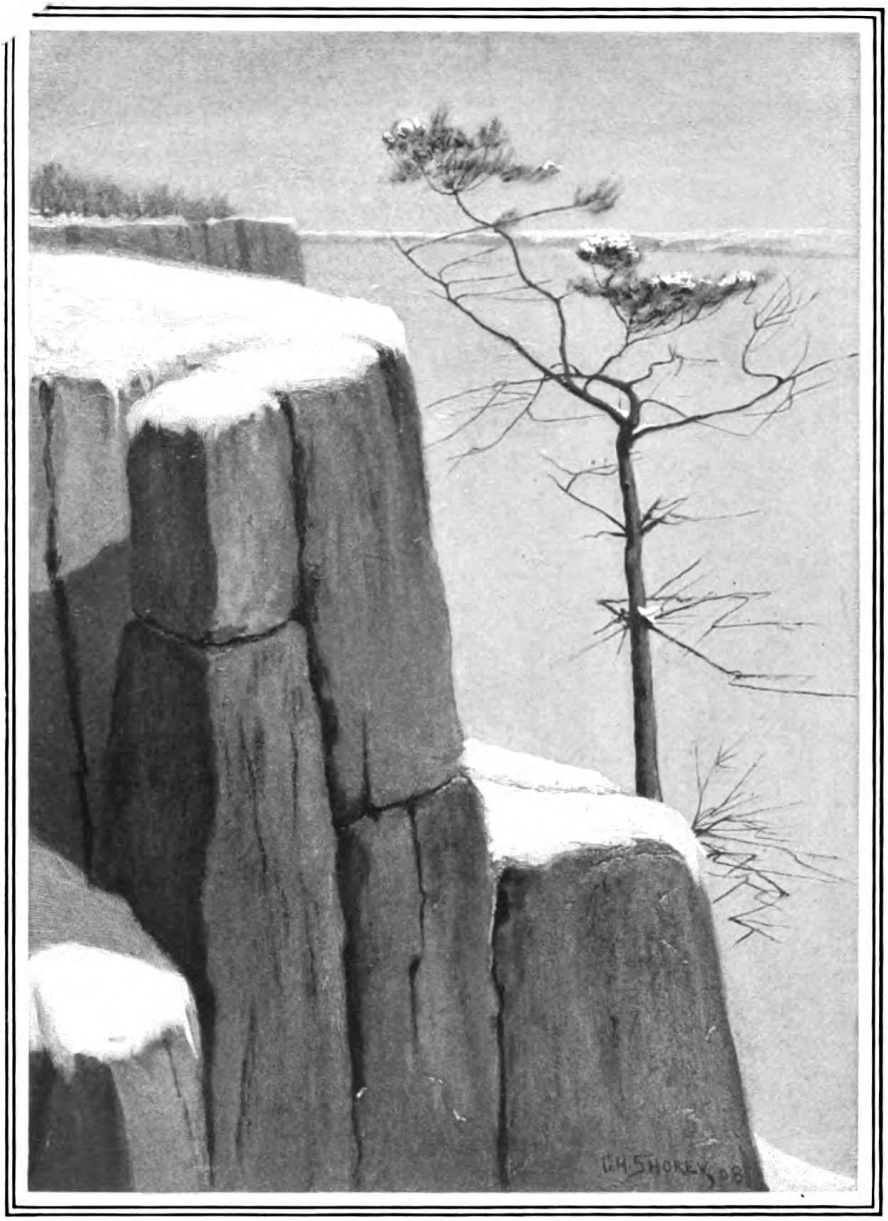
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COLD MAJESTIC HEADLANDS OF ADAMANT

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THE PALISADES IN WINTER

small. When torrents of rain and melting snow supply innumerable cataracts, there are miles of roaring, frothing falls leaping whitely down the gorges and the rifts.

With the varying seasons come varying phases of the Palisades. Whatever the month, the contrasts of the river of life, so far below, with the vast, dead walls, are constant. Almost eternally the Hudson bears its human flood upon its bosom, and almost never do men fare to some distant portions of the cliffs. At night man's search-light roves the mighty faces of the rock, startling the shadows from their dark abode and throwing into bold relief the features of some rock-god monstrous as the Sphinx. But the steamers pass, as all things pass, and the Palisades look down, unchanged, upon the ever-changing vale of life below.

In the spring there is tumult for a time along the fifteen miles of wall, when the freshets begin their attack that always wears a little from the bulk. These are days of some danger and decided charm to the wanderer exploring on the lip. The severity and

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frowning of the wall, increased by the sense of its nudity throughout the winter solstice, now give place to the tenderest of all the outdoor moods. The countless vines that cling upon the adamant resume a timid show of life. The empty trees move in their furniture. Before the leaves become real foliage and while they are still the merest fairy ornaments, the scenes upon the Palisades are of beauty ineffable—such a surrender of austerity at the touch of Nature's wand! They are still aloof—they must always be aloof—nevertheless, as the greens increase, and the cloth-of-leaves grows deeper in its tone, more than half the grimness of the rock-bound ridge is at last concealed, and the place no longer seems the end of things—the brink of the world's abyss.

This early spring is the season when the forest fires lend a new, ruddy beauty to the cliffs. They start in the dense, sapless undergrowth below and creep in flame waves up the slanted way of earth, rock, and trees wherein the walls are standing to their knees. At times these flames ascend to the top of a tree, as if to hang out a banner of their lawlessness for all the world to see; and the reddening glow that wavers on the rock gives color and life and huge, fantastic modelling of giant features to the dull-black adamant, peopling its terraces with ghostly forms that sit there in judgment on the world.

Summer at the Palisades, despite its beauty, robs the massive structure of its massiveness, its sternness, and its majesty, thus belittling the very charms its charms would beautify. The walls remain magnificent, especially as seen from the lip, but clothed too much, as Apollo might be clothed, with ornaments upon his neck and knees.

In the autumn these heights are benches for the gods' great color show. At their feet, on their summits, up their straight-lifted walls, they are gilded, reddened, purpled, greened, with the frost-painted glories of the change. The outburst is a flaming prodigality of year-end splendor. As if for the very severity so soon to descend upon them, they revel in the lavish mood of wealth.

This is the climax of their garnishment, if not their greatest charm. Then, presently, the jealous wind, the frost that increases in asperity, and the rains, no longer beneficent, strip richness after richness from the trees. Slowly, inexorably, the rough-hewn immensity emerges from its robes, despoiled day by day of this vain crimson and that rare gold, till, once more naked, forbidding, and austere, it stands above the all-engulfing mist like the ragged, broken edge of the world.



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The Dreamers

BY JOSEPHINE A. MEYER

'YOU see," explained Mrs. Pennington, "I knew that you had known her when she was a child, so I accomplished one of the miracles of the age and secured her consent to come this afternoon."

"Then she is the same. She was a dreamy, reticent, self-sufficient little mortal always, with no need of playmates,—and seldom any who cared to supply such a need. What ages ago!" Mrs. Maitland shook her gray head, even as the Sphinx might have done. "It is like a different life, with the Atlantic between as the Styx. We have recrossed the black torrent, Ulysses and I, and what changes have we found!"

"It is strange you should have dropped everything of this hemisphere when you went to England," said Mrs. Pennington, beginning of a sudden to realize that there were good grounds for being patriotically offended. "You were a born American, anyway."

"It was George's ill health that made me forget everything," replied Mrs. Maitland, with a momentary reflection of the past years' weariness in her kindly eyes. "It is strange Judith ever married."

"I think every one was surprised. And he was quite different from her, full of life and fond of entertainment." Mrs. Pennington fell into the trap easily and forgot her impatience over her friend's Anglicization in the universal pleasure of friendly character dissection.

"What do you mean by 'was'?" demanded Mrs. Maitland.

"Well, after marriage they both settled down, and you never hear anything about either of them. He is positively submerged in his business,—he never speaks a word of anything else without a painful effort, and she—she has entirely lost in her child what little individuality she ever owned."

"Then she has children; I am very glad of that. She always loved them so. How many has she?"

"Only one, I think. She only speaks of one, a little girl, and apparently a remarkable little person."

"Have you never seen it?" Mrs. Maitland looked surprised.

"No. You see, they live in such an out-of-the-way place we've only visited them twice; once was for dinner, and you never think of children at night affairs. The other time was an afternoon call, but she did not mention the subject, and you know I am not the one to encourage people to exhibit the perfection of their offspring. She has very few visitors, because, as I said, it is worse than a trip to Chicago to get to where she lives, and she herself seldom goes anywhere at all. I begged her to come this afternoon, and it made me positively conceited when she accepted. I hope she is not going to be late."

Half an hour after, Mrs. Maitland instantly recognized a short, slim figure standing in the doorway, though she had not seen Judith since she was many times shorter and wore quaint little white frocks with blue ribbons. Mrs. Pennington introduced them, and the look on the elder woman's face told her she did not need to bother about them for the rest of the afternoon.

And, in good sooth, the heart of Mrs. Maitland was beating rapidly with all the pleasure and pain of recognition. There had been startlingly little change in the woman before her. She had always been a thin-faced child, with long, deep gray eyes and a mouth that drooped a little in repose. She had a way of fixing her eyes upon the objects

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before her, lingeringly, as one rests the hand. She was slow of speech, and had been unusually reticent as a child, therefore Mrs. Maitland had loved her for opening her heart to her in the days before the Styx, and therefore she had hope for the present.

"A child is twice as reserved as a woman," thought she; "if I won her confidence then, why should I hesitate now? She is utterly unchanged."

Not utterly, she perceived later, for the mouth drooped more and the dreamy eyes had an unmistakable look of suffering, not noticeable at first; and in the brown hair was a faint sprinkling of gray that served as conclusive corroboration of the other signs. Mrs. Maitland wondered vaguely whether her husband's personality might not have led to their seclusion and her passionate engrossment in her child.

They spoke of casualties at first, but Mrs. Maitland's magnetism soon overcame the air of almost childish bashfulness that had always marked Judith in company, and had added to the illusion of her being entirely unaltered. But in spite of the comparative intimacy they fell into after a while, it remained for the elder woman to mention Judith's child.

"Mrs. Pennington told me you have a little girl," she began, with a genuine ring of gladness in her tone. She was a bit startled when Judith drew back slightly, flushing, before answering with some hesitancy in her voice:

"Did she? You see,—I didn't think—she had ever seen Judy."

"She hasn't, but she said you told her of the child. Is it Judith, too?" There was an irresistible motherliness in Mrs. Maitland's tone. Judith found the sunshine presence of her impossible to withstand; she cast aside all indifference and all reservation. When she spoke again, there was a passionate strain in her voice, a mother's love so deep that it implied tragedy. Her eyes shone with a light that thrilled Mrs. Maitland. The little neutral-tinted woman became almost majestic in the glow of her emotion.

"Yes, it is Judith; she is my only child. She looks exactly like the photographs of me at her age. She might have posed for them herself. It is a queer affectation of mine, you might say, but I like to carry out the pretence and dress her precisely the way I used to be dressed. One day I found her with her sash tied in front. She insisted it belonged where the wearer could see it, and seemed to consider it the height of altruism when I told her we wear our clothes with a view of pleasing our neighbors rather than ourselves."

As Judith laughed softly, Mrs. Maitland smiled; somehow she felt that she had heard this story before, and she was wondering how it was possible.

Once started, Judith ran on without difficulty. She described the child minutely. Truly, thought Mrs. Maitland, it must have been identical with its mother. Judith's stories of the little girl all rang with the same strange familiarity in Mrs. Maitland's ear, and in some cases the listener seemed to behold the little anecdote enacted before her eyes. Suddenly the truth dawned upon her with a shock. She had heard these things before, she had witnessed most of the incidents, long before the Styx, when a little girl lived next door to her—a child named Judith. . . .

Could it be true that history repeated itself with such accuracy of detail? Or was Judith eking out her child's small adventures with her own infant memoirs? The woman talked too seriously, her mind was too evidently recounting recent things, for such a supposition to seem probable. There was never a flaw in the story, never a pause for recalling acts so long past, so vague as those of one's childhood must become unless the memory is continually refreshed and stimulated.

"Why, Judith, it is your very self!" exclaimed Mrs. Maitland at last.

Judith stiffened and a look flashed into her eyes that startled the elder woman, first by its intensity, and then by her utter inability to interpret it.

"Why shouldn't the child be just like me?" said the little woman, and her eyes glowed strangely. Then she turned away her head and smiled between her soft half-closed lashes.

"Often," she added, gently,—"often I play she is the shadow of my childhood come back to me."

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Somehow their little tête-à-tête was broken up at this point, and they had only time later for a more or less hurried and formal adieu, when Judith left early to catch a train back to her remote habitation.

Mrs. Maitland stayed after the others had gone. She wanted to find out more about Judith, and Mrs. Pennington appeared to be competent to supply the information.

"She has developed passion," said Mrs. Maitland. "I find her even dearer for it. I should like to visit her; in the rush she forgot to give me her card, but I knew you had it."

"I'll give you her address before you go," replied Mrs. Pennington. "It is upstairs in my desk. You see, she never has it put on her cards; it is so long and clumsy that it would look like a wedding invitation or a milliner's announcement. And do you know, I am half inclined to believe that she keeps it off to prevent visitors as well."

"Why, if you think—" began the other, flushing.

"Oh no, of course not. You and I are different,—especially you. I saw her when she was talking to you. She never looked happier or more interested. She'd be delighted to see you, I'm sure, and she has a lovely home, if it were only within sight of civilization."

"By the way," exclaimed Mrs. Maitland, suddenly, "I haven't the slightest idea what her married name is. I was so busy watching her and wondering over her that I forgot to listen when you introduced us."

"Barrett," replied Mrs. Pennington. "Her husband is the architect; you've probably heard of him."

"Heard of him!" repeated the older woman, laughing slightly. "How could I, under the world and beyond the Styx?"

"Leicester Hunt Barrett,—why, he's—" But Mrs. Maitland suddenly interrupted her, placing her hand impetuously upon her companion's arm.

"Are they Philadelphians?" she demanded.

"Yes, he—"

"I know him! Oh, Laura, who on this earth would believe it?"

The recognition of a name so prominent did not seem to Mrs. Pennington sufficient warrant for her visitor's excited tone.

"Why, of course you know him," she said, somewhat impatiently. "Every one does. It is not unlikely that he is known even in England. Why, in Paris—"

"No, that is not what I mean. It was long before,—even before we lived near Judith. I used to know his mother in Philadelphia. They lived very near to me, and as he took a fancy to my big dog, as all real little boys were apt to do, he would pay me numberless impromptu visits, and we grew to be great chums. I know it must be he, because he used to tell his name on all occasions, and always finished by spelling the Leicester part, since it was difficult. It is kismet. I see the bare hand, even the arm, of Fate. That the two precocious infants of my youth should discover each other and marry! It's like a beautifully connected dream." Mrs. Maitland rose to go.

"Visit them late in the afternoon, so that you will have the chance of meeting him as well. He gets home around five o'clock, I believe," suggested Mrs. Pennington. "I almost envy you your dream. You see, it doesn't take long to renew the old-world life after having recrossed the Styx. Wait until I get you the address."

In writing, the address was an odd mixture of numerals, English nature study, and Indian poetry, after the manner of all suburban addresses. In reality it was a rather large, low country house, situated in the centre of extensive grounds, theatrically lovely in the mellow autumn afternoon.

"The very place for children," thought Mrs. Maitland, gazing approvingly about her as she was driven up to the house; and she looked eagerly for some sign of the little white and blue counterfeit of Judith, whose image in her mind had grown more distinct daily.

But all was quiet as she rang the door bell, except for the soft rattle of gravel as the hack that had conveyed her from the station retreated; and the somewhat violent pumpings of her heart marked the seconds.

When Judith appeared the flush of

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surprise was still on her cheek, but in her eyes shone unmistakable pleasure.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "Let us sit on the veranda; it is so pleasant there."

"It is beautiful," breathed Mrs. Maitland, as she stood in the low afternoon sunlight, drinking in the glory of the rich trees and the long shadows of the smooth lawn. "This is the precise spot in which to educate Judith the Second so that she may become a poet. . . . Where is she, though?"

"I'm so sorry you have missed her. She's visiting a friend of mine overnight." Judith looked almost distressed. "You see, she's chums with the friend's daughter, but they don't live near enough to pay ordinary calls."

This was the first radical difference from the old Judith who had lived sufficient unto herself and had demanded no childish comrade.

"I am disappointed at not seeing her," admitted Mrs. Maitland. "I looked forward to it as recalling an old memory. It was partly your description of her that led me to brave the perils of the journey out here without an explicit invitation from you."

"It is a pity," murmured Judith, and stopped abruptly as if she had more to say.

"I shall be entirely honest, now that I have begun," smiled the other, confidentially, after a short pause. "Little Judith certainly did add to my desire to come here, but I had another motive as well. I have made a remarkable discovery."

"A discovery?" repeated Judith, flushing.

"Yes, concerning your husband. It seems that I have been acquainted with him even longer than with you. I knew him ages ago in Philadelphia, when he was a very small child."

"You did! When? How old was he?"

The loving eagerness in her voice as she spoke of her husband convinced Mrs. Maitland that the tragic lines on the young woman's face were not due to any delinquency of his; still, at one time Judith's manner puzzled her considerably.

"He used to recount long-drawn-out romances to me," Mrs. Maitland was saying. "They generally began with a pirate ship that had for a cargo bears and lions, somehow. Then there was a white-bearded magician mixed up in it, until I used to be sure he had become acquainted with Merlin in some mysterious way. They never ended; they were too beautiful and too real to him for that. He had a wonderful imagination for so active a child."

And here Judith laughed, a soft little laugh with a catch in it, and then sighed.

"He put it all into bricks and stone and iron," she replied, with a rather pathetic attempt at sprightliness. "It's locked up in them like the Prince in the iron chest that Judy is so fond of. He is a business man now, an architect with a name. If he dreams, I think he dreams of Ionic columns and steel construction."

Here, then, was the rub. It seemed strange to Mrs. Maitland that all the glorious imagination had been crushed out of Barrett when he probably needed it most.

"I want to meet him again," she said.

"You must stay over for the five-thirty train. He always arrives here by five. It won't be long now. I'm afraid you'll find him changed, though." Judith smiled again, as if with an understanding to an inner self.

During a very dainty little tea that followed they chatted even more intimately. Mrs. Maitland told endless tales of the young Leicester, and recalled bits of Judith's life that Judith the Second had not performed for the refreshing of her mother's memory.

Five o'clock arrived before they were aware of it, and with it came Leicester himself. He seemed surprised to see a visitor, and, naturally enough, did not find anything familiar in her name or face when Judith introduced her simply as Mrs. Maitland.

"I am glad to meet you," he said, with some vagueness.

"I met your wife after a very great interval of time," declared Mrs. Maitland. "I had not seen her since she was a wee little girl. I knew you, too, longer ago than you can possibly remember. So you see I feel as if you were both my children. When Judith told me of your

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baby I came here to find out which of you it resembled most; but my plan has been nipped in the bud, since the child is not at home."

There was a minute's silence. Judith was leaning against a pillar of the veranda, and her face was as white as her dress. She caught her lower lip in her teeth, and her eyes, large with pain and hopelessness, were fastened upon her husband. He started and looked at her for an instant, then seemed to choke down something in his throat. He turned to Mrs. Maitland almost genially.

"I am sorry you did not see him," he exclaimed. "You could not have helped recognizing me in every move he makes."

Judith exhaled a soft trembling gasp, like the commencement of a sob. The tension of her figure slackened, and the hopelessness in her eyes turned to bewilderment and something else. Mrs. Maitland averted her head and tried not to blush for them. Meantime Barrett seemed to be sundering dreams with heavenly intentions.

"His name is Leicester Hunt Barrett, the same as mine; and, by Jove! you could not have told us apart at one age! He *looks* just like me, and Judy has a queer mania for dressing him the way I used to be dressed. Were you the person I used to tell fairy tales to? He does the same to me. We walk around the grounds every evening before dinner, and he strings 'em out to me galore. All about pirates and wild beasts and a wise old magician chap—"

"Leicester!" gasped Judith, in an odd voice, "this is your very self!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" demanded Barrett, with feverish abandon. "Often I play he is the shadow of my boyhood, come back."

Mrs. Maitland's eyes smarted with unshed tears; like the wings of a ministering angel, she heard the opportune sound of wheels on the gravelled driveway.

"There's my carriage,—I must catch my train," she stammered, hysterically. "Next time I come I shall want to see —to know both children."

She paused and took their hands. "I *can*," she affirmed slowly, in a steady voice, looking from one to the other. "*I* can."

They watched the hack disappear in the distance, then they glanced at each other. Judith's eyes were overflowing.

"I told her it was a girl—named Judy," she whispered, huskily. "I never guessed . . . I never knew . . . in that little lonesome walk . . . before dinner . . . Why didn't you tell me?"

He took her in his arms gently, as if they had just met after a long separation.

"How could I tell you, dear? The dreary blankness of it all was anguish enough for you to look to—without knowing—how I cared. . . ."

"Leicester," said Judith, softly, "may Judy and I come with you, when you walk about the garden . . . with the boy?"



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Recent Discoveries in Medicine

BY M. ALLEN STARR, M.D., LL.D., Sc.D.

Professor of Neurology, Columbia University, New York

SOME of the recent discoveries in medical science are so wonderful in their inception and so far-reaching in their beneficial effects upon the community that they read like a romance. Although the story is a familiar one to every physician, it is quite worth a little attention by the general public, which is always interested in problems and their solution.

It is within the experience of every one that after an attack of measles or scarlet fever there is no chance of suffering from the same disease for a long time. And the same thing is true of typhoid fever, smallpox, and diphtheria, and of many other diseases which are due to an infection. But no explanation of this fact was offered until recently, when studies of the blood were begun. It was then found that infectious diseases are due to the presence in the blood of organisms which in their growth produce effects which we see as disease.

We know that every flower in our gardens has its own bud and blossom and gives off its own peculiar perfume. We can dissolve the flower in alcohol and thus obtain the perfume in an extract. In the same way each organism of disease appears to give off a substance which we call a toxin, which is dissolved in the blood just as the perfume is dissolved in alcohol. It is this toxin in the blood which causes disturbance in the organs of the body, and the body goes to work at once to cast it off or to counteract its effects.

By some mysterious activity in the body, the actual site of which is still uncertain, there is produced in the blood a substance which exactly counteracts the toxin. It is as if we killed the perfume of one extract by mixing it with another. And when enough of this substance, which is called an antitoxin, has been produced by nature in the blood, the effects of the original toxin subside and health returns. But if the body is too weak to produce sufficient antitoxin the person dies.

For some time after the toxin has been neutralized and recovery has taken place, nature keeps up the effort it has begun, and so for months or years there is so much antitoxin present in the blood that the organism producing the toxin cannot take root and grow. Thus the fact that one attack of measles usually protects one from a second is now explained.

It was, however, only a step to give a practical application to this discovery. If a disease is stopped by the natural production of an antitoxin, can we not secure the antitoxin and use it in those persons whose vitality is insufficient to enable them to produce the antitoxin? Or may it not be possible, if we can secure the antitoxin, to give it in the early stage of the disease, long before the body can manufacture enough, and thus cut short the disease?

This was the problem which confronted the medical men fifteen years ago. And it has required years of experiment and patient investigation to solve this problem. How to isolate the organism? How to secure the toxin? How to instil it in sufficient amount to stimulate the formation of an antitoxin? How to prevent too great an effect? How to separate the antitoxin from the blood? How to prepare it for use? All these were questions which it has required time and labor to answer. And as these all involved the investigation of vital processes carried on by nature in the bodies of living animals, it is evident that only by laboratory research could these questions be answered.

It was soon found that different animals reacted differently to different organisms. It is impossible to obtain an antitoxin for diphtheria from the blood

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of dogs or cats or monkeys. But from that of the horse it can be separated. And tests had to be made before a safe dose could be determined to use upon man. All these details have been worked out, and now there are obtainable antitoxins for diphtheria, for tetanus or lockjaw, for anthrax or malignant pustule, for typhoid fever, for cholera, for the bubonic plague, and for several other rare types of infection.

Just as quinine acts to counteract malaria, so these antitoxins counteract the symptoms of the various diseases in which they are used. If used early in the disease, they are most efficacious, and even if used late they are of service.

This is proved by the fact that in 1893, before the antitoxin of diphtheria was used, there were 6468 cases in New York hospitals, of which 1962 were fatal —*i. e.*, 34%; while in 1906 there were 7444 cases and only 731 deaths—*i. e.*, 9%. In London in 1894 there were 3666 cases, of which 1035 were fatal; while in 1901 there were 7622 cases, of which only 849 were fatal. In America, among 5576 private cases, not in the hospitals, in 1896, only 491 were fatal. Taking the cases the world over, it may be stated that the mortality in diphtheria has been reduced from 35% to 9%. And when one considers the prevalence of the disease one may safely say that Behring, through his investigations by vivisection and his application of them in the introduction of antitoxin, saves annually thousands of children's lives; and that his name, like that of Jenner, will go down to future generations as a protector of the human race.

Another application of these facts has been made in the discovery of the use of antitoxin in cerebro-spinal meningitis by Flexner in the Rockefeller Institute in this city in 1907 — a discovery as important and far-reaching as that of Behring.

The organism causing cerebro-spinal meningitis is not found in the blood, but grows and flourishes in the oily fluid which lies about the nervous system and protects it from injury against the bones. It can be separated from this fluid and can be transferred from man to monkeys or horses, which animals are susceptible to the disease. In their blood the antitoxin is formed as the disease goes on. From that blood, by various careful methods, it can be secured. Wassermann in Koch's laboratory in Berlin had prepared an antitoxin, but it had failed when injected into the blood. Flexner, however, injected it into the cavity of the spine, thus reaching the oily fluid which lies about the brain and spinal cord and in which the organisms are growing, thus killing them there. It is necessary to puncture the spine with a hollow needle, to draw away some of the oily fluid and to throw into the spine the antitoxin through the needle and leave it there to do its work. The earlier it is done in the disease, the better the result. The effect is seen both in a cessation of the fever and in a return to consciousness and a relief of paralysis. And this effect is immediate, so that one who yesterday was lying an unconscious, contracted, inert body to-day may be clear of mind and comfortable.

There are few diseases more dreaded by the doctors than cerebro-spinal meningitis, or spotted fever. There was no means of treatment known last year, when 812 persons died in New York from it. The mortality in the epidemic was 79%. Under the new antitoxin treatment the mortality is reduced to 29%, and will be much more reduced when the methods of application are more fully perfected.

Here, then, is another problem of science solved, the apparently impossible has been attained,—the hopeless outlook of last year has been changed to the happy expectation of cure in the future.

And this result, like those already described, could only have been reached by laboratory research in connection with vivisection.

It may not be generally known here that by inoculation the English troops in India have been largely prevented from contracting typhoid fever during the past two years, and thus this disease, which had long been a terror to medical men in the tropics among masses of soldiers, is no longer dreaded.

In the same way it is thought that both cholera and the bubonic plague are now under control, and while these diseases do not threaten us here, it must be remembered that thousands die of both

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diseases in India, Arabia, and China every year.

Lockjaw, or tetanus, is quite common in this country, where in certain special localities the germ of the disease is constantly present in the soil. This is particularly true along the seashore, in Long Island, in New Jersey, in the Southern States, and all about the Great Lakes. It has been thought that the fertilization of the ground by decayed fish or fish bones and shells was responsible for the presence of the organism causing lockjaw. This germ can be inoculated into horses, and from the serum of their blood an antitoxin can be obtained which if injected into the blood of a person suffering from tetanus at once relieves the symptoms. Formerly there were several hundred deaths from lockjaw in America every year. Now such deaths are rarely recorded.

It is not only the human race which has benefited by the discovery of the value of inoculation for the prevention and cure of disease. The application of the discovery has been made in diseases of sheep, cattle, and pigs. Between 1886 and 1896, in France, Pasteur and his assistants vaccinated 3,000,000 sheep and 500,000 cows against anthrax. Before these inoculations 10% of sheep and 5% of cows had annually died of anthrax. After inoculation the mortality was 0.94 among sheep and 0.34 among cows. By similar means the mortality from rouget, a disease of pigs, has been reduced from 20% to 1.5%.

Some years ago Sir William Gull, one of the great English surgeons, described a peculiar affection appearing in women, the nature of which was quite obscure. It was characterized by a slowly advancing puffiness and pallor of the face and of the skin everywhere; a dryness of the hair, which soon came out; a feeling of coldness and lassitude, and a mental deterioration showing itself in a lack of interest, a disinclination to any effort, and an indifference and depression which became distressing as the disease advanced. Many victims gradually lost their minds, and had to be cared for like children at home or sent to lunatic asylums. The disease seemed to be more prevalent in Scotland and about London than elsewhere in Great Britain. But it was by no means confined to the British Isles, for as soon as the affection was thus brought to the attention of doctors they recognized it as having been seen by them in isolated instances all over the world. It was named Myxœdema. Unfortunately no remedy was known, and for a time the origin and nature of the disease were a complete puzzle.

About this time, however, Sir Victor Horsley was at work in the Brown Institute of London making investigations upon the physiology of the glands. These organs—the tonsils, the gland in the neck which surrounds the Adam's apple, and others which lie deeper—had been a problem for many years to physiologists —for no one knew their use. Horsley determined to remove some of them from animals under chloroform, and then to take the best care of the animal afterward and see whether it showed any evidence of the absence of the gland. He began his work upon the gland in the neck which is called the thyroid gland, and not obtaining any result from its removal in rabbits, cats, and dogs, he finally tried monkeys. They seemed to show a decided effect of the absence of the gland. Their skin became dry and the hair fell out; the skin became puffy and swollen, and their mental activity declined so that they became stupid and inactive, and even had to be fed by hand, as they were indifferent to food. There was no sign of pain or suffering, but they gradually lost their minds.

Remembering Sir William Gull's description, and having seen cases of the disease described by him, Sir Victor Horsley recognized the result produced by removal of the thyroid in his monkeys as identical with myxœdema. And it at once occurred to him that if the disease were really due to an absence or atrophy of the thyroid gland it might be possible to cure it by implanting animals' thyroids into man. This he tried, taking the thyroid of the sheep and placing it under the skin in several patients suffering from myxœdema. To his immense satisfaction these people showed immediate improvement. But this was only temporary, and as a constant succession of such operations was not feasible, some other method of supplying thyroid gland

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had to be devised. At first the juice of the thyroid was given by injection, then an extract of the gland was obtained and given by the mouth, and later a dried extract was prepared and given in tablets. In all cases recovery from myxœdema occurred and continued so long as the thyroid extract was taken. And to-day all over the world myxœdema is successfully treated by this remedy. Many persons who had been considered hopeless invalids have been removed from insane asylums, having regained their mental faculties, and the disease is no longer dreaded.

Soon after this discovery Swiss physicians called attention to the fact that the cretinism so prevalent in their country is really myxœdema in infants who had been born without a thyroid gland. The same line of treatment was at once adopted for cretinism. And this disease is rapidly becoming extinct both in Switzerland and wherever it appears.

No one who has seen the happiness of persons who for years had led the invalid life due to myxœdema and then have been restored to health, or who has witnessed the joy in a family when an infant formerly considered a hopeless imbecile is turned into a bright and happy child, can fail to admit the great usefulness of Horsley's investigations, or to realize that science is always attaining practical results.

There is one more discovery to be related, the results of which are no less wonderful than those already told, though possibly less wide-spread in its application to the relief of humanity.

Years ago it was everywhere taught that the brain acts as a whole; that while it presides over our senses and our movements, our memories and our thoughts, it is a unit, and that these activities are not to be considered as separate or distinct.

Now, however, as the result of a long series of experiments, in which, with great care and many precautions for the survival and recovery of the animals used, and with every effort to secure their return to their natural habits and life, it has been determined that each portion of the brain has a special function of its own. We know that the part which sees has nothing to do with hearing; that the part which perceives taste or smell has nothing to do with sight; and that the part which directs our movements or our speech or writing has no connection with sensation. We realize that the brain of a man who can play on many instruments, or who can speak many languages, or who has seen many lands, has a greater development of function in the motor, or speech, or visual areas than has that of a common laborer. And if his dexterity is lost, or if his speech fails, or if his vision or its memories cease, we can put our fingers on a spot on his skull and say, "Under here lies some disease." Perhaps it is a clot which can be taken away, perhaps it is a tumor which can be cut out, perhaps it is an abscess which can be opened. And surgery — whose practical advances are marvels of scientific labor—has perfected methods of opening the skull; of removing these diseases from the brain, and of closing up the wound, so that within two weeks hardly a trace remains of the exposure of the brain. Formerly all this class of affections was rightly held to be hopeless. Death was the only result. In the last few years there are records of thousands of successful operations for the relief of these diseases, and there is hardly a day which passes in a great city like New York when some happy application of this branch of experimental medicine is not attained.

In these examples of marvels wrought by patient labor, of results achieved which save the lives year in and year out of thousands of human beings and which will continue to do so for all time, is there not an ample justification for the sacrifice of the lower animals?—a sacrifice which in numbers does not equal in a year in the whole world the number of animals killed daily in the Chicago stockyards alone for our food, or the number of animals trapped for their fur.

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At the Negative Pole

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

THURSDAY being the first of November and All Saints' day, Miss Belden had attended the vesper services at S. Saviour's. On her way home across the Park she encountered Innsley. She stopped and shook hands cordially, for it had been several months since they had met.

"I went to your house, hoping for a cup of tea," said Innsley.

"It isn't too late yet. Will you come back?"

"Would you mind sparing the time to walk home by the upper gate? There's something I want to tell you, and it's easier under the open sky."

Miss Belden assented. Perhaps it was her imagination, or the half-light of the gray and fading day, but it had suddenly occurred to her that Innsley was not looking well; his face was drawn and white, and there was an unaccustomed lassitude in his movements. They walked on in the direction suggested by Innsley, but he did not speak, and the girl began to feel embarrassed.

"You never got to Bar Harbor, after all," she started in, tentatively.

"No. You see, things began to happen—a new variety of experience for me."

"I had not heard."

"I suppose I didn't realize that it ever could be my turn," said the man, slowly. "Life had gone very smoothly with me."

"Yes, I know."

"I had accepted, you see, the popular theory that the world was a coward at heart; bullies generally are. Everything depended upon getting in the initial kick.

"Well, the first blood was for me, and I followed up the advantage. I didn't want anything colossal, in the way of a fortune, but I succeeded in winning my independence before I was thirty. That was enough, and I had the sense to know it.

"Then came the real business of living. I wanted experiences, and I had them—fighting at San Juan, exploration on the upper Amazon, empire-building in Rhodesia. I needn't linger over details; it all came easily enough. I had only to assert my personality, to will, to affirm, and the thing was done.

"After that my book of poems, the usual thin volume of verse. But you may remember that the critics went out of their way. The mere question of praise or dispraise mattered little—the triumph lay in forcing the world to stop and look. It was the same old formula for success—my secret, as I thought it. Just to do the thing, and I had done it.

"Then I met you."

Innsley stopped, seized by a fit of coughing so severe and prolonged that Miss Belden forgot her embarrassment in alarm. But Innsley waved away her proffered arm.

"I shall be—all right; just a minute," he declared between gasps, and she did not venture further.

"I met you," he continued. "Odd, wasn't it, that I had never figured upon such a contingency? It set me to measuring my resources—David's old and fatal error in the numbering of the people. And the wrath of the gods was swift as ever to punish the blunder.

"First, the money. I thought now that I needed a little more, and I had only to crowd Fortune, a mere touch of the spur. But the jade had never known the sting of the iron, and she bolted. It was the Golden Fleece mine—you've heard of it? Well, never mind. The shares were at twenty, and they were sure to reach par. My eggs went into the one basket, and the quotations today for Golden Fleece were four and an eighth. Still I did not understand.

"Then there was my novel—*The Jesters*. I had intended that this time the world should do more than merely stop and look; now it would have to listen. The manuscript went to the pub-

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lishers, and—it's incredible, but they lost it, my only copy. I might have recovered damages, perhaps; indeed, the Aldersons did offer to compromise. But that wasn't what I wanted—let it go.

"I hadn't been feeling quite myself all spring, and it was worse during the summer. You didn't know that I joined the *Atlas* staff in July? You see, I had to do something for bread and shoe leather. It was hot weather, with a record-breaking run of humidity, and I felt it. Last week I made up my mind to find out, and I went to Collamore. He poked and punched me all over, and it was most unpleasant and fatiguing. But he found it—a spot on the apex of the right lung. That's the usual starting-place, I believe."

"Oh!" The girl's eyes widened and darkened as she spoke.

"I'm sorry to have startled you, but I had to tell to make myself quite plain. It was only on account of you that I cared at all."

"Oh, please!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to hear me out, for if things had gone as they should, I had intended asking you to marry me. I want you to know that, and besides it seems to be a necessary part of the coming renunciation; it makes it complete."

"You mean?"

"Only that I am going away. When one has been beaten absolutely and irretrievably at all points, it is but decent to pull out and not bother other people."

"When—when are you going?"

"In a few days; I can't tell exactly. But this is good-by to you."

"You will write to me?"

"No."

"I thought we were friends."

"Yes, but it is better not."

"Then I am never to know, even. Is that fair—to friendship?"

Innsley hesitated.

"As you please," he said. "Within eighteen months the affair ought to be settled definitely, and then the word shall come to you."

"To-day is the first of November. That would make it a year from May next."

"Perhaps sooner. I don't want to stay in exile any longer than I can help."

"But not later?"

"No, not later. I promise you a report on the exact date, May the first."

"You wouldn't be willing to accept—you couldn't let me—"

"No."

"I mean—I mean—"

A motor car drew up to the side of the road, and Mrs. Larcombe hailed Miss Belden with effusion.

"It was the best bridge ever, my dear. Don't tell me that you have been to church!"

"But I have."

"False and deceitful Lysbeth! I hope you've been scolding her well, Mr. Innsley. This is the second time within a month, and Bidwell is quite out of patience with her."

"Bidwell? Oh, you mean the professor."

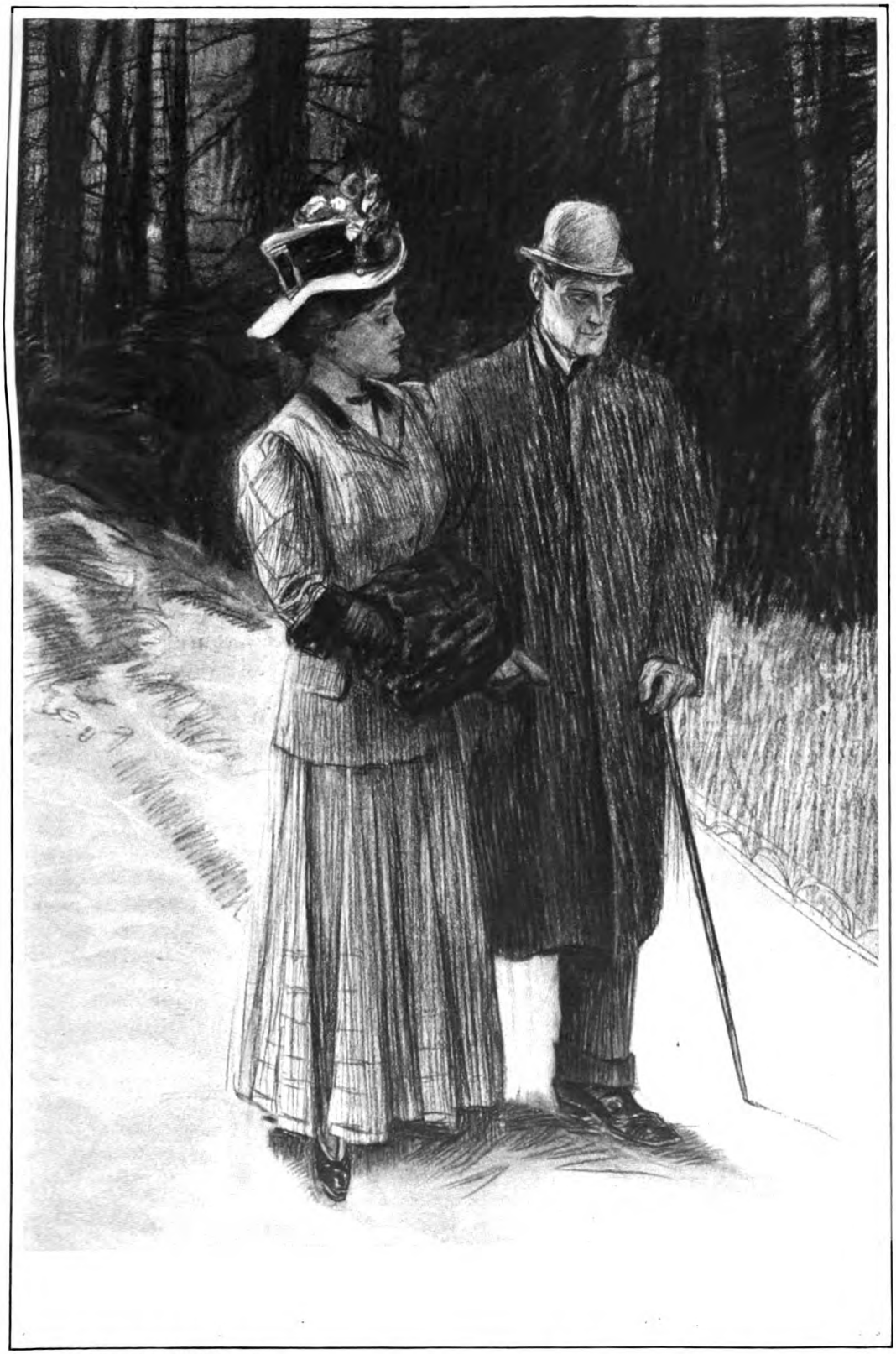
"Yes; and he had such hopes of this naughty child. She has the *flair*, as he calls it, but even then nothing can take the place of regular practice. Isn't that so, Mr. Innsley? Are you ready, Lysbeth?"

The moment of parting was at hand, but the prodigies, understanding that they could expect no toleration at the hands of Mrs. Larcombe, had discreetly withdrawn; silence, wounded to death, retired with them, and the lady of the motor car remained in possession of the field. Innsley smiled and assisted Miss Belden to enter the conveyance.

"Home, Kittson. I'm frightfully rushed, Mr. Innsley, but I could set you down—" a vague hand swept the southern horizon. "No? Well, any Tuesday, you know." The motor pounded its way onward, and Innsley walked home, making it a particular point not to step upon a single crack in the flagging. Not a difficult feat, but one's whole mind must be devoted to the task.

At the end of a week Innsley had disposed of his library and a small collection of Japanese bronzes, and now he knew where he stood. The proceeds of the sale would clear off his minor obligations and leave him about three hundred dollars in hand. The several thousand shares in the Golden Fleece mine he did not take into account at all. He had borrowed something against them at his broker's, but even with the enormous drop in values there was sufficient equity to protect the loan, and Hunting could and would wait.

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

"I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO HEAR ME OUT"

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And now what to do with the long exile in prospect, and only three hundred dollars in the stocking wherewith to bridge the gap? Innsley thought it over for a day or two, and then he had an inspiration. He immediately telephoned to Phil Jarvis, and had the luck to find him at his bachelor apartments in the Aratoma. It really was luck, for one should know that Jarvis had the wanderlust in his blood, and was fond of disappearing to remote corners of the earth, and remaining perdu for unconscionable periods of time. Otherwise, he was just Phil Jarvis, simple and kindly hearted and unthinkably rich. Why, the Aratoma apartment house was a mere item on the schedule of his possessions.

The two men had been at the university together, and had kept up the old intimacy, so far as opportunity had served. Consequently, Innsley felt that he could tell his story in full, and he did. At its conclusion Jarvis picked up his check-book. "It must be Colorado," he said, determinedly. "Unless Collamore positively insists upon Saranac. Now, Gil, you're not going to turn rusty—not with me."

But Innsley persisted. "Will you let me explain?" he said.

"Fire away."

"You own this house—the Aratoma?"

"Yes."

"Well, in a case like mine, the mere question of geographical situation doesn't make any vital difference. It's true that I must stop work and get out of my present environment, but that can be done without boxing the compass. My idea is to escape in an upward direction."

Jarvis stared.

"The one desideratum is pure air. Well, there's oceans of it above our heads—on the roof of the Aratoma."

"I see." But Jarvis spoke haltingly.

"If you would let me put up a tent on the roof I could establish my own sanitarium, and at the minimum of expense. I should lay in a supply of food, and trust to nature for the rest."

"But, man, you'd be blown away by the winter storms! And then think of the cold and exposure! I never heard of such a crazy notion."

"Probably not," rejoined Innsley; "but it's a perfectly practicable idea, for all that. As I told you, I have only about three hundred dollars in hand, and that wouldn't keep me long at the ordinary health resort. And I can't borrow money on such a doubtful risk as myself, not even from you. That's positively settled.

"You might do me the kindness to look into the thing," continued Innsley. "An old globe-rounder like you should be able to realize that living is possible almost anywhere. Remember that I'm not on my back yet, not by a long ways. If there is anything in the fresh-air theory my chance here is as good as anywhere."

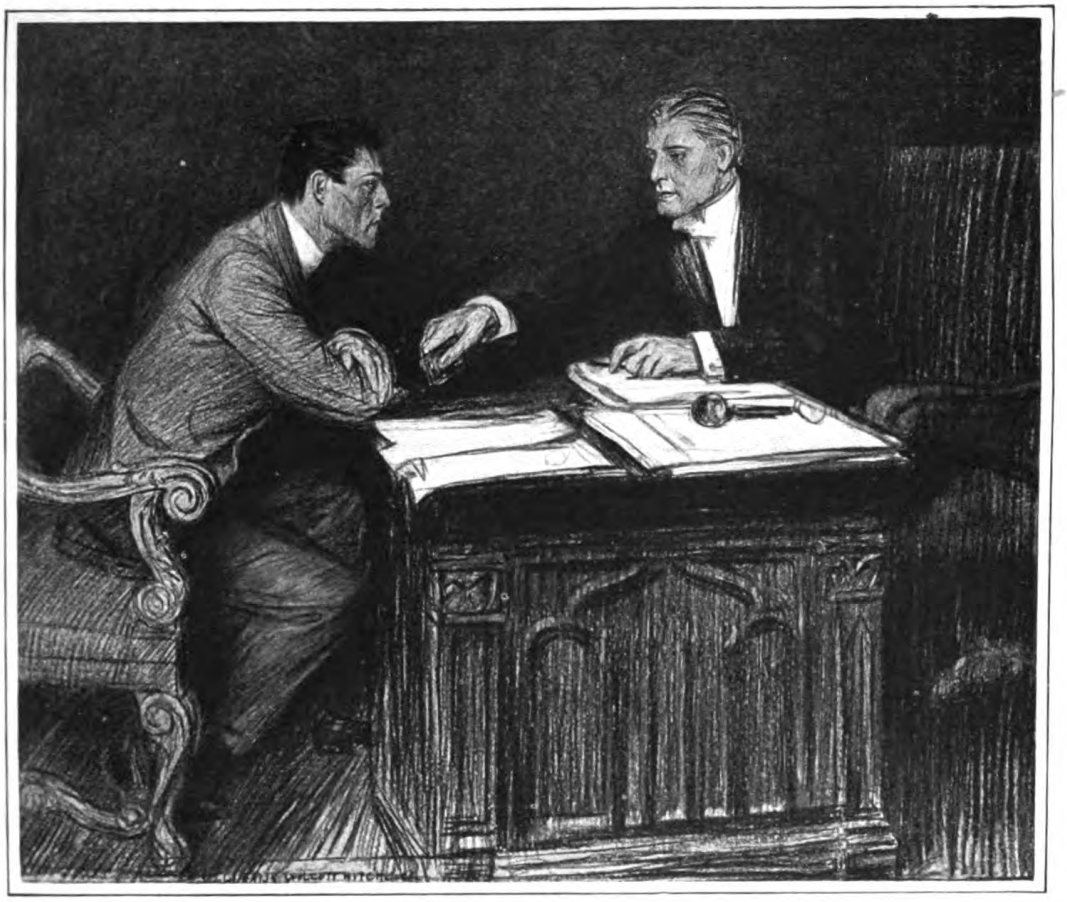
"Let's go up and look it over," suggested Jarvis.

Now the Aratoma, while not a sky-scraper when compared to modern examples of the super-altitudinous, is still a lofty building, and, since it stands in a half square plot of its own, it is not overtopped by any of its immediate neighbors. Built a generation ago, it was long considered the finest structure of its class in the city. The Aratoma is as solid as the famous Rock with which post cards and life insurance advertisements have made us familiar; its high, steep-sloped, French château roof is a landmark, and its address on one's visiting-card ranks with the certified check as a basis of financial credit.

The two men entered an elevator and went to the top. Now the upper story of the building is so cut up by the slope and deep re-entrant angles of the roof that it is largely given over to lumber rooms, there being only a few small bachelor apartments and some single guest chambers for the use of transient visitors. Evidently the modern idea of making every conceivable inch of space earn its proportion of the expected dividend had not occurred to the architect and original owners of the Aratoma; there is room enough and to spare, and it is even possible to feel a sense of loneliness and of isolation in traversing the echoing corridors of this remote and lofty region.

A flight of iron steps leads to a scuttle, and through the latter the roof proper is gained. There is not much clear space, for the wheel-houses over the elevator shafts take up a great deal of

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JARVIS PICKED UP HIS CHECK-BOOK

room, and there is a wilderness of chimney stacks and ventilator tubes. But one or two nooks offered possibilities, and Innsley pointed them out enthusiastically.

"This southwest corner would do capitally," he declared. "The chimney at the back cuts off the cold winds, and you have the sun all day. There is plenty of room for the tent, and also exercising space. Don't you see?"

"You're not a practical person," objected Jarvis, "and your chattering confuses me. Suppose you let me mull over this proposition for a few days. I have an idea in my head, and if I can work it out you shall have the benefit of it. I still think that you are a pig-headed and ridiculous lunatic, but I shall do my best to humor you."

A week later Innsley received a note from Jarvis, inviting him to luncheon at the Aratoma. After they had finished their coffee they went up to inspect the new idea, up to this moment the jealously guarded secret of its author.

Really, it had been well worked out. Backing against the chimney stack, in the sunny southwest corner, stood a neatly constructed cabin. In front there was a living and sleeping room, with large window openings that provided for any desired degree of out-of-doorness. In the rear was a bath-room and also a tiny kitchen. On the roof was a water tank.

"The only difficulty was with the water," explained Jarvis. "You see, our system doesn't operate above the attic floor. But the supply in your tank will last a month, and the pumping will give you exercise. Or, if you don't care for the latter amusement, you have only to turn on this electric motor in the kitchen and a suction pump will do the rest. I've furnished the shack with all the necessary things, and you have only to bring in your books and personal plunder."

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"It's awfully good of you, Phil," said Innsley, and looked away.

"Good nothing," protested Jarvis, hastily. "But honest, now, do you really mean to do entirely for yourself? I could arrange for the meals down-stairs."

"I really prefer to be independent."

"How about the fresh things—milk and eggs, you know?"

"I don't want them," returned Innsley, decidedly. "The evaporated and desiccated varieties will do me well enough, so long as I have the real thing in air, and there's plenty of that."

"Just wait until the blizzards from the north put in an appearance," retorted Jarvis, grimly. "Might think you were in the heart of the Pamirs—on the roof of the world."

"That's what I want. Is it possible to be left alone here? I suppose people do come up now and then."

"I can leave orders with Carson, the manager, to have the scuttle closed permanently. There won't be any reason for intrusion on your privacy, unless for the purpose of repairs. And that shouldn't be likely, for things here were built to last, and I had a thorough overhauling made during the summer."

"Then I have only to order in my supplies and take possession?"

"Yes. But see here."

Jarvis pointed out an electric call button fixed near the head of the brass bedstead. "That connects with a special shutter on the annunciator board in the office, and only Carson will be in the secret. Every morning, some time before noon, you are to press the button once, and he will then understand that all is going well. If you should need assistance, at any time, you are to call twice."

"I see."

"Remember that if you fail to make your daily report Carson will feel justified in instituting an inquiry. Otherwise you might be making your final exit without a word to anybody, and I'm not going to have your dry and bleached bones rattling about the chimney pots and scaring away my good tenants."

"I'll ring up regularly," promised Innsley. "On my head be it. And I can't thank you enough, Phil."

"Don't begin on that," warned Jarvis. "Shall we go down?"

When, two days later, Innsley had moved in, Jarvis spent several hours with him getting things to rights. Innsley had brought two or three boxes of personal belongings; he had clothing in plenty, and provisions for a full two years. When the pictures had been hung, the revolving bookcase filled, the rugs laid, and the reading-lamp, with its green pulpit shade, set up, the room presented a really homelike and inviting appearance. "By George! I almost envy you," said Jarvis. "The world forgetting, and by the world forgot. It sets me longing for my little box, two days' tramp and a bow-shot beyond the Khyber Pass. Which somehow reminds me that I have installed one final and necessary adjunct to your well-being." He led the way out of the cabin and to a sheltered and sunny corner behind an elevator shaft cupola. Here was a long, shallow box filled with garden soil.

"Grow your lettuce and radishes in the spring," explained Jarvis. "You'll be wanting a taste of green stuff by then, and it would be mortifying to develop a case of arctic scurvy and have to call in the doctor. You'll find the seed packets in the upper left-hand drawer of the writing-table."

And now there was nothing more to be done. They had gone to Jarvis's apartment for a late luncheon, and he had an engagement down-town.

"One last glass," said Jarvis. "*A votre santé.*" They drank in silence. "Now, if you're ready, I'll proceed to wall you up in your living tomb. Ugh! they did use to do such things in the dark and middle ages; there is a tale of a nun, fair and frail, that I would fain forget at this precise moment."

Innsley climbed through the scuttle, and reached down his hand. "Good-by," he said. "Mind you don't knock your head off against that combing."

"I'm watching out. Remember now to report every morning, under penalty of having your infernal privacy rudely disturbed."

"Thanks. You're sailing Saturday?"

"Yes; the *Karamania*. With the binoculars you can see us pulling out."

"I'll wave you a *bon voyage*."

The two hands met once again, and fell apart. The scuttle closed with a

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thud, and Innsley heard the key grating in the lock, and then the footsteps dying away.

The day was warm and sunny for the middle of November, one of those superlatively perfect interludes of S. Martin's summer, when one, looking upon Nature in her most brilliant beauty, forgets that the flush is hectic and evanescent, the last flare in the socket. Innsley threw himself down in a *chaise-longue* and pulled his soft hat over his eyes. Now that the great fact was accomplished and there was no longer any need for exertion, an unutterable languor took possession of him. If he could but lie this way forever; he was too tired to think even. But as the sun went down, the air grew chilly; he roused himself, went into the house, and knocked up some sort of a supper, with an abundance of strong black tea. Then he rolled into bed, and slept dreamlessly.

During the next four months Innsley led an existence almost purely animal. At first he had attempted to do some reading, but the mere mechanical effort of scanning the pages exhausted him; there were days and days on end when the preparation of his simple meals called for every atom he possessed of strength and will power. Moreover, he was sleeping badly and the nights seemed interminable; there was a church clock three blocks away, and when the wind blew from that direction the clang of the strokes woke maddening echoes in his brain; never had he been able to sleep with even a watch ticking near him.

But this nervous tension gradually lessened, and was succeeded by a curious mental abstraction; he simply ceased to think or care about anything—with one exception: he never neglected the daily duty of reporting all well to Carson in the office below. Failure to do so would inevitably entail a domiciliary visit, and from such an intrusion he shrank invincibly; he could not endure the thought of alien eyes—commenting, questioning, perhaps pitying.

For the most part the weather was bad, but he hardly realized the fact, and he did not care. Wrapped in rugs and furs, he could defy any ordinary degree of winter cold, and with hot-water bottles at his feet and knees he could be comfortable in even extreme temperatures. Moreover, the air seemed to possess extraordinary properties of dryness and purity; it was difficult to realize that he was still in New York city and only three hundred feet above the sidewalk. In these upper currents of the atmosphere there was a vitality, a preponderance of the life-giving oxygen, that the lower levels did not afford; it was a new climate.

From the great world immediately under his feet Innsley experienced a detachment at once curious and complete. The street noises reached him but faintly, the multitudinous roar of urban activity had sunk to the merest whisper. As for the several hundred inhabitants of the Aratoma, he knew no more of them than though the measure of separation had been leagues of distance instead of a few vertical feet. No attempt had been made to invade his privacy; the scuttle remained hermetically closed, and never a sound penetrated its stout barrier. He was as truly isolated from his kind as though his little cabin stood beneath the shadow of the Himalayas.

Leaning over the parapet of the roof, Innsley could have looked straight down into the street, but he never cared to do so. He no longer had any part in the restless tide of life that flowed between those precipitous banks of brick and stone; he was neither in the world nor of it, and it was better to forget. The stars still remained to him, the sunsets and the snow-pale dawns, the sweep of the winds, and the immeasurable vault of the cloud-pillared sky. Nature had taken him to her inmost bosom, and he was content to look, to listen, and to learn.

Innsley could never clearly recall just how that first winter passed. After Christmas, indeed, the weather took a turn for the better, and the season was an unusually mild one, with only an occasional and light fall of snow. Not that it mattered one way or another. His life, from day to day, was the same monotonous round of eating, and sleeping, and sitting for hours at a time in a Bath chair whose enclosed sides sheltered him from the winds. He lived, indeed, but it was a purely physical and subconscious existence; the natural man had

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claimed his rights, and there was not enough of vital force to nourish both brain and body. In such a contingency the mental and nervous centres could conserve themselves only through absolute inaction.

And now the winter was past; the days grew perceptibly longer, and the heat of the sun stronger. With a thrill Innsley realized that spring was at hand. Spring! the mere thought gave him a tonic fillip. He had hardly expected to look again upon the miracle of reawakening life, and yet here he was, still in conscious being, borne upward by the same great cosmic flood tide that swelled in the blackened buds of the hawthorn and stirred the sap of the vine. One day he knew himself to be actually hungry, but all the variety he was able to conjure out of his limited cuisine failed to satisfy his appetite. "I know what it is," he told himself. "It's something green and fresh that I want. Oh, for a radish!" Impelled by this new desire, he pulled out the upper drawer of his writing-desk, and found the seed packets that Jarvis had placed there. Radishes and lettuce and cucumbers! the very names were alluring. He went outside and walked over to the garden bed. The mould in the frames looked black and rich, and it felt warm to the touch. "It will have to be turned over and raked," he thought. "But I dare say that I can manage it, working a few minutes every day."

And somehow he did accomplish the task, for, though his muscles were strangely weak and flabby, the cough was better and he could breathe with less difficulty. He was prudent, and did not overtax his strength, putting in a full week at a job that would not have occupied an ordinary man for half an hour. Then he sowed his garden, and went back to the *chaise-longue* to wait. But now that he was expecting something, he was no longer content to abide in mere passivity. Accordingly, he moved his chair so as to command a view of the seed plot, and the state of the weather became an unfailing object of interest.

Fortunately the season was propitious, and in due time the sun and the rain did their work. Tears came to Innsley's eyes the day when he noticed that first tiny leaf of pale green; no miser ever gloated so eagerly over his golden hoard. Ten days later Innsley reaped his initial harvest, a radish about the size of a hazelnut. But, eaten with a pinch of salt, nothing ever tasted so delicious.

Now it was real summer and the days were getting hot. But here on the roof of the Aratoma the temperature was lessened by a perpetual breeze from the rivers, and Innsley was never uncomfortable. The addition of fresh vegetables to his diet had worked an amazing change; he was feeling stronger every day and the old interest in life was surely returning. Yet he did not forget the insidious nature of his disease and he would not cherish false hopes. He was better—yes, but would the improvement endure; could he hope to mount the long ladder to health without ever missing a rung? Prudence warned him to go slowly; so much depended upon success—so much, so much. And with that Beth's name rose to his lips; hitherto he had not permitted himself to think of her. Was she, too, numbering the days—the days—

Innsley pulled up short with an absurd sense of helplessness and dismay. During the long period of his winter's lethargy he had lost all count of time; he could not tell within a fortnight, possibly not within a month, what the true calendar date might be. And yet it was important to know, for the agreement had been that he should present himself to Miss Belden exactly eighteen months from the date of their parting. That had been on November the first, and he was consequently due on May the first, a year from this present spring. How was he to regain his lost reckoning?

Innsley puzzled over the problem for several days. It seemed to him of supreme importance that he should keep his promise to the letter, and how was he to do so? Of course, he might summon Carson and so obtain the needed information, but he did not wish to do this, since it would be a departure from the strait path in which he had set himself to walk. Then the puzzle solved itself, and after the simplest fashion.

A sultry night, broken by several severe electric storms. But surely it was not thunder that aroused Innsley from his early morning nap. He listened

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drowsily to the boom of cannon and the sharp report of crackers and bombs coming from every quarter of the scarce awakened city; then he sat up and clapped his hands. "The Fourth of July!" exclaimed Innsley. "Bless the American small boy!" That same day he got out his universal calendar and set it in conformity with his curiously acquired data. Henceforth it should be part of his regular duty to note the progress of the days, and he even worked out a weekly schedule, with colored pencils, to serve as a semi-automatic check upon his record.

Autumn succeeded summer, and now he was nearing the end of his first year of exile. Somehow he fancied that the improvement in his health had not continued; he was not feeling so well as in the early spring. A heavy cold pulled him down still more, and the cough came back. Then one day he took himself in hand and confronted the situation squarely.

"I am worrying now," he said, resolutely, "and that will never do. My only chance is to stop it; I must free my mind of every ulterior consideration, including Beth Belden herself. My one idea is to get well, and to that end everything else must give way."

A heroic resolve, but Innsley was able to persist in it, and the improvement was immediate; he began to sleep soundly again, and his appetite returned. He had tried the experiment of smoking a little during the summer, but now he cut off tobacco entirely, and dealt cautiously with the teapot. Of exercise he took little or none, for Collamore had warned him not to exhaust his strength in needless effort. He deliberately confined his reading to the dullest and dryest of his books, and finally, bored to extinction, gave it up altogether. So far as possible he succeeded in reproducing the physical conditions of the first period of his exile, and the mental stagnation followed in due order. He had again become the mere animal, content to lie fallow and wait for a new awakening.

This winter the snow came early, half a dozen big storms in quick succession. One mid-December morning Innsley woke to find his cabin half buried by an enormous drift. Without was an arctic temperature, and the snow crystals stung like fine shot when he tried to face the blast. Yet it pleased him, this rough cradling in the heart of the tempest, and all that day he sat in the open and rejoiced in the elemental strife. The whirling flakes formed an impenetrable curtain before his eyes, blotting out every vestige of the surrounding city. Once or twice, in a lull of the storm, a distant chimney pot took spectral form; then the white wall upreared itself again and the vision vanished, unsubstantial as the airy battlements of a poet's dream. Late that night the storm blew itself out, and the reappearing stars seemed to possess an extraordinary lustre and nearness, something akin to the tropic brilliance of an equatorial night. The keen, cold air blowing on his face set up an answering tingle in his veins, and he smiled. "It is still good to be alive," he thought.

The next morning was clear and frosty. Innsley had slept well, and he rose feeling uncommonly fit and vigorous. He wanted to do something to work off this astonishing superabundance of vital force; nay, more, it was impossible for him to sit still. In the kitchen he found a snow-shovel, a fresh instance of Jarvis's unfailing foresight, and after breakfast he set himself to clearing a small space outside the door of his cabin. To his amazed delight the work did not tire him; indeed, he actually felt the better for it, and he went on to open paths in various directions and so form an exercising round. The idea occurred to him to make it on the plan of a maze, and the appeal to his inventive faculties acted as a gentle and agreeable stimulus to his physical being. It took him the best part of two days to complete his labyrinth, and he then estimated that the total walking distance was over a hundred yards. From that it was easy to figure out the mile scale, and he pleased himself with the fancy that he would now start on a walking tour across the continent—so many miles a day until he had tramped from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon. There was a large atlas among his effects, and he could prick off his journeyings with colored pins. Perhaps there would be adventures, perils of mountain and desert, and treacherous river fords; he might even keep a diary of this new Odyssey.

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INNSLEY, YIELDING TO IMPULSE, WALKED TO THE PARAPET

It was almost unbelievable, but this active physical life agreed with him. The vigorous exercise put an edge on his appetite; he ate tremendously, and one day he became possessed of the idea that he was gaining in weight. Now if this were really true (and a warm glow suffused his whole body at the thought), it could only mean that the incredible had happened, that he was getting well.

Over in a corner lay a pile of building material, evidently overlooked by the mechanics who had been at work on the roof that first summer. Innsley fished out from the pile a carpenter's horse, a long plank, and a number of bricks, and with these he improvised a rude scale, piling up the bricks at one end of the plank until they balanced his weight at the other. Allowing a week to pass, he tried it again, and found that he must add another half brick to make the plank balance. That proved it. He was actually going up, and every few days he took care to make a new record, always registering a perceptible gain. Moreover, he felt well, better than he had for years; his color was excellent and the cough had entirely disappeared. "I am cured," he told himself.

The knowledge at once intoxicated and sobered him. Having schooled himself to accept the final renunciation, Innsley found unexpected difficulty in contem-

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plating the possibility of a second enlargement. The world had changed for him; how far had he changed with it? And Beth—how about her?

It was a little after ten o'clock in the morning when Innsley, yielding to impulse, walked to the parapet and looked down into the side street, his first conscious glance at the world that he had abandoned. Diagonally across the way from the Aratoma stood a row of handsome dwelling-houses, and as he looked the door of one of them opened and Miss Belden appeared on the threshold. Accompanied by Barbara, her French poodle, she descended the steps and walked in the direction of the Park.

Innsley tried to reason dispassionately upon this astounding discovery—Beth actually living within his sight and hearing. Well, changes of domicile are not unheard of, even in so conservative a town as New York; there was no reason why the Beldens should continue to inhabit indefinitely the ancient and now unattractive backwater of Stuyvesant Square. That they should have pitched upon this particular spot for their flitting was an interesting coincidence, nothing more; he could neither build upon nor quarrel with circumstance so manifestly fortuitous.

And yet he foresaw that complications must arise out of this shift of scene. He would be seeing her now every day, provided that he chose to watch for her comings in and goings out. With the aid of his field glass he might note the very expression of her face; the distance was not so great but that he might call and be answered.

It was now only January, but he had not bound himself against returning before that first day of May; that date was merely the limit of his probation, or rather of her waiting. But had she really promised anything definite? As he recalled that last conversation the understanding had been implied, indeed, but there was nothing to which he might hold her. And in a year many things may happen.

Late that afternoon he saw her again. She drove up in a motor, evidently returning from some social function. A man with a pointed beard, whom Innsley did not know, greeted her as she descended from the car. Good friends, if one might judge from the cordial way in which she put out her hand. He accompanied her into the house, and Innsley conjured up a vision of tea and bread and butter before a crackling and cheerful fire. He decided, with a certain grimness, that he had better wait for a while yet, perhaps take the full measure of his days of grace.

The weeks went on. Innsley figured that, on his imaginary journey across the continent, he must be well into Iowa. He tramped steadily during his waking hours, and occasionally he did a maximum of forty miles. And every hundred yards he passed a certain vantage point that gave him a view of the house on the opposite side of the street; he could just glimpse the entrance and the pavement immediately in front of it.

He saw her regularly at least once a day. Her morning walk with the dog came punctually on the stroke of ten, and twice a week she rode in the Park from eleven o'clock until the luncheon hour. Her social engagements seemed to be numerous, and now that the opera season was on, she was generally out on the subscription nights. Innsley formed the habit of waiting up for her on these occasions. It seemed rather foolish, but he declined to analyze his motives too closely; he excused himself on the ground that it gave him something to do, a quasi form of occupation. He often looked at her through the glasses, and she appeared to be in excellent health. Prettier, too, than he had thought her. Incidentally he noticed that the man with the Henri Quatre beard called steadily — perhaps an average of three times in the week. He looked like an artist, and for no particular reason Innsley decided that he was probably a puppy, and disliked him accordingly.

On this particular night Innsley had been unable to sleep. He had lain for hours listening to the distant chiming of the city clocks, when suddenly he started up in dismay. For the first time since his exile had commenced he had failed to make his daily report to Carson. He could not understand how he had come to omit a duty so important, but he was sure of the fact of his dereliction. Instinctively his hand sought the push at

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the head of his bed. Odd, but there seemed to be something wrong about it. Of course he could not have heard the bell ring under any circumstances, but the feeling of the live circuit was gone; some sixth sense told him that the line of communication had been destroyed.

Another consideration. It had been the understanding that his failure to make report on any day should be sufficient ground for immediate investigation. Now the electric signal may have been out of order for an indefinite period, or only just gone wrong; in either case the fact remained that no notice had been taken of his omission. Why? Only Carson and Jarvis himself were in the secret. Jarvis might be away on one of his trips, and probably was, but surely Carson could not have forgotten. Innsley puzzled over the problem until he finally fell asleep.

The following day he made an experiment, deliberately refraining from giving the customary signal. Later in the day he touched the button twice, the agreed upon call for immediate assistance. There was no response in either instance, and the conclusion was inevitable that he had been forgotten. More than that, it was pretty certain that the line was out of order and that now he had no means of communicating with the office of the Aratoma. He tried the scuttle, and found it securely fastened from below.

So it seemed that he had definitely dropped out of the procession. He was gone, and he was forgotten. Even by the woman of whom he had begged the poor boon of remembrance—at least it looked that way. Was it, indeed, for the best? He might go on living here indefinitely, save for the fact that his supply of provisions was not inexhaustible. Perhaps some day there would be a leak in the roof and it would be necessary to send up workmen to repair the damage, and so his release would be brought about. Well, should he welcome the deliverance when it came? How was he to place himself again in touch with life and the world? Unaccountably he shrank from the thought. Of course it meant starting all over and at the very foot of the ladder, but that was nothing. He had his health, and that was capital enough. It was the renewal of relations with his fellow men that appalled him. Once he had been dependent upon them, or had imagined that he was. Now that he had been forced into solitary confinement, he knew that he was sufficient unto himself, and the habit of life had become fixed. Could he change it—above all, did he desire to do so?

Early in April a curious thing happened. A stiff northwest wind was blowing, and in the draught formed by the high mass of the Aratoma a succession of miniature cyclones had been created. A scrap of newspaper, caught up in one of these airy whirlpools, was wafted to the level of the roof on which he stood; another wayward gust landed it at his feet, and he picked it up.

On one side of the fragment were printed the stock quotations for April the third. Innsley looked for Golden Fleece, and saw that it stood 28 bid and 28¼ asked, on transactions of seventy thousand odd shares. Now Innsley's agreement with Hunting, the broker, provided that, in default of specific instructions, his stock should be held intact up to May the first of this present year. Apparently, a big boom was on, and Innsley had more than recouped his losses; he had his original investment, with a handsome profit added.

Innsley turned over the sheet, and read the display advertisement of *The Jesters*, with his name as the author. Ten editions already sold, and an unabated demand for the success of the season.

"So the manuscript turned up, after all, and the Aldersons went ahead," mused Innsley. "I suppose that they tried to communicate with me, and, failing to do so, assumed the responsibility. Quite right, of course. I had sent the book to them, and the presumption remained that I wanted it published."

For the rest of that day he meditated long and deeply. Again the ball was at his feet; as with Job of old, he had received double for all that he had lost. But what did these things mean to him now? Everything or nothing?

With his folded arms resting on the parapet Innsley gazed absently into the street below. The door of No. 36 opened and Miss Belden appeared, accompanied by the inevitable man with the pointed

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beard. They descended the steps, and there was something in their attitude towards each other that spoke of intimacy and a close understanding. Miss Belden slipped on the lower step, and his arm went out quickly; she thanked him with a brilliant smile, and they walked away together, conversing earnestly.

It was late that night before Innsley rested satisfied with the letter that he was composing. No, not satisfied, but he could come no nearer to making his position plain, and it must go at that.

The letter was dated at Flagstaff, Arizona, and in part it read:

"Since a promise is a promise, I must accept my share of the obligation, and the first of May is at hand. A year and a half! Well, many changes may happen in that space of time, and I am prepared to meet them. I ask of you a similar indulgence.

"This letter is dated from Flagstaff, but perhaps the Negative Pole would be a more definite address. I can't indicate my actual whereabouts in plainer words, even in the physical sense. Call it out of touch with life, if you will, and in a way you would be altogether right. Nevertheless, I have lived; perhaps more truly and sincerely than ever before. At least, I have learned something of myself, and I am able to contemplate the possibility of your having undergone a similar experience.

"The agreement was that I should present myself to you on May-day of this year. I do not presume upon that implied permission; I have always held that either of us might confirm or disallow the understanding; and at any moment, even the ultimate one.

"I may tell you that I am well again, that the cure has been absolute and complete. For so much I am thankful, since it means opportunity, the chance for work and for service.

"Detachment is a hard word, and, perhaps, susceptible of misunderstanding. But I can find no clearer phrase in which to state my position. It is merely a question of comparatives, and I have been learning how to estimate them.

"It is not that I contemn life—life as I once knew it; my inquiry has simply



ON ONE SIDE WERE PRINTED THE STOCK QUOTATIONS

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"BUT—BUT," HE STAMMERED, "THIS IS NOT YESTERDAY"

been to determine its absolutely necessary factors. Many of us depend upon crutches, when we could walk as well, if not better, without them. And once we accept artificial aids the tendency is to multiply them, to consider that they are indispensable to our very existence. Occasionally, Destiny is forced to take a hand, and then she is apt to administer heroic treatment. There was my money, for instance; also my book, and my health. Useful props, certainly, and yet I have learned to stand, and even to walk, without them. I have made my pilgrimage to a spiritual Lourdes, and my erstwhile crutches hang upon its votive walls, a witness and a thanksgiving.

"Now, if this were all—but there is something else, something that lies between us and is shared by us both. I have, therefore, no exclusive right to pronounce upon its claim to existence. In-

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deed, it is your prerogative, since you are the woman, and I am the man. The question was my privilege; the answer must be yours.

"May I now speak explicitly? You were willing that I should come back to you at the end of these eighteen months. But, as I have already said, much may happen within that period of time. It may be that you would now consider it the kinder part to cancel that permission. You, too, have been living—and perhaps learning.

"I want you to understand that you are free to act, and whatever may be your decision it can leave no trace of bitterness in my feelings towards you. I shall have always with me the remembrance of having known and loved you, and I can make it suffice. Only I must know certainly that it is your wish and that your happiness hangs upon it.

"You will not attempt to reply to this at Flagstaff, for I am not there, and the letter could not be forwarded. But your answer will reach me definitely and unfailingly, be sure of that.

"The evening before May-day you will receive a box of violets, with my card enclosed. When you leave your house that next morning you will wear the flowers, or you will not wear them. I shall understand."

Having stamped, sealed, and addressed this letter, Innsley put it in a large envelope directed to the postmaster at Flagstaff, together with a line requesting that the enclosure be mailed at the earliest opportunity. Then he wrote a note to a florist, with whom he kept a running account, ordering a corsage bouquet of violets delivered to Miss Belden at six o'clock on the evening of the thirtieth of April. Finally he prepared an order to Hunting, directing him to sell out his shares of Golden Fleece at the market. He did up these several missives in a piece of wrapping-paper, with a two-dollar bill on the outside, and marked the packet: "Important! Please open and post the letters enclosed."

The following morning he waited until the street below was well filled with people. Then he dropped the package. It fell squarely on the sidewalk, and a few moments later it was picked up by a newsboy. Through the binoculars Innsley watched him anxiously. To his satisfaction the boy promptly pocketed the money and honorably discharged the obligation by depositing the letters in the post box at the corner.

Then came the wait of a fortnight or more. Innsley made a practice of walking steadily throughout his waking hours. His chart showed that he was nearing Kansas City, and doing a splendid average of miles per day. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that he permitted himself not one single solitary glance at No. 36, the house across the way.

The first day of May. As ten o'clock approached, Innsley took his accustomed point of vantage. Close upon the stroke Miss Belden appeared, with Barbara, the poodle, frisking at her side. She did not wear the violets.

Innsley forgot his philosophy; his hardly acquired armor of proof had been pierced by an arrow keenly barbed, and he went white with the unexpected pain. So he had not known himself, after all; unconsciously he had been building upon the old, old foundation, and now that it had failed him and his castle was crashing about his ears, he was only the primitive man, standing helpless and undone amid the ruins of his hope. Fool, fool that he had been! That cold-blooded, colorless, priggish letter— Of course she had resented the insult to her feminine pride, as any other woman would do. He had as good as told her that he no longer needed nor wanted her, that he would only return upon the distinct intimation that she expected him to live up to his word, fulfilling for honor's sake a now unwelcome obligation.

"And I am the man," he said to himself, "who believed that he had become one with nature, serene, impersonal, and immovable. I, who dated my letters from the Negative Pole, and whose creed was, 'I have ceased to affirm.' And all the time I have been nothing more than a poor, mad creature living in a cage. I tried to get out, and then I knew."

Confusion seized upon his mind. Afterwards he remembered indistinctly his fruitless pounding upon the closed scuttle, and working for several hours on a ridiculous rope twisted out of his bedclothing. Then, when he came to himself, he sat down and wept as a child might do.

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So this was the end; and now Innsley's one thought was to escape from an environment so detestable, so utterly unendurable. The call bell he knew was useless, and he had no other means of attracting attention to his situation. Late in the afternoon, however, it began to rain, and that suggested a possibility. Using a steel-pointed walking-stick as a lever, he loosened several slates, and finally succeeded in forcing a hole through roof boards and plaster. To this he improvised, out of rubber blankets and mackintoshes, a water-leader, and presently a good-sized stream was pouring down.

The workmen came early the next morning; evidently the leak had made its presence promptly known. They looked curiously at Innsley, a veritable Crusoe figure with his long beard and shaggy locks. But he passed it off so authoritatively as to forestall any embarrassing inquiries. "Please see that nothing of my belongings is touched," he said. "Shall I find Mr. Carson in the office?"

The man stared. "Mr. Carson died last January," he said.

"Ah, and Mr. Jarvis is abroad, I suppose?"

Innsley went down to the barber shop. It was early, and there were only a few bell-boys and chambermaids to gape at him. After the razors and scissors had done their work he established his identity at the office and went in to breakfast.

After that the telephone. Yes, Hunting had sold his Golden Fleece at 29⅛, only a shade under the highest quotation of the day. The Aldersons expressed becoming pleasure and astonishment at hearing at last from their most popular author. *The Jesters* was still selling a thousand a day; a full statement would be ready for his inspection whenever he chose to call.

"Or we can mail it to you, Mr. Innsley."

"Thank you. I'll try and get down this afternoon. I expect to sail for Europe at once."

Innsley hung up the receiver and considered what he should do next. He must engage his passage, and it would be better to go in person to the steamship office. He ordered a hansom, and then changed his mind; it was such a beautiful morning that he would walk through the Park, and take the Elevated at Fifty-eighth Street.

Just within the Park gates he lifted up his eyes and saw Miss Belden coming towards him, and in her corsage she wore a bunch of violets. As she recognized him she blushed divinely red.

Innsley had put out both his hands.

"But—but," he stammered, "this is not yesterday."

She looked her astonishment.

"It was on May-day that I—that I—"

"To-day is the first of May."

"But I have been checking off the calendar with the regularity of the sun. How possibly could I have gained a day?"

"Nevertheless, to-day is the first of May," she reiterated. Then a flash of the feminine intuition illuminated the mystery. "Could you have forgotten that February has twenty-nine days this year?" she added.

"Oh!" cried Innsley.

They walked on slowly. Further speech seemed beyond him, and Miss Belden trembled, as though this were some spirit in prison calling vainly upon her for the word of enlargement. She tried to speak lightly.

"Even though it is leap-year—" she began.

Audacious words, but even as she uttered them her eyes dropped, for Innsley had turned and was looking at her.

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A Girl of the Gray Sea

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE dining-room of the "Island House" was full of soft light. It filtered through the drawn shades, and lay along the tables, with their coarse cloths and stiff, pointed napkins, with a kind of radiance, as if it fell through stained glass upon some primitive altar made ready for use. Four young girls moved in the subdued light, putting the last touches to the room, and chatting lightly or singing little snatches of song as they worked. Each girl wore a wild rose in her hair, and in the centre of the long tables stood stiff, awkward bunches of wild flowers, each bunch thrust firmly under its tumbler—hardhack, daisies, St.-John's-wort, bartsia, and heal-all. One glass held a handful of trailing yew that sprawled a little on the cloth. The girl who was arranging the table bent over and drew it in place with careful fingers. She had a pale, clear face, with eyes the color of the sea; they clouded a little as she looked up from the handful of yew. . . . It was later than she had thought—the others were all ready.

They stood grouped at the other end of the room, moving a little to a kind of dance tune that one of them hummed softly, striking her tray with tapping fingers to mark the time. The wild roses in their hair swayed coquettishly as they moved. They were full of unexpressed youth and vigor, as if they played some game of chance—alert to win. The girl watching them had a sudden sense of difference — a wave of loneliness that swept close to tears.

She moved swiftly to finish her table. Her face as it bent to the work had a look of service, a kind of sweetness, that relieved the commonplaceness of it as the rose in her hair had relieved the bareness of the rock that it grew beside. Her rose did not coquet like the others, and there was no music in her movements as she stumbled, hurrying a little to finish her work. She was a native girl, like the rest of them, and she had come over from "the Main" for the summer—to do table work. But for her there was no excitement in it—only painstaking care and a little wonder at the life about her. Things were not easy—something in her seemed always harking back—something half remembered and different haunted her. Her great-grandfather had been a seafaring man, and the blue of his roving was in her eyes; but the family had degenerated since then, and the grayness of their life touched her face and lay on her spirit always. But across it ran now and then a wave. . . . Sleeping or waking it came to her, and for a swift instant she would remember—things that had never happened to her, things that her gray, plodding life had not known.

She hurried now, fast—the bell had rung and the shades were drawn up, letting in the clear August light. A breeze blew in, and a chatter of voices filled the room. Trays came through the swinging doors—the wild roses leaned to listen, and hurried away with an air of importance. The table with the trailing yew was full, and the girl moved fast to the hurrying orders. Her face, beneath its look of care, was still; but drops of moisture came to her forehead, into the dull hair where the rose lay. The ten people eating and laughing and talking did not look up. They reached out unseeing hands and the girl filled them. The other table girls chatted a little with their orders; they tilted the roses to one side and brought special dishes to favorite guests.

But Elvia Bardwell had no thought except for service. The sea-roving had come to this—except in her dream. . . . He was a poet—at the lower end of the table near the old man with gray hair. But he did not look at her—except in the dream. He had eyes for no one, except in the dream. He was com-

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posing a sonnet—to the young girl at the next table—the tall, free-limbed college girl with firm muscles and good sense. She had eyes for every one, and quick sympathy; and her glance rested often on the girl carrying the heavy tray—backing against the swinging doors and disappearing—only to reappear the next moment with heavier tray and the worn, eager look of service. Sometimes when the college girl came or went she spoke to the other girl, stopping for a moment to chat with her if the room were empty . . . and she went on to join the poet on the steps.

They were going up the hill now. The girl glanced impassively from the window, watching them as they disappeared over the rim of the moor. Then she carried her tray to the kitchen. The cook, bending over her stove, with fat, red face, looked up good-naturedly.

"Want to go to walk byme-by, Elvy?" she asked, lifting a kettle and carrying it to the door.

The girl set down her tray slowly. "I don't know, Ainsie. I am a little tired, I guess."

Her voice had the slow, drawling cadence of the fisherfolk—full of courtesy and indecision.

"Oh, come along. It 'll do you good." She was looking over her shoulder as she worked, surveying the girl with shrewd, kind eyes. "You got your table done?"

The girl shook her head.

"Well, you hurry and get done. I've got to wash up and change. You look all right just as you be." She looked at her approvingly.

The girl hesitated again. "I don't seem to feel just like going.—I'm tired, I guess."

Her blue eyes sought the window. They were alone in the room, and in the silence between them the sound of the bell-buoy swinging with the waves came faintly.

The cook looked at her with motherly eyes. "You go finish up," she said, kindly, "and come right along. It 'll do you good."

They climbed the hill to the lighthouse, the cook puffing and scrambling a little at the top.

The girl looked at her with sympathetic glance. "You'll be all tired out," she said.

The cook shook her head, breathing scantily, with little puffs between. She seated herself on a broad rock and wiped her warm face. "It takes the tuck out of you!" she said good-naturedly. "But, my!—ain't it grand!" She waved her hand toward the scene below them—the small harbor, the handful of gray houses clustering about it—and beyond them the sea shining in the sun.

The girl assented absently. She had picked a thread of grass from beside the rock, and was drawing it through her fingers, her sombre, far-seeing eyes voyaging on the water.

"It's a lovely view!" said the cook, contentedly. She spread out her skirt a little on the rock. "I don't know what folks want to go traipsing all over the island for. You can't see anything anywheres that you can't see right here." She said this turning her neck on its pivot and circling the sea on every side. "I'd like to set here all day," she said.

The girl smiled a little—a slow, pale smile—like the reflection of a great laugh somewhere out of the past.

"You enjoy everything, Ainsie," she said, gently.

"Well, I like to. Everybody does. You don't take half enough comfort with things, Elvy." She looked at her affectionately.

The blue eyes had not left the water. "I guess I don't know how," said the girl, slowly. "I want to—but I don't seem to have the things I want."

"Well, I don't know what you want more'n you've got," said the woman. "It's a good place down to the House," she waved her hand. "Mis' Wood's good to the help. She ain't hard on 'em ever—we all have this time off afternoons. Of course the's rush days, when you don't get a breath through, hardly, but that's what you expect—in a hotel."

"I don't mind the hard times, nor the work," said the girl. She turned her eyes to her companion. "It's the things I don't have, Ainsie, that I mind. I seem always just coming to 'em somehow—" Her thin, work-worn fingers reached out a little, as if to touch something. They fell to her side.

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE VOICES OF CHILDREN AT PLAY ON THE BEACH CAME TO THEM

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From down below, the voices of children at play on the beach came to them happily.

Ainsie broke off to watch them. "Them young ones have a dreadful good time, don't they?" she said, approvingly. "Down there all day long, into the water and out again, just like ducks or gulls or anything. I dun'no's it's more'n half good for 'em." She laughed a little. "They eat enough, goodness knows!"

The girl made no reply, and in the silence the harsh cry of the sea-birds rose to their ears.

She turned her head a little to the sound.

"I like to have 'em eat," said the woman; "I like to have everybody eat—all they want to. That's the way they get their good times—eatin'—and I get mine cookin' for 'em. That's the way the world's made." She turned to the girl. "You don't seem to enjoy eatin'," she said. "You don't eat more'n a bird, anyway. Seem's if you kind of lived on air, and you don't enjoy your work, either—do you?" Her look was full of kindly rebuke.

The girl looked down, a little guiltily, as if trying to remember something that eluded her. She smoothed the spear of grass slowly on her knee. "I try to like the work," she said. "I do it as well as I can—but I don't do very well."

"Oh, you *do* it well enough," said Ainsie. "It's doin' and *likin'*, I mean. The' ain't anything I enjoy better than to cook a meal of victuals and have it all et up—all of it, every bit. I don't want any messes left over to fuss along with. I never was any great hand for left-overs," she said, slowly. "When a thing's et it's et. Some folks are always puttering along with 'em. They'll fry what's left to-day, and make hash of it to-morrow, and a salad the next day, like enough, and so on, till you can't hardly tell *what* you started with. But I want it all et up and start fresh." She had turned her head a little.

A young man and woman were coming down the path to the right—the young woman looked back as they passed and smiled, waving her hand.

"That's Miss Millekin," said the cook, contentedly. "She's a nice lady. You know her, don't you?"

"Yes."

"She comes into the kitchen for things, and she's always laughing and talking. She's the kind it does you good to have round." She glanced at the sky. "Seems to me they're comin' back pretty early."

"They are going down to the beach," said the girl.

"So they be," said the woman.

They watched them going down the path, stopping to speak with some young girls who were coming up. The young man had taken off his hat, and his fair hair glistened in the sun.

The girl on the rock above watched it, her lips half parted.

The groups separated, and the two went leisurely down, laughing and talking. The young man did not replace the hat; he was carrying it in his hand, his face turned toward her—he was talking with light, courteous gesture. Suddenly he stumbled a little on the rocky path, and caught himself with a little spring, replacing the hat.

The girl above leaned back with a quick sigh.

The cook's eyes were fixed on the pair below. "You know who that is with her?" she asked.

"His name is Partridge—George R. Partridge," said the girl, slowly. "He sits at my table. I've seen his name on letters. *He* is nice, too," she added, after a little, half shyly.

"Is he?" said the cook, indifferently. "That sleepy kind's dreadful particular—I've known 'em to be—sometimes."

"Yes, he's particular," admitted the girl—but not as if it were a fault.

They watched the two cross the beach and pull in a dory.

"They're going out," she said.

The young man seated himself in the stern and the girl took up the oars.

"She's going to row him!" said the cook. "Now, if that don't beat all!" She leaned forward. "Just look at her!"

The girl pulled with strong, vigorous strokes, and the young man leaned back watching her dreamily.

"She *likes* to row," said the girl on the rock. "She's told me so." She spoke a little defensively.

"Like enough," said the cook. "But it looks kind o' funny. Just look at them

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tern, will you!—How they act!" The birds rose—a flutter of wings that beat the light and darted in swift flight and pursuit.

The young man and girl in the boat had turned a little to look at them.

"They're just crazy hungry," said the woman, watching them swirl at the water. "They always act like that—half starved!"

"Ainsie," said the girl. She spoke with a swift breath. "Did anybody ever take off their hat to you?"

"Why, I don't know 's they ever did," said the woman. She turned a puzzled glance on her. "I can't remember whether they did or not. I wouldn't be noticin', likely enough, if they did."

A quick breath escaped the parted lips. "Nobody ever did to *me*," she said. "I'd 'a' noticed."

"Well, it don't make no odds either way," said the cook. "It's just an idea."

"Yes." She breathed the word softly. "But I should like it."

"The fog's comin' in," said the cook. She moved her arm to the left, where a soft mass of gray spread itself on the water.

The girl's eyes sought the boat.

"They won't take no hurt," said the cook. "They'll just row round the harbor. She's been here years enough to know how things act—days like this. I'll have to be gettin' back," she added, rising ponderously from the rock. "The fog always drives 'em in early—and crazy for supper. Other nights you can ring and ring for 'em and you won't get 'em in—not till it's pitch dark. You have to cook hard when it fogs like this." She stood looking about her—toward the approaching fog and the sunlit water to the west. "The's suthin' about a fog that makes you want to be indoors," she said —"most folks. And it comes in fast. It 'll be all over the island in five minutes."

They went down the rocky path together, the heavy figure hurrying ahead. At the foot the girl lingered a little. The cook looked back.

"I don't need to hurry, Ainsie," said the girl. "I think I'll stop a little, and watch the children on the beach."

The cook nodded good-naturedly. "Well, don't be late. Mis' Wood won't want you late, you know."

"No—I'll come—pretty soon." She watched the cook hurry away to meet the fog. It swallowed the hurrying figure and came nearer, drifting along the beach.

The girl stood with clasped hands, looking into it, her blue eyes deadened to its tone.

The children ran past her, leaping and shouting. They emerged out of the grayness with soft touch, and vanished into it again. Across the harbor the foghorn sounded its note—a long gray sound that neither rose nor fell; the voice of the fog—without question or answer—out of the eternal gray.

The girl's head drooped a little. Across the water, through the fog, she heard the faint click of oar-locks rise and fall with even beat.

The cook was bending over the fire with anxious, bustling face—things were almost done, and the bell would ring soon. The swinging door parted, and a table girl appeared in it with a crimson flower in her hand.

"We're going to wear these to-night," she said. "Aren't they pretty!"

The cook cast a fleeting, tolerant glance at the flower and returned to her pots.

The girl passed to the small mirror by the sink and tucked the flower in her hair, turning her head to catch the light on it. "Where's Elvia?" she said. "I've got one for her, too." She gave the flower in her hair a little pat.

"She's coming," said the cook. "She stopped down to the beach."

"She'll be late," said the girl, smiling at the image in the glass and taking up her tray.

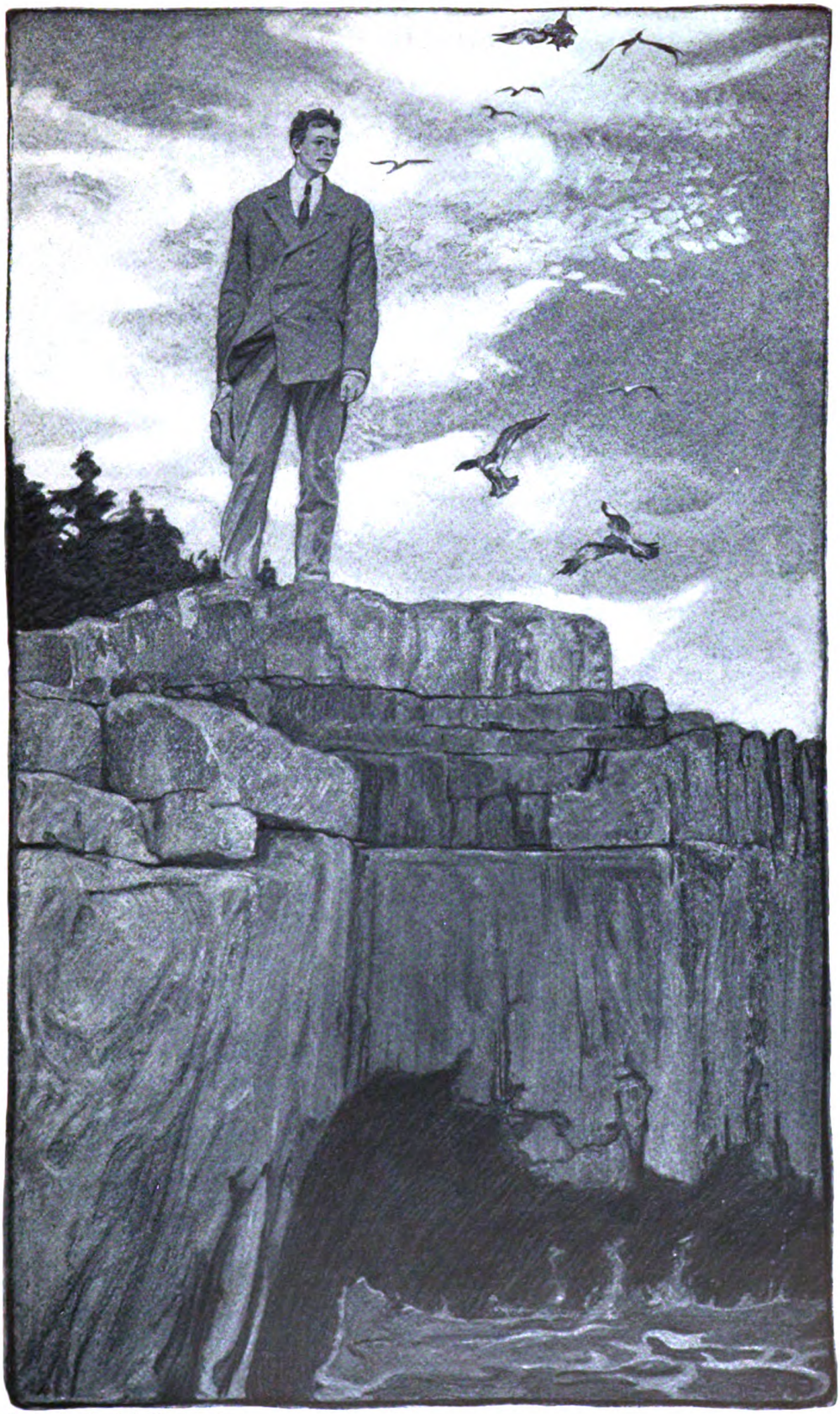
The woman made no reply. She opened the oven door and peered in with set face. Then she reached out for a fork behind her.

A small boy had come in noiselessly. He dodged the great arm as it swung past him. "Do get out o' my way, Hennie!" she said, sharply. "You know I can't have young ones in here!"

The boy drew back. "Elvia Bardwell's drownded," he said,—"down to the beach."

The woman turned on him. She seized him by the shoulders and shook him fiercely. "You stop sayin' that, Hennie

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

ON THE ROCKS A POET STOOD WITH UNCOVERED HEAD

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Bell!" she gasped. "Hain't I got all I can 'tend to without your lyin'!"

The boy drew back farther, whimpering a little. His air of importance had collapsed. "She *is* drownded," he said, sullenly.

The girl with the tray came forward. "What do you mean?" Her empty, pretty face had grown white.

He looked at her, half defiant, digging his bare toes in the floor. "She got drownded," he said, "on to the beach. She was under ten minutes—and they can't bring her to. They've rolled her and done everything." His voice grew important again. "They want some dry things—and brandy."

The cook started toward the door. . . . Her eye fell on her stove and she halted. "I can't go!" she moaned. "They'd eat if their mother was dyin'"—with a gesture toward the dining-room. She seized a stew-pan and turned it fiercely in its place. "You go find Mis' Wood. She's in the office. Get her quick, Hennie!" She thrust her hand across her eyes, and drew a quick, sobbing breath as she bent to her work.

The boy's noiseless feet fled.

The supper bell sounded its harsh, happy clang, and the cook lifted the steaming kettle and placed it one side.

The trays came through the swinging doors, and the tragedy came with them—bit by bit. . . . "Little Jo Sterling—Sanford's boy. He went under—and the children hollered and ran—and she waded right out to him. . . . No, she couldn't swim. She got him, yes—'twa'n't over her head. She threw him back. . . . No, not the middle of the beach—farther up, along by the Point—where the big rock shelves off, you know. . . . She turned to come back—and then she threw her arms up high and just cried, 'Oh!—oh!' and went down, just like that. . . . They said she didn't come up—she must have—yes—but they didn't know—children. They just run and screamed and took on, and nobody came. . . . They wa'n't a soul on the beach, up or down—except those children running back and forth—and thick fog. . . . It was Miss Millekin's boat. She see in a minute—and dove off the bow like a boy—brought her up. . . . Strong—yes. They've took her to the new house—Craft's Cottage—that little house up the Point. . . . Mis' Wood's gone down."

They brought the news little by little, with shaking hands. . . . She had been close to them, alive and well, and now she was out there in the fog. They kept close together, repeating the news that filtered through.

When the door opened they looked up with startled faces, as if she might appear to them. But it was a tall, fair woman with worn face and reddened eyes who came in. Her face worked harshly as she closed the door and came toward them. They crowded round her. "Didn't she come to?"

She shook her head. "They did everything," she said.

Then they broke down, in the kitchen, and cried. The sound of their sobs was pitiful—like helpless things.

The woman looked at them with deep, gaunt eyes. . . . "It's hard all round," she said. Her voice had a lulling cadence like the sea. "It's hard for everybody. . . . She was a lovely girl. . . ."

"Oh, she was—she was!" The sobs hushed.

"And nobody here—none of her own were here." She paused, her face full of trouble. "If the house wa'n't full—" she said, slowly. "Everything is full. We are going to put her in the church."

They drew apart with startled eyes. "Not there—alone! Poor child!"

"You can put her in my room!" It was the cook's voice—high and shrill. "You can put her in with me. She never took no room—alive or dead. She was a little thing." The shrill voice broke.

"Be quiet, Ainsie!" The woman crossed to her. . . . "We all feel just the same. But you know how it is—some of the boarders 'most sick now—and nervous. . . . It wouldn't be right."

"I know," sobbed the cook. . . . "I know it." She wiped her eyes fiercely. "But she never had things—and now they ain't even a place to put her."

"They've got her dressed," said the woman. "They're bringing her down. We are going to have a little service in the church to-night, and then in the morning early they will take her home. That's what I hurried ahead to tell you. Come."

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They passed out of the door, peering into the fog. It had lightened now, and the twilight lay half veiled in it.

Across the harbor, far up the winding road, a cottage stood among the trees, and from a single window a light shone. They fixed their eyes on it.

Her bier was a ladder draped with spruce boughs—a slender bed for the slight form — and those who bore it walked with careful step out from the low woods, across the rock-strewn path, and down the winding road. The night was hushed in the dusk—only the sound of little waves that lapped the sand and drew back, whispering. Everywhere the veil of half-transparent mist and the low sound of the sea and the bell-buoy ringing—forever. The feet of the young men made no sound upon the sand-built road. They walked with gentle tread as if a queen went to her rest. They would not break this new, first sleep. They could not measure the ache in their hearts—strong men—for something gone —hurt, bruised. They bore her tenderly, and the quiet face, uncovered to the night, held a smile—like the night itself —half gray and veiled in mist. . . . The little work-worn hands did not reach out. They were folded on her breast as if they pressed a secret; and as the slender bier passed on, shadows came from the mist on either side and joined the train—men with tear-wet eyes and uncovered heads and women holding little children by the hand. . . . So short a life—cut swift in two—the mystery and the pain . . . and the bell-buoy swinging out at sea. . . . Slowly the little procession passed down the winding road, carrying her—at rest. . . . They could not tell her now. They had not known until the hand had touched their eyes. But the little face did not need them. They looked at it with gentle awe and drew away on either side as it passed, and followed it down the winding road to the church.

With the first light they carried her to the beach and rowed her to the narrow, pointed boat that waited to take her home. It rocked a little as they lowered her gently. Over her they placed a bit of sailcloth half raised above the gunwale, and a little breeze touched her face, stirring the dull hair softly. The steersman moved to his place—the rowers in the dory drew away, lifting their hats and waiting with suspended oars. On the rocks by the shore a poet stood with uncovered head.

From her window, high in the hotel, a young girl looked out upon the morning.

The steersman turned the wheel and the faint chuff-chuff of the motor broke the silence. A gull swerved in flight and drew near, hanging on great wings. The man at the wheel, standing with outstretched hand and fixed gaze, looked intently to the west. Behind him the sea, touched by the first sun, grew radiant, as if a million crimson blossoms lay on it. The chuff-chuff of the engine struck on the cliff again and grew faint and fainter and died on the wide sea.



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A Day with Two Emperors and a King

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

The following is a personal narrative of the battle of Solferino as told by a survivor, Giovanni Bettini, at his home in Italy, to the author. The battle of Solferino was fought on June 24, 1859, between the Austrians, under Emperor Francis Joseph, and the allied French and Sardinians, under Emperor Napoleon the Third and King Victor Emmanuel. Napoleon the Third and Victor Emmanuel united to drive Austria from northern Italy. The campaign, of which the principal battles were Magenta (June 4) and Solferino, was a brief one. The battle-field of Solferino is a little south of Lago di Garda. The railway that runs from Milan to Venice is the one across which the Italians alternately advanced and retreated during the battle. The Austrians numbered 189,648 men, with 752 guns, and the French and Italians 173,603 men, with 522 guns. The Austrians lost 21,737, and the Allies 17,191. Solferino decided the campaign, and by treaty the Austrians retired from Lombardy, but still held the city and province of Venice.

"IT was thus that we fought them. *Dall' alba fino alla sera!* From morning until night it was that we fought them; from the break of day until after the sun had gone down.

"We had camped at Lonato, which is at the southern side of the Lake of Garda, and it was a pleasant, open country, with somewhat of mulberry trees and vineyards and somewhat of little fields of wheat. And to the northward were the mountains that rose by the lake, and to the southward were the rising hills, among which, we knew, were many thousands of Austrians—many tens of thousands.

"We had lain down pleasantly in our tents, for we were tired from the march, and had eaten a pleasant supper; but at two o'clock in the morning—the morning of the 24th of June, in the year 1859—we were wakened, and we all rose up, and we struck our tents, and were given soup, and then we marched away in the darkness, and we thought we were to march to the Austrians, and we were not sorry.

"It was slowly that daylight came; it is slowly that daylight comes when you march through the darkness. It comes very faintly at first, and you see men and horses like shadows marching, and only slowly it grows brighter, and it is long before you see the sun.

"And the roads were full of our soldiers, as we went on through the level country, with its mulberry trees and its vineyards and its little canals of irrigation, toward the barer hills where we knew the Austrians had camped.

"There was not alone our Italian army of many thousands, but a great French army of many thousands, and we, the French and the Italians, were going against a great army of the Austrians of many thousands.

"I, Giovanni Bettini, was of the Eleventh Regiment, of the Brigade Casale, of the Fifth Division, and the general of our division was General Cucchiari, and our hearts were strong, for we knew that our King, Victor Emmanuel, was somewhere with the army and in command.

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"And while there was still but a faint light of the morning, and as we marched up a sloping piece of land, there rose up many Tyrolese in front of us—we knew them by their hats with the cocks' feathers stuck up behind,—and they fired fast at us—*bum! bum! bum!*—and we fired at them, and we fixed bayonets, and we ran up the sloping piece of land, and the Tyrolese flew away.

"That was the beginning of our battle, and although this was but a skirmish, it was a very bitter skirmish, and on both sides there were men that were struck down.

"We halted. And a Tyrolese, lying on the ground, cried out: 'I am dying. Give me to drink.' Whereat my companion stooped to offer him a flask, and as he stooped the Tyrolese struck savage at him with his bayonet, but my companion jumped back and it missed him, and he said, 'You Tyrolese, you said you wanted a drink before you died, and now you shall die without the drink.' And he stuck his bayonet through him as a boy would stick a pin through a fly.

"The fighting soon began again, and it was very fierce. It was soon that we came to know that we were to capture a little village and the hills about the village. The village it was named San Martino, and there were walled barns and gardens, and the Austrians were very strong there.

"We, the Italian soldiers, we always call that day the battle of San Martino, but the French, they call it the battle of Solferino, because they fought to take the village of Solferino, on our right, just as we fought to take that San Martino.

"It was many times that we tried to take the hill ground around that village. We had many regiments and we had cavalry and we had great guns, and again and again we fired, and then again we would run at them with the bayonet.

"All the time they, too, were firing, and shells were falling and bursting, and bullets and cannon balls were striking down our men.

"There were times when their cavalry rode hard at us. They would come with a great gallop and a rush, and out of the smoke we would see them coming, the horsemen with a great shout and a waving of their swords.

"But this did not hurt us so much as the bullets and the shells, for our cannon would shoot at them, and we of the infantry would form quick in double rank in squares—we had good officers, we—and our front rank would stand or kneel, according as the horses looked little or big, and we would hold out our bayonets, so!—and that was a sharp fence for horses to gallop against; and while the front rank held out their bayonets the men of the second rank were firing very fast. So always the cavalry flew away.

"The bursting of the shells was very bad. Sometimes all of us close by would be thrown down and be covered with mud and earth, but most of us would jump up again, not wounded; but always there were some who would not jump up again, because they were wounded or dead.

"At the beginning of a battle a soldier feels afraid. At the beginning of this battle I felt afraid, and I know that other men felt afraid, though it was not our first battle, and we knew what it was to be under fire.

"So it was that, at the beginning, we commended ourselves; we felt like death; but soon that passed away, and we thought no more of death, but only of the killing of the Austrians.

"All around me men were killed. There were heads and arms blown off, and men flew into pieces like the smashing of a jug. But we did not care, we. We thought nothing of it. I do not know that we even knew we saw such things, but some of them come to me as I sit with you and talk of that long day. We did not notice; and we did not think that at any moment we too might have our heads blown off or be smashed into little pieces like the breaking of a jug.

"That village, it was a place that was very hard to get. We would get the high ground there, and then those Austrians would come at us again with more men with bayonets and more horses and a great firing of guns; and though we would fight and fight we would be pushed back again.

"All the time there was a great thundering of noise; an incredible noise; and the smoke was so that you could not see far except when the wind blew it a little. A great noise and a great smoke

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and the bursting of shells, and now we would be running at the Austrians and now the Austrians would be running at us.

"Once, when we had been pushed back, we marched a little toward the Lake of Garda, and rallied there and rested there for a little while, and to every man was given brandy, and our officers led us again, very brave, and again we took the hill.

"Each time we took that hill with the bayonet; and when you strike with the bayonet it is the same as what makes a madman.

"It was a very fierce fight, and it was so that it went on for hours.

"Our leader was our King, Victor Emmanuel, and the leader of the French, who led their great army, was their Emperor, Napoleon, and the leader of the Austrians was their Emperor, too.

"While we waited once more, driven back from that hill, and panting and wild, and waiting again for the command to run at the Austrians, our King came galloping up to us, and behind him came officers.

"A little man in height was our King, but he was broad and stout, and he was a quick rider, and he rode a strong gray horse.

"We all knew it was our King, and we shouted, loud and glad, '*Viva il Re!*' I looked hard at him, knowing that he was the King, and I saw that he had great mustaches, long and curled, and his cap was gray, with a stripe, and on his shoulders was a cape coat of bluish gray that flew back when he galloped. And when they put up a statue of him, on a horse, in Bologna (for I lived in Bologna many years, though now I live here in this little Lombardy village looking over toward Milan, which I know is across this plain)—when they put him on horseback in that statue I said, 'Yes, that is our King, and that is just as he looked when he galloped up to us after we had again been driven back from San Martino.'



GIOVANNI BETTINI
Veteran of Solferino

"He reined in his horse, and he looked at us, and he called out in a loud, strong voice, a voice that was *sonora:*

"'My children! We must all die or we must take San Martino!'

"I was close to him, I, and I could hear him, and even the men who could not hear him knew what he meant when he pointed to the hill.

"It was not in good Italian that he spoke to us, but in the dialect of Savoy, for you know he was a man of Savoy. And it pleased us, and we all shouted: 'Savoy! Savoy! Savoy!'

"Again, now, we ran at that hill with our bayonets fixed. They were flat and long, those bayonets, and very sharp. I remember them well! And some of our officers ran on ahead of the bayonets, but most of them ran at one side, and a very few there were who ran close behind. But there was no one, either of officers or men, who wanted to run away.

"That was a very fierce charge that we made. It was a terrible thing when we came hand to hand with the Austrians again. Our colonel fell dead. Our color-bearer fell. He was shot in the breast,

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and he gave a great cry and fell dead, but another man took the flag and ran on with it in the front.

"In such a charge it is that a man can never feel fear. I do not think it is possible to feel fear. You have no time to think of such a thing when you are close to the Austrians and see them aiming at you, while their eyes are blazing very fierce, like the eyes of cats that are angry.

"We fought for a flag of the Austrians; we tore at them and at their flag. They pulled and struck and we pulled and struck, and it was very fierce, with much noise and shouting. And after a long time we had to go down that hill again, but we took the Austrian flag with us, though it was torn into little strips and rags. And we said to each other, 'We are driven back again, but we have killed very many and we have this flag.'

"I think that perhaps it was about two o'clock when we charged for the King, but in such fighting you do not know of time. It is only that sometimes, when you are gasping and resting, you look up, if there is not too much smoke, and you see if the sun is high or low.

"It was after this that we thought the battle was lost. We had so often run up that hill and fought the Austrians, and always we had been driven back, for always the Austrians would come against us in greater numbers. So we thought the battle was lost.

"Then we heard great firing again on our right, and we knew that the French were still fighting, and so we thought we must go on and fight too.

"Sometimes we charged against artillery, and it was very hard, for those Austrians they fired the cannon till we came close, close, and men fell all around me.

"Once when we rushed over the big guns and killed the men who still fought with us, we turned the guns to fire on the Austrians as they flew away, but they had driven bits of steel into the touch-holes, and so we could not fire them. They were of a courage, those Austrians.

"Only once in all that battle did I think much of what I saw or heard, and that was when there was the so terrible screaming of a captain who had his foot shot off. He twisted and turned as he cried out, he, and it was a very bad sound. But it is just as it chances. I saw many men who were hurt worse than that captain, and many who were blown into little bits, but I did not trouble about them. It is just if it chances so.

"And it is not often that the wounded men try to trouble you while you are fighting. If they cry out, it is to say: 'Get at those Austrians!' '*Viva Italia!*' 'On, on!' or words like that. It is when the fighting is over that they cry so sad.

"It is very often that a man does not know that he is hurt. I remember that once there was a man near me with a great hole in his forehead, but he ran right on with us with his bayonet, and I thought, 'He will fall dead.' But after that I saw him no more, for there was always the fighting.

"Myself, I was wounded, but it was a little wound, and it did not stop me. It was a bayonet stroke, and—yes, I will tell you, though you may not think me a hero for it.

"For the stroke came not from the enemy, but from one of my own regiment, running behind me, and he shouted in my ear, 'Let us kill those Austrians!' And he was very excited, he, as he ran, and so it was that the point of his bayonet ran into me. In all of that great fighting I had no other wound than that so little one.

"Most of the time we could not hear our officers, for the noise was very great, but we were trained to know that the drums and the cornets sounded our orders; and when they sounded for a charge we were always glad and fierce, for it made a courage in us, so that we would run harder at the enemy.

"Again we got together on that lower ground, regiments and regiments of us. Yes; there were still very many of us. We looked at the hill and we looked at each other, and all along our lines ran the cry of '*Alla riscossa!*' Yes; we wanted to attack once more and have revenge. '*Alla riscossa!*' we cried. And again we ran at that hill and fought.

"I do not know how time passed. You cannot think of time. You can only think that still there is light enough to see those Austrians.

"It began to grow dark: a terrible

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dark. I thought night had come, for there was a great blackness, and it was a terrible blackness. But it was not night. It was still the afternoon. It was a storm, and never have I seen such a storm.

"The blackness and the wind and the so drenching rain— Ah!

"We were fighting, close fighting, when the great blackness and the wind and the rain came upon us, and we still fought, for we were very angry and fierce, and the Austrians they were very angry and fierce.

"The storm and the blackness, they made of us a great mixing. Yes; it was a very great tangling, for all lines were lost, and I know that sometimes Austrians struck at Austrians, and sometimes Italians struck at Italians, for we were in a very great mixing, and very fierce in the blackness of that storm.

"That storm, it helped us very much, for the great wind was at our backs and it drove with the rain right into the faces of our enemies, and it much confused and troubled them. Perhaps we would not have won had not that storm come and helped us, for the Austrians were very brave, and there were so many of them.

"It was a terrible fighting, a terrible stabbing, in that darkness.

"At last they gave way before us and went off, very slow and angry, and after that they no more took that hill from us.

"It was many prisoners that we took there, and one that I took was a gunner by his cannon. And afterwards he said: 'You have saved my life. I am glad to be a prisoner.'

"So for a time the noise of the battle ceased, and we listened and could not hear the *boom! boom! boom!* from where we knew the French and their Emperor had been fighting. So we said to each other: 'It is well. We have won a great battle here, and the French too have won.' For the French were very quick soldiers, eager to make charge and to fight; and when there was silence there we knew it was because they too had won.

"Early in the morning we had seen a balloon, high up, and we had said, 'The French are wise; they are high up there, spying out where it is best to make their attack.'

"Afterwards, it was told among the soldiers that the Emperor of Austria, when he saw that his army was beaten, flew away very fast on his horse, riding right over his dead. I do not know. I did not see him. And there are many things that you hear around your camp fires, and it is not always that they are so.

"We still stood on guard, though night had now come, and it was dark with a great blackness from night and clouds.

"It was well that we stood on guard and that our officers were wise, for out of the blackness there came another charge against us with many men. There were flashes from guns from a long, long line, and then those Austrians were upon us, and no man could think of anything but the enemy right in front of him.

"But this time they were not to send us down that hill. We fought them, very fierce, and they went away, and the battle was ended.

"We were told to lie down and sleep. So we lay down where we were, among the dead and the wounded, among the Italians and the Austrians.

"And we slept. Yes; we were tired; for we had fought hard for all that long, long day, and on that hill that at last we had gained we slept, and we gave no heed to the dead men or the wounded.

"The wounded, they made very great cries, and there were men sent to go among them with lights. Some were surgeons and some were men to carry them to the field hospitals. But the most of us, we lay there and slept, and we were very tired, and we knew that with the morning there might be another fight.

"No; the dead and the wounded they did not trouble us, for a soldier must not think of such things, and so we slept on the ground among them.

"We were cold, and we shivered, for although it was June there was a chill wind from the mountains, following the great storm, and the ground was soggy with rain, and every man was very, very wet, and those who could get bunches of straw or hay were very glad.

"As morning came, and the music sounded, I woke with a sudden fear, for right above me was the arm of an Aus-

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trian, raised to strike me. I jumped up quick. But it was only a dead man, and it was that way that he had died, while his arm was raised to strike, and his face it was still very fierce, and I had rolled under his arm as I slept.

"We were called together by the cornets and the drums and were formed in lines. And I looked at my bayonet and saw that it was covered with blood.

"Brigades and regiments, they were all in a mixing, and many men they did not know where their officers were or their comrades, but music was played all over the battle-ground—drums and cornets and the bands of the regiments—partly for the victory and partly to get the men together. And the officers were very sharp and quick, and it was not long before we were all orderliness.

"Very many men of my regiment were killed. Yes; we had suffered much. But that is part of a soldier's duty. He shoots and he kills, and perhaps while he is thinking only of that he is himself shot and killed. *Ecco!* A man must die.

"We marched from the hill into that village of San Martino. We broke ranks, and we went into houses, and in many rooms there was much blood, and some said, 'They killed Italians here,' but others said, 'No; it is the blood from their wounded.' And there were many dead men there. And in corners, hiding away, were wounded who could only crawl, for they feared we would kill them.

"There was no food in the houses, but we went into the cellars. We went into the cellars, for we knew that it was in the cellars that the pleasant peasants of that pleasant land kept their wine, in casks and in great bottles.

"But there was no wine. No! Of the good wine there was nothing. For the Austrians!—they had drunk all they could before flying away, and then they had broken the casks and the great bottles, and the good, good wine it was lost."

Slumber Song

BY RHODA HERO DUNN

SLEEP, little son: the light fades in the west;
The robin drowses on his downy nest;
The bee, his store of golden honey made,
Drones sleepy, and in the soothing shade
Of dim sweet lily-cups lies down to rest.

You wore a cap gay as the robin's breast;
You were as busy as the lily's guest;
So now while they are in their cradles swayed
Sleep, little Son.

Sleep, little Son! Sweet lily petals pressed
About still wings for sleepy bees are best.
For sleepy birds a shady nested glade.
But sleepy little ones to sleep are laid
In mother's arms, where songs soft sleep suggest.
Sleep, little Son.

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"It was Spring Freshet Time"

The Truth about Alpheus

BY GRACE JOY WHITE

SOMETIMES I have thought it dull being a minister's wife, but that was before we moved to Willowboro and I knew Parmelia Wetherby and Henrietta Harlow. Willowboro was not so bad itself—as a study. It did not grow so fast but that a newcomer could catch up with everything which had been done in the past, and then go right on with the town's current events as if she were a native. Her first lesson, however, was to remember that she was not a native, never had been a native, never could hope to be. And while she might be allowed to proclaim Willowboro as her home to outsiders, and even have her letters sent there, she must never expect a real Willowborean to think of her as other than a newcomer.

With a minister's family it was a little bit different. Owing probably to the prevailing belief in regard to prophets and their own country, no son of Willowboro ever occupied a home pulpit, and no daughter of the town ever became president of the Ladies' Circle—a task which is given to ministers' wives, I suppose, to prove that we are really sharers of our husbands' burdens. As a result, while we as a class came from abroad, we came because we had been imported, and it gave us a very pleasant social position. If I tried to define it I should say that we were honorary newcomers.

It was in this light that I was first looked upon by Miss Parmelia Wetherby.

She sat in a high-backed wooden rocker that had been in the family for generations, I suppose, and listened to everything I had to say. I was beginning to fear that I had not met with approval in Miss Parmelia's eyes, when, after a little pause, she took the reins of conversation into her own hands and drove quite briskly along.

"I suppose you're going to call on Henrietta Harlow?" she asked.

I responded that I was, glancing involuntarily at the nearest side of the double house next door.

"She's in," volunteered Miss Wetherby, looking in the same direction. "She won't be going out to-day, either, for she ripped the braid off her black skirt this

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morning and had it out on the line till 'most noon. She's not a fast sewer, and she just sat down as you came in, so it won't be done before pretty late.—I'm sorry for Henrietta."

"Why?" I asked, interestedly. I could see by Miss Parmelia's face that I had said the right thing.

"Well, I suppose you know she belongs to one of the best families in Willowboro, but, poor thing, I don't see how she gets along."

Rumor had said to me almost exactly the same thing of Miss Parmelia. I swallowed once and then tried to look unconscious of Miss Parmelia's affairs and concerned about Miss Henrietta's all at the same time.

"They say," proceeded my hostess, "that she lived on a mahogany bureau for a whole winter."

"Lived on a bureau!" I exclaimed, somewhat surprised.

"Lived on the price," corrected Miss Parmelia, crisply. "She found a distant cousin somewhere in the west part of the State and got on his conscience, so I guess he paid full as much as it was worth. Still, I don't grudge it, poor thing, for she's the last of her line."

For a moment I forgot that Miss Parmelia never accepted sympathy.

"That must be a bond between you," I began, and then added a little lamely, "both being the last of notable families."

Miss Parmelia looked at me somewhat narrowly, but I had prepared my face for scrutiny.

"Hum-m-m," she murmured, but my unconsciousness disarmed her, and she took me back into her confidence.

"Henrietta and I have had a difficulty. We haven't spoken for two years."

"Oh, my dear Miss Wetherby," I said, "how regrettable!"

"I know," she responded, her handkerchief raised to her lips. "Poor Henrietta! Perhaps it is indelicate in me to mention the matter."

She spoke regretfully. I hesitated—as a minister's wife must—and then her face brightened perceptibly.

"Perhaps you can advise me," she suggested.

"Perhaps I can," I acquiesced. We were relieved, both of us, when the strain of that moment's hesitation was over.

"To begin with," said Miss Parmelia, "I suppose you know how Hezekiah Harlow did away with Alpheus Wetherby?"

"Did away with—" I exclaimed in amazement. I was really shocked for the moment.

"That's what I should call it," replied Miss Parmelia, grimly. "The two young men were the best of friends for years, and then they had a money trouble. I know for certain that Hezekiah came once to the house and pressed Alpheus for the sum he said was due him, and *that very night* Alpheus was drowned."

Miss Parmelia sat back to see the effect of her statement on me. As I look back I think she must have been satisfied.

"Did they prove that this—Mr. Hezekiah did it?" I asked, eagerly.

"Prove?" almost snapped Miss Wetherby in her turn. "It doesn't need any proof but common sense. Hezekiah hounded him just as I said. He came to the house and asked him for the money. In the morning they found Alpheus, and part of the bridge, washed down to the lower meadows; for it was spring freshet time. There's always a lot of talk about such things. Some folks contended that Alpheus crossed the bridge so's to get on the other side of the river, but I know better. It was extremely odd to have a man on the bridge at the very moment when it was going to be swept away. I've always said publicly, and I always shall, that Hezekiah killed Alpheus just as sure as could be."

I overlooked what might seem illogical in her argument, and even the fact that it had more presentable sides than one. I repressed, too, an insistent desire to laugh now that I knew no real murder had been done.

"All this must be very painful to you," I murmured sympathetically.

"Well, it is," she corroborated, raising her handkerchief to the region of her eyes. "Henrietta will talk so much about it."

"But I meant particularly the death of Mr. Alpheus," I said.

"That was never counted against the family," Miss Parmelia replied in chastened tones. "He probably would have preferred to die respectably in his bed if he had had his say."

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"I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW HOW HEZEKIAH HARLOW DID AWAY WITH ALPHEUS WETHERBY?"

"Of course," I murmured. I was finding it difficult to have my sympathies understood. I made one more attempt.

"I am very sorry for your loss, Miss Wetherby," I added, and I gave what I considered a delicately significant look at her severely black dress.

She dropped her handkerchief, stopped rocking, and sat stiffly upright.

"You didn't think I was mourning for Alpheus, did you?" Her question was positively perpendicular with incredulity.

I murmured a few incoherent sounds. I was utterly unprepared to commit myself, not knowing what astonishing facts might still be in store for me. Miss Parmelia, however, went on rocking and talking.

"I am the last one to wish to lead you astray. Poor Alpheus's calamity was not a matter of yesterday. One might say it was a thing of the past, for he went to his death in 1762."

The desire to laugh which had welled within me rippled almost to my lips. Where but in Willowboro were the quarrels of 1762 alive in 1907? I tried to conceal my state of mind, but it seemed from her next speech almost as if Miss Parmelia guessed it.

"Of course I might have forgotten the matter—those things do fade from remembrance in time—only for what Henrietta said."

This opened another interesting possibility, and I did not have to ask to be enlightened.

"You may like to know that Henrietta and I had always been friends. She was easy-going. Too much so for her own good, I thought, so I never lost a chance to remind her of what her great-uncle Hezekiah did to my great-uncle Alpheus, just to show her she couldn't sit down and rest too much on her family laurels. One day about two

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years ago we were at a gathering, and because the water was very high in the river the conversation got around to the time the bridge was carried away. Henrietta was just as smiling as if it didn't concern her. I wouldn't have said a word to hurt her feelings before people, but maybe she thought I would, for I began, 'That was the time my uncle Alpheus lost his life by reason of'—and I hadn't got any further before Henrietta was up on her feet. Her face was red, and she spoke right up: 'If your uncle Alpheus had paid my uncle Hezekiah what he owed him before he went sailing off on that bridge, maybe I wouldn't be having to support myself now by selling all my family relics.' Now what had I done that Henrietta should fly out at me like that?"

The troubled lines of injured virtue wrinkled all over Miss Parmelia's face. I knew the answer to her question, anybody would have known it, but I knew, too, that I could not make her believe it.

"How regrettable!" I exclaimed, referring to the whole situation. I was immediately conscious that I had said it once before, but the occasion was exhausting to one's stock of exclamations.

There was a pause. The climax of the call seemed to have come and passed.

"I suppose you are still going to see Henrietta?" Miss Parmelia asked after a moment. I welcomed the suggestion. It seemed an opportune moment in which to do my going.

"Oh yes," I replied, rising. "A minister's wife must—"

"Oh, I understand," Miss Parmelia broke in. "I wouldn't seek to deprive Henrietta of any comfort. I was just going to tell you to find out, if you could without asking, if Henrietta sold her floor candlestick to the County Historical Society."

The little square parlor of the next double house was very like the one I had just left. Miss Henrietta had dropped her sewing on my arrival, and, without talking herself, had encouraged my figurative excursions into matters Willowborean. But for a slight difference in the personal appearance of my hostess, I decided I might have been making the same call over again. At last it came Miss Henrietta's turn with the subject of conversation.

"You made quite a call at Parmelia Wetherby's," she began.

I had a guilty feeling concerning the subject of our conversation, but I said, "Yes," with quite creditable assurance.

It seemed, however, that Miss Harlow's mind was busy in the pursuit of other matters.

"Did she happen to mention," Miss Harlow inquired delicately, "what she got for her lustre tea set this morning?"

I wondered how two women who had not spoken for two years could learn so much about each other's affairs.

"I didn't know she had sold it," I said, really apologetically.

"Well, she did," Miss Harlow replied. "I saw Mrs. Anthony of Drewsville going into her house this morning, and after she had gone Parmelia took down the whole set and washed it and packed it, and this afternoon the expressman called and took the box. If she'd been sending it to a loan exhibition she'd have let them do their own washing."

The last remark was thrown in not so much as an effort at criticism as a desire to offer the conclusive proofs of her reasoning.

"I don't know Mrs. Anthony," I remarked, mostly because I did not know what else to say.

"Well, I do," responded Miss Harlow. "She's the Regent of the Barzillai Spear Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution over at Drewsville. I had a set-to with her once."

"Indeed?" I queried, politely; but Miss Harlow needed no encouragement.

"I heard a knock at the door one day, and there she stood. 'How do you do?' said she. 'How do you do?' said I, not knowing who she was. 'I'm the Regent of the Barzillai Spear Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Drewsville,' she said. 'All right,' I said; 'come in.'"

Miss Harlow cleared her throat before she went on.

"She came in and sat down, and after a little talk she said that she wanted, while she was Regent, to make a little personal present to her Chapter, and she had heard that I owned Barzillai Spear's teapot. I said I had a Spear teapot—

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"NOW WHAT HAD I DONE THAT HENRIETTA SHOULD FLY OUT AT ME LIKE THAT?"

a pewter one—but I didn't know if it had ever belonged to Barzillai. Then she leaned forward and said it would be worth five dollars more to me if I could assure her it was Barzillai's. I looked at her a moment, and then I just said: 'Well, I can't assure you. Not being born in Revolutionary times, I wasn't in Barzillai's confidence.' She took the teapot, anyway, and when she came to go she asked if I knew anybody else in Willowboro who had relics. 'You might try Parmelia Wetherby,' I said; and then after she had gone down the path a ways I thought of something, and I called out, 'She's got more imagination than I have, anyway.' Maybe that was a mean thing to say, but I thought of it and spoke it right out, because I've had a difference with Parmelia."

The shrewd tone had vanished out of Miss Henrietta's voice. Her last words sounded wilted.

"I am very sorry to hear it," I responded, and I meant it.

"Oh, you've heard it before," she rejoined quickly. "Nobody could call so long on Parmelia as you did and not hear the particulars."

I had no time for acquiescence or denial.

"I don't know as I blame Parmelia," she went on. "She has a hard time, and I'm sorry for her. I suppose you know that she is selling off her family things, the same as I have been, but I hear her stock is getting very low."

"I'm sorry you have — er — er — disagreed," I put in, hastily. I had almost forgotten to answer, I was so busily occupied trying to find in Miss Henrietta the quality which Miss Parmelia called "easy-going."

"Maybe," she responded; "but if you sat 'round as I did while she talked about her martyred uncle and looked at *you*, I guess you wouldn't have stood it."

"Probably not," I agreed.

"I never spoke out but once," she continued; "but when I did I gave Willow-

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boro something to talk about for six months. She never saw Alpheus Wetherby, and I never saw my great-uncle Hezekiah, and I don't feel in any way responsible for Alpheus's death. I've always felt comfortable in the matter, but I was driven to stating my mind."

I nodded my head, and began gathering up my wraps.

"I hope you're not put out by my plain speaking," Miss Harlow said.

"Not at all," I replied, cordially.

"It would be only natural if you took sides." A look of complacency spread over her face.

"I suppose," she remarked, smoothing her apron in a way which gave her the aspect of trying not to give herself airs, —"I suppose more people in Willowboro have had disagreements over this question than any other, but I have always seen the truth plainly. No Harlow was in any way to blame."

Through the days that followed I heard enough versions of the Wetherby-Harlow case to have made a comic opera. Not that Willowboro treated it as such; it was regarded more as one of the town's labelled exhibits in the Historical Rooms.

I had begun to feel that if it was a riddle I should never know the answer, when one morning I had occasion to go down Willowboro Side Street, and I saw Miss Parmelia standing in her door, talking with a slender young man. I thought at first—for I was getting into Willowboro ways—that she must be driving an advantageous bargain in relics. Then I saw the young man had a notebook in his hand, and I judged him to be the census-taker. I was inwardly chuckling over the possibilities of a conversation between Miss Parmelia and a census-taker, and I was utterly unprepared to be called up on to the stoop by Miss Wetherby herself.

"This young man has called to see me on business," she began; but before she could continue he had addressed me, politely taking off his hat.

"I represent the *Sunday Screech*," he said, as though by rote. "I am at present engaged in writing a series of articles on 'The Tragedies and Mysteries of the River John.' I have called to see Miss Wetherby to ascertain, if possible, her personal views and any little reminiscences she may have concerning the drowning of Alpheus Wetherby some hundred and forty years ago."

"Hundred and forty-five," corrected Miss Wetherby, sharply.

"Ah!" said the man, writing a line in his notebook, "you are beginning to recall."

"I don't know anything more," she responded, flatly.

I looked up astonished. In passing, my eye caught a glimpse of Miss Harlow peering through the curtains of the house next door. Evidently she was failing to understand the meaning of the group at her neighbor's door, just as I was failing to understand Miss Parmelia's remark which she was repeating.

"I don't know anything more," she reiterated, "and I called up the minister's wife here to bear me out."

The reporter turned to me ingratiatingly.

"Do you suppose Miss Wetherby has a picture of Alpheus she would be willing to have used?"

I was quite dumb, because I had no chance to speak.

"No, I have not," Miss Parmelia replied for herself, decidedly.

I wondered what had become of the silhouette I had seen which purported to be the likeness of Alpheus Wetherby about the time of his death, and while I wondered I caught sight of Miss Harlow again. She was gazing at us quite openly, the weight of the unsolved puzzle wrinkling her brow. Suddenly it flashed into my mind that Miss Parmelia was making a tardy reparation to her neighbor. My course was plain before me. I turned to the reporter.

"I am sure you will believe what Miss Parmelia has said," I began; "there is nothing worth repeating beyond the bare fact of a young man being incautious in crossing a bridge at flood time and losing his life."

"I had heard that much before," said the young man, "but it seemed as if there might be a story behind it. It sounded as if it had possibilities."

"I know," I responded, but Miss Parmelia had been too long out of the conversation.

"My family has never been written

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up, except in the genealogical column of the *Evening Murmur*," she began, and then suddenly looked straight at the reporter with a change of thought transforming her face.

"You seem a willing young man," she said. "If I were you I'd leave the *Screech*. I never saw it, but I've heard about it. You ought to write for the *Murmur*. Everybody in Willowboro reads the *Evening Murmur*."

The young man bowed himself off the steps under the benign penetration of her gaze. I believe he said something in an undertone about working where he could, but I was forced to turn my attention to Miss Parmelia.

"I'm glad you came along," she said quite cordially, and then moderated her statement. "I think anybody wants another human being around when they're talking with a reporter. I hope I didn't detain you too long, the morning's always so busy."

"Not at all," I replied, going down the steps. No one ever was in any doubt when she was dismissed by Miss Parmelia.

As I passed the house next door a voice greeted me from the little square entry.

"Good morning," called Miss Harlow, busily wrapping a worsted shawl around her shoulders; "how is your husband's cough this morning?"

"Much better," I replied, wondering when he had had one. Words made very little difference, we both knew why she was coming down the walk.

"Did you find out who that was at Parmelia's?" she questioned eagerly as soon as she was near enough to speak softly.

"A reporter," I replied,—"a reporter from the *Screech*."

"A reporter? What was he doing in Willowboro?" she demanded, "and for that awful paper!"

"He came," I said very distinctly, "to learn the true story of Alpheus Wetherby."

"Good land!" ejaculated Miss Henrietta. "What did Parmelia say?"

"She said," I responded, carefully,



I JUDGED HIM TO BE THE CENSUS-TAKER

"that she didn't know anything about it. She let me say that it was nothing but the case of an incautious young man going on to a dangerous bridge."

Just at that moment Miss Parmelia appeared at her door. I would not go so far as to say that she had no errand there, for she waved a clean duster in the air once or twice, and then turned to go in. Miss Henrietta saw her when I did, and started toward her. Naturally I followed.

"Parmelia," Miss Harlow called. "Parmelia."

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Miss Wetherby faced around. Her uplifted brow pretended surprise at being accosted.

"Parmelia," Miss Harlow was saying again, "the minister's wife has just told me what you've done. It moved me to come right over and say I was sorry I had been so outspoken to you."

Miss Parmelia listened with dignity.

"I will forgive you, Henrietta," she responded with the formality she deemed necessary to such an occasion, "but it is hard enough to have a tragedy in the family without being reminded of it in public."

"I know," put in Miss Henrietta, eagerly; "I'm glad we never had one in ours."

Miss Parmelia looked at her very narrowly, opened her mouth to speak, shut it, and then opened it again.

"Besides," she said, "I knew that neither you nor I nor Willowboro would want to come out in big letters in the *Screech*. I don't see why folks want to rake over that affair, anyway."

"Neither do I," rejoined Miss Henrietta, smiling. She had presumed to pull the small cape Miss Parmelia wore so that it offered better protection to its wearer. "Neither do I," she repeated, "when it has, as you may say, just blown over."

The Little World

BY MARY EASTWOOD KNEVELS

IN the green cup of the hills
Who so warm, so safe as I?
For my walls the heather blows,
And my roof tree is the sky.
In the green cup of the hills
What's the thought my fancy fills?

Overhead the sailing clouds
Pass upon their way intent,
In their sculptured shapes I see
Ocean, isle, and continent.
Though they move the whole sky through
They shall gather nothing new.

And if I should wander on
Over all the world that's known,
Would this thing be true of me
That's upon the cloud's face shown?
Though I ventured far and near
I should be the same as here.

Though I looked above, beyond,
Only blue would shut me in,
Though I questioned day and night,
There's no answer I could win.
The world a space no larger fills
Than my green cup in the hills.

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The Story of a Street

IV.—WALL STREET UNDER THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

WITH the last exultant echo of Evacuation day Wall Street relapsed into the lethargy which had long pervaded the entire community. Many American cities had endured grievous hardships during the war; a few had been pillaged and partially burned; more than one had been practically obliterated; but for seven years New York had been remorselessly exploited to the point of exhaustion. Indeed, the city which the British abandoned in the fall of 1783 bore very little resemblance to the social and commercial centre they had wrested from Washington in the first year of the Revolution. Much of it was in an indescribable state of dilapidation and decay, part of it was in absolute ruins, and all of it was fairly reeking with dirt. In fact, the whole aspect of the place, with its empty houses and vacant streets patrolled by herds of prowling hogs, suggested a deserted village, and this is what it had virtually become. Of the twenty-five thousand inhabitants it had boasted in 1776 not more than twelve thousand remained at the end of the war, and those were by no means the flower of the population. Many of the best people had taken refuge in their country houses at the very first sign of trouble; all the patriots of ability and character had retired with Washington's retreating forces; most of the influential loyalists had anticipated the withdrawal of the royal troops, and between these various emigrations New York had lost all its leading citizens, many of whom had gone never to return. Certainly the remaining residents did not display any extraordinary energy or public spirit after the army of occupation departed, and for some months the wasted city made no effort to revive its commerce or set its dismantled house in order.

By February, 1784, however, a number of familiar faces began to reappear, and early in that month a small group of forceful men gathered in John Simmons' tavern, a little wooden building lying at the northwest corner of Wall and Nassau streets, to install James Duane as first American Mayor of New York. In view of the impoverished condition of the community this public-spirited citizen had requested that the inauguration ceremonies should be conducted without expense or display; but why Simmons' tavern should have been selected for such an occasion is not altogether certain. It is probable, however, that the City Hall, which had served for so many years as a prison, was not yet fit for civic duty, and that the inn was the nearest available meeting-place; but it may well be that the popularity of its proprietor deprived the Merchants' Coffee House of adding this event to its long list of historic honors, for John Simmons was something of a local celebrity.* Indeed, the fat, good-natured countenance of this rotund Boniface was for many years one of the familiar sights of Wall Street, over which he used to preside, squatting on his doorstep and exchanging salutations with all the passers-by, and the story that part of his tavern had to be torn down to remove his ponderous body when he died is a well authenticated tradition of the times.

James Duane, who was thus unceremoniously invested with the chief magistracy, was a man of wealth and refinement, whose long and efficient public service thoroughly qualified him for his task; and the other officials who were sworn in as his associates were energetic

* Washington attended a banquet at Simmons' Tavern on the evening of Evacuation day.

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citizens whose achievements were already upon record. Marinus Willett, who became Sheriff, was the Revolutionary hero who had halted the British troops in Broad Street at the beginning of the war and prevented them from appropriating the arms of the local garrison. Richard Varick, who was appointed Recorder, had been one of Washington's junior secretaries, and had also served under General Schuyler; and Daniel Phoenix, who undertook the office of Chamberlain, was a merchant whose services as a member of the Sons of Liberty and the Committee of One Hundred entitled him to a high place in the public confidence. In fact the task of establishing order out of chaos could scarcely have been placed in stronger hands, and the whole town assumed a more cheerful air as soon as the new government entered upon the performance of its arduous duties.

Business was, of course, practically dead, but the Chamber of Commerce had been keeping up a flicker of life with its meetings at the Merchants' Coffee House, and on April 13, 1784, it was duly incorporated by the New York Legislature, and immediately began systematic work for a revival of trade. There was one field of activity in the prostrate city, however, which needed no encouragement, and that was litigation. Throughout the city the ownership of property was in serious dispute, and what with the conflicting colonial and State laws and the various confiscations, restorations, seizures, and claims under cover of military authority, no one knew what his rights or liabilities were, and confusion reigned supreme. Moreover, in the face of these legal tangles and complications all the Tory advocates had been disbarred, and for once at least in the history of New York the supply of lawyers did not equal the demand.

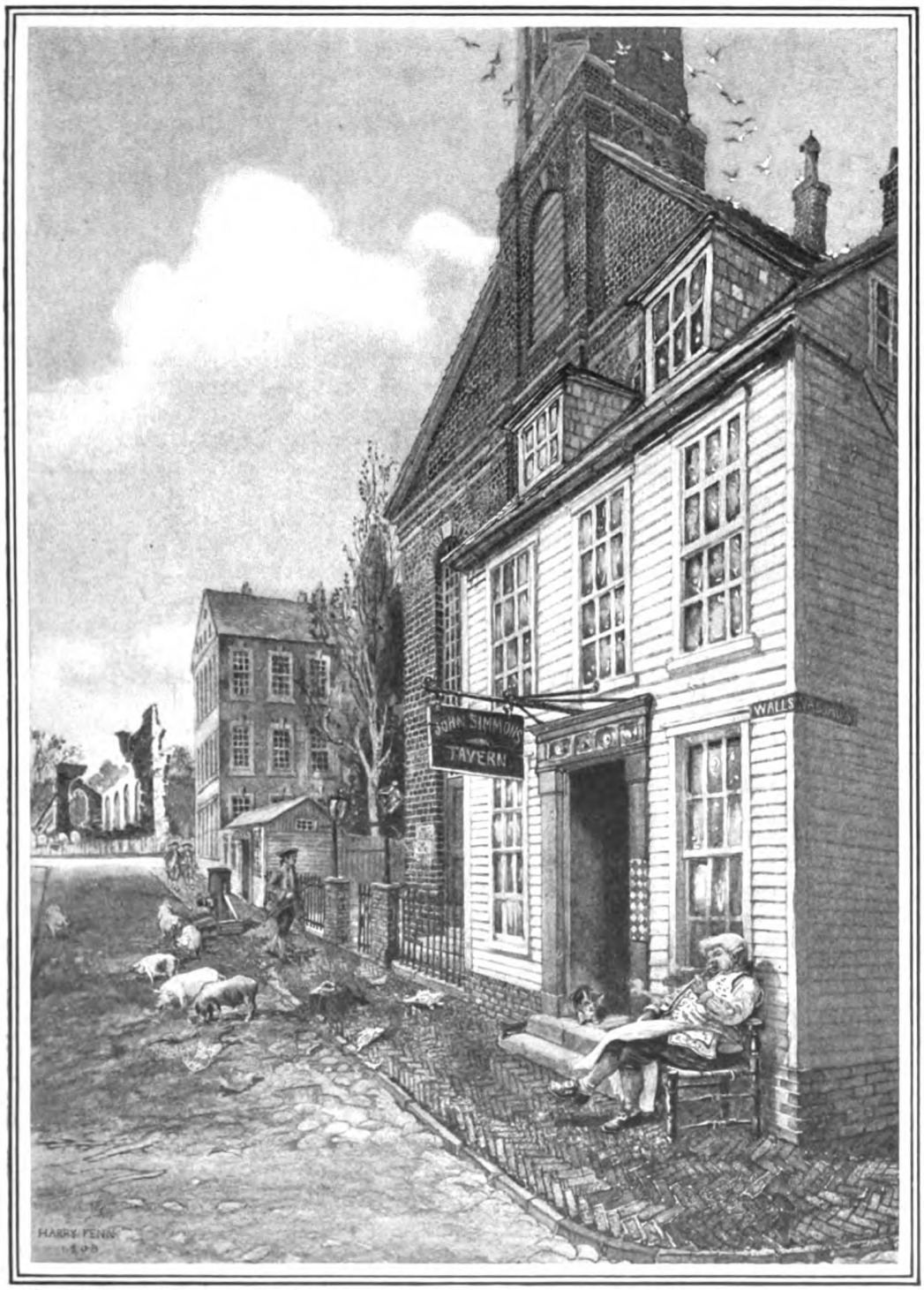
Into this land of promise two newly fledged lawyers hurried in the winter of 1783, and among the first shingles displayed on Wall Street was that of Alexander Hamilton, while almost around the corner Aaron Burr began his brilliant and eventful professional career.* Had the latter been less resourceful and energetic, however, he would not have been numbered among the earliest arrivals, for the rules governing admission to the bar were strict, and he had served less than one of the required three years' legal apprenticeship. But no such obstacle could daunt a man of Burr's calibre, and he straightway journeyed to Albany and presented his case before the court in person. He could have completed his apprenticeship years ago, he argued, had he not been employed in the service of the army, and no rule could be intended to injure one whose only misfortune was having sacrificed his time, his constitution, and his fortune to his country. This appeal naturally won the court, and the rules having been suspended, the candidate easily passed the required examination and hastened to New York, where he speedily acquired an enormous practice. Indeed, for a time Burr and Hamilton had few rivals in the field, but in July, 1784, John Jay* returned from a successful mission to Europe, and with his advent, which was marked by a public reception in Wall Street and the presentation of the freedom of the city, a formidable competitor for legal honors was added to the rapidly growing list. But although the roll of the bar soon included over forty practising attorneys, Hamilton and Burr virtually had the pick and choice of business, and the judgment displayed by each man in exercising his preference was exceedingly characteristic, for Burr never took a case unless he felt sure of winning it, and Hamilton would advocate any cause in which he thoroughly believed. In fact, he had not been long in practice before he risked his popularity and even imperilled his life by defending a rich Tory sued by a poor woman under the terms of the Trespass Act.† This law had been passed for the express purpose of penalizing loyalists, and no better opportunity for aiding a needy citizen at the expense of the common enemy had yet occurred. Under such circumstances the defence was not only a forlorn hope, but a most ungrateful task. Yet Hamilton boldly attacked the law, declaring that it violated the provisions of the treaty of

* Hamilton's office was at No. 58 (now 33) Wall Street. Burr's was at No. 10 Little Queen (Cedar) Street.

* Jay's office was at No. 8 Broad Street.

† This case was known as Rutgers *vs.* Waddington.

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Drawn by Harry Fenn

WALL STREET IN 1784

Based on records and prints in Lenox Library and New York Historical Society In foreground is the tavern at corner of Wall and Nassau streets; adjoining it the dismantled Presbyterian Church; at the intersection of Broadway the ruins of Trinity are indicated

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peace guaranteeing protection to the Tories in the enjoyment of their property rights, and so ably did he present his case that he carried the day in spite of popular clamor. This notable legal triumph was achieved in the Mayor's Court, which was then held in a small building at the southwest corner of Wall and Broad streets, and here many of New York's most famous lawyers received their preliminary training. The men with whom Wall Street thus became acquainted, besides Burr, Jay, and Hamilton, were James Kent, Brockholst Livingston, Morgan Lewis, Robert Troup, Egbert Benson, Abraham de Peyster, Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and John Lawrence, some of whom were destined to become jurists of international fame, and many of them were soon engaged in re-establishing credit and promoting plans for civic betterment. Early in 1784 the Bank of New York was organized under Hamilton's guidance at the Merchants' Coffee House,* and that same historic building had the honor of witnessing the first practical movement against slavery; for there, close to the site of the old slave-market, were held the early meetings of the Society for the Manumission of Slaves, of which Jay subsequently became the president.

Meanwhile Wall Street had been gradually clearing away its seven years' accumulation of dirt and wreckage, and by June, 1784, the Presbyterian Church, which had been practically dismantled in transforming it into an army hospital, was sufficiently repaired to welcome its returning congregation. No immediate effort was made, however, to rebuild Trinity, and for some years its melancholy ruins stared down a sadly dilapidated highway. Of course the houses which had once been its pride were still standing, but they had been roughly handled, and their owners could not afford to put them in proper condition; so the street remained shabby and neglected, and such was its condition when the Continental Congress announced its intention of making its headquarters in New York. Here was a great opportunity for the struggling city, for the presence of Congress, impotent as that body had become, undoubtedly enhanced its importance and prestige, but the civic authorities were ill prepared to take advantage of the opportunity. Indeed, there were no suitable accommodations available for the visiting legislators, and the City Hall, which was finally placed at their disposal, was not much more than habitable. Nevertheless, the municipality offered the best it had, surrendering virtually the whole of the renovated City Hall and removing its own officials and records to the building on the southwest corner of Wall and Broad streets, which housed the Mayor's Court. Thus in 1785 all the representatives of the national as well as the municipal and State authority were concentrated in Wall Street,* and here daily congregated such men as John Hancock, Rufus King, Nathan Dane, Charles Pinckney, Richard Henry Lee, James Monroe, James Madison, and other distinguished statesmen of national repute, who with the lawyers and city officials in the building on the opposite corner constituted the Wall Street men of their day.

The presence of the Continental Congress and the steady influx of visitors soon brought about a sharp demand for accommodations in the residence section of the city, and while the price of almost everything else was falling, rents in Wall Street rose so that it was impossible to obtain even a very modest dwelling for less than £70 and taxes—an exorbitant figure in those days,—and this naturally affected the price of land. Not many sales occurred, however, for in 1786 the street experienced what was probably its first financial panic, and such was the stringency in the money market that cash practically disappeared from circulation. Indeed, credit throughout the whole country was almost suspended, and the conflicting laws of the various States discouraged business enterprise and threatened the complete extinction of trade.

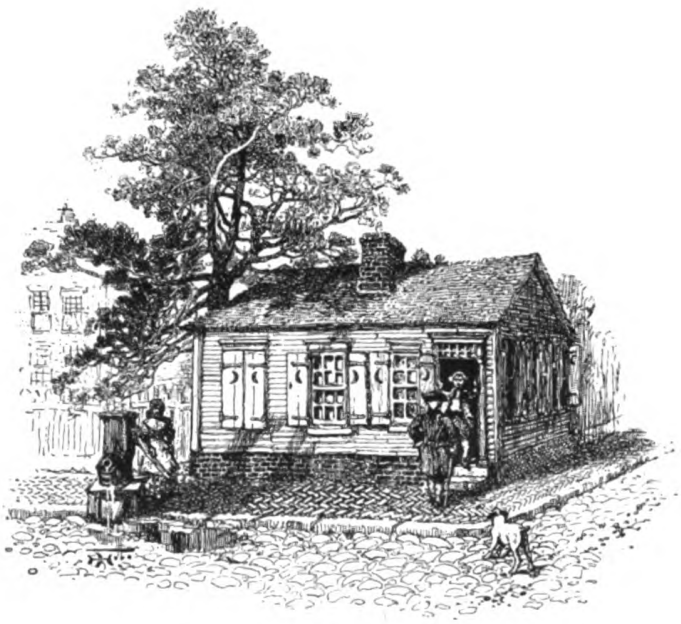
* The bank was first housed in the Walton Mansion, 156 Queen (Pearl) Street; later at 11 Hanover Square, and later still at No. 48 Wall Street.

* Here on July 13, 1787, was passed the famous ordinance which dedicated the great Northwest to freedom, and virtually determined the slavery struggle which was even then beginning.

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Such was the situation when the great struggle began for the formation of a permanent national government, and into this contest Hamilton plunged with the ardor of an enthusiast and all the unselfishness of a true patriot. There was much in the proposed Constitution which he did not approve, and his splendid legal practice could not be neglected without great personal sacrifice; but from the fall of 1786 to the summer of 1788 he worked unremittingly with voice and pen for the cause of the Union, and it was during this critical period that he wrote and published the famous Federalist papers which so profoundly affected the result. No less than sixty-three of those eighty-five brilliant essays were written by Hamilton in his office, No. 33 (then 58) Wall Street, and had the highway no other claim to historic interest its association with that epoch-making achievement would suffice to assure it national fame. Despite the stupendous efforts of the Federal leaders, however, and the strong support of almost the entire city, there seemed very little chance that the State of New York would ratify the Constitution, for the country districts were bitterly opposed to its adoption, and their representatives commanded a majority of the votes. Nevertheless, Hamilton continued to fight with unabated courage, and on the 26th of July, 1788, he succeeded in turning the hostile majority into a minority by a narrow margin of three votes, and returned triumphant to the city, where great crowds gathered in Wall Street and welcomed him with cheers, while all the bells in town were rung and a salute of eleven guns was fired in his honor.

Four weeks after this momentous victory Wall Street was alive with workmen removing the blackened ruins of Trinity Church and tearing down the City Hall, which was to be virtually transformed into a new structure dedicated to the use of the first Congress of the United States. The task of designing this building and superintending its erection was entrusted to Major Pierre Charles l'Enfant, a French engineer who had served in the Revolution with great distinction under Baron Steuben, and was to win undying fame by planning the future capital of the nation.* The edifice which this distinguished architect located on the site now partially occupied by the Sub-Treasury Building and the southern end of Nassau Street, was fated to have a very short history, and the only mark it or its famous predecessors have left is the curious jog in the northwest corner of Wall and Nassau streets, which marks the turn of the lane or alley bounding their western foothold. But at its inception New York believed it was to be a monument for the ages, and this idea was fairly justified. Certainly no build-



OLD WATCH HOUSE

At the southwest corner of Wall and Broad streets, on the site of the famous Mayor's Court

* L'Enfant is also credited with having designed a portion of St. Paul's Church.

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ing of such imposing proportions or such artistic design had ever been projected in any American city, and the sum expended on its construction was wholly unprecedented; but the speed with which it was erected and the quarrels between the architect and contractors undoubtedly resulted in bad workmanship and sealed its doom. At its completion, however, it not only realized but surpassed all expectations; for its exterior effect, with its stately arches and classic columns, was exceedingly dignified and imposing, and the interior decorations were the wonder and admiration of all beholders. Indeed, the marble pavement, the painted ceilings, the crimson damask canopies and hangings and handsome furniture, were considered altogether too magnificent by the anti-Federalist press, which saw in them new proofs of the aristocratic tendencies of the new government, and bitterly attacked the distinguished architect, who in the end received little glory and no pay for his services.*

It was the 3d of March, 1789, before the Recorder formally tendered the building to Congress,† but very few of the Senators or Representatives had then

* The Common Council offered L'Enfant $750 or a grant of city lots (which are to-day of great value) and the Freedom of the City. He deemed these provisions wholly inadequate, however, and refused to accept them. It is interesting to note that Washington himself evidently found L'Enfant rather difficult during the building of the Federal City, as the national capital was then called, for in one of his letters he writes: "It is much to be regretted, however common the case is, that men who possess talents that fit them for peculiar purposes should almost invariably be under the influence of an untoward disposition or are sottish, idle or possessed of some other disqualification by which they plague all with whom they are concerned. But I did not expect to have met with such perverseness in Major L'Enfant.

† Philadelphia was even then showing jealousy of New York, as appears from the following letter addressed to Recorder Richard Varick:

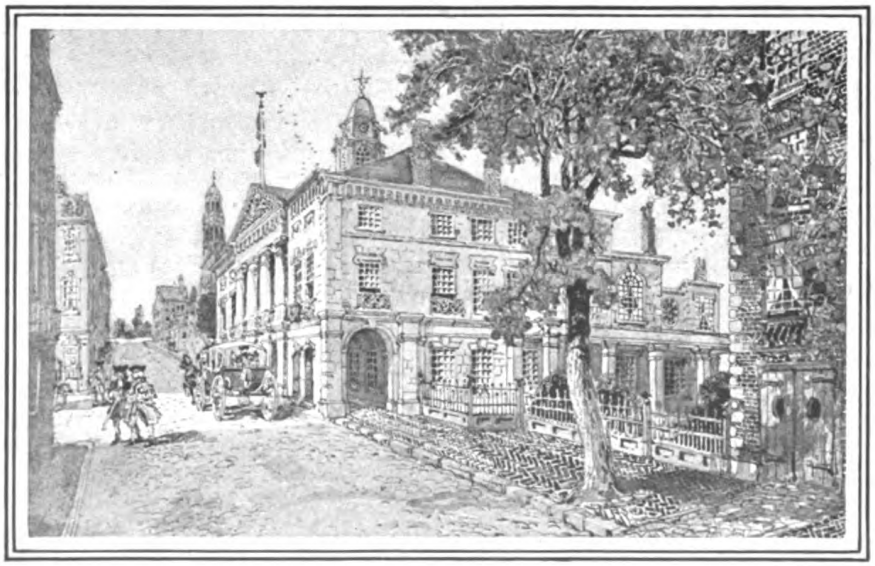
"DR. SIR,—It is in my opinion entirely necessary that the Common Council should be convened this day in order to pass an act for appropriating the City Hall to the use of Congress. The act should be published in the papers and notified by yourself, or if you are not well enough, by a committee or member of your board to the Senators and Representatives as they arrive. The Philadelphians are endeavoring to raise some cavils on this point. The thing must not pass the day. For propriety absolutely requires that the members should be offered a place by to-morrow which is the day for assembling.

Yrs A. HAMILTON.

"March 3rd, 1789.

"To Richard Varick, Esqr."

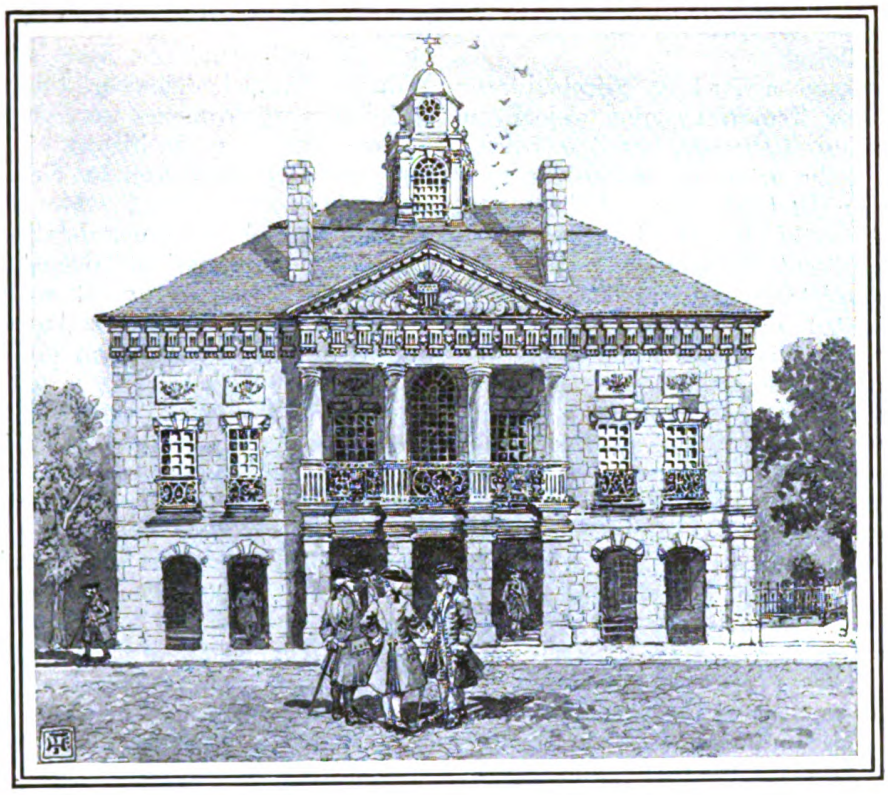
From original (hitherto unpublished) MS. in collection of the Hon. John D. Crimmins.



WALL STREET IN 1789

Federal Hall is shown at the head of Broad Street

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FEDERAL HALL

Erected on Wall Street in 1789 for the use of Congress.
On the balcony Washington took the Presidential oath

arrived in the city, and on the day appointed for the opening session there was no quorum in either House. Indeed, it was not until the 30th of March that the House of Representatives organized, with Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, in the Speaker's chair, and six more days elapsed before proceedings were initiated in the Senate. On that day, however, the Congress performed its first important duty, and the following morning a brief paragraph in the daily papers announced that a canvass of the electoral vote taken in Federal Hall on Wall Street April 6, 1789, had resulted in the unanimous election of Washington as first President of the United States, and that John Adams, as recipient of the next highest vote, had been declared Vice-President.

From that time forward the city was in a flutter of excitement and expectation, and the plans for Washington's reception were discussed on every side. Even the arrival of Adams on April 20th and his formal installation on the 21st, though attended by highly dignified ceremonies, attracted scarcely any attention, and the news of the ovations which Washington was receiving on his journey from Virginia stimulated the citizens to make New York's welcome worthy of the greatest event in its history. Certainly Wall Street, which had completely recovered its prestige, rose to the occasion, and a brave sight it presented to the crowds which invaded it on the morning of April 23, 1789. From the East River to the rapidly rising Trinity Church flags and banners waved from every building, many of which were also decorated with wreaths of flowers and branches of evergreen; the stairs of Murray's Wharf were carpeted and the rails hung with crimson cloth, and on the pediment of Federal Hall appeared a colossal eagle grasping thirteen arrows and bearing the arms of the United States, which had been recently installed with imposing ceremonies

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as a finishing touch to the Congressional building.

Washington arrived at Elizabethtown Point, New Jersey, by nine o'clock on the morning of the 23d, but it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the roar of cannon and clashing of bells announced to the assembled throngs that his magnificent state barge, manned by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, had been sighted in the East River, and by that time the whole water front was black with humanity and every roof and window crowded to its utmost capacity. On swept the barge with an accompanying wave of cheers toward the Wall Street wharf, from which Captain Lockyer had made his ignominious exit fifteen years before, and as it swung alongside that historic landing-stage* the bands joined the bells and the cannon in tumultuous welcome. Then the man upon whom all eyes centred rose from his place in the stern of the barge, his plain uniform of buff and blue contrasting sharply with the crimson trappings of the stairs, and as his hand touched the rail the thunderous roar of cheers which greeted him silenced the music and the bells. Then on foot through that seething crowd, declining the carriage provided for his use, Washington passed, amid the acclamations of the assembled thousands, up Wall Street to Queen (Pearl), and thence through that thoroughfare, whose sidewalks were so wonderfully wide that "three persons could walk abreast," to the Franklin House, which had been prepared for his reception.

Thus ended this day of rejoicing, but during all the following week the city was agog with excitement, for from every direction and in all sorts of conveyances visitors kept arriving upon the scene, until every tavern and private dwelling was filled to overflowing, and even the meanest accommodations commanded extravagant premiums. Meanwhile more Senators and Representatives were making their appearance in Federal Hall, and such men as Oliver Ellsworth, Robert Morris, Samuel Otis, Roger Sherman, James Madison, Jonathan Trumbull, Richard Bland Lee, Elbridge Gerry, William Samuel Johnson, John Page, and others whose names were or were to become famous in the history of the nation, could be daily seen in Wall Street discussing questions of state etiquette and ceremonial and other details of the impending inauguration. Indeed, all the preparations for this great event had not been completed when the day arrived; and when church bells began summoning the people to their various places of worship for the special services ordained for the morning of April 30, 1789, the Congressional committees hastily convened to perfect their arrangements. Meanwhile part of the inaugural procession formed in front of Federal Hall, and by the time the congregation of the Presbyterian Church issued from their services they found Wall Street ablaze with bunting and festooned with evergreens, and densely packed with spectators who blocked every approach and crowded all the neighboring roofs and windows. It was twelve o'clock, however, before the procession started from the Presidential mansion, and even then the two Houses of Congress were still discussing with some heat and no little confusion the manner in which they should receive Washington and the form in which he should be addressed. Thus another hour slipped by, the dense crowds massed in Wall and Broad streets maintaining perfect order; and finally at one o'clock the head of the procession hove in sight, moving from Great Dock (Pearl) Street into Broad, Captain Stakes and his troopers easily parting the cheering multitude. Within a short distance of Federal Hall the Presidential carriage halted, and Washington, escorted by General Samuel Blatchley Webb (the Beau Brummel of the town), Colonel Nicholas Fish, Colonel William Smith, Colonel Franks, Major Leonard Bleecker, and John R. Livingston, passed through the double line of troopers to the Senate-chamber, followed by the other committees and guests of honor in dignified procession.

Then something very like a panic ensued among those in charge of the arrangements, for not until this critical moment was it discovered that an im-

* Among those waiting on the wharf were Governor Clinton, Colonel Morgan Lewis (subsequently Governor of New York), the Mayor and other civil officials, the French and Spanish Ambassadors, and many army officers.

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WALL STREET FROM WATER STREET TO THE EAST RIVER ABOUT 1790

portant detail had been completely neglected and that there was no Bible in Federal Hall for the administration of the oath. Chancellor Livingston, however, rose to the occasion, and, hastily despatching a messenger to St. John's (Masonic) Lodge at 115 Broadway, procured the necessary volume, and in a few moments Washington stepped upon the balcony fronting on Wall Street. For an instant he stood in full sight of the assembled multitude, but the wild outburst of cheering which greeted his appearance drove him a step backward, visibly affected. He was dressed in a suit of dark brown cloth with metal buttons ornamented with eagles, his stockings were white silk, and his shoe buckles silver. At his side he carried a simple steel-hilted dress sword, his powdered hair was worn in the fashion of the times, and close beside him stood Chancellor Robert Livingston, wearing his official robe. Grouped about these two men stood John Adams, George Clinton, Roger Sherman, Baron Steuben, Samuel Otis, Richard Henry Lee, General Arthur St. Clair, and General Knox, and behind them, but not visible from the street, stood members of Congress and other distinguished witnesses.*

There was a moment's pause as the company took their positions, and then Samuel Otis, the Secretary of State, carrying a crimson cushion on which rested the hastily borrowed Bible, presented it to the Chancellor, who administered the oath; whereupon Washington kissed the book, and the official proclamation, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States," ended with a thunderous crash of artillery and a renewed burst of cheering.

Such was the day of glory which made New York the capital of the nation, in which for a brief but brilliant period Wall Street was to reign politically and socially supreme.

* Alexander Hamilton watched the scene from the window of his house on the opposite side of the street. Washington Irving, then six years of age, was also among the spectators.

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Romney's Portrait of Miss Gordon

ROMNEY had the gift of expressing the personality of his sitters. With a fondness for the mystical, he loved to paint religious and mythological compositions, but these are forgotten to-day, and he is only known by his portraits, in which his imagination was kept in check by the demands of his subjects. Though lacking in mental power, he made the women who sat to him appear splendid in their beauty by infusing his work with something of his own mystical gifts. They always show elegance, sentiment, and an elusive sweetness. He was particularly fond of painting them in white drapery, which he managed most artistically. This portrait, from the collection of Mr. George A. Hearn, is that of Miss Eleanor Gordon, a woman whom Romney seems to have painted several times. It shows that fortunate combination of sensuous attractiveness and meditative reserve usually found in his portraits.

While modern collectors pay small fortunes for his work, Romney had almost continuous struggle to keep the landlord and the grocer from his door. Even when he became the fashion and the rival of Reynolds, who was wont to speak of him contemptuously as "that man in Cavendish Square," he received only eight guineas for the brilliant half-length portraits so greatly prized to-day. Though he had numerous sitters, many of his canvases remained unfinished through neglect, or want of funds, on the part of those who ordered them. Lacking the worldly wisdom of his great rival, his vogue was but short lived, since he refused to exhibit his work. Never during his life, nor until sixty-nine years after his death, did one of his canvases appear on the walls of an Academy Exhibition, so that when he died in 1802 he had already been forgotten. Withholding himself from the tumult of London, this shy, suspicious soul of imaginative temperament buried himself in the remote Northern country, his art and his mind both in eclipse.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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PORTRAIT OF MISS GORDON, BY ROMNEY

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

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ament that its danger of hardening into premature age begins. The reproof of having recognized genius takes the form of a flagrant denial of its existence even in the instances recognized. The world does not submit the possibility of error or omission in the world, and it does not allow that the diseased center can transmit its pestiferous qualities and its peculiar flavors; so that the attitude of young youth, in the stiffening of its limbs, is one of rejection towards all new literature, or, next to be valiantly antagonistical, books."

The veteran observer fell silent at this point, and the Easy Chair seized the occasion to remark: "You, there is something in what you say. But this stiffening of the limbs, this weakness of the mind, is hardly an infectious disease—"

"Ah, but it is infectious," the veteran observer exclaimed, rousing himself, "infectious as fire or the victim can possibly make it so. He wishes nothing so much as to impart his opinions to all their rapidity to everybody else. Take your own case, for instance—"

"No, we would rather not," the Easy Chair interposed.

"But you must make the sacrifice," the veteran observer persisted. "You will allow that you are extremely opinionated?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, that you are devoutly conscientious in the tenure of your aesthetic beliefs?"

"Something like that, yes."

"And you cannot deny that in times past you have tried your best to make others think with you?"

"It was our duty."

"Well, let it pass for that. It amounted to an effort to make your mental or æsthetic inheritors, and it was all the more because, in you, the stiffening of the mental fold takes the form of premature rather than performance. You did not so much wish your readers to like your favorite authors as to hate all the others. At the time when there was a fad for making Lists of The Hundred Best Authors, I always wondered that you didn't put forth some kind of a scheme of your own—"

"We did, we did," the Easy Chair confessed, "but we could not think of more than ten or a dozen really first-rate authors, and if we had begun to compile a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all the classics would have gone by the board. What havoc we should have made with the British poets! The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation, to a play, if not to a man. Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible; Spenser's poetry is generally duller than the Presidents' messages before Mr. Roosevelt's time; Milton is a trial of the spirit in three-fourths of his verse; Wordsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought him so much worse; Shakespeare himself, when he is reverently supposed not to be Shakespeare, is reading for martyrs; Dante's science and politics outweigh his poetry a thousandfold, and so on through the whole catalogue. Among the novelists—"

"No, don't begin on the novelists! Every one knows your heresies there, and would like to burn you along with the romances which I've no doubt you would still commit to the flames. I see you are the Bourbon of criticism; you have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. But why don't you turn your adamantine immutability to some practical account, and give the world a list of The Worst Hundred Books?"

"Because a hundred books out of the worst would be a drop out of the sea; there would remain an immeasurable welter of badness, of which we are now happily ignorant, and from which we are safe, as long as our minds are not turned to it by examples."

"Ah," our visitor said, "I see that you are afraid to confess yourself the popular failure as a critic which you are. You are afraid that if you made a List of The Worst Hundred Books, you would send the classes to buying them in the most expensive binding, and the masses to taking them out of all the public libraries."

"There is something in what you say," the Easy Chair confessed. "Our popular failure as a critic is notorious; it cannot be denied. The stamp of our disapproval at one time gave a whole

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Editor's Easy Chair

THE other day one of those convertible familiars of the Easy Chair, who—

"Change and pass and come again"—

looked in upon it, after some months' absence, with the effect of having aged considerably in the interval. But this was only his latest avatar; he was no older, as he was no younger, than before; to support a fresh character, he had to put on an appropriate aspect, and having, at former interviews, been a poet, a novelist, a philosopher, a reformer, a moralist, he was now merely looking the part of a veteran observer, of a psychologist grown gray in divining the character of others from his own consciousness.

"Have you ever noticed," he began, "that the first things we get stiff in, as we advance in life, are our tastes? We suppose that it is our joints which feel the premonitions of age; and that because we no longer wish to dance, or play ball, or sprint in college races, we are in the earliest stage of that sapless condition when the hinges of the body grind dryly upon one another, and we lose a good inch of our stature, through shrinkage, though the spine still holds us steadfastly upright."

"Well, isn't that so?" the Easy Chair asked tranquilly.

"It may be so, or it may not be so," the veteran observer replied. "Ultimately, I dare say, it *is* so. But what I wish to enforce is the fact, that before you begin to feel the faintest sense of stiffening joints, you are allowing yourself to fall into that voluntary senescence which I call getting stiff in the tastes. It is something that I think we ought to guard ourselves against as a sort of mental sclerosis which must end fatally long before we have reached the patriarchal age which that unbelieving believer Metchnikoff says we can attain if we fight off physical sclerosis. He can only negatively teach us how to do this, but I maintain we can have each of us in our power the remedy against stiffening tastes."

"I don't see how," the Easy Chair said, more to provoke the sage to explanation than to express dissent.

"I will teach you how," he said, "if you will allow me to make it a personal matter, and use you in illustration."

"Why not use yourself?"

"Because that would be egotistical, and the prime ingredient of my specific against getting stiff in the tastes is that spiritual grace which is the very antidote, the very antithesis of egotism. Up to a certain point, a certain time, we are usefully employed in cultivating our tastes, in refining them, and in defining them. We cannot be too strenuous in defining them; and, as long as we are young, the catholicity of youth will preserve us from a bigoted narrowness. In æsthetic matters—and I imagine we both understand that we are dealing with these—the youngest youth has no tastes; it has merely appetites. All is fish that comes to its net; if anything, it prefers the gaudier of the finny tribes; it is only when it becomes sophisticated that its appetites turn into tastes, and it begins to appreciate the flavor of that diseased, but pearl-bearing, species of oyster which we call genius, because we have no accurate name for it. With the appreciation of this flavor comes the overpowering desire for it, the incessant and limitless search for it. To the desire for it whole literatures owe their continued existence, since, except for the universal genius-hunger of youth, the classics of almost all languages would have perished long ago. When indiscriminate and omnivorous youth has explored those vast and mostly lifeless seas, it has found that the diseased oyster which bears the pearls is the rarest object in nature. But having once formed the taste for it, youth will have no other flavor, and it is at this

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moment that its danger of hardening into premature age begins. The conceit of having recognized genius takes the form of a bigoted denial of its existence save in the instances recognized. This conceit does not admit the possibility of error or omission in the search, and it does not allow that the diseased oyster can transmit its pearl-bearing qualities and its peculiar flavors; so that the attitude of aging youth, in the stiffening of its tastes, is one of rejection towards all new bivalves, or, not to be tediously metaphorical, books."

The veteran observer fell silent at this point, and the Easy Chair seized the occasion to remark: "Yes, there is something in what you say. But this stiffening of the tastes, this sclerosis of the mind, is hardly an infectious disease—"

"Ah, but it *is* infectious," the veteran observer exclaimed, rousing himself, "infectious as far as the victim can possibly make it so. He wishes nothing so much as to impart his opinions in all their rigidity to everybody else. Take your own case, for instance—"

"No, we would rather not," the Easy Chair interposed.

"But you must make the sacrifice," the veteran observer persisted. "You will allow that you are extremely opinionated?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, that you are devoutly conscientious in the tenure of your æsthetic beliefs?"

"Something like that, yes."

"And you cannot deny that in times past you have tried your best to make others think with you?"

"It was our duty."

"Well, let it pass for that. It amounted to an effort to make your mental sclerosis infectious, and it was all the worse because, in you, the stiffening of the tastes had taken the form of aversions rather than preferences. You did not so much wish your readers to like your favorite authors as to hate all the others. At the time when there was a fad for making lists of The Hundred Best Authors, I always wondered that you didn't put forth some such schedule."

"We had the notion of doing something of the kind," the Easy Chair confessed, "but we could not think of more than ten or a dozen really first-rate authors, and if we had begun to compile a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all the classics would have gone by the board. What havoc we should have made with the British poets! The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation, to a play, if not to a man. Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible; Spenser's poetry is generally duller than the Presidents' messages before Mr. Roosevelt's time; Milton is a trial of the spirit in three-fourths of his verse; Wordsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought him so much worse; Shakespeare himself, when he is reverently supposed not to be Shakespeare, is reading for martyrs; Dante's science and politics outweigh his poetry a thousandfold, and so on through the whole catalogue. Among the novelists—"

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"Ah," our visitor said, "I see that you are afraid to confess yourself the popular failure as a critic which you are. You are afraid that if you made a list of The Worst Hundred Books, you would send the classes to buying them in the most expensive binding, and the masses to taking them out of all the public libraries."

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order of fiction a currency that was not less than torrential. The flood of romantic novels which passed over the land, and which is still to be traced in the tatters of the rag-doll heroes and heroines caught in the memories of readers along its course, was undoubtedly the effect of our adverse criticism. No, we could not in conscience compile and publish a list of The Worst Hundred Books; it would be contrary, for the reasons you give, to public morals."

"And don't you think," the observer said, with a Socratic subtlety that betrayed itself in his gleaming eye, in the joyous hope of seeing his victim fall into the pit that his own admissions had digged for him,—"and don't you think that it would also bring to you the unpleasant consciousness of having stiffened in your tastes?"

"It might, up to a certain point," we consented. "But we should prefer to call it confirmed in our convictions. Wherever we have liked or disliked in literature it has been upon grounds hardly distinguishable from moral grounds. Bad art is a vice; untruth to nature is the eighth of the seven deadly sins; a false school in literature is a seminary of crime. We are speaking largely, of course—"

"It certainly sounds rather tall," our friend sarcastically noted, "and it sounds very familiar."

"Yes," we went on, "all the ascertained veracities are immutable. One holds to them, or rather they hold to one, with an indissoluble tenacity. But convictions are in the region of character and are of remote origin. In their safety one indulges one's self in exceptions, in tolerances, and these rather increase with the lapse of time. We should say that your theory of the stiffening tastes is applicable to the earlier rather than the later middle life. We should say that the tastes if they stiffen at the one period limber at the other; their forbidding rigidity is succeeded by an acquiescent suppleness. One is aware of an involuntary hospitality toward a good many authors whom one would once have turned destitute from the door, or with a dole of Organized Charity meal tickets at the best. But in that maturer time one hesitates, and possibly ends by asking the stranger in, especially if he is young, or even if he is merely new, and setting before him the cold potato of a qualified approval. One says to him: 'You know I don't think you are the real thing quite, but taking you on your own ground you are not so bad. Come, you shall have a night's lodging, at least, and if you improve, if you show a tendency to change in the right direction, there is no telling but you may be allowed to stay the week. But you must not presume; you must not take this frosty welcome for an effect of fire from the hearth where we sit with our chosen friends.' Ten to one the stranger does not like this sort of talk, and goes his way—the wrong way. But at any rate one has shown an open mind, a liberal spirit; one has proved that one has not stiffened in one's tastes; that one can make hopeful allowances in hopeful cases."

"Such as?" the observer insinuated.

"Such as do not fit the point, exactly. Very likely the case may be that of an old or elderly author. It has been only within a year or two that we have formed the taste for an English writer, no longer living, save in his charming books. James Payn was a favorite with many in the middle Victorian period, but it is proof of the flexibility of our tastes that we have only just come to him. After shunning Anthony Trollope for fifty years, we came to him, almost as with a rush, long after our half century was past. Now, James Payn is the solace of our autumnal equinox, and Anthony Trollope we read with a constancy and a recurrence surpassed only by our devotion to the truth as it is in the fiction of the Divine Jane; and Jane Austen herself was not an idol of our first or even our second youth, but became the cult of a time when if our tastes had stiffened we could have cared only for the most modern of the naturalists, and those preferably of the Russian and Spanish schools. A signal proof of their continued suppleness came but the other day when we acquainted ourselves with the work of the English novelist, Mr. Percy White, and it was the more signal because we perceived that he had formed himself upon a method of Thackeray's,

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which recalled that master, as the occasional aberrations of Payn and Trollope recall a manner of him. But it is Thackeray's most artistic method which Mr. White recalls in his studies of scamps and snobs; he allows them, as Thackeray allows Barry Lyndon, and the rest, to tell their own stories, and in their unconsciousness of their own natures he finds play for an irony as keen and graphic as anything in fiction. He deals with the actual English world, and the pleasure he gave us was such as to make us resolve to return to Thackeray's vision of his own contemporaneous English world at the first opportunity. We have not done so yet; but after we have fortified ourselves with a course of Scott and Dickens, we are confident of being able to bear up under the heaviest-handed satire of 'Vanity Fair.' As for 'The Luck of Barry Lyndon' and 'The Yellowplush Papers,' and such like, they have never ceased to have their prime delight for us. But their proportion is quite large enough to survive from any author for any reader; as we are often saying, it is only in bits that authors survive; their resurrection is not by the whole body, but here and there a perfecter fragment. Most of our present likes and dislikes are of the period when you say people begin to stiffen in their tastes. We could count the authors by the score who have become our favorites in that period, and those we have dropped are almost as many. It is not necessary to say who they all are, but we may remark that we still read, and read, and read again the poetry of Keats, and that we no longer read the poetry of Alexander Smith. Neither Charles Reade, nor George Eliot whom he hated, appears so masterly as we once thought them both, though each is far greater than the present generation realizes. But it is through the growth of the truly great upon his mature perception that the aging reader finds novel excellences in them. It was only the other day that we picked up Hawthorne's 'Scarlet Letter,' and realized in it, from a chance page or two, a sardonic quality of insurpassable subtlety and reach. This was something quite new to us in it. We had known the terrible pathos of the story, its immeasurable tragedy, but that deadly, quiet, pitiless, freezing irony of a witness holding himself aloof from its course, and losing, for that page or two, the moralist in the mere observer, was a revelation that had come to that time of life in us when you think the tastes stiffen, and one refuses new pleasures because they are new."

Our visitor yawned visibly, audibly. "And what is all this you have been saying? You have made yourself out an extraordinary example of what may be done by guarding against the stiffening of the tastes after the end of second youth. But have you proved that there is no such danger? Or was your idea simply to celebrate yourself? At moments I fancied something like that."

We owned the stroke with an indulgent smile. "No, not exactly that. The truth is we have been very much interested by your notion—if it was yours, which is not altogether probable—and we have been turning its light upon our own experience, in what we should not so much call self-celebration as self-exploitation. One uses one's self as the stuff for knowledge of others, or for the solution of any given problem. There is no other way of getting at the answers to the questions."

"And what is your conclusion as to my notion, if it is mine?" the veteran observer asked, with superiority.

"That there is nothing in it. The fact is that the tastes are never so tolerant, so liberal, so generous, so supple as they are at that time of life when they begin, according to your notion, to stiffen, to harden, to contract. We have in this very period formed a new taste—or taken a new lease of an old one—for reading history, which had been dormant all through our first and second youth. We expect to see the time when we shall read the Elizabethan dramatists with avidity. We may not improbably find a delight in statistics; there must be a hidden charm in them. We may even form a relish for the vagaries of pseudo-psychology—"

At this point, we perceived the veteran observer had vanished and that we were talking to ourselves.

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Editor's Study

THE aspiring young writer, however patiently he may have followed us in our study of imaginative literature, will not be able to derive therefrom any helpful guidance to worthy achievement in that field. More than ever before it is a chartless field. The old sign-posts are of little avail to point the way to an author in the courses taken by the new literature. They still stand, and writers mindful of them follow well-worn paths, attaining canonical excellences and, often, notable successes; but the appeal of these writers is to readers whose taste and sensibility are confined to traditional grooves.

The extremely modern literature and the advanced sensibility in which it finds response repudiate the old maxims. Conscious aspiration, with deliberate aims and methods, is not nourished in this atmosphere. Doubtless the heart of youth forever echoes the sentiment expressed in Longfellow's "Excelsior" and in the Virgilian "Sic itur ad astra," not from any desire to reach the highest altitude or, still less, any astral goal, but because life in its tension is uplifting—a rapture, with indefinite sense of the whitherward. But the ascension is not open to observation, and only in its descent is there an expression of life. "The banner with the strange device" is not in distinct evidence. Isolated grandeur offers no temptation to the modern writer, whose mind is set not on getting up in the world, but in getting down to it in frank and neighborly intimacy.

This disposition does not make for that kind of thing which is ineptly called the democracy of literature, but for a new and genuine aristocracy, in which mock sovereignties are displaced by the real. This is indeed the outcome of all civilization—the emergence of a natural and therefore tolerable aristocracy. What was formerly styled aristocracy was but a vain show, dependent upon no lasting basis, but upon the temporary and insecure leverage afforded by unnatural social and political conditions, which, because they were inevitable, gave it its sole justification, that of necessity; and of this the most was made, if not the best. Of the whole fabric of ancient and medieval aristocracy all that remains is what was created by the imagination in art and literature, ennobled by what was best and sincerest in life, yet warped in many ways through association with the false notions of a distorted humanity. Such real sovereignty as there was in this old order was vested in human genius, creating in life that culture of the mind and heart which was to develop a new humanity, and at the same time creating those works of the imagination which, surviving the evanescent phenomena of this development, remain to us as its lasting memorials.

This everlasting aristocracy it is which, after so many renascences, has emerged, freed from its old bonds and impediments, for the leavening and uplifting of our modern life through the sovereignty of human genius, to whose meanings and powers all our progress and institutional development are subsidiary. Why should we call it a democracy? A free and intelligent people repudiates demotic passions and instincts, which really had more force in that old false aristocracy which compelled and at the same time was obliged to conciliate them; in a free society there is neither opportunity nor plea for their exercise. This real people—fortunately a majority of the whole mass—is not merely submissive to law and order, but, through a more or less deeply developed psychical sensibility, has desires and interests belonging to a life which transcends ordinary social, political, and economic functions, and which indeed is a cultivated garden enclosed within the protecting walls of inviolate conventions. In this garden of human culture it is the life of the spirit which abounds, as truly, in all its shapes, the creation

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of genius as are the products of the imagination in art and literature. Civilization exists for it, and it is all of civilization that survives.

In this, the essential, life of a people, the term "equality" has no meaning; perfect freedom makes it insignificant. All value is associated with some real sovereignty. Life has growth, increase, therefore authority. Living excellence and charm are compelling, and of all things this compulsion is most diligently courted. Whoever can impart psychical inspiration through new disclosure of truth, in vital embodiment or interpretation, and not as mere information, is eagerly recognized as master. Discipleship is the passion of cultivated minds. We are proud of what has been accomplished for general education, but the culture of the general sensibility is a more important factor in our modern civilization and determines the value of education itself. One may be educated to the extreme point of efficiency in every department of knowledge and not have this culture—not have real knowledge, real thinking or real feeling, or that higher curiosity which creates the zest for new discovery, new romance, new faith and hope. On the other hand, one may have this culture with very little of what is commonly called education beyond the ability to read. The time was when the chief motive for teaching children their letters was to enable them to read the English Bible; what was not unwisely considered the most important channel of culture was thus laid open. In our day this simple ability to read will bring any mind, whose higher curiosity is awakened, into all the main currents of human thought and feeling, and may give it satisfactions not experienced by the most erudite, whose studies do not promote the creations of genius or help in their comprehension.

If we go back, and it is not so very far back, to the time when peoples were illiterate, we find no such spontaneously determined popular sensibility, none that we could properly call psychical. The communications of genius were quite entirely confined to impressions conveyed by art. The sovereignty of genius was itself limited by its alliance with other and arbitrary sovereignties, and it was popularly accepted along with these as part of the imposing and majestic pomp of that old order of humanity. Then came the drama—at first as a kind of literature for the illiterate—exaggerating every feature of the masquerade, and finally, when there was an audience for it, literature itself, which now has come to be the readiest and most significant means for the popular expression of genius. Discipleship has now a new meaning—that of minds moved from their own centres, rejecting imposition, seeking the masters of a new magic whereby the plain things of life are invested with their native nobility.

The older arts sought detachment from life, a distinct place apart, and a duration boldly contrasting with life's brevity. Imaginative literature in its new forms, like music, in its later development, comes nearer to life—a spontaneous communication, as frank, intimate, and pervasive as the sunlight. It assumes no fixed memorial shape and has no alliance with traditions to help it on to another generation. This is one of those characteristics of modern realism which seem to justify the academic Philistine's oft-repeated allusions to the mediocrity of our current literature.

Genius in literature has come to be just what it is in that portion of our life which may be called "the good part," since it is not "troubled about many things" that present themselves as problems in the manifold relations of human existence. Imaginative literature has a closer intimacy with our essential life through its renunciation of the argumentative and of any distinctively teaching or preaching function, confining itself to the embodiment and interpretation of life. As in the climbing of genius there is no conscious aspiration toward the "life sublime," so in its genial precipitation its expression is simple bounty rather than conscious ministration.

Human existence forces upon our observation numberless needs and miseries appealing to our sympathies, but the ministration to these in perfect good will falls far short of any positive expression of life in that world where the Humanities transcend humanitarianism. It is a limitation of love to meet only need, use,

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and the obligation of pity. Even martyrdom seemed to St. Paul a limitation. On the other hand, vital altruism, the sense of universal kinship, is the ground of all creative communication and expands to the full compass of its meaning. Nothing is more distinctive of modern life and literature than its sympathetic quality, which has its pure and natural manifestation as elicited by the pathos inevitable to a mortal and fallible race rather than by singular instances of suffering, cruelty, or crime. But the sympathy most characteristic of the bounty of genius is that of comprehension, whether the conditions involved be happy or painful. Happiness, ease, comfortableness—these are not the qualities of life which have imaginative values, nor do such values inhere in the want, wretchedness, and deformity which excite commiseration. The concern of genius is with the life of the spirit in its reaction upon the world—upon every sort of conditions—whereby it comes into its own psychical kingdom of grace, play, and humor, mingled as these must be in a texture which is above all things simply human, with the joys and pains which have run like bright and purple threads through every web woven by the imagination from the beginning. But, as expressing the bounty of genius, there must be the grace, the play, and the humor. Take these out of life and literature, and the whole field falls into sterility—there is no garden.

Grace, we say, rather than beauty, for the latter term is often misleading in its suggestions, indicating some outward perfection rather than a spiritual quality. Too often this outward perfection has no more spiritual significance in our conception of character than it would have in our regard of physical features, as when we think a life beautiful because of its faultless symmetry from a formally moral point of view—a symmetry which completely masks the personality. Humanity is so inevitably fallible that any formal perfection seems unhuman. The faltering note appeals.

The avoidance of formal perfection is a distinctive mark of modernity in literature. It is because of a revolt from regularity of measure that prose is developed in our time rather than poetry. The tendency is more evident in the form and structure of literature than in its themes. Always poetry and romance have depended upon human fallibility for their poignant interest. It is true that in a good deal of recent fiction the departure from beautiful conditions has passed to the opposite extreme, to the portrayal of ugliness, and, while malignant motives have been banished, excessive stress has been laid upon the faultful side of human nature. But we are more impressed by the general tendency of writers, so deep-seated that it seems an instinct, to abjure forms of excellence which only a generation ago were canonically imperative.

One important feature of this change in fiction is the abandonment of elaboration in plot and in style. The structure of a story has lost the prominence formerly given it, is hidden as far as possible from observation. The reader does not expect, indeed he resents any appearance of, a contrived arrangement of circumstances to produce a dramatic effect; he experiences not only disillusion, but a kind of humiliation, as if he had been played upon. He would rather forego the satisfaction of even agreeable surprises and happy conclusions than that these should be mechanically brought about, and he certainly will not forgive the writer any arbitrary infliction of torture, whatever ingeniously devised relief may be held in waiting. The complete and perfect arrangement, once absolutely demanded in the story as in the play, now suggests unreality. It is the insistence upon reality which has effected the transformation in fiction and which in literature generally has led to the rejection of the old-fashioned rhetorical elegances of expression. Spontaneity and reality are inseparable.

It is just here that play and humor, as main characteristics of modern genius, have disclosed their imaginative values in the new realism. What we have called "the good part" of life, its essential field, is independent of all studies, problems, or disputed questions. Here humanity is one with nature, having no offices, but an infinite variety of manifestations which cannot be defined in terms applicable to those efforts and economies which we usually style the serious business of life. Genius here, in its embodi-

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ments and interpretations, occupies no transcendental field lifted above common life; it is that life, indeed, with which it is wholly concerned—with all of it, in its real meanings and natural procedure, for its true representation, not for its explication, and for the disclosure of its ever freshly emergent variations in the evolution of spiritual physiognomy, thought, and feeling: all in the familiar earthly setting and shot through with the pains and delights naturally incident to human earthly existence. The play is not for levity, nor the humor for risibility—both are implications of a real and spontaneous human nature.

The new fiction is, therefore, so intimately engaged with life in its natural manifestations, lifted by culture to a psychical plane, that its old devices are not only no longer necessary, but are impertinent and meaningless. The lack of formal completeness in structural elaboration is an excellence rather than a defect; and this passing of the planned scheme has given the really significant short story a new precedence. The novel must justify its larger compass, not by its intricacies and complications, but by its larger psychical scope. The old fashion of extending a story to the dimension of a novel, through a more or less arbitrary elaboration of the plot or multiplication of characters and situations, is no longer tolerated by cultivated readers.

What especially forces itself upon our consideration is the fact that genius is creative not merely in art and literature, but, first of all and most of all, in life—not in the life of the few, but of the many; not in the life of chivalry, of the soldier, of any conspicuously great hero, but in plain human lives. To be plainly human means a great deal in the way of culture. It is impossible to the unthinking and even more impossible to the sophisticated. It is the condition only of those whose minds have been swept clear of old idols by the main currents of modern thought, and that yield no tribute to the mock-heroic and the mock-sublime. Thus there has come to be a large body of plain people who are simply human and whose lives are real. It is in these real lives alone that genius finds the fertile ground for its garden of the Humanities. Here grace, play, and humor abound. Genius in literature is not the reflection of this bounty, but its express manifestation.

We apprehend the reality of life in the play of it rather than in what we call its serious business. Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," striking the serious note, fell far short of the true conception. A contemporary of the poet, Horace Bushnell, then, next to Emerson, the most original of American thinkers, in his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, sixty years ago, rose to a higher note, when he said that all work was for an end while play was an end in itself—that play was the highest exercise and chief end of man.

There was reality of life in the old order — the play and humor of it, therefore; more always in the life of the ignorant Barbarian than in that of the sophisticated Philistine. But in our day the reality has an unmasked, undistorted expression, in a clear and not in a prismatically colored atmosphere. Sophistication seems to be a middle world, we can hardly call it purgatorial, through which humanity must pass before it can attain spiritual freedom—that is, the free play of spontaneous being, action, and feeling. Reality in this freedom is the ground of a true idealism. Here the good is not relative—good *for* something—nor absolute, since it is not an abstract quality, but simple goodness and, like the beautiful and true, inexplicable, with all reason in it but no reason for it.

We are baffled when we seek explanations of certain aspects of modern life which seem to our common sense whimsical and absurd. Why do hard-working parents send their daughters to the piano instead of the kitchen and sacrifice themselves to give their sons respite from drudgery? It is not mere fondness, nor is it simply ambition. A psychical temptation which did not appeal to older generations allures to life worth living for itself—to the inexplicable idealism.

Some ineffable, undefinable charm invites us all. Native to life, whatever the conditions, it has found in our modern life the conditions for its full mastery and bounteous expression. It has mastered our literature, giving it a new investiture, another art, too natural to seem great.

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The Philanthropy of Purrington

BY A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

"THE extraordinariness of his choice was what arrested me," began the Major, in a quiet fun-giving emphasis to the slow, incisive speech. "For that properest of young men! Of course, the Florida being Buenos Ayres's principal shopping street and everything down below coming straight from Paris, many of the windows are well worth study. But there, with long, loose figure bent absorbedly forward, long, nervous fingers clasped behind clerical coat-tails, stood the new vicar of St. George's, his short-sighted eyes screwed intently upon the brilliant display of gaudily hued lottery tickets, further embellished by the enticing sign, 'Drawing to-day,' which hung before him. Naturally I halted. At my greeting he started, flushed a dull red. Then he almost literally flung himself upon me.

"'Major!' he gasped, thankfully. 'Oh, Major Drysdale, the very person I wanted to see. You know this country, are familiar with its ways. Will you tell me, then, is it the custom to give as fee to the clergyman who performs the marriage service a lottery ticket?

"'And—and it was not until this morning that I discovered its veritable nature,' the harassed young cleric was explaining, distressedly. 'Of course the ticket could be of no use to me. Immoral, demoralizing, the curse of this country. Money from such a contaminated source, were it even to fall to my lot, a contingency most unlikely, must be forbidden my use. You see that surely,' he entreated; 'you think so, don't you? This—this is my first parish,' he went on, stumblingly, his short-sighted eyes blinking wistfully into mine; 'you—you can't think how eagerly I have longed to be of service to mankind, how rejoiced I was when the call came for me to go out and do my part. If now at the very outset I myself fall below the standard raised, what influence might I ever hope for—what benefit to my people—on the other side?' and his lean hand was trembling as he groped vaguely after the black silk ribbon of his perpetually falling single eye-glass.

"But the reassuring reply which sprang to my lips suddenly checked, with eyes that travelled swiftly, incredulously, from the number on that innocent-looking pink ticket to the column in the newspaper at which I had glanced—Heaven alone knows why, for never could I have imagined the truth; an unguarded exclamation burst uncontrollably forth.

"'Good heavens!' I ejaculated, smotheredly, 'one-tenth of the big state prize—about five thousand dollars gold—has fallen



BENT ABSORBEDLY FORWARD STOOD THE NEW VICAR

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THEN SHE WAS GONE, LEAVING ME THERE

to that number! Why, man, man alive, you've won!'

"The best place to meet any one in Buenos Ayres, undoubtedly, is Luzio's. And there, accordingly, a couple of days later I ran across Hal Purrington. A tall, slim English lad with merry, mischievous eyes and a wide, lovable grin, the sight of him brought a sudden recollection of the parson and his predicament. Also, it struck me that to-day Purrington's usual buoyant vivacity was somewhat subdued.

"'Jove! but I'm weary; didn't get in till nearly four,' began Hal. '*Salut*, Major. I hear you won part of the big prize. Some people do have all the luck. Here I buy tickets, dozens of 'em every day, and what do I get?' morosely. 'Just jolly well nothing but my bait back and a chance to try again. Bad game. But I didn't come over to talk about my troubles, though,' he added, a faint color reddening up under his clear skin. 'What is the address of that parson chap—have you it? I've something of his—'

"'Which you neglected to give him,' put in I, quizzically, as the lad hesitated.

"'You've heard, and you don't think it so frightful, then?' queried Hal, quickly. 'But who told you?' he added, rather peremptorily, the amused look fading. 'That parson's not peeped to me, and no one else knew except— Of course I felt sure of a grieved remonstrance next morning; I never dreamed the thing would go on so long. He must be a better sport than I thought,' candidly. 'Didn't look it. I suppose I really oughtn't to have done it,' the boy went on half repentantly. 'It was rather a squiffy trick, Gwen says,' but there he stopped instantly with color crimsoned to peony hue.

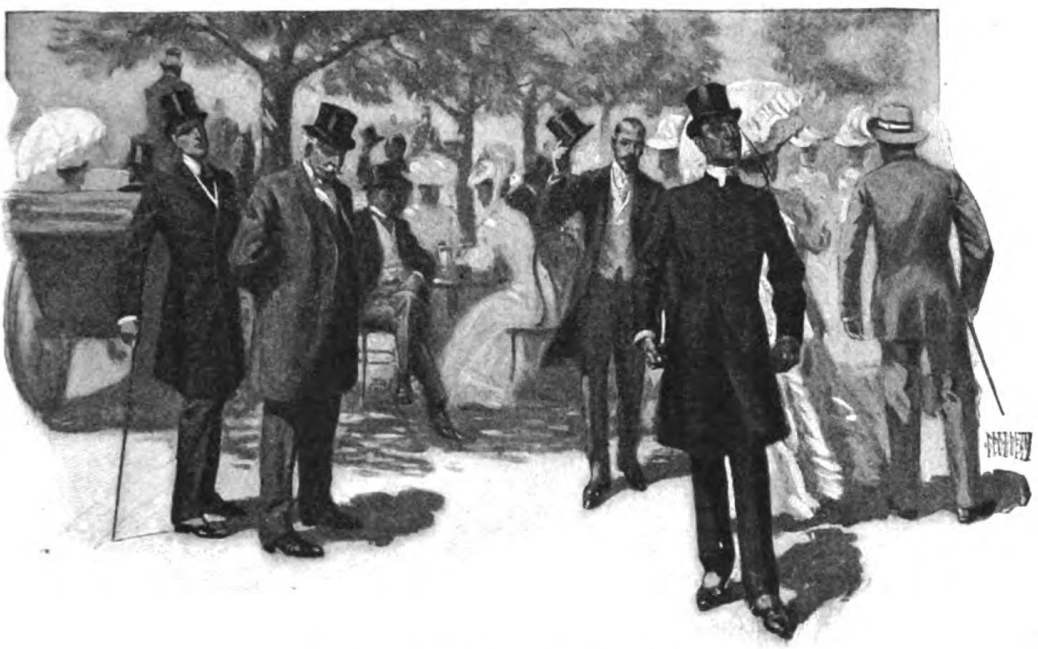
"Despite the incorrigible love of teasing which was forever tumbling him into scrapes, followed by heart-broken repentances which lasted until the next opportunity offered, Purrington was a thoroughly nice chap. And he was aching for sympathy.

"'Girls don't understand,' he burst out, resentfully. 'They don't know a joke when they see it, anyway, and they think if a chap isn't always deadly serious—' sucking injuredly at a worn and cherished brier pipe. 'I didn't mean any harm; you know that. But lately she's been giving me the most frightful scoldings, anyway; not but what I probably deserve 'em,' with quick loyalty. 'But what's a chap to do down here? But—about the other night'—he paused, but my interest, unmistakably genuine, seemed to loosen some overtension. 'Perhaps I was a bit excited,' he admitted, with impetuous shamefacedness. 'But, anyway, pulling out the parson's fee, the ticket came, too, and it struck me that it would be rippling to give that to the parson instead of the banknote. Done with the best of intentions!

"'Then, when I told Gwen! What is a man to do down here?' he demanded again, with a sudden change of tone. 'I try to please her; I mean to. I'm in a beastly state about it,' and, indeed, I had never before seen him so cast down. 'I suppose she thinks me just a frivolous ass. Very likely I am.'

"'There is one thing you might do,' I declared, sharply possessed by a sudden irritation. 'Grow up, and stop these silly ass tricks. Imagine the state of that poor parson, who probably never before had even imagined so much money, finding himself suddenly burdened down with five thousand dollars gold which his conscience would not permit him to use! For himself he wasn't tempted. But his mother and his sisters—he's one of seven, the rest girls, like most parsons. And the thought of having so much actual cash to look after almost worried him sick. Perhaps it's not decent to claim the money now, say it's all a joke. But do you think it decent to subject a man to such superfluous suffering; hasn't one enough trouble and temptation in this world without having more thrust on top? And how about the bridegroom? And the bank-note which you still owe the parson? Oh, write what you like,' I said, angrily, for Hal, aghast at this presentation of the matter, had collapsed into his chair, still babbling incoherent remonstrances. 'Keep it? I tell you he doesn't want to keep it. Don't you see what a rot-

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THE TALL, THIN FIGURE RAPIDLY PASSED

ten mess you've got him into?' I demanded. 'He hasn't the gumption to get rid of it alone; it will just strangle—suffocate him. Tell him you won't touch a *centavo* of it, if you like.' I caught the lad up implacably. 'I don't care what becomes of the money. Although, of course, he'll have to send it back; how else can he get rid of it? But I told him that if there were any mistake he'd hear from you; it's full time he did. You're bound to clear Jack, whose bank-note you ought to have given him, and to relieve this poor devil's mind. Why, he's ready to give up his job and go back to England.'

"That was on Saturday morning. It was hardly likely, therefore, that anything new could develop before the answer came on Monday.

"So with placid mind on Sunday afternoon in the bright September sunshine I strolled down towards the Plaza Victoria, where, from the throng the tall, slim figure of Hal Purrington, looking remarkably well in frock coat and top hat, detached itself.

"'Oh, here you are,' he called, in blithe greeting. 'Do you know,' he said, solemnly, 'most awfully queer thing happened this morning, most awfully. I met Gwen coming home from church, and what do you think? She stopped and held out her hand to me—to me, whom she has only spoken to once since Jack's wedding, and then hardly in what you would call a Christian spirit,' with a rather rueful grin. 'Oh, Hal,' she exclaimed, 'how splendid and noble you are and how mean and hateful I've been! But I didn't understand you, truly I didn't. Won't you forgive me? And come and see me soon? To—to think that probably you were planning it even then.' 'Of course,' said I. She sort of hesitated a moment longer. 'It was just like you to treat it all as a joke,' she whispered softly. 'But I think you might have told *me*.' Then she was gone, leaving me there stuck to the pavement, without even the sense to take her home. And all the church crowd came along, and bowed and smiled and grinned and nudged each other and looked at me until I felt like a blooming circus parade. *Is* there anything the matter with me?'

"'Eh, what?' murmured I, vaguely. 'You were saying—' For my astonished gaze had been suddenly caught and held by the amazing strangeness of the tall, thin figure which, without seeing us, had rapidly passed. Could that firm, self-reliant poise, that brisk, energetic tread, really belong to the lank, stoop-shouldered Mr. Robinson? What could have happened? It was with some difficulty that I retransferred my attention to the waiting Hal. 'How do you look? A little white around the gills perhaps,' commented I, critically. 'Too many late hours, che. Well, here's the Progresso,' as we reached the hospitable doors of my favorite club. 'I'm going in.'

"'Right. I'll go, too. Haven't been for my mail for a couple of days,' was Hal's ready concurrence. 'No, didn't get to bed until nearly three. Oh well,' defensively, 'if Gwen would only marry me, I'd reform quick enough. Two letters eh?' as the club attendant passed out the contents of the letter-box. 'Both unstamped? Who's writing to me in such a hurry that they need a messenger? This is Gwen,' tearing the envelope with eager, hurried fingers while we walked on into the comfortable

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room that overlooks the Avenida. 'Asks me to dinner to-night. Can't understand it at all,' the puzzled frown deepening between his straight young brows. 'The other letter! Good Lord!'

"It was a shock, that other letter. Hal being quite beyond speech, I read the small, carefully formed words aloud:

"'MY DEAR MR. PURRINGTON,' it began. 'Most sincerely do I regret, in view of the very honest and straightforward apology received from yourself, the fact that the money being already gone from my possession precludes my ability to return same to you. Having waited for some days without hearing any word, and concluding therefore at last that the proceeding, although unusual, must be quite regular, I felt it incumbent upon me to act. It being quite impossible for me to retain and apply funds received in so irregular a manner to my own needs, it being also necessary that I be relieved of them before Sunday—I could not have preached bearing such a load upon my conscience—on Saturday afternoon I called a meeting of the vestry. At that meeting I handed over the money, saying merely that the donor wished his name withheld. And it was decided to proceed at once with some much-needed repairs to the church, which will include a new organ and a stained-glass window.

"'So you can understand that I was greatly troubled by the receipt of your letter on Saturday night. And after much thought, having the sanction of your permission to put the money to such use as I might see fit, as being the only reparation in my power, I announced from the pulpit this morning the gift of five thousand dollars gold to the church, giving your name as that of the generous donor. That name will be placed in the new window, thus going down to posterity as a token of your noble nature. And I trust that you may regard the thanks and prayers of a grateful congregation as also some slight compensation.

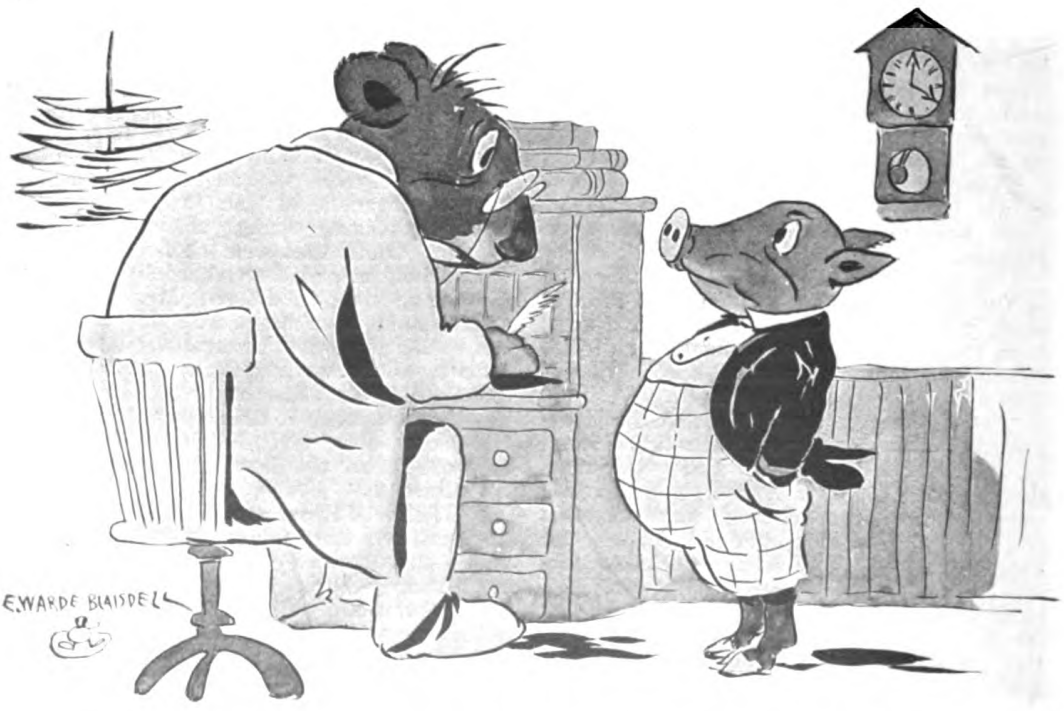
"'Hoping, therefore, that you may feel your apology has been received in the right spirit and that my action may meet with your approval, please believe me to be,

Faithfully yours,

HORATIO P. ROBINSON.

"'P.S.—Many thanks for the bank-note. I shall hope often to see you in my church.'

"It was the credit of securing that donation from Hal that gave him his start and restored his self-confidence. And as for Hal's wife, I don't think she ever entirely believed her husband's explanation of his gift; women so love to idealize us poor creatures. And Hal certainly has made a model husband. All of which goes to prove," concluded the Major, whimsically, "that there are more lotteries in life than those for which tickets are sold."



BOSS. "*Where have you been since twelve o'clock?*"
MR. PIG *(new clerk)*. "*Oh, I always allow myself four hours for lunch*"

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Ripples

Said Whipsee to the turtle sly, "What is it you are after?"
The creature only made reply with peals of rippling laughter!

Doubtful

THE professor, though of medium height, weighs about three hundred.

When it became known last summer that he was considering an offer of the English chair in a certain university, a student of the college in which he had been teaching wrote to him urging him not to accept. The professor read the letter with much gratification—it was highly complimentary—until he came to the last sentence, which ran, "The men in my class regard you as the chief pillow of our institution."

He is still wondering whether it was merely a case of bad spelling.

No Escape

THERE was recently held a revival meeting in a colored church of Lynchburg, Virginia, on which occasion the exhorter pictured in lurid fashion the suffering that would befall the wicked. Incidentally the preacher reminded his hearers that "there shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."

At this juncture an old negress in the rear shouted:

"Bless de Lawd, I ain't got no teeth!"

"Doan' yo' fool yo'se'f 'bout dat!" yelled the preacher, shaking his finger at the offender. "Dem teeth will be provided!"

A Matter of Accommodation

A ST. LOUIS man relates an amusing incident he witnessed during a recent trip to the Ozark region of Arkansas.

He had entered an establishment of the kind known throughout the Southwest as "The New York Store," there to make a purchase, when he found a little girl ahead of him.

"Ma wants ter know ef yo' will change her a dollar right away," said the youngster, breathlessly.

"All right," assented the proprietor. "Where's the dollar?"

"We ain't got it jest now," explained the youthful emissary, "but ma says she'll shore send it to yo' ter-morrer."

Self-contained

LITTLE Mary came to her mother one day saying, "Mamma, I think our garbage is the nicest man." Her mother had never noticed anything especially attractive about the garbage man, and questioned her to find out what made her think so.

"Why," she said, "when he was carrying out the can to-day it spilled all down his back, and he just sat down on the curb and talked to the Lord."

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A Diplomat if not a Linguist

A BREEZY and enterprising Western politician applied to the Secretary of State for a consularship at one of the Chinese ports.

"You may not be aware, Mr. Blank," said the Secretary, "that I never recommend to the President the appointment of a consul unless he speaks the language of the country to which he desires to go. Now I suppose you do not speak Chinese."

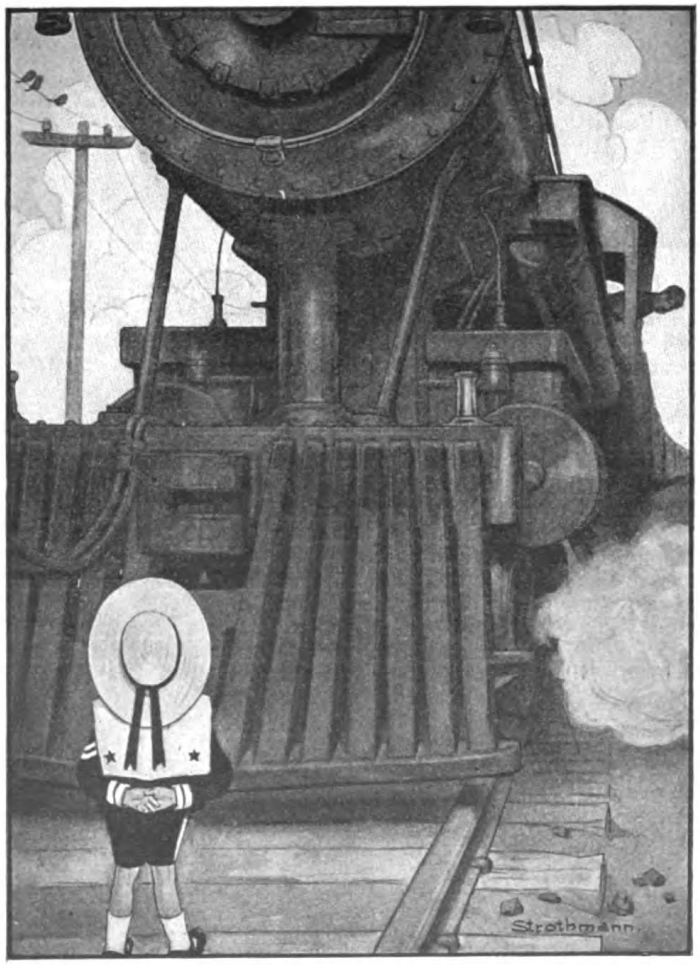
The Westerner grinned cheerfully. "If, Mr. Secretary," said he, "you will ask me a question in Chinese, I shall be happy to answer it."

He got the appointment.

The Lay of the Speckled Hen

I FEED my speckled hen each day,
So that for me an egg she'll lay;
Now do you think if tacks she'd eat,
That she could lay a carpet neat?

JOSEPHINE GILSON.



"I wonder why the engine stopped," said Tommy on the ties.

"A coward he, afraid of me, and pray behold his size!"

Rough Going

THE latest joke on a western railroad, according to a travelling man, is that a passenger in the dining-car had ordered ham and fried eggs for breakfast.

"Kan't giv' y'u aigs, 'fessor," the negro waiter informed him.

"Why, how's that?" said the passenger.

"Well," said the waiter, "de cook sez de road is so ruff dat ebery time he tries to fry de aigs dey scrambles."

Compulsory Diet

A NEW-YORKER, visiting a New England family, observed that the little girl of the house was eating some new kind of cereal food. As she seemed to evince but a melancholy interest in the preparation the visitor asked:

"Do you like it, Mary?"

"Not 'specially," replied the youngster, sadly.

"Then why do you eat it?"

"I have to," was the grave answer. "Our grocer has promised to give a pair of skates for every five packages we buy, and it's got to be eaten every morning."

Race Strategy

TWO castaways had floated for days upon a frail raft, provisions were exhausted, and, save for a tough piece of bacon, not a morsel of food remained to them.

"Oi'll foight yez fer it!" suggested Murphy, pleasantly.

"Auf I ged licked den I ged noddings!" returned Hans.

"Sure, thin, Oi'll match yez!"

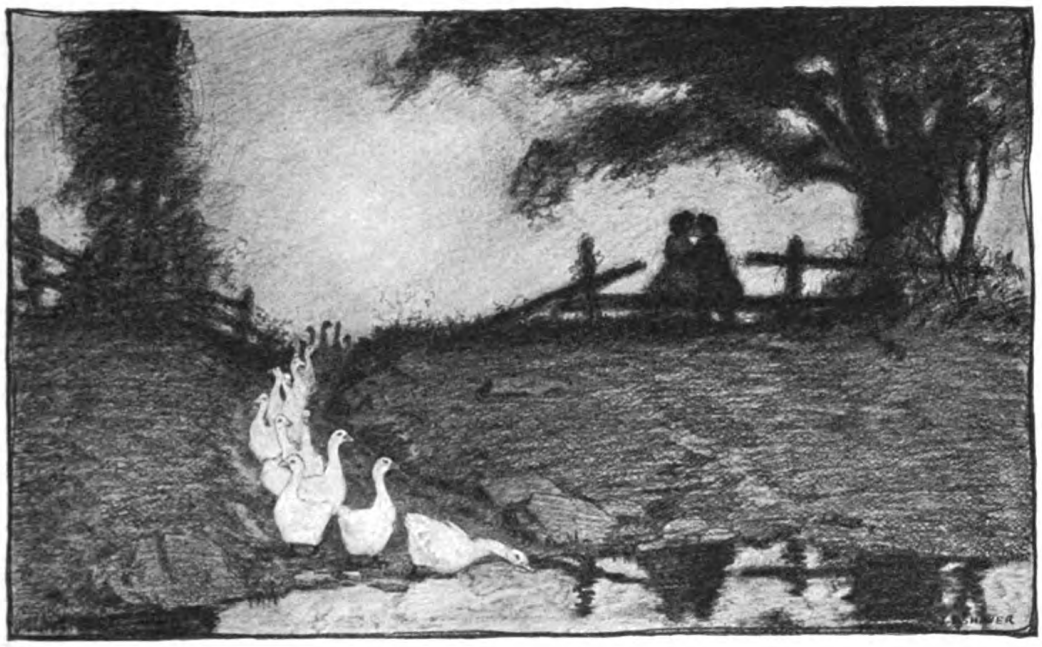
"Dot madchings vas no good. I been nod lucky!"

The argument proceeded until eventually it was agreed upon that each should take the bacon in his teeth, and, at a given signal, to pull with all his might. Dropping upon their knees — nose touching nose — they seized the coveted bacon.

"Are yez ready?" inquired Murphy, through his clenched teeth.

"Yah!" said Hans, opening his mouth, innocently.

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Geese

Paternal Latin

"CAN'T you keep still, David?" asked Mr. Mead from behind his evening paper. "What are you doing?"

"Studyin' Latin," came the muffled answer, "an' I'm stuck."

"Show it to me," ordered his father, resignedly. Mr. Mead's Latin was exceedingly rusty, and he, knowing this fact, was wont to act with due caution.

David brought his work over and explained where the trouble lay. It seemed that a certain word could not be found in the vocabulary, nor could he guess whence the form was derived. His father studied the page for a moment and then said: "Now, David, I don't think I ought to help you. It is a great deal better for you to puzzle things out for yourself. In this case it is merely a question of your knowing your declensions and conjugations."

The lad worked till bedtime without success. The next afternoon he came home from school with a look of triumph.

"I've found out about that word!" he announced.

"Perseverance—" began his father.

"The teacher told us—it was a misprint!"

Non Sequitur

TOMMY, very sleepy, was saying his prayers. "Now I lay me down to sleep," he began. "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"'If,'" his mother prompted.

"If he hollers let him go, enny, meny, minny, mo!"

Romanza in A-flat

MRS. C.'S nurse-maid was playing the pianola to amuse the babies, and incidentally to try some new rolls of perforated music which had just arrived. Mrs. C., hearing an especially pleasing selection, called, "Sarah, what is that from?"

"I don't know, ma'am," replied Sarah. "It's just called 'Romance in a Flat.'"

In His Line

AN ambitious politician who has at various times been a candidate for public office has a son, a lad of eight, who, meditating upon the uncertainties of kingly existence, at last asked his mother:

"If the King of England should die, who would be King?"

"The Prince of Wales."

"And if he should die, who would be King?"

His mother turned the question off in some way, when the boy, with a deep breath, said:

"Well, anyway, I hope pa won't try for it."

The Lazy Leopard

TWO leopards were lying in the shade.

"I wish," growled one, "that sun didn't move so fast."

"Why?" asked the other.

"Because then we wouldn't have to change spots so often."

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When I Get into Bed

BY BURGES JOHNSON

I'M never frightened in the dark,
Though I am very small;
I never sit all scared, and hark
For ogres in the hall.
But when my prayers are said
I have one awful dread,
That *something* waits to grab my toes
When I get into bed!

I try to think of pleasant things
Each time I get undressed;
And how each day no evil brings
If children do their best.
But the thought comes in my head,
As I'm turning down the spread,
That *something's* going to grab my toes
When I climb into bed!

And when there's nothing more to do,
With bed-clothes open wide,
It makes me shiver through and through
A-trying to decide
Which foot shall go ahead,
Cause I'm sure I'd tumble dead
If *something* ever grabbed my toes
As I got into bed.

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Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "Edric and Sylvaine"

EDRIC THE SINGER

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HARPER'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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The Flowers

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

"WHY! He must mean my rose," said Dave Tennant. "But how in the kingdom did Jepsom ever think of it!"

He was sitting in a wooden armchair before his greenhouse door. The *Weekly Bugle,* which a neighbor had brought over from the post-office, had interrupted him in the midst of his morning rounds.

He looked helplessly up from the staring head-lines, and down the straggling village street. From one end to the other it was ablaze with blossoms. It was not hard to see why the bees loved it so; long before a wayfarer came within sight of it he threw back his head and drew in the perfume. But although, with the bees, the flowers had drawn Dave to Deering, at this moment he hardly saw them. His eyes went back to the paper.

"Munificence of Adams County's Millionaire!" it said, in the largest type the *Bugle* possessed. "Prize Offered to Horticulturists! County Fair Next Summer! One Thousand Dollars for a White Rose With Jacqueminot Perfume!"

Dave raised his near-sighted blue eyes from the paper.

"Now that really is a lucky thing for me—I suppose I ought to have been thinking about money long before this. I wonder what made me try just that experiment—it isn't like me to do anything that has money in it. I *have* been careless—must have thought something would feed me—don't believe I thought much about it. And here I am, sixty-odd, and beginning to be stiff with the rheumatism. And nobody belonging to me. Then—after all these years—comes this thing! Never thought of it before, but I wonder what would have been ahead of me if I gave out. Makes you think about the man that the ravens fed in the wilderness, or falling manna— Come to think of it, ravens are more in order. Old Jepsom isn't unlike one—in features. Must be pretty decent inside. Who would ever have thought he cared anything about flowers?"

Tennant rose slowly to the full height of his spare figure and tossed back white locks with a gallant motion of his head. He looked down the village street again.

"It never seems to grow old to me," he murmured.—Much solitude had given Dave the habit of thinking aloud. Then, with the smile that made a gentle nutcracker of his face:

"I ought to like it—it's what brought me here. Wasn't it just like me to leave Danforth, where I was laying up money, and come here, just because the people knew how to raise flowers—and didn't need me?" He stood still and looked.

Nasturtiums overflowed all bound of window-box or sweet-alyssum bordered walks; they nodded bright heads from the tops of stone walls and peeped around trellises. Sweet-peas threw prodigal color and sweetness into the air. Garden beds blazed with delicately flaunting poppies, were gorgeous with geraniums or starred

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with eschscholtzia. Rose hedges, still fragrant, led from white doorsteps to green garden gates; petunias, fuchsias, sweet-williams, four-o'clocks, filled in every crevice.

"I hardly know a man or woman in this place," thought Dave, as, paper in hand, he turned to go into his greenhouse, "but I know their gardens."

Automatically his deft fingers broke a dead leaf from a thrifty carnation.

"I had neighbors back in Danforth. But they let even their geraniums die in winter." He straightened a pink rosebud that had become entangled with its own foliage.

"We couldn't live in a place like that, could we, Beauty?" he queried aloud. It would have been hard to persuade Dave that his flowers did not understand him. "We gave them ten years' trial!"

Tennant came to a halt before a tall, slender rose bush. Weighting down the delicate stem was a white rose. He looked at it almost reverently. Then he buried his face in its petals.

"That's the Jacqueminot Enchantment; there's no doubt of that. What was it I used to call it when I was a child?—'Sugar and spice and all things nice.' Are you going to make a thousand dollars for your daddy, girl, to take care of him in the old age he ought to have been thinking about himself?" He raised the paper to his eyes. "But they say Jepsom wants a strong, healthy plant." His face clouded. Dave was subject to shifting moods. "That's the trouble. That's what I haven't been able to maintain yet. Every time I tried to bud or graft her on to a stouter stock I failed. If the bees hadn't been such rowdies, some of her brothers or sisters might have turned out better. Well, I've got a year to work in."

His eyes fell again on the paper.

"'Adams County Horticulturists,'" he read, and chuckled. "I'd like to know who they are, unless they call me one. Old Gundlach, perhaps, or McClane in Wells. Raising corn is more in their line." He turned to the rose again. "Got to find out what fare agrees with you, girl, to make you strong and stout to please old Jepsom. Have to raise some daughters, too, to keep your daddie company—"

An uncertain sound at the door made him look up. A child stood there, a thin, pale boy, whose head drooped on the slender neck. He was not looking at Dave. His dilated eyes were fixed on the flowers.

"What is it, sonny?" asked the florist, professionally. He did not recognize the child; he was accustomed not to know his customers.

The child did not answer, but looked at Dave dumbly. It was as if he were asking the old man to discover for him what he wanted. As he stood beside the flower, his face was not unlike the white rose drooping on its stem. Tennant noticed that in spite of his evident sickliness the child had a certain pale beauty.

"Who are you? What's your name?" tried the florist again. This time the child answered readily enough.

"Jeremy Hartwell."

"Well, Jeremy, what does your mother want?"

There was a pause. The boy stared at Dave with blue eyes, pale from lack of vitality. His gaze was disconcerting. He made no effort to answer.

"How is your mother?" essayed Tennant, wondering what was the matter with the child, and not understanding why he should care to find out. He knew very little about children, except that they were apt to break panes of glass and trample flower beds. He had never before observed that they were backward about speaking.

"I don't know," said Jeremy, monotonously. "My mother's just gone to heaven."

"Gone to heaven!"

With the shock of the words an indistinct picture came to Dave's mind of a tall, sombre woman he had once seen. Some one had told him she was a Mrs. Hartwell. She had come, with her child, to take a little house at the very end of the village, the only house without a garden. That was after Dave himself had driven his load of flowers, nodding their greetings, all the way down the street.

He looked at the child curiously.

"He doesn't seem to be grieving much," he thought. And then something in the wide eyes gave him a quick pang of sympathy.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"I'm four years and a half old," re-

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"WHAT IS IT, SONNY?" ASKED THE FLORIST

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plied Jeremy, his eyes turning again to the flowers.

"Poor little baby!" thought the man. "He's nothing more than a baby. He can't know anything more about it than my white rose that he's looking at. He's just saying what some one has told him."

"Mrs. Eliot said my mother had gone to heaven," began Jeremy again. "She said the dip—diph—what I had—" he stumbled and stopped. Then he went on. "It took her. I didn't see her go." A look of puzzled fear came in his eyes.

"Didn't Eliot say there was diphtheria in the village? Must have been a funeral those flowers were for the other day." Dave searched his memory. "Afraid I forget most things they tell me." Then he grew uneasy before the small impassive face. "Do you want to stay here with me a little while?" he asked, awkwardly. To himself he murmured apologetically, "He seems like a sickly little plant that some one ought to nurse."

Jeremy came to his side and put his hand in Dave's suddenly. There was something in the desperate grip of the thin little fingers that brought an uncomfortable feeling to Dave's throat. All the time the child's eyes were on the flowers. Their brightness drew him; he was himself singularly colorless; even his hair was silvery rather than golden. He made a little groping motion with his hand. Tennant understood. He knew the feeling.

"Want some posies, child?" he asked, softly.

"That's why I came. I saw them," said Jeremy, raising his eyes to the man's face.

"Well, here, Jeremy." The florist, followed by the child, went down the greenhouse, picking carnations and heliotropes and rosebuds. As each blossom was cut, the little fingers closed upon it tightly.

"Seems as if he just had to have something with some color in it," said Dave to himself.

At last the hands were full. Still the child stood silent, with his eyes fastened on the man. Tennant was uncomfortable.

"Don't know anything else to do," he muttered, apologetically—to something, not to Jeremy.

He went back to his interrupted morning duties, finished watering his roses, and then began to pot some plants that he had been raising from seeds. Jeremy watched him. Something in the child's face—or in the depths of his own nature—made Dave say,

"Would you like to plant some flowers, Jeremy?"

"Oh yes," said the boy, almost before the man had finished speaking.

Dave felt flattered that he could guess what a child wanted.

"Must be different from other children," he thought, while he was putting Jeremy's flowers in water. "More like the flowers. They know what they want—and want the right things." He brought out some small flower-pots. Then he took Jeremy outside to show him two piles of earth.

"You take some of this kind and some of that and put them together." Then he showed the boy how to sift the earth to make it fine enough. Jeremy's eyes were fixed on his instructor. At last Tennant got out a drawer full of seed envelopes. There were crudely colored pictures of mammoth blossoms on the envelopes. The child followed him into the greenhouse.

"Can I—choose—the ones—with pictures I like best?" he whispered.

"Yes," nodded Dave.

The eagerness with which an extraordinarily red phlox and an equally vivid hollyhock were seized brought the uncomfortable feeling again to Dave's throat. A recollection of the austere-looking mother came into his mind.

"I wonder if she ever let him have anything bright?" he muttered. "Now, Jeremy," he said, "take your pots and seeds out-of-doors. Right into the sunshine. Child has not had sunlight enough. Plants need all they can get of it—children can't be very different; anyway, he makes me think of a little, spindling seedling."

A few minutes later, as Dave passed him, Jeremy spoke. The child was sitting on the ground in a patch of sunshine, his flowers in an old pitcher beside him. A tinge of color had come into his face, but he was looking at smudges that had occurred upon his cotton tunic and small hands. He looked at them shrinkingly.

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"I'm getting dirty," he said. The dreary resignation of his voice showed that he felt sure his treasures would be taken from him. Still he confessed.

"Isn't any more deceit in him than there is in a—pansy," Dave said to himself. Then, aloud, "All right, boy,—can't work with plants and keep clean."

A flash of joy passed over the small face.

"Looks as if he never was allowed to play in the dirt in all his life," Tennant thought. "Didn't I like to grub in the dirt—just? Don't mind it much now. My mother used to be afraid, too, of having me get my clothes dirty. I believe children have to have dirt to grow in just as much as plants." And he looked at Jeremy with new sympathy.

Jeremy had six of his ten flower pots filled with fascinating black earth, and each artistically smoothed down, when a tall, thin woman slammed the gate. She was dressed in black of a painful neatness. Her gloomy face was set in lines of unwilling obligation. When Jeremy saw her he got up from the ground, tried anxiously to wipe some of the dirt from his hands, and retreated toward Dave.

"That's my aunt from Greenacre," he said, softly.

The florist took off his black skull-cap and came forward to meet the woman with a stateliness that was very becoming.

"Good morning, madam," he said.

She did not stop for any reply to his greeting.

"I've come for Jeremy," she said. "Mrs. Eliot said she saw him come in here. I'm his aunt and only living relative. I will have to take care of him now—"

She stopped and sighed with resignation. Tennant felt awkward.

"I'm sure Jeremy is a very nice child," he said, with polite intention. The woman looked at him blankly.

"I don't see how I am going to do it, but I suppose it will have to be done. I can't have my sister's child go on the town—"

Dave looked at her. He had such difficulty understanding people.

The woman turned to Jeremy, who stood trying to hide his hands under his tunic.

"I didn't expect to find you *playing*, and your mother not even laid away in her grave," she said, tartly. Then she caught sight of the hands. "Jeremy! Wash your hands right away!" The child, confused, brushed against her as he looked around to find water. "Don't touch!" Her voice sounded almost hysterical as she shrank away. "Such an unnatural child!"

To his own great surprise Dave felt impelled to interfere.

"Let the child be happy while he can," he said. His voice amazed him; it sounded so indignant. "What does he know of it all? It doesn't seem to me that it's anything that will do him good to have forced on him. He can't know anything more about death than those poppies over there—even if they do drop their petals in a day. They just know they miss the sunshine—and so does Jeremy."

"Sunshine!" The woman smiled grimly. "Are you talking about my sister? You may be sure she didn't teach him anything like this—or let him litter things up with plants. A widow has too much to do to clean up after a child all the time. Come, Jeremy. I will have to get you ready to-day; there won't be time after the funeral to-morrow. We will have to start right after it is over. I've got my week's cleaning at home to do yet."

Jeremy started to her. He had been trained to obey. But the sight of his pots and seeds and of Dave's battalions of flowers made him stop.

Tennant felt gloomy. He looked at the woman and then at the child—at his blooming family and back to Jeremy's white face and wistful mouth. He looked again at the woman.

"I wouldn't sell a plant to her, no matter what she paid for it," he thought. "She would kill it before she got home."

"What are you waiting for, Jeremy?" demanded the aunt from Greenacre. And again Dave had the curious sensation of speaking before he knew what he was going to say.

"Would you like to stay here with me?" he asked the child.

"All the time?" replied Jeremy, promptly.

That wasn't what Dave had meant at all. He was sure it wasn't. All that he had intended was that the boy could stay with him—well, until the funeral was over—or until some one appeared who

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was—different from this woman. But how could he bring a shadow to the little, joyous face? Dave was accustomed to the bright faces of his flowers.

"Yes, Jeremy, all the time." There was too much of the Tennant blood in the old florist for him to allow his misgivings to creep into his voice; but the woman expressed it for him.

"But—you have no wife."

"Good Lord, no, madam!" burst out Dave, with so much eagerness to disclaim that the aunt smiled.

"Went to see a girl once." Tennant felt that his heat had been ungallant. "Her name was—well, never mind her name. But one day I came to see her when she was picking flowers in her front garden. She was looking prettier than I had ever seen her. But—*she picked almost as many buds as flowers!*" There could be no doubt that he felt this was a full explanation. Nothing but the feeling that he had been rude would have drawn from Tennant so much of his personal history.

"But if you have no one to clean and cook for you, how can you manage with a child? You know my sister left no money," she added, suspiciously.

"Oh, I can get along very well. I have a competence coming to me soon," he said, grandly, the thought of the prize that would surely be his a warm undercurrent in his mind. "And I've managed without a housekeeper all these years—I ought to be able to do it a little longer. And Jeremy won't be any trouble."

The aunt had felt that it was only honest to put the objections before him. She did not feel it necessary to insist that a child of four would be some trouble. Instead she heaved a great sigh of relief.

"Well, we will let it go that way for a little while," she said, weakly. Then she walked away around the greenhouse, keeping her black skirts well out of the way of possible dust.

The pair she had left looked at each other. The old man's gaze was, in spite of himself, a little dubious. But there was no misgiving in Jeremy's acceptance of things as they were.

It was a long, bright morning, filled with the hum of bees, with darting butterflies, and with the mingled scent of flowers and the good brown earth. Dave weeded, pruned, watered his beds of outside plants. As he deftly worked over the earth around the roots of his white rose, mixing in heavier soil, he talked uninterruptedly to Jeremy about the prize that Jepsom had offered and of all that the rose was going to accomplish for him. The big eyes of the child fastened themselves on the slender bush with solemnity.

"Just smell it." Dave was beginning to have the sense of another auditor, of different quality from his flower companions. He held the rose where Jeremy's small nose could reach it. "If that isn't the real Jacqueminot compound, I don't know what it is—"

"What's that?" asked Jeremy.

"Oh—'wine and spice and all things nice,'" chuckled Dave. "That's what I used to call it when I was a boy."

Jeremy appreciated the jingle.

"'Wine and spice and all things nice,'" he repeated, nodding his head gravely.

"Did you ever see a white rose that had a perfume like that before? No, you never did," he answered for the child.

Dave was so accustomed to his floral family that the lack of response didn't worry him at all. Yet, when the child, in the companionship of labor, began to forget his shyness and to chatter, partly to himself, partly to Dave, but most of all to the pots and seeds that occupied him, the sound was a pleasant one to the old man, used to fragrant silences.

"Won't I just be glad when they all begin to come up!" Jeremy burst out on one occasion. "And they'll all be so s'prised. And they'll all talk to each other when they get through the ground—"

"Sure they will," Dave nodded. "I've often heard them."

"'Cause, you know, everything talks." Jeremy became more expansive. He was not accustomed to having his statements accepted. "The door talks when it squeaks—and when it thunders the sky's talking—"

"But what will the flowers say?" prompted Dave.

"The hollyhocks will say, 'I'm up.' And the morning-glories will say, 'I am too.' And the phlox 'll say, 'I got through first.' And the hollyhock will say, 'No, I did.' And then the pansy will say, 'Well, anyway, this is the nicest place I ever saw—'"

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Off in the distance a bell began to ring clamorously.

"That's the schoolhouse bell. But it can't be noon already." Dave took a big silver watch from his pocket. "Sure enough it is. Somehow I'm 'way behind this morning. Suppose I'll have to be thinking about dinner. You'd better come up to the house with me."

Jeremy arose with alacrity. His social instincts had not often been gratified. He had not realized all that staying with the flowers meant. Taking dinner at some one else's house, and that some one this mysteriously rich man who had nothing to do but play with flowers, and who wasn't worried by having company to dinner—this was a prospect that could not be dallied with. If he wasn't quick in saying he would, perhaps it would be taken away.

Dave looked at his willing guest meditatively.

"Don't know one thing about feeding a child," he thought. "Queer thing my having to think about it at my time of life. But I fancy if I've been able to feed plants all my life—when they can't tell what they want—until afterward—I ought to be able to find something for him. It does seem as if the earth ought to know how to nourish a growing thing better than has been done for that child."

The dinner was a feast to Jeremy. Dave had filled a big bowl in the middle of the table with roses. There was so little sale for them at this time of the year with the frugal Deering folks that he could indulge himself with a clear conscience. The tints of the flowers were reflected dully in the satiny lustre of the mahogany table that had been willed to him by his grandfather. Tennant put before his guest the simplest things of his simple larder. There were thin slices of ham and fresh-picked pease, bread and butter which he bought from Mrs. Eliot, creamy milk, and a glass bowl heaped with red raspberries, which were almost as fragrant as the roses.

Later on Jeremy would miss his mother in the dumb, puzzled acceptance with which grief comes home to babies. Now he was conscious that instead of a nervously anxious, sombre woman opposite him, there was a smiling old man with sunny blue eyes who seemed interested in his remarks. Moreover, since there was no cloth on the table—a point for which, had Dave known it, Deering found it difficult to pardon him—it did not seem at all a serious matter when he had an accident with food on its way to his mouth.

Late that night Tennant had still not finished his work. The child had hindered him. The florist was pottering about the greenhouse in the moonlight doing some belated tasks. He passed the white rose. The flower was drooping on its stem, more, it seemed to Dave, than it had done during the daytime. It made him think of the way Jeremy had looked when he had last seen him, after the supper dishes were done, playing languidly with his pots outside the greenhouse door. The old man drew out his watch.

"Ten o'clock!" he cried, guiltily. "I've forgotten him. I'm sure he ought to be in bed!"

When he found Jeremy, the child was lying, crumpled up, on the ground, asleep. His clothes and hair were damp with the heavy dew. Dave picked him up hurriedly and took him to the house. At the threshold he stood in bewilderment.

"Why! Where am I going to put him—there's no place but my bed!"

At the word the child wakened.

"Don't want to—go—bed," he murmured, sleepily. "Haven't any nightie."

Dave smiled ruefully.

"Hadn't thought of that, either," he said. "I'm afraid aunt wouldn't approve of me. Well, we'll have to manage for to-night with an old undershirt of mine."

When Jeremy was finally placed in the midst of Dave's big feather-bed, the man stooped clumsily to tuck the child in—as he remembered his mother used to do for him. Jeremy opened his eyes half way—he was almost asleep again.

"Mother—" he said, comfortably, and turned on his side.

Outside everything was white in the moonlight. Dave sat down heavily in his old rocking-chair on the porch. He was very tired. The "Mother" of the forlorn child up-stairs had brought the tears to his eyes. It made him humble.

"Must have been demented to think I could take the place of any woman, much less a mother—or even a mother's sister. For a man sixty-odd who can hardly take

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE CHILD WAS SITTING IN A PATCH OF SUNSHINE

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care of himself, and who never had anything more to do with a child before than to give him the flowers his mother sent him for—"

He left the sentence unfinished and sat for a time in troubled silence. The peace of the night had begun to rest him when he started up.

"If I haven't forgotten the greenhouse!" he groaned. "The boy drove everything else out of my head!"

"A child can do more unexpected things than a hybrid plant," said Dave, with rueful emphasis.

It was a week since Jeremy had come to the greenhouse.

"Strange how steady a plant is, compared with a baby. Once you get her fixed, when you look for pink you find it, and when you expect red, there it is. But a boy—"

He went back into the tool house to get his shears.

"Got to start those cuttings to-day, no matter how queer I feel," he said. "Wonder what makes me so tired and gives me such a headache? Throat's sore, too. Must have caught cold—it's a miracle that Jeremy didn't, that night I forgot him. But I've lost so much time getting the boy's room fixed and learning to 'do his back buttons,' as he says—" Tennant stopped to chuckle, but the sound was a hoarse one. He went into the tool house to get some pots.

"What an impatient fellow I am!" he said, bringing the white rose out to his working-table. The second rose had opened; there were no more buds on the plant. "Here men cleverer than I am have been at work for generations growing the stock that I'm trying to play pranks with now. Wonder how many hundreds of years it is, girl, since one of your forebears was a hedge rose. Suppose I don't need to have my feelings hurt because a four-year-old looked cross when I told him to pull up weeds instead of planting seeds in his flower bed. I thought this morning would be a good time for him to learn that there is such a thing as work. That poppy bed ought to bring him out of his little temper; I never can look at them without wanting to dance—that is, when I don't feel as spineless as I do this morning. I don't know any way to teach humans but the way we train plants: put them where good things can pour in on them, and they can't help drinking them in—crowds the ugly things out, I fancy."

He sat down heavily on a wooden bench.

"I wonder if old age can strike one all at once this way—that's a bad outlook with a boy to bring up. I can't let him go now; it wouldn't be fair."

Mrs. Eliot appeared at the door. Dave got up to meet her, and then instinctively stepped aside to make way for her. No one needed to be told that Mrs. Eliot was a managing woman.

"I've come to see about Jeremy's schooling," she began, briskly. "The school board is making out the lists for next year, and they want all the names. You are going to send him, I suppose—that is, if you keep him," she added, doubtfully.

"Why, I hadn't thought of it, madam. Jeremy is only four years old."

"That's quite old enough. It will take him out of your way. And then he will want to get through earlier than most. You'll want him to be learning a trade."

"The child is happy out-of-doors, madam. He needs the air and the sunlight. He is growing stronger already. And as for a trade," he smiled slightly, "perhaps I can teach him one."

"To grow flowers?" demanded Mrs. Eliot, sceptically. Something in the glance of her keen eyes convinced Dave that she saw clear through his pocket to his old leather wallet, and knew that he had begun to draw on the little surplus he had brought from Danforth. He dropped the subject and steadied himself against the door.

"I don't think Jeremy wants to go to school—"

"Nonsense! Boys never want to go to school. If you don't start them early, they'll be at a disadvantage later on."

Tennant didn't reply for a moment. He was feeling curiously weak. Then he looked at Mrs. Eliot with his gentle nut-cracker smile.

"In plants, madam, precocity is a disease."

"Plants don't have to earn their living," snapped the capable lady.

Tennant passed his hand over his forehead; he never could understand his

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neighbors. He smiled guiltily as he thought of some of his methods with Jeremy. What, he wondered, would Mrs. Eliot think if she could see, from her closed evening shutters, a small faun capering about on the cool wet grass, the spray from a garden hose playing deliciously upon its glistening white skin?

Mrs. Eliot recalled him to proper attention.

"Another thing I wanted to see about was Jeremy's clothes. What are you going to do about them?"

Dave blinked.

"His poor mother left him with—things," he said, vaguely. "His aunt brought them over after the funeral."

"Summer things," replied Mrs. Eliot, promptly. "They'll never do for winter in this climate."

"Well—I guess they'll come—" Tennant's eyes wandered over the green and blooming earth, and he smiled in response to his thought.

"Not unless somebody makes them." Mrs. Eliot's black eyes snapped energetically. "I have taken the matter up with the Dorcas Society. If you give me the money, I will get some serge and flannel over to the Centre to-day. Then we can go to work on them the next meeting. Ten dollars will do—underwear and all. It's best to be forehanded."

Dave looked bewildered, but he mechanically extracted ten dollars from the diminishing surplus. After Mrs. Eliot had gone he sank back on the bench.

"Lilies-of-the-valley aren't modern in their tailor. Well, well, we'll take the Dorcas Society as a substitute. The idea!" he burst out, indignantly. "As if I would send the boy away to school! When I haven't found out yet how to answer his questions about his mother! —Well, boy?" as Jeremy came running in breathlessly.

"Oh, Dad-Dave"—this name was Jeremy's own invention, bestowed upon the old man after he had apparently thought the matter over for four days,—"you said you were going to make pieces of the white rose grow to-day. May I watch you? I've pulled all the weeds up."

"I believe he is going to love them as much as I do," thought Tennant, feeling better. "The poppies did their work."

"You see, Jeremy," he said, going back to his work-table again, "I want to make as many plants from the bush as I can. It's the only way to fix this kind of a rose, to establish it. That's because it has come from cross-fertilization—but, of course, you can't understand that. Now, she won't stand much cutting.' He cut off four pieces. "One of these I am going to graft on to a stouter bush; one I am going to bud. The other two I am going to put into strong earth and root."

Jeremy's eager little hands were darting out, fingering, touching, with swift humming-bird motions.

"How many times have I told you not to touch things?" said Dave, sharply. "I tell you over and over and it does no good."

Jeremy's quick motion as he shrank back touched an empty flower pot. It rolled to the floor and broke. "If it had been the rose itself that you touched, the same thing would have happened!" Suddenly he perceived that he was trembling with impatience and that the child was looking at him fearfully, all the gladness gone from his face.

"I wonder what is the matter with me?" thought Dave. "I never was like this before. So foolish, too. As if we didn't have to make a plant do the same thing for generations before it is taught. And then, if we leave them to their own way, they go back. I surely ought to have learned to be patient."

He went on with his work, and Jeremy watched him. But while Dave was preparing the stocky bush to receive the cutting the child grew tired; he wanted his own cuttings to graft and slip. The florist good-naturedly stopped his task to clip some pieces from other roses, which the child arranged beside Dad-Dave's cuttings. For a few minutes he was happily busy sticking rose sprays into flower pots. Then a new idea came to him, and he ran in and out on mysterious errands of his own.

Dave succeeded in setting the precious graft. When he had finished, he looked at it in perplexity.

"It doesn't look right," he said. He was oddly disconcerted. His head was queer and hot and his throat ached. He was uncertain from dizziness. "I feel ill. If I hadn't begun, I wouldn't do

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anything more to-day." He selected a plant for the budding. As he crossed the room he staggered. At that moment Jeremy ran in.

"I found a nice garden for the rosie," he said, and stopped, looking at the old man with wonder.

"I will have to—stop a little and—rest," he said to Jeremy. "Come with me—boy."

Jeremy put his hand in Dave's. When they were outside the door—

"Wait a minute," Tennant said, anxiously. "I must—put—the girl away." He went back into the greenhouse. When he came out again he walked with still greater difficulty.

"I'm—tired," Dave said, thickly. "I'll come—back after I have rested a few—minutes."

By the time Dave had partly dragged himself, partly been pushed by Jeremy, on to his high old bed, he looked at the child so wildly and spoke in such a queer choked voice and had such a red face that Jeremy was frightened and ran for Mrs. Eliot. That was the way his mother had looked before she went to heaven.

When the doctor came he said Tennant had diphtheria. Mrs. Eliot told him of Jeremy's clothes, and the doctor said that undoubtedly the disease had been brought to the old florist by poor little Jeremy. Hearing this was the last thing that Dave was conscious of for a long time.

When, after an interval which he could not have defined, but which seemed to him a chasm filled with choking, burning vapor, the haze at last cleared away, Mrs. Eliot was sitting by the bed.

"Jeremy?" whispered the old man.

Mrs. Eliot smiled and pointed to the corner of the room, where the child sat playing quietly. There seemed something strange to Tennant, but he was too weak to think.

"Too white,"—he spoke again, with a motion of his eyelids toward the boy. This again made him think of something, but he couldn't quite get hold of it.

"Yes, Jeremy would stay in the room with you," Mrs. Eliot nodded. "He's bleached out."

Jeremy, awestruck, came toward the bed. Then Dave knew what it was that had seemed strange: the child was playing with blocks. He had never before seen him with any plaything but the flowers. He had a thrill of close, warm happiness when it grew clear to him that Jeremy had stayed with him rather than go outdoors. It made the world different somehow. Could it be that the child was really fond of him?

Jeremy spoke solemnly, as he felt it was right to do.

"I planted the pieces, Dad-Dave."

Dave raised himself, gasping, on his arm.

"The white rose!" he cried, wondering that he could for a minute have forgotten.

"All your plants are safe," said Mrs. Eliot, in the indulgent voice she knew was the right thing to use with sick people. "Mr. Eliot watered them and took care of them for you."

Dave sank back on his pillows, exhausted.

"I don't know what Jeremy means," Mrs. Eliot continued. "When Mr. Eliot was gathering up some rubbish to be burned, Jeremy rushed up and said that Dad-Dave didn't want him to burn it; Dad-Dave wanted to plant it. So Mr. Eliot let him take what he wanted."

"I couldn't find the nice garden I put the rosie in," said Jeremy, wisely nodding his head. "So I put the pieces in flower pots, just the way Dad-Dave does."

Tennant shook his head.

"I'm afraid—" he said, weakly. "Did they take root, boy?—But of course you can't tell. How soon can I get up?"

"Not for two weeks, Mr. Tennant. You have been very ill."

Dave closed his eyes wearily. When he opened them, Jeremy had run out of the room. Tennant turned over on his side. He felt suddenly very lonely.

"Couldn't expect him to stay shut up here," he thought—"two weeks. Well,"—as he steadied his quivering lips—"I suppose Mr. Eliot will take care of them. Don't see but I've got to think so. Perhaps one of the boy's slips may have taken root." But he knew he did not really hope. "If anything has happened to the white rose!—Can't seem to remember just where I left her." He trembled. "Don't see how I am going to stand—not knowing. No use to ask Eliot. She has stopped blooming by this time, and no one but myself would know her." He closed his eyes again.

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Jeremy crept quietly into the room. His hands were full of flowers—roses, heliotropes, carnations. He laid them on the bed.

"Well, if the boy hasn't cut long stems!" Dave raised himself on his elbow and examined them. "And not a bud. I believe you're going to be Dad's own boy. Come to see your sick daddy, girls?" He buried his face in the sweetness. "Knew just what I wanted," he said, softly. Then, after a pause, "I'm sure the white rose is safe."

He fell asleep, as never since his childhood he had fallen asleep before, the childish figure beside him trying desperately hard to keep still.

When at last Dave was allowed to crawl over to the greenhouse, Jeremy by his side, the man's heart beat tumultuously. A rush of perfume greeted him from the open door. He went breathlessly in.

On the table, in front of the door, were the flower pots, each with a withered slip in it. Jeremy watched the florist's face. He felt that the slips were not altogether satisfactory. Dave gave no sign, but set his lips tighter while he hunted for the plant he had grafted. He found the bush among the others. The plant was flourishing, but the cutting he had bound on hung forlornly, quite dead.

Dave groaned.

"Why couldn't I have waited an hour longer to be sick? We'll have to get along with the mother. Perhaps I can strengthen her somehow. Perhaps Jepsom will give her the prize—if there are no others competing." While he was speaking, his eyes were searching the greenhouse.

He looked first at the place on the shelves where the plant was accustomed to be. It was not there. Then he sought the table where he had last been working with her. The table was bare and clean. Row after row of plants he scanned, his eyes growing terrified as he did not find the thing he sought. At last he gave a cry.

"Oh!—I remember. I put her in the tool house—had an idea she would be safer there! Went back to do it, the last thing!"

He was at the tool-house door. The door was locked, but the key hung on a nail beside it. Dave opened the door. Jeremy kept close to his side. The child heard him cry out and saw his face. He shrank from it. The old man looked at him fiercely. He pointed wildly to the spot where he had put the white rose.

There it was—a white rose no longer. Jeremy saw a tall stalk, dead and dry and bearing a cluster of yellowed petals. In place of the perfume it gave out a dusty smell.

"You did it. I took you in. You brought the sickness with you; the doctor said so. That's why I forgot her, and she's dead!"

Jeremy stood quiet—so quiet that that of itself forced itself on Dave's despair. Tennant checked himself. The child was watching him with the same look of dumb terror in his eyes as had been there when he fled from the Silence that had been his mother.

The old man tried to control himself. It took some minutes, for he was shattered.

"What am I doing to the child?" he said to himself. "After I've been saying he needed happiness and love—the kind of sunshine growing things can't be without. The flowers won't do their best unless you love them. I won't starve this one—even if the other is gone."

He took the boy into his arms. The little, warm, clinging body, which he had meant to comfort, comforted him. He forced his stiffened face to smile. The smile was so instantly reflected back by the little watching face that it seemed to have originated with Jeremy, not Dave.

"We'll manage," said Dave, turning his back on the rose bush and its dead hopes. "There's work in Dave yet, years of work. I'll think of something. I can take care of you for a while yet—until—the thought was still so dark a one that it was hard to keep the bitterness out of his voice—"until somebody has to take care of me—"

It was just at that moment that something prompted Jeremy to squeeze Dave's fingers!

Dave dropped the handle of his cultivator and drew the *Bugle* out of his pocket. He made his way cautiously between his rows of early potatoes and out

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"WHY, IT'S THE ROSIE," SAID JEREMY, TRIUMPHANTLY

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to where a fallen log promised a comfortable seat. He had turned his poppy field into a truck patch.

He unfolded the sheet and turned to the place he was looking for.

"'Jepsom's Thousand Going Begging!'" he read. "'Adams County Florists Can't Master Hybridization! No One To Claim Prize! County Fair Next Week!'"

Dave raised his eyes from the paper.

"The fair's a week earlier this year than it was last," he said, listlessly. Then a rather grim smile brought his nose and chin almost together.

"I knew Gundlach couldn't do it." He returned to the paper. "And as for McClane—" Dave smiled proudly. "I believe my boy, Jeremy, could beat him. Could in a few years, anyway," he said, defensively. "Wonder how I ever got along without him."

There was silence for a moment while Tennant's eyes were fixed hungrily on the flowers.

"I wish I could stop and work over there the rest of the day. Seems as if pease and beans and things take more time than they're worth. Only time I was really interested in them was when they were in bloom. All I can do to keep myself from stopping everything to see what I can do with potato flowers." He chuckled as he put the paper back into his pocket.

When he had risen he hesitated a moment, his eyes wavering between the greenhouse and the truck patch. At last, shaking his head at his own wavering, he started virtuously back to his rows of potatoes.

"Wish I had more time to work with Jeremy over the flowers," he thought. Then he laughed shortly.

"Fancy it's more important that the boy should have something to eat and shoes to wear—on Sunday, anyway." He took hold of the handle of the deserted cultivator again and finished the row. He stooped stiffly to pull up a weed that had escaped upturning.

"It's queer how much rather people would buy vegetables than flowers," he thought.

There was a sound of little bare feet paddling the walk. As he heard it, Dave's smile drove every hint of bitterness from his face. Jeremy burst into view. His face was flushed, his eyes shining.

"Come with me, Dad-Dave," he panted. "I've found her. You know I told you I found a nice garden for my rosie. Don't you remember? I told you the day the dip — diph — it came. I lost her. I couldn't find the place—"

"Found something else, boy?" laughed Dave. "Your garden must be full now." Jeremy had a special plot for the waifs he brought in from the woods and fields. He was indignant when any one called them weeds. They were flowers, every one. "And it really is wonderful," Dave was beginning to boast—when he found any one who would listen to him. "It is wonderful what he has accomplished with some of them. He'll go far some day, that boy of mine."

"Yes, do come with me, Dad-Dave. I've found the rosie I want to show you. She's in bloom!"

Dave dropped the handle of the cultivator. "All right; we'll go to see her," he said, with a humorous backward glance at his unfinished work. Dave never allowed himself not to be interested in Jeremy's enthusiasms.

"But take a trowel, Dad-Dave," went on the insistent little voice. "We want to take her home."

Dave meekly hobbled into the tool house to get the trowel. When he got back, Jeremy was tugging at a big flower pot.

"This is too heaby for you, Dad-Dave," he said, protestingly, as Dave tried to take it. "I'll carry it for you."

Dave laughed in pure delight.

"Too heaby for me, is it, boy?" he demanded.

"Yes," Jeremy answered, tersely. There were one or two consonants which he was uncertain about. He usually slurred them over, his eyes fixed suspiciously on his auditor. Pushed to the wall, he refused to repeat the word.

"All right, Jeremy," said Dave, gravely. "I'm afraid it is too much for me. You shall carry it."

Proudly bearing the flower pot, Jeremy led the way to the wood that skirted the edge of Dave's clearing. When they had walked a few rods they came to a little hollow where there was a break in the thick undergrowth. Trees roofed it; the

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soil was black with the richness of fallen leaves.

Jeremy left the path and, putting down his flower pot, crawled behind a screening clump of bushes. Dave followed with some difficulty.

Rising vigorously out of the earth was a little rose bush. The flower was a warm, pure white; there were petals still screening, with their delicious curving, the heart. It seemed so marvellous a thing for a rose to be blooming so far from cultivation that Dave for the moment could feel nothing but wonder. It was as if the forest in its old age brought forward a miracle of youth.

As he looked he became conscious of a familiar, unmistakable perfume. He stared around.

"Jacqueminot?" he said, vaguely. "Where does that come from?"

"Why, it's the rosie," said Jeremy, triumphantly. "'Wine and spice and—all things—nice.' Don't you remember? I planted her."

Dave stared at him.

"When did you plant it?" he demanded.

"The day the dip—diph—the day it came. You were putting some pieces in a pot and you gave me some. I found this garden that was prettier than the pots. And afterward I put the others in pots. But they got all dry."

Slowly Dave went back over the scene—the child playing—the slips he had cut for him—put beside the others.

"Why!" he cried, still hardly believing. "It's the white rose." He flung himself beside it. "It is Jepsom's rose— And the fair is only a week off. *There's still time for the prize!*" He jumped to his feet and shouted, waving his trowel madly around his head.

The next instant the wonder of the thing had sobered him. It seemed too marvellous—the flower waiting hidden—the rose in bloom to show him what it was—the bud that would be just in bloom at fair-time—all so strangely opportune.

"It's a—miracle," thought Tennant, dazed. "It's one of the fairy books come true. It's—ridiculous!"

Trowel in hand, he knelt down beside the plant. He began mechanically to test the earth around the roots. The fortune that would surely be his began to fill his consciousness,—all that it meant of release from work, when work would be too heavy—it all surged over him, a warm, comfortable flood.

"Dad-Dave!" said an impatient little voice. "Isn't this the rosie you wanted? Haven't I found it for you?"

"Yes, dear boy," said Dave, gently. "You have found it—for me."

"'Wine and spice and all things nice,'" chanted Jeremy, capering beside the rose bush.

In a dream, Dave looked at child and plant. From the heart of the crowning flower the fragrance poured forth that was the very soul of it. He drew it in, filling his lungs with the essence of delight. Dave turned toward the child and smiled. At the smile Jeremy's face broke into a sunburst of joy. From his eyes, it seemed to Tennant, streamed a radiance that was the soul of the child. It held him. He could feel his heart swell as he drew it in. He could not think of the rose. He wanted to know what the child's eyes were saying.

"'Wine and spice and all things nice,'" Jeremy sang, waiting, impatiently now, for Dave to begin to transplant the rose bush.

"'Wine and spice and all things nice,'" Dave took up the jingle in wonder. "It's that. You're that to me—the very sweetness of life itself. For, Jeremy, you are—Love. No one has ever given—that to Dave Tennant—since his mother tucked him into bed—the last time."

As Dave and Jeremy worked happily, taking up the white rose bush, Dave's tongue ran garrulously on—it seemed that he could not stop talking.

"And, Jeremy," he babbled, "you'll have such a greenhouse as there isn't in this State. But first we'll have the truck patch turned into a rose garden. You'll have a wing built on just for the white roses—for we'll ask Jepsom to let us make cuttings. And people will come from all over the State. You'll have an experimental greenhouse. No," he broke off to say—"we don't want any earth but this—the forest knew better than I did. And the house will be made into an office. And over the door of it will be—I'm going to take out papers when we take the rose to the fair—over the door will be, 'David Tennant and Son'."

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My Discoveries in Tibet

BY DR. SVEN HEDIN

Victorian Memorial Medal, R.G.S., and the Karl Ritter Medal, Berlin Geographical Society

CERTAIN misleading accounts of my recent journey in Tibet having become current, I propose to give some explanations on the subject, especially with regard to its latest phase.

The statement that I had intended to go from Shigatse to Lhasa is incorrect, for it was just that part of eastern Tibet which had been visited by Younghusband's expedition which had the least attraction of all for me; it was a district which from a geographical point of view had been more thoroughly examined, surveyed, and exploited than any other in the whole of Central Asia.

Another misconception that has appeared in the press is that I was forced against my will to go to the west instead of to the east or northeast. Western Tibet is pretty thoroughly traversed by routes. Neither in the great breadth of eastern Tibet are there many blank spots of importance left. But between these two districts the map of Tibet showed a very broad central belt, which was almost entirely blank, and which was only crossed by three latitudinal strips of explored country, namely, Wellby's route in the north, Bower's in the centre, and, farther south, Nain-Singh's, Littledale's, and mine, all of which lie pretty near together. With these exceptions all this country was unknown, and I was lucky enough to be able to traverse the greater part of it during my trip to Shigatse, which occupied half a year, and was accomplished at the expense of a hundred caravan animals and twenty thousand rupees.

The most important discovery we made in thus traversing diagonally the whole of Tibet was the gigantic chain of mountains we crossed by the Sela pass, which is over 19,000 feet high. How little this chain of mountains had hitherto been dreamed of is evident from, amongst other things, the supposition indulged in by Sir Thomas Holdich in his book, *Tibet the Mysterious*, that the great central lakes (Dangra Yum Tso, Nganzi Tso, etc.) were the sources of the Brahmaputra's northern tributaries—that is to say, that there was a stretch of relatively flat country where in reality we found there was one of the highest ranges of mountains in the whole world, a chain which can be compared only with the Himalayas and their kind. Captain O'Connor suspected their existence by hearsay. The chain known as Nin Chen Tangla, which is situated south of the Tengri Nor, was well known and had been crossed by Littledale and several others, but no one knew that this chain stretched for close upon twelve hundred miles to the west-northwest, as I now discovered. It is a certainty that it also stretches to the east, and has a total length of about two thousand miles. The average height of the passes is some few hundred metres higher than in the Himalayas and about the same as in the Kara-korum and Arka-tagh. Wherever I have crossed the range it has only one crest forming the watershed and is a single chain, whereas the Himalayas and Kwen-lun consist of several parallel chains, of which, in the case of the Himalayas, the watershed, including the passes, lies comparatively low and flat. The newly discovered chain possesses no summits comparable in height with those of the Himalayas, but several complex peaks covered with eternal snow and glaciers. Otherwise it is relatively flat, and the gigantic tops to be found in this part of Tibet are either to the north or to the south of the chain.

Mighty as is this excrescence on the earth's surface, the Tibetans have no name for its whole length. Countless local names are given to the various parts of it. As the range will in future have to be included not only in a knowledge of the world, but also in the school books, it becomes necessary for it to have a name, and so far as I can see it would be best to keep to the name by which its

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highest point is already known, viz., Nin Chen Tangla. It sounds strange, when one considers how thoroughly the world has been explored, that in the year 1907 it should be vouchsafed to any one practically to discover a range of mountains two thousand miles long, and the surprise of the discovery is intensified rather than diminished by the fact that here and there the country traversed was already known. And let us remember that such a discovery *cannot* be made again, for there is no blank space big enough on the map of the world to contain such a range of mountains.

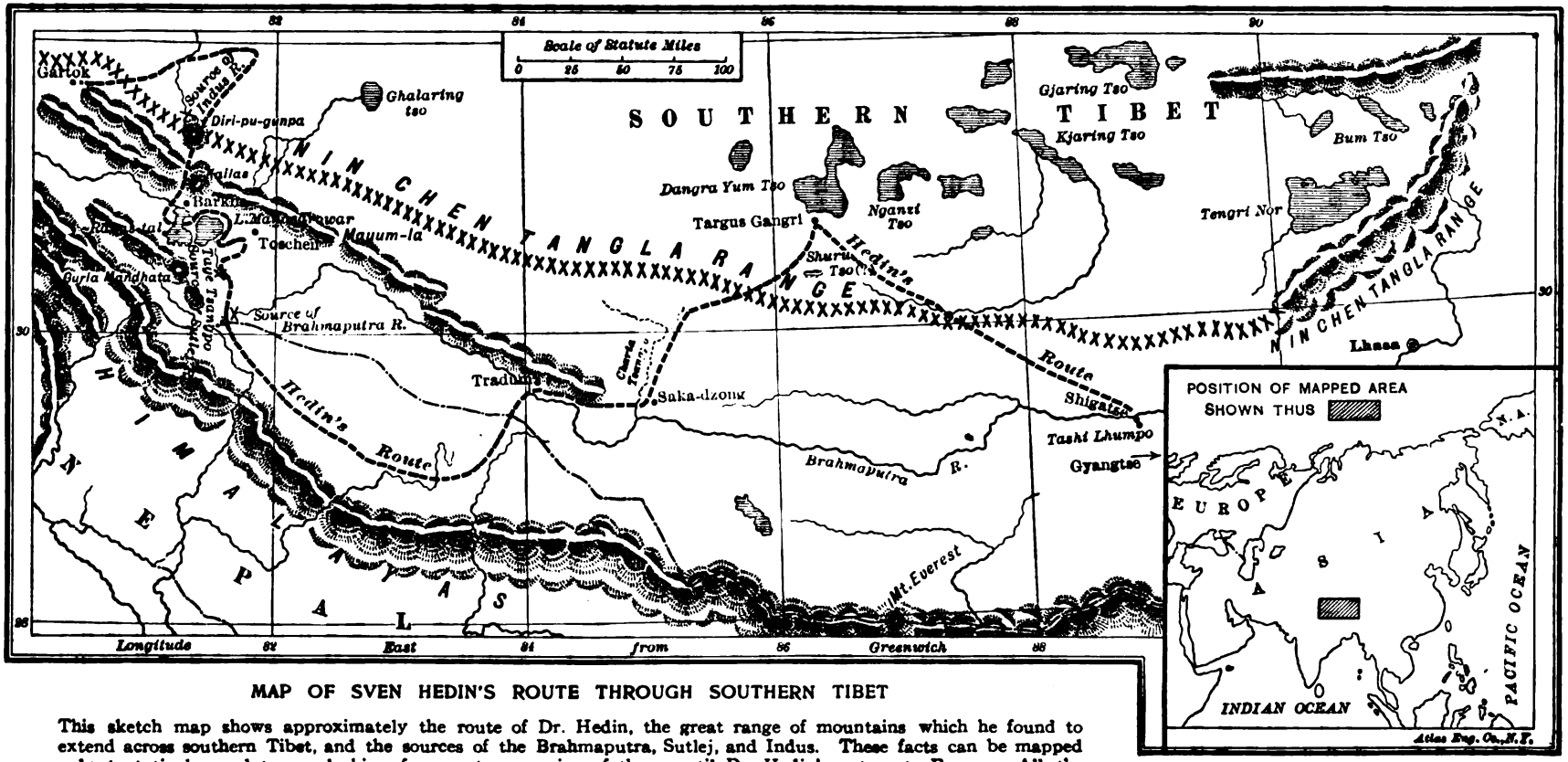
Many of my friends in India were surprised at my having been able to cross the whole of Tibet, penetrate to Shigatse, and even take up my quarters in the very heart of the town, without hindrance from the Tibetans, and this at a moment when the country was being more hermetically sealed than ever before. When later I came to talk of the political situation I also was astonished, and now the whole journey lies behind me like a legend, a dream. It was not owing to any merits of my own—but that is too long and complicated a story to tell now. We were most fortunate in making our approach just at the time when preparations were in hand for the feast of the New Year—a time at which the Tibetans are too much occupied to see or hear anything else. The negotiations I carried on for a month and a half with the Chinese Residents in Tibet—Thang Derin in Lhasa, Lien Darin, Amban of Lhasa, and Gow Daloj in Gyangtse—as well as with two representatives of the Tibetan government, are so astounding that of themselves they would form an exciting chapter in the account of this journey. Gow Daloj wrote impertinently that I had no right to be in Tibet, and that if I came to Gyangtse he would have me arrested and taken over the frontier to India; at the same time he sent me a copy of the convention between Great Britain and China, in which it is stated that no European, not even an Englishman, had the right to be on Tibetan territory without Chinese permission. I answered fairly politely that if they considered my presence undesirable why did they not stop me in time? The responsibility was theirs, and, moreover, they were responsible for my safe return. Both the high mandarins in Lhasa wrote me very amiable letters and advised me to go back the way I had come. I promised to do that if they would provide me with one hundred horses and provisions for half a year—a thing I *knew* they were unable to do.

Then the Chinese tried a trick on me. Gow Daloj wrote to me in the strictest confidence to advise me to ask the mandarins to allow me to take the way through Gyangtse to India. To him I never answered a word, but wrote to Thang that if I was forced to go to India, all my twenty-six servants, who were mountain folk from Ladak, would die from the effects of the climate, and as they were British subjects he would have to take the responsibility for the consequences. The shot struck home. To have to travel to India *viâ* Gyangtse was what I feared most. Had I been forced to do so, my fifth journey would have come to an ignominious end before I had accomplished half the work I wished to do. The ambassador from Lhasa asked my conditions, and I told them the route I desired to take. A pass was made out. It was not exactly what I wanted, but it contained many concessions, and I thought that if once we got well away from Lhasa we should be able to get along alone. I was given a Chinese escort for a few weeks. They were not in our way at all; on the contrary, were nice and polite, and made every sort of use of the nomads. But it was quite satisfactory to get rid of them, and I preferred to manage the natives in my own way. We went northwest far beyond the limits of the pass, crossing Nin Chen Tangla, and encamped at the foot of the magnificent holy glacis Targus-Gangri, near the shore of the Dangra Yum Tso. Here, however, we were stopped by Hladje Tsering's people, twenty armed men, who obliged us to follow the route indicated on our pass and travel southwest. So once more we crossed the new mountain chain.

This was the second time I had attempted in vain to reach the sacred lake.

On our way down we discovered, amongst other things, Shuru Tso, one of the largest lakes in Tibet. In other ways

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MAP OF SVEN HEDIN'S ROUTE THROUGH SOUTHERN TIBET

This sketch map shows approximately the route of Dr. Hedin, the great range of mountains which he found to extend across southern Tibet, and the sources of the Brahmaputra, Sutlej, and Indus. These facts can be mapped only tentatively, as data are lacking for exact expression of them until Dr. Hedin's return to Europe. All the places mentioned in his text are on the map, so far as they can be located or are within the map limits

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this long digression to the north had been of the greatest service. I completed my observations for the winter journey, and was able to make an exact map of the complicated system of tributaries which, like the branches of a tree, join on to the My-tju and flow with it to the Brahmaputra. Also, a shorter digression was made towards the north at the foot of Nin Chen Tangla, and another southward to the point where the Charta Tsangpo, one of the Brahmaputra's largest tributaries, flows into the main river. I had a boat with me, and always measured the depth of the water in the Tsangpo and its tributaries in order to obtain a true conception of the hydrographical conditions. By means of a veritable cross-examination I was enabled to collect material for a complete acquaintance with its pulsating life—the freezing and thaw of the waters, their rise, their fall, conditions in rainy weather, etc.—the whole year round. In Sakadzong my trusted caravan leader, Muhamad Isa, died. We buried him solemnly in the wilderness.

In Tradum, which was reached by using forbidden roads, we made the acquaintance of a sly personage, the governor of the place, but a nice and amiable person, who did not care two pins for the Lhasa government and the mandarins, but was full of amiability towards me. Through him I obtained permission to go where I wished, and of all the roads open to me I chose the one to the south. I had seen enough of Nin Chen Tangla for the moment, and wanted to see the watershed of the northern Himalayas between the highlands of Tibet and its plains. So we resumed the journey with fresh horses and five men, crossed the river, and went over Kore-la down to Nepal. The pass was only one hundred metres above the river; it would therefore be a small matter by means of a canal to turn the Brahmaputra into a northern tributary of the Ganges. I knew myself to be anything but safe in Nepal, and were I to go farther down, might well be prevented from coming back to Tibet. Therefore I turned round in time, and continued, still by forbidden ways, making a map of the northern branches and valleys of the Himalayas. They are very small and unimportant, and their waterways, with few exceptions, are but small streams.

Ever since Nain-Singh's time, and even now after the English expedition, the river Mayum-tju, coming out of Mayum-la, far away to the west, is considered to be the source of the Brahmaputra. For my part I have never believed this, and I have always considered it impossible that so large a river as the Brahmaputra should have its source in a low ridge in a longitudinal valley. It was none too easy for the members of the English expedition to solve the problem, as they travelled in winter when the land was covered with snow and the rivers were frozen over. For me it was far easier; I had a boat and I measured with instruments (Lyth's stream-measurer) all the rivers which go to form the Brahmaputra, and followed by far the largest of them up to the spot where it was formed by the melting snow and ice from three gigantic glaciers flowing into the enormous glacis of the Himalayas—Kubi-gangri. From this point the stream flows down to Kubi-tsangpo—that is, the Brahmaputra.

Now I come to the very last phase of the journey, which is perhaps the most interesting of all. From Toschen I sent twelve men home to Ladak in order to have only a very light caravan. They took with them all superfluous baggage. I kept only four horses and two mules; the men had to go on foot, we got provender from the nomads, and I and my assistant, the Eurasian, A. Robert, from Lahore, a sturdy little fellow, lived exclusively on what the land, the air, and the water provided.

We went down and camped by the edge of the holy lake Manasarowar, the most holy and the most famous of all the lakes in the world, the goal of countless Hindu pilgrims' welfare and desire, a lake which has been celebrated in religious hymns ever since the time of the Vedas, and a lake which even by the followers of the Lamas is looked upon as the home of the gods!

During my visit to India I received letters from Hindus who begged me to explore the lake and the holy mountain Kailas (Tibetan-Kang-Rimpoche), which raises its head under a crown of eternal snow north of the lake;

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SEEKING A FORD ACROSS THE RIVER TJANGTJNMO

and they told me that if I could give them an exact description of the lake and the mountain, they would remember me in their prayers and their gods would bless me. To be blessed by the Hindu gods was in itself quite attractive, but there was something which offered far greater inducement to me to linger on the shores of Manasarowar. Shut in between two of the greatest mountains in the world, Kailas in the north, and Gurla-Mandhata in the south, and between the chains from which these mountains raise their heads crowned with dazzling eternal snow, stretches out the holy lake, almost round in form, and nearly twenty-five kilometres in diameter. I was often near weeping for joy at the sight of this wonderful landscape of surpassing grandeur, and I cherished a secret hope to be able one day to describe it in words for others, to be able in my insignificance to utter a feeble and faltering word of praise of the Almighty. How came Manasarowar and Kailas to become objects of divine worship in two so different religions as Hinduism and Lamaism, if each in its own special way did not appeal to and impress the human mind by its marvellous beauty, and did not seem to be rather a part of heaven than of earth? A bath in the lake insures Hindus immunity from sin; a pilgrimage round the mountain or the lake in the same direction as the hands of a clock frees the Tibetan from the tortures of purgatory, and permits him after death to sit for all eternity at the feet of the gods and eat *tsamba* out of golden dishes.

From the pass from which the westernmost branch of the Brahmaputra takes its rise, to flow away to the east to the shifting sands of the desert, a little river called the Tage Tsangpo flows to the west. Previous to my expedition no European had been there. At the time of my visit the river was emptying eleven cubic metres of water per second into Manasarowar, and it is incomparably greater than any of the other streams which flow into the lake from other sources. At the same time the lake received altogether about thirty-one cubic metres per second, and I saw that so much water could not evaporate, but that an overflow could go by some subterranean passage out of the western end of the lake Bakas-tal.

Before leaving Tage Tsangpo I must mention that at its edge are two springs clear as crystal, surrounded by dazzling

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granite blocks and decorated with poles and flags, antelope horns and yak tails, and thousands of pennons inscribed with holy writ. When the wind plays amongst them and they flutter in its gusts, the prayers are wafted up to the regions of the gods, which lie far, far beyond the limits of this earth, and bring down blessings and good fortune on the children of men. When a traveller or pilgrim stands by the edge of this spring and with both hands pours its waters over his head, he is safe from falling into the hands of robbers and from all other ills; if he pours the waters over his horse's mane, he need not fear the attack of the wolf. The sick who bathe their whole body in its wonder-working waters are immediately healed—in fact, it is a miniature Lourdes. I sat long at the edge of the spring, watching my followers purify themselves with its waters; I sat and pondered as I listened to the mystic music of the wind, and found Tibet the Mysterious more enigmatical and more wonderful the more I came to know about it.



MELTING ICE TO GET WATER ON A PLATEAU HIGHER THAN MONT BLANC

But now for the alluring problem! I had never believed that so large a river as the Sutlej could have its origin in so flat and waterless a longitudinal valley as that in which the maps place its source. Even on first acquaintance I never considered the Tage Tsangpo as anything else than the upper source of the Sutlej. The Tage Tsangpo falls into Manasarowar, the overflow of which goes underground to the Rakas-tal, as I was able to observe exactly. In former days the Sutlej flowed out of the Rakas-tal, and its old bed can still be seen in the form of a somewhat sunken ditch in the surface of the earth. But now the river is cut off from the lake; yet if the Rakas-tal were absolutely without outlet, according to the physical laws of nature it ought to be salt, whereas its waters are as sweet as those of any spring. I therefore rode through the old bed of the river, whose highest point is only a few metres above the present surface of the lake. When one comes to parts of the bed which are lower than the lake's present surface one finds several springs breaking through it, which grow in volume as one goes down the course, and could not come from any other source than the Rakas-tal.

With the aid of a sextant and a levelling-pole I made an exact calculation of the difference of level between the two lakes, and found that Rakas-tal lay forty-four feet lower than Manasarowar.

But this is of very minor value, as it varies for a certainty with the time of year and from year to year, according to the varying rainfall. But Tage Tsangpo is the source of the Sutlej River, generically speaking, and this is not altered by the fact that on two occasions, for quite short distances, the river flows under the surface of the earth. But the day will dawn when the upper source will be cut off, when the lakes, which, as a matter of fact, are steadily sinking, will be deprived of their outlet, and the Rakas-tal, like to the Pangong Tso, will be cut off from the river system of the Indus, and, like the latter lake, will become salt. For all Tibet is in a state of desiccation; all its lakes are shrinking. My explanation of this interesting and beautiful problem out of the realm

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of physical geography will probably be met with opposition from certain quarters; but this again is of minor importance, for fighting against figures and facts and direct observations on the spot is generally hopeless. For a time the water will flow away through layers of sand and gravel, but a time will come when the surface of the lake will have sunk to such a level that it will meet an impermeable layer of glacis and alluvial soil, and then the Rakas-tal will be separated from the river system of the Indus.

Thus we spent a month on the shores of Manasarowar. At sunrise I saw the Hindus prepare their most complicated bath—and their ceremony of ablution was much the same as on the quays of Benares. I examined the lake most thoroughly. I crossed it in six diametrical lines, and also probed its depth in six radiating lines, which included the formation of the shore and the terracings left by the water.

With the help of one hundred and twenty-nine different soundings I was able to draw up a detailed isobaric map, and it may be noted that the greatest depth, in the southwest corner of the lake, amounted to 81.8 metres. Afterwards I rowed round the lake to examine its contour, and visited all its eight *gunpas*, or monastic temples, which lie round the shore. A few excursions were made to the mountains in the north and the south, chiefly to see how much water flowed from them into Manasarowar.

I will not describe the many wild adventures I and my two oarsmen went through on this lake in our cockle-shell of a boat, or the thousand sailing trips or the long quiet rowing expeditions over glassy waters. I learned to know this priceless pearl among the lakes of the earth in the morning light as well as at sunset; in storm, in raging hurricane, when the waves were as high as houses; when the water lay in the sunshine like a looking-glass; by moonlight, when the mountains stood up like fantastic ghosts as the red and golden light of evening had faded in the west. Oh, what a wonderful lake it was! I have no words to describe it—till my dying day I shall never forget it, and even now it is in my mind as a legend, a poem, and a song.

I quite realized it was a risk to venture out on so large a lake in a canvas boat. But I was determined to explore the most holy lake in the world; there was no help for it. The first two days we lay as though dozing on the lake. There



A GIGANTIC YAK KILLED BY ONE OF THE GUIDES

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CLIFFS BORDERING ON A SALT-WATER LAKE IN NORTHERN TIBET

was a fresh breeze in the day, but at night it was still. The moon was still high, and at nine o'clock one evening we pushed off from the land across the glassy surface of the lake towards the first and farthest sounding-point. It took sixteen hours to do twenty-eight kilometres, for our oarsmen were new to the work, and towards morning they were overcome with sleep. Nothing that I can recall through all my wanderings can compare with the overwhelming beauty of this night journey. It was like listening to the silent and yet mighty throbs of the heart of Nature, to feel her pulse grow numb in the clasp of night and revive in the morning glow. It seemed as though this landscape, ever changing as the hours crept slowly by, were unreal; as though it no longer belonged to this earth, but lay on the borders of the world beyond — nearer to heaven, the region of dreams and fantasies, of hopes and longings, a mysterious fairy-land, rather than to this earth of men and sinners, of worldliness and vanity. The moon passed on her way and her silver white track quivered and shook. Every twenty minutes I measured the depth and took the temperature on the bottom and on the surface and of the atmosphere, all by the light of a lantern which was lit from time to time. The hour of midnight struck and the day came on. It dawned ever so softly over the eastern mountains, and their silhouettes stood out as clearly as though they had been cut out in black paper. Day came up in the east, and the power of the night was over. It would need a witch's paint-brush and magic colors to portray the picture which appeared before my eyes as Gurla Mandhata's top caught the first golden rays of the rising sun. In the red of morning the mountain had stood white and cold with its snows and tongues of ice, but now! in an instant the utmost tops began to glow with the red-purple of molten iron.

This purple mantle began slowly to enfold the sides of the mountain; and the fleecy white morning clouds, floating lower down the mountain, free as the ring of Saturn, and casting shadows on the precipices, were tinged with gold also, and turned to purple in a manner that no human being could describe. So the sun rose and day spread over the lake, bringing beauty and warmth after a chilly night. We had to ride out four storms, but they were short squalls and from different quarters, so that the waters of the lake never became really rough. I had been working continuously for thirty-

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one hours, and never missed my tent when later we lay down to sleep on the western shore.

And now only one more of the many souvenirs of the holy lake. The third line of soundings that we took led straight from the southern shore, north-northwest. All went well and we met but little contrary wind. We left Gossul Gunpa on the port hand in the far distance, its high terraces towering above the gravel. We had about an hour left before reaching the sounding-place, marked by a red point of cliff, when it suddenly became dark to the northward, the thunder crashed out across the lake, and a shower of hail splashed down into the water, followed by a deluge of rain, which in a few minutes wetted us to the skin. Then the storm came from the northeast in unbridled fury. It lashed the lake within a few minutes into gigantic waves. I never could have believed that waves of such size could have arisen on an inland sea; they were fully equal to waves in the Baltic in a storm.

A great, wild, and uncanny sight indeed! We dipped down into dark-green hollows, where we saw nothing but seething waters and blue-gray clouds; we were lifted up on to heights of emerald green foaming water, from whence we could see to the southward the whole country laid out in the sunshine. It was strange, fantastic, to see the two pale-green moun-



CAMPING IN A DRY VALLEY IN CENTRAL TIBET



CHINESE CELEBRATING THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST

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tains of water, transparent as glass, and then the snow mass of Gurla Mandhata standing forth and glittering in the sunshine. Our situation was more than critical. Our canvas boat was loaded down by the weight of three men. We fought the storm for a while, but I soon saw it was hopeless, as we had already taken a couple of seas on board, and the water slopped backwards and forwards as the boat rolled. We were already so wet that more or less water in the boat was a matter of indifference to us. The one thing to do was to get her head round without turning turtle. This I succeeded in doing, and we were driven by the wind and waves, lashed, chased by the storm we knew not whither, save that the storm was blowing in the direction of Gossul Gunpa.

At last we made out the broad band of white breakers on the shore, and were wrecked on the gravel at the foot of the Gossul temple, where a lama was just sounding the call to evening prayer. He and a few others came down to us and offered us endless hospitality, the novices of the monastery lighting a roaring fire, at whose tempest-tossed flames it took us two good hours to dry our saturated clothes. Then I slept splendidly under the boat, which we had drawn up. But you, who by the light of your evening lamp read this short account of a long journey, tell me was it not wonderfully good of the lamas of Tugu-gunpas, the place from which we had started, who, as I afterward heard, lit flares and prayed to the gods of Mobang Tso (Manasarowar) for protection for all from the dangers of the lake, when they saw how the storm had broken out over my tiny boat? Few proofs of sympathy and affection have ever touched me so deeply as this.

NOTE.—Sven Hedin's concluding narrative of his journey in another portion of Tibet will appear in the September number.

Healing

BY MAY TURNER

HIS mind was set, for sordid gain, to do a shameful deed.—
Yet spring winds blew, brooks ran, the meadow-lark was singing;
The laughter of a child came through the woodland ringing;—
When wild flowers lift their faces, can one do a thing of greed?

His heart was hot with hate. The sun was near its going;
Wheat upon the harvest field stood black against its glowing;
The moon came up and bent above the elm-fringed river.—
Hate passed. Forgiveness came from softened lips a-quiver.

He walked in autumn woods and sought to nurse his prayerless grief.
But, in a russet silence, can one keep his unbelief?
Then yellow leaves came sifting softly through the golden air,—
Their rustling fell upon his soul like breath of whispered prayer.

His work, alas, had failed! Hope was not, and all was ruing.
The long, still shadows on the snow, of leafless bush and tree,
These spoke to him of summer gone, and summer yet to be:—
Then hope was born again, and work was worth the doing.

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The Unexpected Guest

BY EMERY POTTLE

FINLEY looked up plaintively from his *minestra*—the thick, delicious Italian soup that every cook of Italy can make and no one else on earth—and sighed. His eyes strayed out over Lago Maggiore, lying at the foot of the terrace on which he was lunching—Maggiore, somnolent, idle, in the heat of the mid-August day a dull, steely blue, suffused with shimmering warmths of gray, flowing into the blue-gray haze of sky and mountains—a vague, placid dream. Again he sighed.

Giovanni, white of jacket and shuffling of feet, appeared from within the house. "Will the Signore have the *frittata* and the salad now?" he inquired with ingratiating humility.

Finley cast his eyes to heaven in pious desperation. "Yes, the Signore will have the *frittata* and the salad," he replied, with a sober mimicry of Giovanni's speech. Giovanni accepted it with impenetrable fatuity and departed.

"Yes, the Signore will have this, he will have that," Finley repeated to the cat—Angelina—which indolently rubbed herself against his legs. "It sounds like an exercise in a language-book. Everything one does in Italy, Angelina, is like something in a book. There isn't anything real here except the Cook's tourists . . . and even they are ingenuous. . . . Angelina, I am very bored—very."

Angelina made a non-committal sound and delicately extracted a few choice morsels from the plate Finley offered her. "I am very fond of Italy, Angelina, and I am devoted to you, but I am not infatuated with either. I'm awfully bored, and that's the truth."

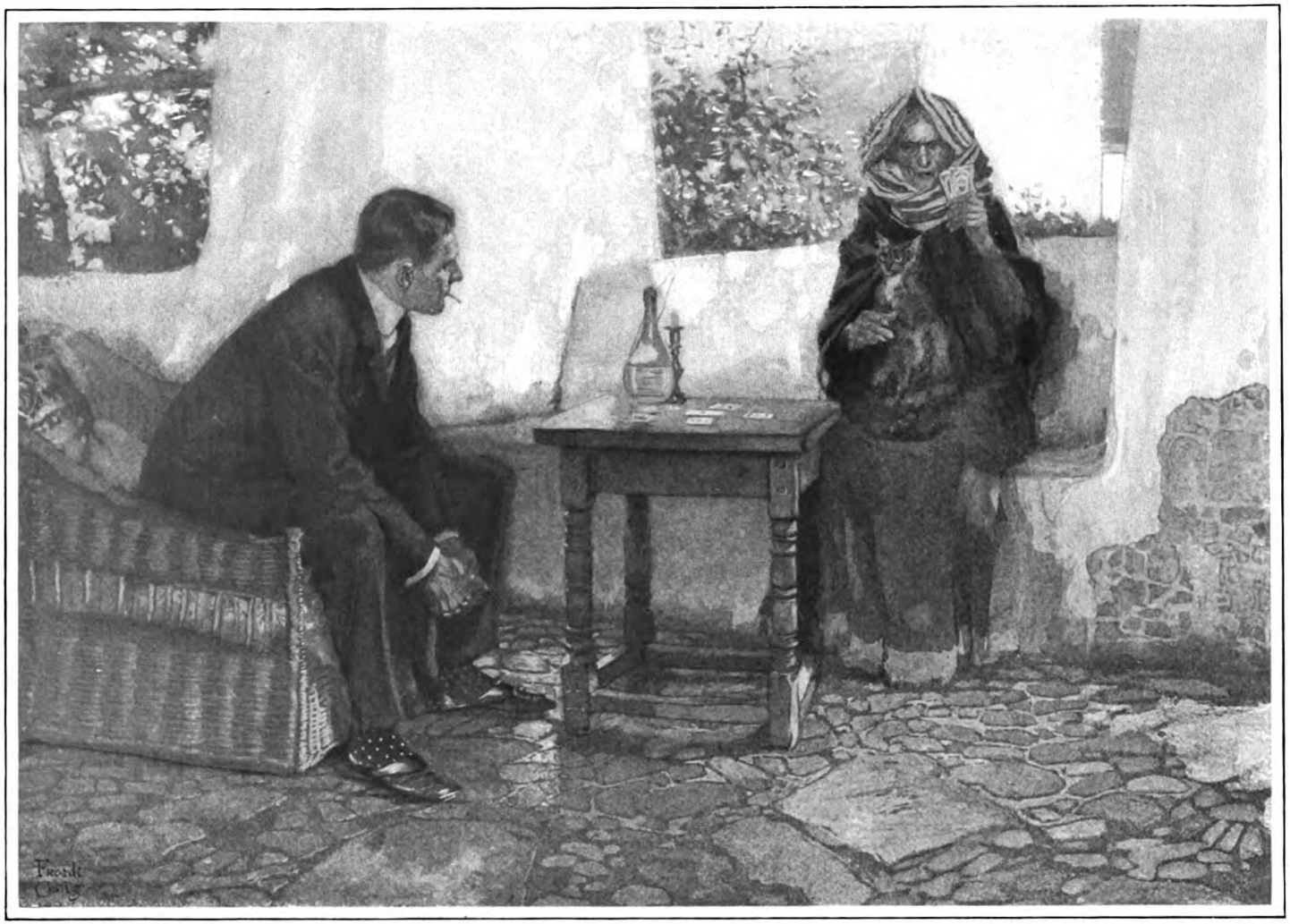
He lighted a cigarette and slid down comfortably into the depth of his chair. "I talk thus to you, Angelina," he began presently, "like an ass in a book, not because I hope to interest or amuse you, but simply to get the pleasant sensation of the English in my mouth. It also saves me from talking foolishly to myself. Thank you for listening. . . . As I was saying a few moments ago, I am intolerably bored. I wish something to happen."

Finley paused a moment to regard critically the neat little motor-boat that bobbed gently at the landing-stage in front of his villa. "If any one can tell me why I named that boat the *Antoinette*—" he murmured. He turned again to the cat solemnly. "I'm going to tell you my past life, Angelina. I feel that the time has come, and even now is, when you must know all. It's an indelicate story and I blush as I repeat it. . . . I was passionately in something—love, I thought—with a girl in New York. She was a brunette; though in reality I must say I prefer a blonder type—but she was very lovely, Angelina, as icebergs are lovely. I came very near marrying her several times—the phrase is out of place, but even so I loved her enough, I considered, to marry her often. But she always put me off at the last moment. And then, Angelina, mark the tragic note now! She displayed a trait too common to some of your sex: she calmly threw me over to wed a chap who looked like a moth-eaten hair trunk and who had two hundred thousand—I forget how many *lire* that is—a year. So, being in an awful state, I came over here to lie about wretchedly till death came. And just to pass away the time, until disease fastened on me, I built the little boat you see out there. Now, Angelina, comes the shameful part of my story. When I had got the boat only half done I was so interested in her that I had forgotten all about the beautiful lady. And by the time I had completed the thing I felt awfully glad she hadn't married me; and worse than that, I felt I never had really loved her at all! Disgraceful, isn't it? . . . Oh no, even that's not the most horrid of all, Angelina! Of late there has been in my heart a

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Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"AND HER NAME SHALL BE—ANTONETTA"

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strange and sinful desire to fall in love again, to fall helplessly and foolishly in love. *Ecco!* There's a sinner's comedy for you, Angelina!"

Angelina flirted her tail with a contemptuous pity, and leaping to the balustrade, lithely departed to the kitchen. Finley watched her reproachfully. "She doesn't find it interesting. I might have known it would bore an Italian—there's no scandal in it."

By the trivial, deceptive aids of solitaire and an Italian newspaper, a sheet resembling an American tax-collector's notice, and containing about as much news, he passed the following two hot hours. After that he overhauled the engine in the *Antoinette* and polished her brasses, thereby aggravating in Giovanni's mind the dark suspicion that a master who worked with his hands was not a real Signore. But all this availed nothing. Finley's lonesomeness hung on him like the August heat. When he returned again to the villa, soiled and hot and out of temper, Giovanni approached with an air of mystery.

"Speak, Giovanni! Tell me the worst. Has the wine given out? Is the cheese spoiled?" patiently besought Finley.

"No, Signore," affirmed Giovanni warmly. "It is Giulietta who has come and would tell tne Signore's future by the cards."

"Sounds diverting," thought Finley. "Bring her."

"*Subito!*" Giovanni shuffled away.

Giulietta, gnarled and twisted with age, crawled out on the terrace, bowing and cringing in the abandon of grateful humility. "Here's the original old Mother Goose," considered Finley, with an access of interest. "I think I'm afraid of her. She knows all about me, I'll bet." With his most engaging smile and a wave of his hand, he signified that he was ready. Giulietta drew up a little table and produced from her pocket a grimy pack of cards, tied in a handkerchief. Muttering unintelligibly, she shuffled them and laid them out in an odd mathematical arrangement, scrutinizing their uncanny, curious symbols with her wicked red eyes. Presently she displayed a toothless grin to Finley.

"The Signore has suffered in his affections. From a dark woman. The Signore is born to love. His blood is young and hot."

"Oh, I say!" protested Finley.

"But courage, Signore! Comes now at once a great love. I see it. A blonde woman. The Signore will take her in his arms joyfully."

She continued to study the cards. "The Signore will meet her unexpectedly. They will love each other at once. Here in Italia will he meet her, but she is not of Italia—"

"Glad of that," interjected Finley in English.

"—and her name shall be—Antonetta."

"Ah, come! That's too much." Finley laughed.

The old woman collected the cards and put them away. "There is no more today. I have told it all," she whined.

Finley dropped the expected coin into her eager hand, and she left him, calling upon his head the blessing of the Virgin. He sat meditatively after she had gone, staring out over the lake. "Funny what they tell! Of course she saw the name on the boat," he muttered. "Wonder if she really knows! By Jove! I'll bet I'm in for it again."

"Angelina," he continued, "I have made a decision. I am about to put on my most beautiful clothes, and, for the first time in the year I have lived here, deliberately seek out my own countrymen. If the beautiful lady turns up, well and good. I've reached a crisis, Angelina. Mark my words, something is going to happen. Giulietta thinks so. I think so. I believe you think so. *Ecco!*"

Together he and Angelina entered the villa.

When Finley reappeared, the long shadows of the mountains had begun to dye the lake with new color, the heat had lifted its misty veil, and a light, gentle wind had sprung up to move the surface of the water as a woman's hand might stir fancifully a pool.

"The gods are setting the stage beautifully," he reflected. "My Lord! what if *it*—the great *it*—should happen today?" He laughed at the little quiver of excitement vividly rising within him. "Good-by, Angelina," he called gayly. "Romeo departs, alas! in a vulgar motorboat, to meet his love."

The run from Ghiffa—where Finley

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had taken a villa—to Pallanza, the resort of the richer English and American tourists, is rather a short one.

Finley moored the *Antoinette* and sauntered slowly through Pallanza on toward the region of the big hotels.

"This one looks rather expensive," Finley presently said to himself. "I'll try it here. Now for a name. Male or female? I'll flip a coin — heads it's female."

The coin fell heads. "It's fate that's after me," he grinned. "Something *is* going to happen. I'll think of a name no one is at all likely to have—a novelish kind of name. De la Tour? No. Delancey? No . . . no . . . no—I've got it. Guest — the unexpected guest — of course, Antoinette Guest. Couldn't possibly be an American girl named that."

Finley entered the hotel blithely. "Is there an American lady here named Guest—Miss Antoinette Guest?" he inquired with great ceremony.

The proprietor obligingly went to consult his list of arrivals. He returned immediately, his face shiny with professional cordiality. "Will the Signore give me his name?" he asked.

"Finley—Finley," humored his inquirer.

"Fin-lee! Good! The Signorina Guest is arrived two hours ago. I shall send up the Signore's name to her. She expects her friends."

Finley eyed him with paralyzed horror. His brain refused to work.

The proprietor smiled encouragingly. "It is well. She expects her friends. I have sent your name to her. *Ecco!*"

"Oh, my good Lord!" groaned Finley. "What am I going to say? Do? It serves me right! . . . Giulietta, you did this!"

"The Signorina comes at once," a servant apprised him, "to the *salone*."

"Well, by Jove! I'll see it out." Finley followed the man to the drawing-room.

Miss Guest, on the somewhat surprising information that a Signor Finley awaited her in the *salone*, was, at first, minded to rush hastily down-stairs without further preparation than some comprehensive touches to her hair, so great was her desire to look upon a friendly face. On second thoughts it occurred to her that she had no idea who this Finley man was. Very likely, she considered, he was a friend of her brother's. She would have welcomed effusively a clay-eating Indian from Georgia at that instant, in such a state of outraged loneliness was she.

This brief capitulation over, she made straight for her trunks. With rapid movements she got out of her travelling-gown and into a walking costume she had bought in Paris. As she pinned on her hat and caught up her jacket, Miss Guest mused aloud to her reflection in the mirror. "I don't know why I should waste my smartest gown on the creature, but I have a presentiment that something is going to happen, and when things happen I've discovered it's as well to have on your prettiest clothes."

Whereupon, Miss Guest descended sedately to the *salone*. "I hope he hasn't a beard," she thought, "and doesn't wear spectacles and talk of the old masters — anything else I can bear."

When she reached the entrance to the drawing-room—for a reason she could not possibly explain and for which she could have cried with anger—she stopped, stock-still, and stared helplessly into the ardent eyes of the young man who was coming to meet her. Then she blushed—in thick, maddening tides of pink. The young man, too, had paused fascinatedly; and, to add to the horror of the adventure, the deep tan on his face began to flame into dull crimson. "Like two children at their first dancing-school," Miss Guest put it sometime later.

Because they were very young and gay, of a sudden they both laughed outright. Miss Guest, with a struggle at composure, came forward.

"Mr. Finley?" she asked with demure disregard of his smiles.

"Jove! now it's coming out," inwardly gasped Finley. "Yes, I am Mr. Finley. I—I—I—" and then he stopped.

She waited until the silence made her nervous. Seeing that his futile attempts to go on apparently were choking him, she ventured: "You are a friend of my brother's, I suppose? I—I did not know Allan had written. I—it's very good of you to—"

In unregenerate, sinful relief, Finley threw truth and shame to the winds.

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"Er—yes, yes, indeed, I'm a friend of your brother's." He thought in palliation that any man would be the friend of the brother of a girl like this. "Al—Allan wrote me that—that you were coming and—and I thought I'd run over and—ah—at once." His tongue was gaining facility now. "I just got his letter to-day and I came directly. I wasn't sure you'd be here, of course. I took a chance," he rushed on. "I'm awfully delighted to find you. How is Allan—good, old chap?"

"He's very well." She smiled at his volubility. "At least he was when I sailed. Did you know him in college?"

Finley was unblushing. "Yes, indeed." He thought defensively, "Everybody knows everybody at some college or other."

"I don't remember seeing you there. I used to go down very often to dances and things."

"Ah—ah—you see I was two classes below Allan. Only got to know him when he was a Senior. Have you been in Pallanza long?" he hastened on, fearful of the perils of Allan.

Miss Guest laughed ruefully. "No, not long. I came here only two hours ago. I'm all alone."

"Good gracious!" Finley burst out in horror, "you aren't travelling around this country alone, are you?"

"Let us sit down," said Miss Guest. "No, of course not—how absurd! At least, I don't know whether I am or not. You see, I came over here with an old friend of my mother's. We have been dawdling about Italy for a fortnight. Last night we left Venice to come here, and at the last minute Miss Benson—my companion—got out of the carriage for something—she's the kind of person who is always getting out at the last minute for something—and the next thing was that the train started without her—and *with* me. I have had a sickening time of it. Oh dear!"

"I wouldn't worry about her," soothed Finley. "I'm sure she'll turn up all right."

"I'm not worrying about her," indignantly protested Miss Guest. "No one ever worries about Bensie. I'm worried about myself. Here I am, alone in a big foreign hotel. I can't speak a word of Italian that has anything vital to do with what I want—and what is worse, I can't seem to remember my French which I knew very well. Besides, I've found that misplacing letters and accents is likely to make one say horrid, dreadful things in Italian."

"I wish I could hold her hand," was all Finley could say to himself at this affecting recital of her woes. "If I could be of any assistance," he began with sympathy.

She interrupted, laughing frankly. "The things I most want I— Perhaps, though, you might help in other ways. It's very nice to see an American," she finished.

Finley was bold. "It's very nice to see you. Do you know, I'd rather given up hoping I'd ever meet you—Allan has spoken of you so often."

"I don't think," she parried, "that I truthfully remember his speaking of you."

"No? You grieve me." Finley laughed. "Anyway we have met, you know. We were bound to."

Miss Guest's eyes fell. By a miraculous effort she controlled another blush. "Everything happens sooner or later," she returned weakly.

"To the right people."

"And are we, then, the right—right people?" she fenced in amusement.

"I've been waiting all my life," Finley said abruptly, his voice grave with feeling, "for to-day. And to-day came. Doesn't that show how right we are?"

Something within her shouted yes—she wondered guiltily if he heard. "It shows the extraordinary fatalism of your beliefs in yourself, or else an extraordinary talent for flatteringly personal conversation," she retorted lightly. "At any rate, you have lightened my despair at being exhibited in this awful, unfriendly hotel, speechless and unchaperoned."

Finley's eyes twinkled. "I'm glad I got Allan's letter. I don't mind telling you that I've been bitterly lonely myself. Would you mind being lonely with me for a while—just to cheer me up?"

She took him half seriously. "I can't conceive of your being lonely."

"I never shall be again," he assured.

"Do you always live happily ever afterward on the memories of young women you accidentally befriend?" she jested.

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"I used to think my memory was perfect—for some things. But lately I've discovered that it's a fallible, weak thing, and I'm glad—in this case."

She shook her head. "It's an enigma, isn't it? And I don't know you well enough to guess. . . . Then you are bound to forget?"

He met her placidly. "You?"

She flung out her hands with a pretty gesture of truce. "Aren't we wasting words? About an absurd topic? I've known you—if I can call it that—fifteen minutes, and—"

"*I* haven't watched the clock," murmured Finley virtuously.

She reddened. "Not more than that. And I'm not at all sure who you are—"

"Nor am I," he put in.

"And I am—you are—"

"I shall finish," Finley caught her up. "You are trying to put me in my proper place—and I won't be put. Besides, my meeting with you isn't an accident—Angelina and Giulietta will tell you that. It was bound to happen. And so I shall never forget you—because, well, because you wouldn't like me to." His finish was triumphant.

Miss Guest caught her breath in helpless astonishment. She did not dare to look at him, for there was something in his candid, clear gray eyes—which always held a smile in their shadows like sun in a forest spring—so upsetting that it made her heart beat deliriously. Unaccountably she began to wonder who Giulietta and Angelina might be.

"Unfortunately I shall never be able to verify your statements by appealing to your Giuliettas and Angelinas," she said.

His assurance was most disconcerting. "I'm quite sure you will see them and like them."

This evasion irritated her strangely. It was annoying to have other women dragged thus familiarly into the conversation.

"I hardly think so. I shall be leaving to-morrow, I think," she answered coldly.

Finley's heart sank into a dismal cavern. "Oh," he cried with artless regret, "you can't mean it?"

Miss Guest was cheered at once. She looked out of the open window to hide the telltale signs on her face. "It's very pretty on the water, isn't it?" she trifled.

"Do you really mean you are going to-morrow?" Finley was very anxious.

"Yes, really, we must get on to-morrow," she went on languidly. Within she sang: "He cares awfully. He wants me to stay," and his disappointment was balm to her soul.

"But—but surely you can't go alone," he protested.

She was sweetly patient with him. "Miss Benson will come to-night, of course," she added: "I'm expecting her any moment. The dear old thing—I'll be so glad to see her."

Finley was consumed with wicked anger. He had a vast annoyance, too, at the composed young woman beside him.

"See here," he broke in, desperately, "are you *sure* that duenna of yours will turn up to-night? Because if she doesn't—"

"Miss Benson? Oh, dear me, yes! She—"

A servant approached discreetly with a telegram on a little plate. "For the Signorina."

Miss Guest took it hurriedly. "It's from Bensie, I'm sure. If you'll pardon me."

Finley watched her eagerly as her eyes scanned the words, and, to his shameless joy, he saw her mouth droop pathetically and her face overshadow. Miss Guest glanced up at the instant of his satisfaction—and saw it. She tried to control her lips. It was in vain. Like children in sheer delight at something they understand only as prodigiously amusing, Finley and Miss Guest laughed. Laughed? They giggled. She held the telegram toward him, her hand shaking with the impulses of her mirth, her face turned away.

"'Lost little black bag. Can't come till found.—Wait. E. B.,'" Finley read aloud. "But what's the little—"

"I don't know *what* is in it. No one knows but Bensie. She'd rather die than lose it," Miss Guest explained, wiping away her tears of laughter.

"Ah, then you can't go to-morrow," he cried.

"If she never finds it, perhaps I can never go," she sorrowed whimsically. "I'll always be living on here. For Bensie won't leave Venice until it is found." She sobered presently into aggrieved gloom. "It's absurd of her, leaving me

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Drawn by Frank Craig Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

FINLEY LED HER TOWARD A BIT OF PEBBLY BEACH

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here alone like a hostage. I can't go out, I can't go down to that awful dining-room alone."

Then Finley took heart of courage. "Miss Guest," he began persuasively, "you can't go and dine alone in your rooms. I've got a plan—please, please, say it's nice."

She humored him. "I'm sure, Mr. Finley, it's—it's *nice*."

"I came over here in my boat—it's a little motor-boat, and I built her myself. I'll tell you why some other time. Won't you—can't we— It's perfectly all right. I'm very respectable even in Italy. Won't you come in her with me and dine at Isola Pescatori—a little island fishermen's village—on a heavenly terrace under vines, looking out over the lake; a place where the tourist doth not corrupt nor the millionaire break through and steal, and where the food is blissful? Won't you?"

Miss Guest hesitated. Then seven devils of mischief entered into her garnished habitation. "I'm not in America," she assured herself, "and I'm not anywhere much. And nobody cares. I'll —I'll go."

Finley adored her with a gaze of frankest joy. "Oh, Giulietta," he thought ecstatically, "I'm going to dine with the unexpected guest." To her he said boyishly, "I think—I think—that it's going to be the wonderfulest dinner in the world."

Finley led Miss Guest towards a bit of pebbly beach where he had drawn up the motor-boat. She was in the gayest mood, his companion, now that she had thrown her scruples, as it were, for a hostage to the waves. The lake lay before her tremulous with magic movement, tender, appealing. Close about her the alien activities of an alien land went on. Even the washerwomen at the water's edge, kneeling in the wooden pens and chattering like monkeys as they scrubbed, were a harmonious note. She sighed in utter content at the simple peace of the scene.

Finley looked smilingly back at her and called, "Will you come now?"

She had a feeling, as she made her way to him, that she would have come just the same if he had said, in that smiling voice, "We're going to the end of the world—will you come?" Finley stood in the boat with one hand out to her for aid. Suddenly she stopped abruptly, her eyes fastened on the bow of the boat. Again that dreadful scarlet dyed her cheeks tumultuously, she had an awed sensation of being in a dream.

"What is it?" Finley cried anxiously. "Is anything the matter? You're not ill?"

Her eyes were large and childlike as she pointed to the name on the prow. "How — why — " she hesitated. "My name?"

He bent to her with a great impulse of tenderness. "I don't know; I can't explain. I just had to name her that. . . . It is all part of it, part of the story. . . . Come."

Silently she let him help her into the craft. He busied himself, coat off, sleeves rolled up, in the preparations for the start, making her comfortable with cushions, shoving away from shore, starting the busy little engine. Neither of them spoke. With a thrill of satisfaction she watched him, when he was not watching her. "A face that is handsome to those who love him," she summed up. With a pang it occurred to her that in all probability there were many who did love. And on the heels of this followed the infinitely more distressing thought: "Was he married or wasn't he?" How awful of her not to have found out!

"*Chup-a! chup-a! chup-a! chup-a! chup-a! chup-a!*" went the motor. Finley sat down beside her and took the wheel. He emitted a large breath of satisfaction and mopped his face.

"There! Now we're actually off, and the little engine is behaving like a lamb. Isn't she nice, the little boat? With my own hands I made her."

"She's a dear," assented Miss Guest with enthusiasm. "And I think you're quite wonderful. Did you build her in Italy?"

He laughed. "Yes, I built her here on the lake at Ghiffa. I hadn't anything else to do, you see. Angelina and I live alone in a fearful little villa. Have you ever seen anything like the ghastliness of the Italian villas? They're like the canvas halls of splendor in a provincial theatre, set up there

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on the hills. It's a pity, too, for Italy is so full of wonderful architecture —old *palazzi* and all that. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, she is. . . . Oh, I beg your pardon," Miss Guest apologized. "I—I was thinking of something else." She was thinking desperately of his "Angelina and—"

"Is — ah — Angelina — your — ah — wife?" she inquired with such indifference as she could muster.

Finley stared at her in bewilderment. Then he shook with silent, irritating laughter. Miss Guest assumed all her haughtiness. "Oh my!" he chuckled. "No! No! I haven't any—not a single one anywhere! Angelina is—why, Angelina's the *cat!*"

She tried to say "Oh!" as if really she hadn't been interested one way or the other; but in the wholly absurd relief she suddenly felt, it amounted to nothing less than a giggle. There was no help for it—she had to laugh with him. It occurred to her, too, that she had laughed with him ever since their meeting.

"You must have thought me a—a—" Finley began.

She hastily decided not to pursue this topic. "You're fond of boats and the water, aren't you?" she deflected.

"Rather! I have been in the water—some of it hot water—ever since I was a kiddie. We had an old chap on our country place on the Sound, at home in America, who was something of a boat-builder. He and I used to make all kinds of craft together. And then I rowed on my crew at Harvard for a year," he answered.

Miss Guest sat up with a strong infusion of interest. She flashed a sharp glance at his face. "At—?" she casually asked.

"At Harvard," he repeated innocently.

"Oh!"

Finley was, at the moment, engaged in cutting across the bows of a stately scow, built on the identical lines of the old Roman barges, so he did not catch the precise inflection of Miss Guest's oh! She subsided into silence for a considerable time, busy with her own thoughts. Occasionally her eyes twinkled when they happened to fall on Finley's blissful contentment of countenance; occasionally they held a frown. After a while she ceased to have any definite thoughts, for the serenity of the night absorbed her. She let herself drift out into the marvellous, unreal beauty, as one wanders in strange dreams to the land of heart's desire.

They did not speak again until they were close to the green and gracious edge of a delightfully small and entrancing island, capped with a great square *palazzo*.

"*Isola Madre,*" said Finley.

"I remember," she almost whispered. "I went there several years ago—but it was in a tourist sort of way. We were detained, like emigrants, until enough of us were collected together, and then in a horde we were 'conducted.' But even so I thought it the loveliest little island in the world. I seemed to see gorgeous ladies in velvets, trailing up and down the paths at twilight with handsome, dark, *cinquecento* gallants."

"I know—I've seen them, too."

"I had such a curious fancy when I was there." She paused, as if reluctant to tell more.

"It is a place of curious fancies," he returned gravely. "Would you mind telling me yours?"

"It was very silly, I suppose," appealing with her smile for sympathy, "but I had the strangest feeling that if I could come to Isola Madre, when it was very still and deserted—no 'trippers' about—the most beautiful thing in my life would begin there. . . . You see what a sentimentalist I became."

"Do you mean, come there *alone?*" he asked wistfully.

She did not answer.

Finley himself was silent, after that, so long that she wondered uneasily if he were contemptuous of her confidences. "Would you think me an awful fool," he said at length, shyly, "if I said ever since I first saw that island yonder I've known that in another life—and I'm sure we have many of them—I have walked the paths of that island in doublet and hose? And if I said something wonderful happened to me there?"

Her eyes were upon Isola Madre with gentle affection. She did not turn as she answered, softly, "No, I don't think I'd say you were an awful fool."

She did not see him lift the sleeve of

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her jacket which lay between them and touch his lips to it.

"Some time," he dared, "we shall go there—you and I."

Miss Guest made no answer. They kept silence until their keel grated on the shore of Isola Pescatori.

Immediately there were the comfortable realities of living. The landlord of the little inn, his wife and two daughters, hurried to the water to welcome them with that charming courtesy for which only the Italians have time. Miss Guest and Finley declared joyously that they were hungry. They followed their host along the narrowest of cobbled streets, twisting fascinatingly among a nest of tiny cement houses, pale and ghostly in the dusk, to a vine-roofed little *terrazza* open to the loveliest stretch of Maggiore.

"Now it's to be a party," said Finley, when they were seated at the table. "Our party—yours and mine. A kind of birthday party, I think, in honor of being born again into Italy. And you must promise to like everything—the food, the wine, the night, the—well, and *me*."

Miss Guest leisurely pulled off her long gloves, and with the frankest laugh she said, as she sat back in her chair in a demure acceptation of his demands, "I promise to like—everything."

It could not be but a most delightful dinner. There was nothing ever so good as the *minestra*, the little fried fish, the *frittata*, the cool salad, and the *sabbagleone*. They ate, and talked as they ate, and laughed much over the thousand things only Americans, with youth and good humor, can make eternally amusing to themselves. Every now and then they looked at each other confidently and smiled. "It's absurd!" Miss Guest would cry. "The most absurd thing in the world—and the nicest," was Finley's invariable reply.

After the coffee came, Miss Guest sat with an elbow on the table, resting her chin on her palm, staring wistfully out over Maggiore—full of the tender melancholy Italy at its loveliest must hold for many travellers. As he smoked, Finley watched her with a tenderness so great that it seemed to rise like a sob in his throat. . . . She was very beautiful—the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, his heart said. She had seemed so to him when she had come into the *salone* of the hotel, in her pale, fawn-colored gown of linen with its simple dignified lines and her rough straw hat with its delicate notes of mauve and purple and lilac flowers. But now, as she sat there opposite him, the long, slim, girlish lines of her figure relaxed almost to sadness, the short sleeves of her gown leaving bare the slender, blue-veined roundness of her arms, her face half hidden from him, and a stray shaft of light streaming on the waves of her hair and burnishing its fairness to shining gold against the ivory of her neck, she was of a loveliness one might not fully see save with the eyes of the spirit.

So they sat for a long time, conscious of no past and curious of no future. All there was of the world that was desirable was there with them and within them.

At last she gave him a regretful smile. "I'm afraid—I'm afraid we ought to go. Isn't it late?"

Finley started out of his reverie. "I'd forgotten there were *oughts* and *lates* and places to go," he said ruefully, as he stared at the dead, half-burned cigarette in his fingers.

"It has been a beautiful birthday party," she answered, as she rose vaguely to her feet. "The nicest one I've ever had. I'll never forget it."

"Nor *I*—never. I promise that for my memory."

They looked at each other for a moment of foolish uncertainty, then they laughed, quite as foolishly.

"I hope," she essayed, "that we shall—"

"Don't say it," he commanded. "Only *a rivederci* to the little inn of dreams."

"*A rivederci*," she repeated obediently.

The proprietor and his appended family followed them to the shore and shoved off their boat. "*Buona notte!*" they chorused loudly. "*Buona notte, Signora! Buona notte, Signore!*"

"Oh, it is sweet," Miss Guest sighed happily.

"They love us already," said Finley.

"I wonder why they call me *Signora*," she reflected.

"*Chup-a! chup-a! chup-a! chup-a!*" giggled the motor.

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"What is it?" Miss Guest was roused from her absorption by the sudden cessation of the boat's leisurely speed. They had been idling over the lake that spread out around them like a vast, undulating tide of purple silk, flecked here and there with drowned stars, and she had abandoned herself utterly to the last moments of this amazing day of poets' dreams.

Finley answered truthfully. "I don't know exactly. But it is either fate or the absence of gasoline—or both."

"Good gracious," she cried, "that's awful! We can't float about here all night. It's quite improper."

"I suppose to some it is," assented Finley. "And do you know I've often suspected this motor of a total lack of delicacy."

"It's not a moment for the discussion of the moral qualities of your engine," she retorted with asperity; "you must *do* something."

"I am," he protested. "I'm investigating. And I'm getting all dirty and oily, too."

Finley came back to her side presently. "I'm awfully sorry," he began penitently, "but the truth is the gasoline has given out entirely. I don't like to be offensively personal, but really it's quite your fault. You see, I intended to buy more at Pallanza, and then I met you, and meeting you made me forget it."

In spite of herself she smiled at his ingenuousness. "My appearance," she retorted, "seems to have made you uncertain about several matters."

"It has—all except one," Finley agreed sweetly. "To what uncertainty do you most *particularly* refer?"

"To your remarkable lapse of memory in regard to the college you attended." Her suggestion was in the dryest tone.

"But I went to Harvard," he assured. "I ought to know—I had a terrible time getting in and out."

"Really?" said she. "How curious! My brother went to Yale."

Miss Guest launched this explosive, and then, tolerably sure of its damaging powers, sat back to await results. It was too dark to see Finley's face, but she could have laid a wager that the odd little noise he made under his breath was a rudimentary chuckle. Some time went by before he spoke, and she was too clever to spoil the effect of her bomb with any additional projectiles.

"Well—" he essayed.

"If you like. Well."

"I don't like. But I have to begin somewhere," he said aggrievedly.

"I should think you'd be more agitated over the bad end you are bound to come to," she commented.

"Oh, don't say that," cried Finley in alarm. "I'm almost always unnaturally good."

"A condition which almost always tends to unnaturally sinful outbreaks."

"You make it horribly difficult for me," he protested. "I know I ought to beat my breast and wail, and put on sailcloth, and pour gasoline on my head—only I haven't any. But somehow I don't feel as awful as I ought—and that is a bad sign, too, isn't it?"

"One of the worst. I'm waiting for your explanation."

"I'm trying to think of a good one."

"You'd better confine yourself to the bad one—it's more likely to be correct," she responded tartly, assuring herself that he had behaved in a shocking way.

"Well—I have to begin by *well,* I always do—I'm going to tell you the truth—and it's such a ridiculous truth that when you hear it you'll know I couldn't have invented it. . . . You see, I've been getting lonesomer and lonesomer for days and days, until this morning I couldn't stand it any longer. And then my man told me that there were many Americans staying in Pallanza. I can see now that I was tempted of the devil, though at the time I thought the plan I conceived was a neat little device of my own—I suppose it's always like that?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, then, I said to myself that I'd put on my nice white clothes and go to Pallanza and pick out a large hotel, and—think of some one, on a chance, and ask for him—her—"

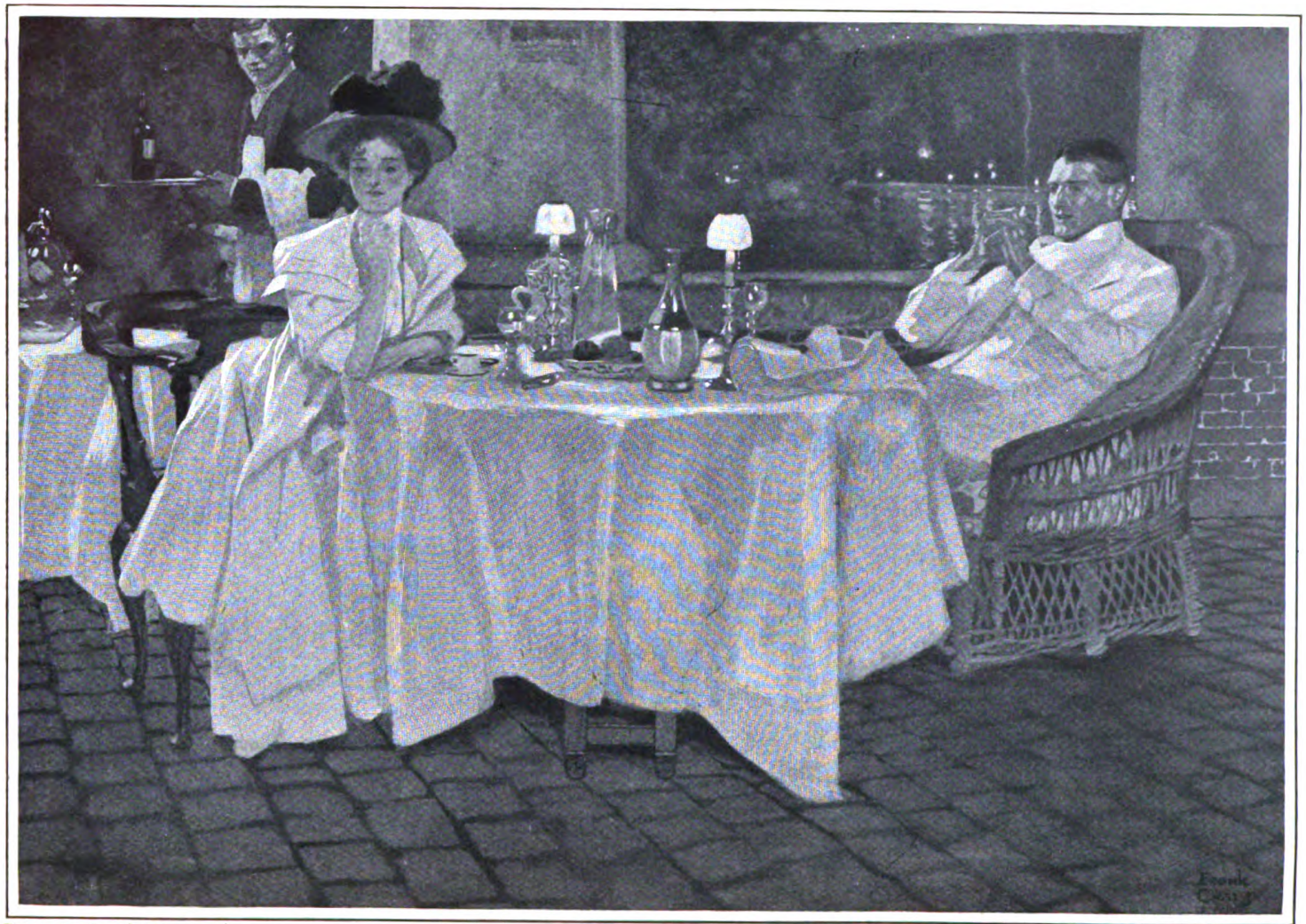
"How did you come to think of me?" abruptly demanded Miss Guest.

"I don't know."

"You don't *know?* But you'd heard of me?"

His voice became very earnest and con-

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Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SO THEY SAT, CONSCIOUS OF NO PAST AND CURIOUS OF NO FUTURE

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vincing. "As sure as we sit here in this boat, I give you my word of honor, I'd *never* heard of you. I'd never met you. I'd never dreamed of you being in Pallanza, or anywhere else except in—in my dreams."

"But—but—how?—why?" she asked faintly.

"How did I think of your name?"

"Yes."

"I don't know—I can't tell you," he answered gravely. "I—it was foolish, awfully—I was going to think of some one, you see, who couldn't possibly be there—a some one who wasn't any one. And afterward—after asking—I was going out to have tea, in the hope that a friendly soul would speak to me. Your name—that name—came to me. I tell you it just *came!* So I gave it. And—and *you* were there. And then I was in for it. I couldn't explain what an ass I was to you. So I told that whopper about your brother." He waited for her decision.

She drew a long, sighing breath. "And that name—*mine*—came to you?" she whispered in wonder.

Finley laid his hand for an instant on hers—trembling as he felt hers tremble. "It's true—true as the kingdom of God and you are true."

"Oh," she breathed, "how strange!"

"Strange, maybe," he said reverently, "as we reckon things strange. We poor folk who know so little. Not strange to the gods."

"No—not strange to the gods," she repeated in an absent tone.

"You see it was bound to happen. There's another thing I didn't tell you about to-day, because it sounds so wildly absurd. You'd laugh."

"What is it? I shall laugh or cry at everything in a moment."

"Old Giulietta, a fearsome creature who tells fortunes by cards, came over to my place to-day and—I'm not exaggerating—told me I was going to meet unexpectedly here in Italy the person—the girl—I was to—oh—to marry.—And she said she was a fair woman and that her name was—but of course she saw the name on my boat. Yes, she said her first name was Antoinette. I know it's a fairy-story, but I'm telling you what happened."

"Is that all she told?"

"Well—yes—ah—at least she—"

Miss Guest hastily forestalled his shy conclusion. "They are — those old women—uncanny sometimes."

"I liked what she said," Finley smiled. "And it has all come true."

She did not dare question him further.

"Everything we have done," he took it up again,—"our coming to Italy, my silly adventuring of the hotel, your Miss Benson failing you, everything was all prearranged." Finley spoke with the naïve simplicity in which one child teaches another child. As she listened it was to Miss Guest as beautifully real and luminous as her childhood visions of the fairies. Gradually she was drawn into the glade of the magic ring.

As she turned hesitatingly away from him, trailing her fingers in the water, she said gently, "You believe—like that?"

"Oh yes,—don't you?"

She could not speak the truth—yet. "But if one could only be *sure*," she temporized.

"There is only one great, sure thing in this world," he answered her with an infinitely patient tenderness, "to me at least. That is that somewhere there is for each of us a love that is perfect. Shall I not know and be sure when I have found it?"

She knew then, beyond all doubt, that he loved her, and she knew, too, with all her heart crying it out, that she had known always—so it seemed—she loved him.

"See where we have drifted," Finley cried suddenly, "while we were talking."

The boat was actually within a yard or two of land. Miss Guest lifted her head for an instant of recognition, as one passes from a dream into a dream.

"It is Isola Madre," she said, "our island!"

"Our island."

In a moment more they were so close to the tiny coast that Finley, in lieu of an oar, could bring the little craft to shore by the aid of his stick. They sat in their seats even after the bow had scraped the shingle.

The great, stately trees, massed in majestic shadow, sent a moist breath of coolness to their faces; there was a perfume of flowers so vivid that it was as

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if it had absorbed a color from the unseen blossoms; ghostly stone balustrades gleamed in the romance of the moonlight, and beyond they caught a glamour of light on the old *palazzo*. So akin to the strangely familiar loveliness of it all were the spirits of the two who watched that when Finley silently extended his hand Miss Guest took it, and they stepped out upon the shore. He did not relinquish his grasp, so hand in hand they wandered back into their half-remembered, half-forgotten habitation.

"We have come back—together—come back home," Finley said in a low voice.

"Yes—home," she smiled.

They sat together on a huge carved stone bench of a terrace, where earlier the roses had tangled in clusters of blooms; even now there were stray flowers. Through a break in the trees they saw the midnight lake, and along the shores late lights of the villages, like jewels on the strands of a broken necklace. All at once Antoinette began to shake with silent, irresistible laughter.

"What is it?" Finley demanded, laughing too. "What is it? Am I it?"

She shook her head. "I—don't—even—know—your first name," she got out at length.

He grinned. "You ought to have seen Giulietta. . . . It was Christopher—when I was last on earth."

"Then—Christopher—"

"My, what a nice name that sounds to be!" he interrupted complacently.

"The part of me which belongs in the hotel at Pallanza tells the part of me that belongs here that by this time I am a scandal to the town. You must see, I've got to get back there before I'm refused admittance entirely. Please, please—*think, think* of something!"

"By Jove!" he cried guiltily, "you poor little *cinquecento* girl! You are making me forget everything. Here we are, all alone in the arc-light of twentieth-century propriety—and I forget it. Our big palace yonder is shut to us. We can't possibly get married until to-morrow."

"Oh me!' she gasped. "*Married!*"

Below them, somewhere, Finley heard a boat scrape the stones. He started to his feet. "Wait here—you won't mind. It's perfectly safe." He hurried away.

Presently he came back, radiant. "It's all right," he explained. "It's one of the gardeners just home from Pallanza. I've told him we were wrecked here, cast up by the sea. And he's going to row us back. Come."

"Thank Heaven!" said Antoinette in relief, following him. "Why do you do that? Like that?" she demanded, for he was chuckling like a boy.

"He—the man—confided to me that there's a mad woman sitting on the pier at Pallanza, clutching a bag and going on like anything. They can't understand her and she won't stir from the spot."

"Oh, oh! Christopher, dear, *dear* Christopher! What *shall* I do? It's Bensie, it's Bensie!" wailed the conscience-smitten Antoinette.

"Think of me when I shall have to tell Angelina," he consoled.



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"Boz" and Boulogne

BY DESHLER WELCH

CHARLES DICKENS spent three summers in Boulogne-sur-Mer—only a few hours from England, "but if it were three hundred miles farther away, how the English would rave about it!" said he. He thought its picturesqueness, its coloring, and the character of its domestic life filled the eye and fancy quite to the measure of Naples. It was in 1853 that Dickens first went there, and selected a house to live in on the high cliffs then known as the Calais road, and on a recent pilgrimage to Boulogne I set out to find it. I had memoranda with me that told of its situation in the novelist's own words: "The house is on a great hillside, backed up by woods of young trees. It faces the Haute Ville with the ramparts. . . . On the slope in front, going steep down to the right, all Boulogne is piled and jumbled about in a very picturesque manner. The view is charming—closed in at last by the tops of swelling hills, and the door is within ten minutes of the post-office and a quarter of an hour of the sea. The garden is made in terraces up the hillside, like an Italian garden."

This was all that I had written down; there had been a great deal more of it, and I remembered to have read in his charming sketch, "Our French Watering Place," much that in some way had given me impressions of a dreamful and sequestered spot with thousands of roses enveloping it, leaving only enough of it uncovered for the eye of the house to look out upon the sea in its various moods. I gathered, too, that Dickens loved it in the tempest, and when the great sea fog came rolling in.

I began to make my inquiries almost directly I had located in the odd little hotel Meurice on the Rue Victor Hugo. I did not ask to see the fine old landlord, M. Loyal Derasseur, for that was only the fictitious name in the sketch, but I felt that I must behold Monsieur Beaucourt, the real, amiable, and almost loving host who so won the heart of the novelist.

I was not surprised to find how little was known of Dickens's association with the place, but I was hardly prepared to hear that Monsieur Beaucourt was still remembered, and almost familiarly so, by my French Boniface. Subsequently I learned, from the tourist's most friendly bookseller of Boulogne, where the dear old gentleman was buried—at Condette, a little village near by. I found his grave lying by a Gothic steepled church, covered by a stone cross. On one side is written:

"Ici repose le corps de Monsieur Ferdinand Beaucourt, époux de Françoise Mutuel, né à Bethune, décédé à Condette, le 8 Mai, 1881, à l'âge de 75 ans et 8 mois."

But on the other side of it I read these lines that will forever make the name of Monsieur Beaucourt famous:

"The landlord of whom Charles Dickens wrote: 'I never did see such a gentle, kind heart.'"

There was everything in the physical conditions of Boulogne, as well as in the times, to have attracted Dickens that first summer. It was in the period of the French-English alliance; the return of the troops from the Crimea, and of the exposition of English paintings, and of the visit of the Prince Consort to the Emperor; and meanwhile he was at work on his *Little Dorrit*. As for the town itself, it had the fascinating attraction of the old world; its venerable ramparts on which many exiles make their promenade and the streets below where many poets ended their days—such as Le Sage and Campbell,—and it had the charm of "color," of foreign life, and of water life, and always a brilliant port.

Although I had in some degree informed myself as to the location of Monsieur Beaucourt's "château," through

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certain unpublished letters of the master that I had been permitted to have and to hold on a former pilgrimage of mine when I visited his Villa Rosemont in Lausanne a few weeks previous, I was nevertheless somewhat mystified now by my surroundings. I finally proceeded along the Grande Rue which ascends to the "Haute Ville," which is the old part of the town on the height. I passed the Boulevard Mariette and the esplanade, and a little farther on the park of Les Tintelleries, where the people dance in the summer-time. Three of the four gateways dating back to the thirteenth century still open into the Haute Ville, which is enclosed by ramparts ornamented by turrets. From the Porte de Calais the view was superb. The day was full of glory—full of ozone, and inspiring. Below me stretched the dunes, a train travelling along them with a musical rumble on the way to Calais; near by was the Napoleon Column, and away off in the great distance arose the white cliffs of the English coast. It was a scene that Dickens had often looked upon. I turned back and soon entered the Rue Beaurepaire—not much of a street,—that would lead me, so I was told, right to the château where Dickens had dwelt, and which under his familiar pen-name of "Boz" he had described so lovingly and at much length in his letters and sketches. It was a pretty steep road, shabbily built up, that must have been a charming ramble a half century ago. I was confronted suddenly by a stone wall and a churchlike building, where I had in my mind located the château; it had been built on Monsieur Beaucourt's property, but somewhere nestling in the corner back of it under a group of trees I espied a spot of yellow, and then the château itself grew from it, and finally it was all there before me with its triangular pediment and green blinds. There was something of a field around it, sloping to a road that ran up higher beyond it, divided by a wall of cobblestones.

So it was here that "Boz" looked down upon the old town and the great distance;—from here that he looked down into the great depths of mankind and riveted their hearts with the spell of his pen! It was here that Wilkie Collins, Jerrold, and Forster who became his Boswell, used to come and make merry, and where his children played—the children of his flesh. It was with conflicting emotions I thought of that withered past, and out of which the mental child—little Dorrit—was born to live, and live so long that the old ramparts of the town would crumble away during her mere youth. As I sit on the cobbled fence trying to repeople the place in my mind, I open some of his precious letters I have been entrusted with. What a prodigious and warm-hearted correspondent he was! Those with whom he had most to do in a material way were not so well favored as his friends of the heart. In one place he writes (it is headed, "Villa des Moulineaux, Rue Beaurepaire"): "This place is beautiful—a burst of roses. Beaucourt—who *will not* put on his hat—has thinned the trees and greatly improved the garden."

Another: "We have a beautiful garden with all its fruits and flowers and a field of our own, and a road of our own away to the Column, and everything that is airy and fresh. The great Beaucourt hovers about us like a guardian genius." Another: "The prettiest French grounds in the most charming situation I have ever seen, the best place I have ever lived in abroad, except at Genoa. You can scarcely imagine the beauty of the air in this richly wooded hillside." And one more I finally read that causes me to look sadly at the house and the hillside and on the great beyond: "*Do* come and pass a little time here. Excellent light wines on the premises, French cookery, millions of roses, two cows (for milk punch), vegetables cut for the pot and handed in at the kitchen window; fine summer-houses, fifteen fountains (with no water in 'em), and thirty-seven clocks (keeping, as I conceive, Australian time; having no reference to the hours on this side of the globe)."

A great affection sprang up between Dickens and M. Beaucourt. He was an "obliging landlord" of the kind that must have been the last of his race. Said Dickens: "He is wonderful; he is a portly jolly fellow with a fine open face—he is supposed to have mortgaged his business (that of a linen-draper) all along of this place which he has planted with his own hands; which he cultivates

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all day; and which he never on any consideration speaks of but as 'the property.' If the extraordinary things in the house defy description, the amazing phenomena in the gardens never could have been dreamed of by anybody but a Frenchman bent upon one idea. There is a plan of 'the property' in the hall. It looks about the size of Ireland; and to every one of the extraordinary objects there is a reference with some portentous name . . . the Cottage of Tom Thumb, the Bridge of Austerlitz, the Bridge of Jena, the Hermitage, the Bower of the Old Guard, the Labyrinth (I have no idea which is which); and there is a guidance to every room in the house, as if it were a place on that stupendous scale that without such a clue you must infallibly lose your way and perhaps perish of starvation between bedroom and bedroom!"

It was the summer of 1853 that Dickens first stopped with M. Beaucourt. In 1854, while still his tenant, he was housed in another cottage higher up the hill which afforded a better view—a great stretch of the sea. It was named the "Villa du Camp de Droite." It was along the cliffs toward Calais that the French camp was formed, and Dickens watched the making of it with intense interest, although his walks were frequently discommoded by the military arrangements. On the night of the arrival of the Prince Consort the villa was a blaze of glory. Dickens himself set a French flag over the Union Jack flying from a haystack, and judging by all accounts, as I find them in his letters, became a veritable jumping-jack in his excitement over the *entente cordiale* and the displays of colors, cocked hats, and English condescension.

As I walked along the Calais road in the gloaming, for time had passed so quickly during my retrospection on the cobble wall that I had only witnessed the departure of the day as one would gaze with hypnotic vacancy into an iridescent glass, I came upon another note by "Boz": "Coming home by the Calais road, covered with dust, I suddenly find myself face to face with Albert and Napoleon jogging along in the pleasantest way, a little in front, talking extremely loud about the view, and attended by a brilliant staff of sixty or seventy horsemen. I took off my wide-awake without stopping to stare, whereupon the Emperor pulled off his cocked hat; and Albert (seeing, I suppose, that it was an Englishman) pulled off his."

It was during his third summer at Boulogne, again at the Villa Moulineaux, that he worked on *Little Dorrit*. Previous to that it had been on *Hard Times* and *Copperfield*. I have no doubt that many of his impressions formed during his prowling around the old town and along the lower streets and the pier shaped themselves somehow in his literary work. Beaucourt must have influenced more than the mere sketch of "Our French Watering Place." It was in this summer that Wilkie Collins spent several weeks with Dickens, and Jerrold too was a frequent visitor, and it was here that Collins concocted *The Frozen Deep*. In the late afternoons, as they would discuss their literary co-operation for *Household Words*, "Boz" would lie at lazy length among the roses, as he said, "middle-aged Love in a blouse and belt," and in the evening they would wander down to the pier, where I dare say it looked very much as it looks to-day.

I passed once more before the door of the Villa des Moulineaux as I hunted my way back to the gates of Haute Ville. Alas! alas! on the monastic building of which the little villa was now a part was this sign:

"Maison à Vendre ou à Louer."

As I stood for a moment in contemplation I could not help the weakness—if so it be; my eyes became filled with tears. In the dim and misty light were two figures—Dickens and Beaucourt. It was their last meeting. "And you, Monsieur Beaucourt—you are unfortunate too, God knows!"

"Ah, Monsieur Dickens, thank you; don't speak it"—"and backed himself down the avenue with his cap in his hand as if he were going to back himself straight into the evening star!"

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The Selfishness of Amelia Lamkin

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

IT was a morning in late February. The day before, there had been a storm of unusually damp, clogging snow, which had lodged upon everything in strange, shapeless masses. The trees bore big blobs of snow, caught here and there in forks or upon extremities. They looked as if the northeaster had pelted them with snowballs. Below the rise of ground on which the Lamkin house stood there was a low growth of trees, and they resembled snowball bushes in full bloom. Amelia Lamkin at her breakfast table could see them. There were seven persons at the breakfast table: Josiah Lamkin and his wife Amelia; Annie Sears, the eldest daughter, who was married and lived at home; Addie Lamkin, the second daughter, a pretty girl of eighteen; Tommy Lamkin, aged thirteen; little Johnny Field, a child of four, an orphan grandchild of Amelia's; and Jane Strong, Amelia's unmarried sister, who was visiting her. Annie Sears was eating toast and eggs prepared in a particular way. She was delicate and careful about her diet. The one maid in the household was not trusted to prepare Annie's eggs. Amelia did that. Addie loathed eggs in any form except an omelet, and Hannah, the maid, could not achieve one. Therefore Amelia cooked Addie's nice, puffy omelet. Johnny's rice was cooked in a special way which Hannah had not mastered, and Amelia prepared that. Josiah liked porterhouse beefsteak broiled to an exact degree of rareness, and Hannah could not be trusted with that. Hannah's coffee was always muddy, and the Lamkins detested muddy coffee; therefore Amelia made the coffee.

Hannah's morning duties resolved themselves into standing heavily about, resting her weight first upon one large flat foot, then upon the other, while her mistress prepared breakfast. There was a theory in the Lamkin household that poor Hannah worked very hard, since she was the only maid in a family of seven; and Hannah herself felt pleasantly and comfortably injured. Nobody pitied Amelia Lamkin. She had always obliterated herself to that extent that she seemed scarcely to have a foothold upon the earth, but to balance timidly upon the extreme edge of existence. Amelia's unmarried sister, Jane Strong, always expressed her unsolicited opinion. The Lamkins were justly incensed, and even Amelia herself bristled her soft plumage of indignation.

Jane was much handsomer than Amelia, although she was ten years older. Amelia was faded almost out as to color, and intense solicitude for others and perfect meekness had crossed her little face with deep lines, and bowed her slender figure like that of a patient old horse accustomed to having his lameness ignored, and standing before doors in harness through all kinds of weather. Amelia's neck, which was long and slender, had the same curve of utter submission which one sees in the neck of a weary old beast of burden. She would slightly raise that drooping neck to expostulate with Jane. There would be a faint suggestion of ancient spirit; then it would disappear. Jane, her own chin raised splendidly, eyed her sister with a sort of tender resentment and contempt.

"Of course you know," said Jane, "that I'm enough sight better off the way I am. I'm freer than any married woman in the world. Then I've kept my looks. My figure is just as good as it ever was. I haven't got to lopping over my corsets and belts, or shrinking down to next to nothing. My color is as good as it ever was, and my hair's just as thick and not a thread of gray. I suppose the time's got to come, if I live long enough, that I shall look in my glass and see my skin yellow and flabby; but now the only change is that I'm settled *past*

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change. I know that means I'm not young, and some may think not as good-looking, but I *am*." Jane regarded her sister with a sort of defiance. What she said was true. Her face was quite as handsome as in her youth; all the change lay in the fact of its impregnability to the shift and play of emotions. A laugh no longer transformed her features. These reigned triumphant over mirth and joy, even grief. She was handsome, but she was not young. She was immovably Jane Strong.

"I think you are just as good-looking as you ever were," replied Amelia. As she spoke she gave a gentle sigh. Amelia, after all, was human. As a girl she had loved the soft, sweet face, suffused with bloom like an apple blossom, which she had seen in her looking-glass. She had enjoyed arranging the pretty, fair hair around it. Now that enjoyment was quite gone out of her life. The other face had been so dear and pleasant to see. She could not feel the same toward this little, seamed countenance, with its shade of grayish hair over the lined temples, and its meek downward arc of thin lips.

When Amelia sighed, Jane looked at her with a sort of angry pity. "You might be just as good-looking as you ever were yourself if you had taken decent care of yourself and not worn yourself out for other folks," said she. "There was no more need of your getting all bent over, nor older than you were, and no need of your hair getting so thin and gray. You ought to have taken the time to put a tonic on it, and you ought to stretched yourself out on the bed a good hour every afternoon, and remembered to hold your shoulders back."

"I haven't had much time to lie down every afternoon."

"You might have had if you had set others to doing what they ought, instead of doing it yourself."

Amelia bristled again, this time with more vigor. "You know," said she, "that Hannah can't cook. It isn't in her."

"I'd get a girl who could cook."

"I can't discharge Hannah after all the years she has been with me. She is cranky, too, and I doubt if she could stay long with anybody except me. I know just how to manage her."

"She knows just how to manage you. They all do."

"Jane Strong, I won't hear you talk so about my family and poor Hannah."

"I should think it was poor Amelia."

"I have everything to be thankful for," said Amelia. "And as for cooking, you know I always liked to do it, Jane."

"Yes, you always liked to do everything that everybody else didn't. No doubt about that; and you always pretended you liked to eat everything that everybody else didn't."

"I have everything I want to eat."

"What did you make your breakfast of this morning?" demanded Jane.

Amelia reflected. She colored a little, then she looked defiantly at her sister. "Beefsteak, and omelet, and biscuit, and coffee," said she.

Jane sniffed. "Yes, a little scraggly bit of steak that Josiah didn't want, and that little burnt corner of Addie's omelet, and the under crust of Tommy's biscuit, and a muddy cup of watered coffee, after all the others had had two cups apiece. You needn't think I didn't see. Amelia Lamkin! You are a fool! You are killing yourself, and you are hurting your whole family, and that good-for-nothing Hannah thrown in."

Then Amelia looked at Jane with sudden distress. "What do you mean?" she quavered.

"Just what I say. You are simply making your whole family a set of pigs, and Hannah too, and you know you have an awful responsibility toward an ignorant person like that, and you are ruining your own health."

"I am very well indeed, Jane," said Amelia, but she spoke with a slight hesitation.

"You are not well. No mortal woman who has ever lived her whole life on the fag-ends of food, and rest and happiness that nobody else had any use for, can be well. You've been doing your duty all your life so hard that you haven't given other people a chance to do theirs. You've been a very selfish woman as far as duty is concerned, Amelia Lamkin, and you have made other people selfish. If Addie marries Arthur Henderson, what kind of a wife will she make after the way you have brought her up? Addie has no more idea of waiting on

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herself than if she were a millionairess, and he's a poor man."

"Money isn't everything."

"It is a good deal," responded Jane, sententiously, "and I guess Addie Lamkin will find it is if she marries Arthur Henderson and has to live on next to nothing a year, with everything going up the way it is now, when you have to stretch on your tiptoes and reach your arms up as if you were hanging for dear life to a strap on a universe trolley-car, to keep going at all. But I don't care about them. You *are* miserable. You can't hide it from me. You have lost flesh."

"I haven't been weighed lately."

"You don't need to get weighed. You can tell by your clothes. That gray silk dress you wore last night fairly hung on you."

"I always went up and down in my weight; you know I did, Jane."

"One of these days you will go down and never come up," retorted Jane, with grim assurance. Then Addie Lamkin, young and vigorous and instinct with beauty and health, marched into the room, and in her wake trailed Annie, sweet and dainty in a pale blue cashmere wrapper.

Addie, with her young cheeks full of roses, with her young yellow hair standing up crisply above her full temples, with her blue eyes blazing, with her red mouth pouting, opened fire. "Now, Aunt Jane," said Addie, "Annie and I couldn't help overhearing—the door has been open all the time,—and we have made up our minds to speak right out and tell you what we think. We love to have you here, —don't we, Annie?"

"Yes, indeed, we love to have you, Aunt Jane," assented Annie, in her soft voice, which was very like her mother's.

Amelia made a little distressed noise.

"Don't you say a word, mother," said Addie. Addie's face had the expression of one who dives. "We simply can't have you making mother miserable, Aunt Jane," said she, "and you might just as well understand. Don't you agree with me, Annie?"

"Yes," said Annie.

"Don't, dear," said Amelia.

"I must," Addie replied, firmly. "We both love Aunt Jane, and we are not lacking in respect to her, as to an older woman, but we must do our duty. Aunt Jane, you simply must not interfere with mother."

Jane's face wore a curious expression. "How do I interfere?" asked she.

"You interfere with mother's having her own way and doing exactly what she likes," said Addie.

"And you never do?"

"No," replied Addie, "we never do. None of us do."

"No, we really don't," said Annie. She spoke apologetically. She was not as direct as Addie.

"You are quite right," said Jane Strong. "I don't think any of you ever do interfere with your mother. You let her have her own way about slaving for you and waiting upon you. Not the slightest doubt of it."

Addie looked fairly afire with righteous wrath. "Really, Aunt Jane," said she, "I don't feel that, as long as it makes mother's whole happiness to live as she does, you are called upon to hinder her."

Amelia in her turn was full of wrath. "I am sure I don't want to be hindered," said she.

"We know you don't, mother dear," said Addie, "and you shall not be."

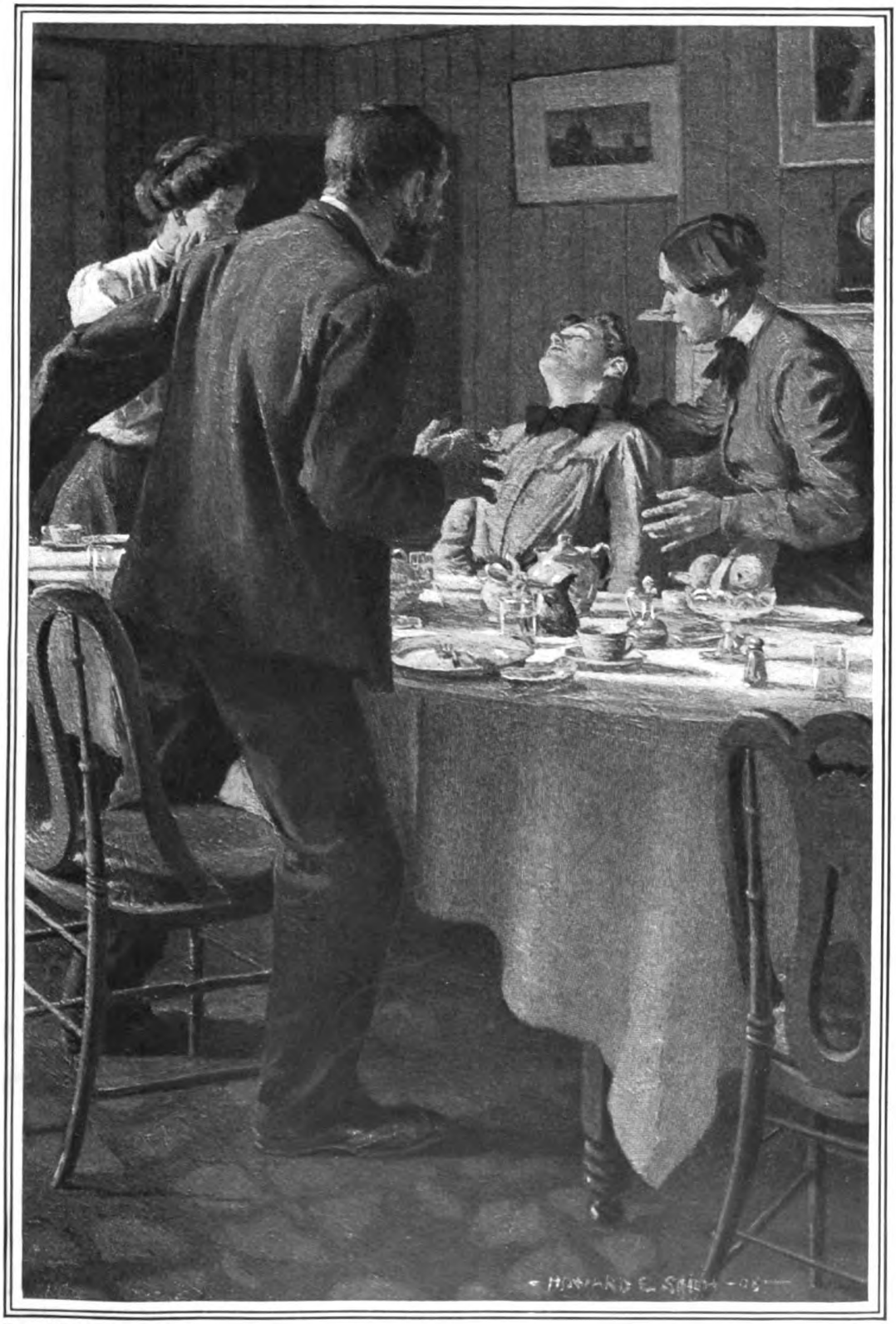
"You need not worry," said Jane, slowly. "*I* shall not hinder your mother, but I miss my guess if she isn't hindered." Then she went out of the room, her head up, her carriage as majestic as that of a queen.

"Aunt Jane is hopping," said Addie, "but as for having poor mother teased and made miserable, I won't, for one!"

"Your aunt has never had a family and she doesn't understand, dear," said Amelia. She was a trifle bewildered by her daughter's partisanship. She was not well, and had had visions of Addie's offering to assist about luncheon. Now she realized that Addie would consider that such an offer would make her unhappy.

"No, mother dear, you shall have your own way," Annie said, caressingly. "Your own family knows what makes you happy, and you shall do just what you like." Annie put her arm around her mother's poor little waist and kissed her softly. "I am feeling wretchedly this morning," said Annie. "I think I

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SHE FAINTED CONSIDERATELY AS SHE HAD ALWAYS DONE EVERYTHING ELSE

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will follow Dr. Emerson's advice to wrap myself up and sit out on the piazza an hour. I can finish that new book."

"Mind you wrap up well," Amelia said, anxiously.

"I think I will finish embroidering my silk waist," said Addie. "I want to wear it to the Simpsons' party Saturday night."

Then the daughters went away, and Amelia Lamkin went into the kitchen and prepared luncheon.

She worked all the morning. She did not sit down for a moment until lunch-time. Then suddenly the hindrance which Jane Strong had foretold that morning came without a moment's warning. There had not been enough fish left from the dinner of the day before to prepare the ramekins for the family and allow Tommy two, unless Amelia went without. She was patiently eating a slice of bread and butter and drinking tea when she fell over in a faint. The little, thin creature slid gently into her swoon, not even upsetting her teacup. She fainted considerately, as she had always done everything else. Jane, who sat next her sister, caught her before she had fallen from her chair. Josiah sprang up, and stood looking intensely shocked and perfectly helpless. Addie ran for a smelling-bottle, and Annie leaned back and gasped, as if she were about to faint herself. Tommy stared, with a spoon half way to his mouth. Then he swallowed the contents of the spoon from force of habit. Then he stared again, and turned pale under his freckles. The baby cried and pounded the table with his fists.

Amelia's face under its thin film of gray hair was very ghastly. Jane, supporting that poor head, looked impatiently at Josiah standing inert, with his fresh countenance fixed in that stare of helpless, almost angry, astonishment. "For goodness' sake, Josiah Lamkin," said his sister-in-law, "don't stand there gawping like a nincompoop, but go for Dr. Emerson, if you've got sense enough!" Jane came from New England, and in moments of excitement she showed plainly the influence of the land of her birth. She spoke with forcible, almost vulgar inelegance, but she spoke with the effect of an Ethan Allen or a Stark.

Josiah moved. He made one stride to the door.

"Stop fainting away, Annie Sears," said Jane, "and hand me that glass of water for your mother, then spank that bawling young one. Tommy, tell Hannah to march up-stairs lively and get your mother's bed ready." Hannah at that moment appeared in the doorway, and she promptly dropped a cup of coffee, which crashed and broke into fragments with a gush of brown liquid. At the sound of that crash there was a slight flicker of poor Amelia Lamkin's weary eyelids, but they immediately closed. "Let that coffee and that cup be, now you have smashed it," said Jane Strong to Hannah, "and for goodness' sake stop staring and get up-stairs lively and get Mrs. Lamkin's bed ready. Why don't you move?"

Hannah moved. Annie came falteringly around with a glass of water. Tommy caught up the morning paper and fanned his mother, while the tears rolled over his hard, boyish cheeks, and he gulped convulsively.

"Oh, what ails her?" gasped Annie, holding the glass of water to her mother's white lips.

Jane was pitiless. "She's dead, for all I know," said she. "She's an awful time coming to. For the land's sake don't spill that water all over her! Dip your fingers in and sprinkle some on her forehead. Haven't you got any sense at all?"

Annie sprinkled her mother's forehead as if she were baptizing her. "Oh, what is it?" she moaned again.

"She's dead if she ain't fainted away," said Jane. "How do I know? But I can tell you what the matter is, Annie Sears, and you, too, Addie Lamkin" (for Addie was just returning with the little green smelling-bottle). "Your mother is worn out with hard work because you've all been so afraid to cross her in slaving for everybody else and having nothing for herself. She's worked out and starved out. Here, for goodness' sake, set down that old smelling-bottle, and, Tommy, you come here and help hold her head; and, Annie, you stop sniffing and shaking and help Addie, and we'll lay her down on the floor. She'll never come to, sitting up."

"I knew that all the time," volunteered Tommy, in a shaking voice. "Teacher said to lay Jim Addison down that time when he bumped his nose against his desk reaching down for a marble he dropped."

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Between them they lowered the little inanimate form to the floor, and Tommy got a sofa cushion from the sitting-room and put it under his mother's head. Then Jane broke down completely. She became hysterical.

"Oh, Amelia, Amelia," she wailed, in a dreadful voice of ascending notes, "my sister, the only sister I've got! Amelia, speak to me! Amelia, can't you hear? Speak to me!"

Annie sank down on the floor beside her unconscious mother and wept weakly. Addie, with her lips firmly set, rubbed her mother's hands. Tommy fanned with all his might! The morning paper made a steady breeze above the still, white face. The baby had succeeded in reaching the sugar-bowl and had stopped crying.

Amelia did not revive. Hannah stood in the door. She stammered out that the bed was ready; then she, too, wailed the wail of her sort, lifting high a voice of uncouth animal woe.

"She's dead, she's dead!" at last sobbed Jane. "She'll never speak to any of us again. Oh, Amelia, Amelia, to think it should come to this!"

Addie, with one furious glance at her aunt, stopped rubbing her mother's hands. She stood back. She looked very stiff and straight. Her face was still, but tears rolled over her cheeks as if they were marble. Annie wept with gentle grief. Jane continued to lament, as did Hannah. The baby steadily ate sugar. Only Tommy held steadfast. He never whimpered, and he fanned as if life depended upon the newspaper gale.

Then there was a quick rattle of wheels, and Jane rushed to the door and shrieked out: "You're too late, doctor; you're too late!"

Poor Josiah, who had driven back with the doctor and was already out of the buggy, turned ghastly white.

"Oh, my God, she's gone!" he gasped.

The doctor, who was young and optimistic, clapped him on the shoulder. "Brace up, man!" he said, in a loud voice. Then he pushed rather rudely past Jane and Hannah and Addie and Annie. He knelt down beside the prostrate woman, looked at her keenly, felt her wrist, and held his head to her breast. Then he addressed Tommy. "How long has your mother been unconscious?" he asked.

Tommy glanced at the clock. "'Most half an hour," he replied. His mouth and eyes and nose twitched, but he spoke quite firmly. There was the making of a man in Tommy.

"Oh, she's dead!" wailed Jane. "Oh, Amelia! Oh, my sister, my sister!"

Dr. Emerson rose and looked at Jane Strong with cool hostility. "She is not dead, unless you make her so by your lack of self-control," said he. "You must all be as quiet as you can."

Jane stopped wailing and regarded him with awed eyes, the eyes of a feminine thing cowed by the superior coolness in adversity of a male. She was afraid of that clear pink and white young masculine face with its steady outlook of rather cold blue eyes and its firm mouth. Josiah, Hannah, and the doctor carried Amelia to her room, and laid her, still unconscious, upon her bed. Then after a while she awakened, but she was a broken creature. They hardly recognized her as Amelia. Amelia without her ready hand for them all, her ready step for their comfort, seemed hardly credible. She lay sunken among her pillows in a curious, inert fashion. She was very small and slight, but she gave an impression of great weight, so complete was her abandonment to exhaustion, so entirely her bed sustained her, without any effort upon her part.

Addie cornered the doctor in the front hall on his way out. "What do you think is the matter with mother?" she whispered. The doctor looked at Addie's pretty, pale face. He was unmarried, and had had dreams about Addie Lamkin.

"Your mother is simply worn out, Miss Lamkin," said Dr. Emerson, curtly; yet his eyes, regarding that pretty face, were pitying.

Soft rose suffused Addie's face and neck. She looked piteously at the doctor, with round eyes like a baby's, pleading not to be hurt. The doctor's tone softened a little.

"Of course I realize how almost impossible it is to prevent self-sacrificing women like your mother from offering themselves up," he said.

Tears stood in Addie's eyes. "Mother never complained, and she seemed to want—" she returned, brokenly.

"Yes, she seemed to want to do every-

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thing and not let anybody else do anything, and everybody indulged her."

"Of course now we shall see that mother does not overdo," said Addie.

"She can't—now."

Addie turned very white. "You don't mean—"

"I don't know. I shall do everything I can, but she is very weak. I never saw a case of more complete exhaustion."

After Dr. Emerson had driven out of the yard, Addie and Annie talked together, Jane Strong made gruel, and Tommy sat beside his mother. Josiah paced up and down the front walk. He had a feeling as if the solid ground was cut from under his feet. He had not known for so many years what it was to live without the sense of Amelia's sustaining care, that he felt at once unreasoning anger with her, a monstrous self-pity, and an agony of anxious love. The one clear thing in his mind was that Amelia ever since their marriage had put in his sleeve buttons and shirt studs. Always he saw those little, nervous, frail hands struggling with the stiff linen and the studs and buttons. It seemed to him that, of all her wrongs, that was the one which he could definitely grasp. He felt that she was worn out, maybe come to her death, through putting in those buttons and studs. Josiah was a great, lumbering masculine creature, full of helpless tenderness. He paced up and down the walk. He looked at his thick fingers, and he saw always those little, slender, nervous ones struggling with his linen and buttons, and he knew what remorse was. Finally he could bear it no longer, and he entered the house and the kitchen, where Jane was making the gruel.

"Dr. Emerson says she is all worn out," he said, thickly.

Jane looked at him viciously. "Of course she is worn out."

"Jane, do you think putting in my sleeve buttons and studs hurt her?"

Jane stared at him. "Everything has hurt her together, I suppose," she replied, grimly.

Josiah went into the dining-room, where Addie and Annie stood talking together. The baby was asleep in his chair, his curly head hanging sidewise. "Your mother seems to be all worn out," Josiah said to his daughters.

"Yes, she is, I am afraid," Annie said, tearfully. "If *I* had only been stronger."

"If mother had only known *she* wasn't strong," Addie said, fiercely, and Annie did not resent it. "Here I've been saying mother must be let alone to do things because it worried her not to," said Addie. "Great fool, great hypocrite!" She gave a sob of fury at herself.

"I've been thinking how she has always put in my sleeve buttons and shirt studs," said Josiah.

Neither Annie nor Addie seemed to hear what he said.

"If only *I* had been stronger," repeated Annie.

Addie turned on her. "You have always been enough sight stronger than mother, Annie Sears," said she. "You fairly enjoy thinking you are delicate. You think it is a feather in your cap; you know you do!"

Annie was so astonished she fairly gasped at her sister. She could not speak. Addie made a dart toward Johnny and caught him up in her arms.

"She's always put in my sleeve buttons and studs," said Josiah, in his miserable monotone. Then he returned to the front walk and began pacing up and down.

"Annie Sears," said Addie, "do you know mother is up there all alone with Tommy? Why don't you go up there?"

"Let me take Johnny, and you go, Addie," Annie said, faintly.

Addie thrust Johnny upon Annie, and turned and went up-stairs. Tommy looked up as she entered the room and gave an inaudible "Hush!" "Mother is asleep," he motioned with his lips. Amelia, indeed, lay as if asleep, with her eyes partly open, and a ghastly line of white eyeball showing. Addie sat beside the bed and looked at her mother. Tommy broke down, and curved his arm in its rough sleeve around his freckled face and wept bitterly. Addie did not weep. Gradually the wonderful expression of those who renunciate stole over her face. She was making up her mind to relinquish all thoughts of marriage, to live at home, single, and devote her life to her mother. She realized that she was very unhappy. She thought of Arthur Henderson. She knew quite well that his character was

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not one capable of going through life without snatching at one sweet if he could not obtain another. She felt glad that it was so. She had never been so miserable and so blissful in her whole life as she was sitting beside her mother's bed, for she for the first time saw beyond her own self and realized the unspeakable glory there. She reached out a hand and patted Tommy's heaving shoulder.

"We'll all take care of her, and she'll get well. Don't cry, dear," she whispered, very softly.

But Tommy gave his shoulder an impatient shrug and wept on. He was remembering how he had worn so many holes in his mittens and his mother had mended them, and it seemed to him as if mending those mittens was the one thing which had tired her out. He made up his mind, whether she lived or died, that he would never get holes in his mittens again for anybody to mend.

Down-stairs Annie Sears sat beside little Johnny and told him a story. She never knew what the story was about. Johnny had eaten all the sugar in the bowl, and he nestled his little curly head against Annie's shoulder, while she talked in her unhappy voice. After a while Johnny's eyes closed, and Annie lifted him and carried him up-stairs and laid him on her own bed. He was a heavy child, and she bent painfully beneath his weight, and reflected, the while she did so, how many times she had seen her mother toil up-stairs with him—her little mother, whose shoulders were narrower than her own.

Jane finished the bowl of gruel, while Hannah stood looking on. Jane turned upon the girl with sudden fury.

"For the land's sake, get to work, can't you?" she said. "What are you standing there for? Clear off the table, and wash the dishes, and sweep up the kitchen!"

Hannah did not resent the angry voice. She began to weep without covering her face, bawling aloud like a baby. "O Lord! O Lord!" she wailed. "Here's that poor blessed soul all wore out doing my work, whilst I've been standing watching her!"

Meanwhile Amelia Lamkin was lying in her peaceful bed up-stairs in a very trance of happiness. She was quite conscious. She had not a pain. She realized an enormous weakness and sheer inability to move, but along with it came the blessed sense of release from hard duties. Almost for the first time in her life Amelia Lamkin's conscience did not sting her because she was not up and doing for others. She knew that it was impossible. She felt like one who has received absolution. The weight of her life had slipped from her shoulders.

She lay still day after day, opening her mouth obediently for the spoonfuls of sustenance which were given her, half dozing, half waking, and wholly happy. She did not know that Addie had turned a cold shoulder to Arthur Henderson and that he was already engaged to Eliza Loomis. She did not know of the harrowing anxiety concerning herself. She knew nothing but her conviction that nothing was required of her except to lie still, that other people required nothing except that, that God required nothing except that. Addie always wore a cheerful face when with her mother. Indeed, the readiness with which Arthur Henderson had given her up had caused her pride to act as a tonic, and her eyes had been opened. She even laughed at herself because she had once thought it possible for her to marry Arthur Henderson. She could not yet laugh at the prospect of the life of self-immolation which she ordered for herself since the day her mother had been taken ill, but she was schooling herself to contemplate it cheerfully, although the doctor with his daily visits to her mother was now making it hard. Addie began to realize that this man, had she allowed herself to think of him, might have been more difficult to relinquish than the other. After a while she saw him as little as possible, and received his directions through Annie. Addie and Annie had their days full. They were glad when Tommy's spring vacation came. Tommy was of much assistance, and he developed a curious aptitude for making Hannah work. Addie ate her eggs cooked any way now, and so did Annie, and Josiah Lamkin never said a word if his steak was not quite as rare as usual, and Johnny ate his rice half cooked, and survived.

Amelia's window-shades were up all

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EVER SINCE THEIR MARRIAGE SHE HAD PUT IN HIS STUDS

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day, for the doctor said she should have all the light and sun possible; and as spring advanced she could see, with those patient eyes which apparently saw nothing, but the blue sky crossed with tree branches deepening in color before they burst into leaf and flower. Amelia saw not only those branches, but beyond them, as though they were transparent, other branches, but those other branches grew on the trees of God, and were full of wonderful blooms; and beyond the trees she saw the far-away slope of mountains, and through them in turn the curves of beauty of the Delectable Hills. When Amelia closed her eyes the picture of those trees beyond trees, those mountains beyond mountains, was still with her, and she saw also heavenly landscapes of green meadows, and pearly floods, and gardens of lilies, and her vision, which had been content for years and years with only the dear simple beauties of her little village, was fed to her soul's delight and surfeit. But she was too weak to speak more than a word at a time, and she scarcely seemed to know one of her dear ones. Poor Amelia Lamkin was so tired out in their service that she had gone almost out of their reach for the rest.

At last came a warm day during the first of May, when people said about the village that Mrs. Amelia Lamkin was very low indeed. The air was very soft and full of sweet languor, and those partly opened eyes of Amelia's saw blossoms through blossoms on the tree branches. In the afternoon Dr. Emerson came, and Addie did not shun him. Her mind was too full of her mother for a thought of any human soul besides. She and the young man stood in Amelia's room, over the prostrate little figure, and the doctor took up the slender hand and felt for the pulse in the blue-veined wrist. Then he went over by the window, and stood there with Addie, and Amelia's eyes, which had been closed, opened slowly, and she saw the blooming boughs of the trees of heaven through *them* also. Addie was weeping softly, but her mother did not know it, at first, in her rapt contemplation. She did not see Dr. Emerson put an arm around the girl's waist, she did not hear what he said to her, but suddenly she *did* hear what the girl said. She heard it more clearly than anything since she had been taken ill. "I can't think of such things with mother lying there the way she is," Addie said, in a whisper. "I wonder at you."

"She can't hear a word; she does not know," said the young man; and Amelia, listening, was surprised to learn how little a physician really knows himself, when she was hearing and understanding every word, and presently seeing. "I would not speak now," Dr. Emerson continued, "I know it must seem untimely to you, but you have been through so much all these weeks, and it is possible that more still is before you soon, and I feel that if you can consent to lean upon me as one who loves you more than anybody else in the world, I may make it all easier. You know I love you, dear."

"You can't love me. I have been an unworthy daughter," Addie sobbed.

"An unworthy daughter? I have never seen such devotion."

"The devotion came too late," Addie replied, bitterly. "If mother had had a little more devotion years ago, she would be up and about now. There is no use talking, Dr. Emerson; you don't know me as I know myself, or you wouldn't once think of me; but, anyway, it is out of the question."

"Why?"

"Because," said Addie, firmly, "I have resolved never to marry, never to allow any other love or interest come between me and my own family. If mother—" Addie could not finish the sentence. She went on, with a word omitted. "I must make all the restitution to her in my power by devoting my whole life to her dear ones—to Tommy and the baby and father. Annie is delicate, although now she tries to think she isn't, and is doing so much."

"We could live here, dear," said the young man, and his voice sounded young and pleasing and pitiful. Amelia herself loved him as he spoke. But Addie turned upon him with a sort of fierceness.

"Don't talk to me any more," she said. "Haven't you eyes? Don't you see I can't bear it? We *could* live here, but you and—maybe others would come between me and my sacred trust. It

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can't be, Edward. If mother had lived" (she spoke of her mother as already dead), "of course with Aunt Jane (I think she will live here now, anyway, and she *can* do a good deal) and with Annie, they could have got along, and I don't say I would not have— Of course it must cost me something to give up the sort of life a girl naturally expects. Don't talk to me any more."

Then Amelia sat up in bed. Her eyes were opened wide; they had seen her last of heavenly visions, until the time when they should close forever. In a flash she saw how selfish it was for her, this patient, loving woman, who had thought of others all her life, to be happy in giving up her life. She realized, too, what she had never felt when in the midst of them, the torture of the fire of martyrdom in which her life had been spent. Now that the unselfishness of others had quenched those fires, she knew what had been, and saw how fair the world might yet be for her. She reached back her loving, longing, willing hands to her loved ones of earth and her earthly home. Amelia spoke in quite a clear, strong voice. Addie turned with a great start and screamed, "Mother!" and Dr. Emerson was by her side in an instant. Amelia looked at them and smiled the smile of a happy, awakening infant.

"I am better," said she; "I am going to get well now. I have lain here long enough."

A Good Time

BY MOUNCE BYRD

I've had a good time.
Life came with rosy cheeks and tender song
  Across the morning fields to play with me,
And, oh, how glad we were, and romped along
  And laughed and kissed each other by the sea.

I've had a good time.
Love came and met me half way down the road:
  Love went away, but there remained with me
A little dream to help me bear my load,
  A something more to watch for by the sea.

I've had a good time.
Death came and took a rosebud from my yard;
  But after that, I think there walked with me,
To prove me how the thing was not so hard,
  An angel here of evenings by the sea.

I've had a good time.
. . . . . A good, good time.
  Nobody knows how good a time but me,
With nights and days of revel and of rhyme,
  And tears and love and longing by the sea.

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Psychical Research

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE, D.Sc., F.R.S., LL.D.

Principal of the University of Birmingham

PUZZLING and weird occurrences have been vouched for among all nations and in every age. It is possible to relegate a good many asserted occurrences to the domain of superstition, but it is not possible thus to eliminate all. Nor is it likely that in the present stage of natural knowledge we are acquainted with all the workings of the human spirit and have reduced them to such commonplace that everything capable of happening in the mental and psychical region is of a nature readily and familiarly to be understood by all. Yet there are many who seem practically to believe in this improbability, and although they are constrained from time to time to accept novel and surprising discoveries in biology, in chemistry, and in physical science generally, they seem tacitly to assume that these are the only parts of the universe in which discovery is possible, all the rest being already too well known.

It is a simple faith, and does credit to their capacity for belief—belief not only unfounded upon knowledge, but belief tenable only in the teeth of a great mass of evidence to the contrary.

It is always a pity to unsettle minds thus fortified against the intrusion of unwelcome facts, for their strong faith is probably a salutary safeguard against that unbalanced and comparatively dangerous condition called "open-mindedness," which is ready to learn and investigate anything not manifestly self-contradictory and absurd. Without people of the solid, assured, self-satisfied order, the practical work of the world would not so efficiently be done.

But few such people will take the trouble to read this article, and I may therefore safely ignore them; for it is intended to indicate the possibility that discoveries of the very first magnitude can still be made—are indeed in process of being made — by strictly scientific methods, in the region of psychology: discoveries quite comparable in importance with those which have been made during the last century in physics and biology, but discoveries whose opportunities for practical application and usefulness will similarly have to remain for some time in the hands of experts, since they cannot be miscellaneously absorbed or even apprehended by the multitude without danger.

It has been partly the necessity for caution and the dread of encouraging mere stupid superstition that has instinctively delayed advance in these branches of inquiry until the progress of education gave a reasonable chance of a sane and balanced and critical reception by a fairly considerable minority.

But within the last half century assertions concerning psychological supernormalities have not only excited general attention, but have rather notably roused the interest of careful and responsible students, both in the domain of science and in that of letters.

Twenty-five years ago, in fact, a special society with distinguished membership was enrolled in London, with the object of inquiring into the truth of many of these assertions. It was started by a few men of science and of letters who had for some years previous become acquainted with a number of strange apparent facts—facts so strange and unusual, and yet so widely believed in among a special coterie of ordinarily sane and sensible people, that it seemed to these pioneers highly desirable either to incorporate them properly into the province of ordered knowledge, or else to extrude them definitely as based upon nothing but credulity, imposture, and deceit.

The attempt was to be made in a

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serious and responsible spirit, a spirit of genuine scepticism—that is to say, of critical examination and inquiry, not of dogmatic denial and assertion. No phenomenon was to be unhesitatingly rejected because at first sight incredible. No phenomenon was to be accepted which could not make its position good by crucial and repeated and convincing tests. Every class of asserted fact was to have the benefit of inquiry, none was to be given the benefit of any doubt. So long as doubt was possible, the phenomenon was to be kept at arm's length: to be criticised as possible, not to be embraced as true.

It is often cursorily imagined that an adequate supply of this critical and cautious spirit is a monopoly of professed men of science. It is not so. Trained students of literature—not to mention students of philosophy—have shown themselves as careful, as exact, as critical, and as cautious as anybody. They have even displayed an excess of these qualities. They have acted as a curb and a restraint upon the more technically scientific workers, who—presumably because their constant business is to deal with phenomena of one kind or another—have been willing to accept a new variety of them upon evidence not much stronger than that to which they were already well accustomed. But some of the men and women of letters associated with the society have been invariably extremely cautious, less ready to be led by obtrusive and plausible appearances, more suspicious of possibilities and even impossibilities of fraud, actually more inventive sometimes of other and quasi-normal methods of explaining inexplicable facts. I name no names, but from a student of science this testimony is due: and it is largely to the sceptical and extremely cautious wisdom of some representatives of letters and philosophy, as well as to their energy and enthusiasm for knowledge, that the present moderately respectable position of the subject in popular estimation is due.

To many enthusiasts outside and to some of those inside the society who, through long acquaintance with the phenomena under investigation, were thoroughly convinced of their genuine character, this attitude on the part of the founders and leaders of the Society for Psychical Research has always seemed wrong-headed, and has sometimes proved irritating to an almost unbearable degree. The hostility of the outside world and of orthodox science to the investigation, though at times fierce and scornful, and always weighty and significant, has been comparatively mild — perhaps because fragmentary and intermittent — when compared with the bitter and fairly continuous diatribes which have issued, and still often issue, from the spiritualistic press against the slow and ponderous and repellent attitude of those responsible for the working of the society.

It has been called a society for the suppression of facts, for the wholesale imputation of imposture, for the discouragement of the sensitive, and for the repudiation of every kind of revelation which was said to be pressing itself upon humanity from the regions of light and knowledge.

Well, we have had to stand this buffeting as well as the more ponderous blows inflicted by the other side; and it was hardly necessary to turn the cheek to the smiter, since in an attitude of face-forward progress the buffets were sure to come with fair impartiality; greater frequency on the one side making up for greater strength on the other.

The first fact established by the society's labor was the reality of telepathy —that is to say, of the apparently direct action of one mind on another by means unknown to science. That a thought or image or impression or emotion in the mind of one person can arouse a similar impression in the mind of another person sufficiently sympathetic and sufficiently at leisure to attend and record the impression is now proved. But the mechanism whereby it is done, or even if there is anything that can be likened to physical mechanism at all, is still unknown. The appearance is as if it were a direct action of mind on mind or of brain on brain, irrespective of the usual nerves and muscles and organs of sense.

This fact alone—once admitted, after having run the traditional gauntlet of scepticism—served to explain, at least in

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a plausible and tentative manner, a number of puzzling phenomena; notably it served as a key to the phenomena of apparitions and hallucinations of every kind, whether of sight or of hearing or of touch. It reduced the rudimentary difficulty about the clothes and accessories of so-called "ghosts" to absurdity; since of course a mental impression would represent a person under something like customary, though it may be unexpected, surroundings, just as happens in an ordinary dream.

The word "hallucination" applied to phantasmal appearances in general has been objected to in connection with some of these apparitions; as if it were intended to imply—as it is often mistakenly assumed to imply—that there is no objective reality underlying the apparition whatever. It is, however, fully admitted that some hallucinations may be and indeed are *veridical* (*i. e.*, truth-telling); inasmuch as they correspond with some real event, some strong emotion,—due perhaps to an accident or to the illness or decease of the distant and visualized person. They therefore do correspond with some objective reality, just as the image in a looking-glass corresponds with and is veridical evidence of some objective reality; but as to any substantiality about a phantasm—that must be regarded as demanding further investigation. Hypothetically it may differ in different cases; and in no case can it be safe to assume without special evidence that it has any more substantiality than the image in a looking-glass.

The question of photography applied to visible phantasms, and to an invisible variety said to be perceived by clairvoyants, is still an open one—at any rate no photographic evidence has yet appeared conclusive to me; but, if successful, photography could prove that the impression was not only a mental one, but that the ether of space had been definitely affected in a certain way also, so that the impression had probably become received by the optical apparatus of the eye, and had been transmitted in the usual way to the brain. It would not prove substantiality; since of course it is perfectly easy to photograph the virtual image formed by a looking-glass. Still, genuine photography would indicate a step in advance of telepathy: it would establish one variety of what are called "physical phenomena." There is, in truth, a vast amount of evidence for physical phenomena of this technically supernormal kind; but they have not yet made good their claim to clear and positive acceptance, in the way that telepathy has done.

Moreover, I do not propose to deal with physical phenomena now. I propose rather to indicate the class of fact most immediately interesting to the society, and likely in my judgment to be the next to be accepted with moderate unanimity among its members—that is to say, with all the unanimity that we desire or expect.

The phenomenon I refer to is that exhibited in several forms and known under various names, of which the simplest perhaps is *automatic writing*—that is, writing executed independently of the full knowledge and consciousness of the operator—the hand acting in obedience either to some unconscious portion of the operator's mind, or else responding to some other psychical influence more or less distinct from both his normal and his hypernormal personality. Sometimes it takes the form not of writing, but of unconscious speech; and occasionally the person whose hand or voice is being used is himself completely entranced and unconscious for one or two hours together. There is evidently a great deal to be learned about this phenomenon, and many surmises are legitimate respecting it, but it is useless and merely ignorant to deny its occurrence. It is often quite clear that parts of the writings or speech so obtained do not represent the normal knowledge of the automatist; but whence the information is derived is uncertain, and probably in different cases the source is different. The simplest assumption, and one that covers perhaps a majority of the facts, is that the writer's unconscious intelligence or subliminal self—his dream or genius stratum—is at work.

But although this hypothesis must be pressed as far as it will go, it will not go all the way,—with some mediums it does not go very far: in their case it is evident that information is being obtained beyond either their conscious or

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unconscious knowledge;—unless we are to suppose that vistas of unlimited information lie open to people in a clairvoyant state, as if during unconsciousness a psychical region were entered wherein the ordinary barriers between soul and soul, or mind and mind, are broken down. Even this surmise must not be rejected without examination, if we are driven to it, but it is not a known *vera causa.*

Naturally it is only when all normal means of obtaining information have been scrupulously avoided that any problem arises; and the first hypothesis that must be made, whenever normal explanations thoroughly break down, is that telepathy of some kind is occurring from some living person and is influencing the sensitive mind or brain of the unconscious or partially unconscious operator, after the fashion of an objectified and sympathetic dream.

This hypothesis is extremely elastic, and can be stretched to cover an immense area; indeed, to get beyond it, and definitely find a region which it will not cover, is exceedingly difficult. For twenty years at least members of the society have been intimately acquainted with excellent and astonishing examples of trance speaking and automatic writing, and yet they have hesitated to make full use of all this material, and have refrained from proceeding in the direction towards which it undoubtedly points, so long as there was a chance—even a remote chance—that telepathy might constitute a sufficient explanation. Some of us hold that telepathy is still sufficient—or at least as sufficient as it has ever been—and that no further step beyond it need be taken. Others are beginning to be impressed with the idea—not without qualms and surviving hesitation—that the time has come, or is coming, when it may be legitimate and necessary to take a further step, and to admit, at any rate as a tentative hypothesis, the view which undoubtedly the phenomena themselves suggest, and, as it were, have all the time been endeavoring to force upon us. This is the hypothesis of actual telepathic or telergic influence from the surviving intelligence of some of those who have recently lived on this planet, and who are now represented as occasionally, under great difficulties and discouragements, endeavoring to make known the fact that they can communicate with us, by aid of such intervening mechanism as is placed at their disposal—namely, the brain, nerve and muscle of an automatist or medium. The assertion made is that, during the temporary suspension of the normal control, they can with difficulty make use of these organs for the purpose of translating their own thought into mechanical movement, and so producing some kind of speech or writing in the physical world. Such utilization of physiological apparatus, by an intelligence to which it does not normally belong, is what is called *motor automatism,* or "telergy," or popularly—when of an extreme kind—"possession."

It does not by any means follow that the agent or intelligence active in this unusual experience is necessarily that of a departed person, but that is undoubtedly the form which the phenomenon takes; so if we resign ourselves to be guided by it at all, we may as well try how far the claim openly and persistently made will carry us, before definitely discarding it. And if we are going to try it at all, I urge that we had better try it frankly and thoroughly: it had better be accepted provisionally as a working hypothesis and pressed as far as it will go. That is the way to test any provisional hypothesis. Hesitate as long as you like before giving a theory even provisional and tentative acceptance; but, once having determined on taking a key or theoretical solution, then utilize it to the utmost. Try it in all the locks; and if it continually fails to open them, reject it; but do not hesitate each time over the insertion of the key. Hesitate before accepting a working hypothesis, not after. If false, its falseness will become apparent by its failure and inability to fit the facts.

Consider now what occurs during the ordinary process of speaking or writing—speaking or writing of the most normal and commonplace kind. An idea is conceived in the mind, but in order to achieve some effect in the material world it must move matter. The movement or rearrangement of matter is all that we ourselves are able to accomplish in the

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physical universe: the whole of our direct terrestrial activities resolve themselves into this, the production of changes of motion.

But a thought belongs to a different order of existence,—whatever it is it is not material; it is neither matter nor force, it has no direct power over matter; directly and unaided it can move nothing. How then can it get itself translated in terms of motion? How can it, from the psychical category, produce a physical effect?

Physiology informs us, not indeed of the whole manner of the achievement, but of part at least of the method.

The thing that can move matter is called muscle. In muscle is located the necessary energy, which only requires to be stimulated into activity in order to be transformed into visible motion and transferred in any required direction.

In a living body means are provided for stimulating its muscles, in the shape of an intricate arrangement of nerve fibres, which, when themselves excited in one of many ways, can cause the muscle to contract. This part of the process is not indeed fully understood, but it is familiarly known. The excitation of the nerves *may* be a mere random tweaking, or irritation, by a mechanical or electric goad; but in a living organism it can also be produced in a more meaningful and economical fashion, by the discharge of energy from a central cell, such as exists in the cortex or gray matter of the brain. This process may also be considered as comparatively though not completely understood: the central ganglion is clearly the direct means of getting the nerve excited, the muscle contracted, and the direct motion produced. But what is it that stimulates the brain? What is it that desires the particular motion and liberates energy from the appropriate brain cell? In some cases it is mere reflex action: it is some stimulus which has arrived from the peripheral nerve-endings, so as to evoke response in a central ganglion—say, in the spine or the cerebellum; whence the stimulus has proceeded to the neighboring cell and so to the efferent nerve fibres. In that case no consciousness is involved; the psychical element is absent; there is no intelligence or will in the process, nor any necessary sensation. The wriggling of a worm, and many cortortions of the lower animals, may be—shall we say may be hoped to be?—of this order.

But I am not taking the case of reflex and unconscious action; I am definitely postulating a thought or idea conceived in the mind, operating, so to speak, on the will, and determining that there shall be a response in the material world. By what means the stimulus gets out of the psychical region into the physical, and liberates energy from the brain centre, I have not the remotest idea; nor, I venture to say, has any one.

The operation is at present mysterious. But conspicuously it occurs; it is evidently a rational and I should say an ultimately intelligible process—a process, that is to say, on which discovery is possible, though at present there has been no discovery concerning it. Somehow or other the connection is established; and by long habit it seems to be established in normal cases without difficulty—nay, rather with singular ease, as when a pianist executes in miraculous fashion a complicated sonata.

Things may go wrong, energy may be liberated in the wrong direction, the wrong muscles may be stimulated, so that stammering and contortions result. Or the mental connection may be in a state of suspense, the mind may be unable to get at the right centre, so to speak, and may refrain from acting on any for a time; in which case we have hesitation, aphasia, feebleness of many kinds, up to paralysis. Or these effects may be due to faults and dislocation in the physiological mechanism,—faults which can perhaps be discovered and set right. If the brain centres are fatigued, also, the response is weak and uncertain. But when everything physiological is in good health, and when the conscious self is in good condition, with a definite thought that it wants to convey, then it appears to be able to play upon the brain, as a musician plays upon a keyboard, and to get its psychical content translated into terms of mechanical motion; so that other intelligences, sufficiently sympathetic and suitably provided with receptive mechanism, can be made more or less

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aware of the idea intended to be conveyed. Which means that by aid of their nerve fibres and brain centres mechanical movements can be translated back into thought once more.

That is the usual process, from mind to mind through physiological apparatus and physical mechanism. The physical mechanism is a neutral intermediary of non-living matter, belonging to nobody; or rather belonging equally to everybody. We can all throw the air into vibration; and at some public meetings everybody does so, at one and the same time, with some resulting confusion. We can all write with ink; and if need be we can dip our pens into our neighbor's inkstand and use his desk, though with some loss of convenience;—we find it difficult to lay our hands upon his notepaper, and it is not efficacious if, on finding his check-book, we proceed to fill up and sign his checks. The *identity* of the scribe then becomes an important consideration. Pretended identity in such cases may perturb the social conscience, and be stigmatized not merely as unrecognized and wrongful possession, but as fraud.

Thus of all existing forms of matter there are certainly some which can be used temporarily though intelligently by people to whom they do not belong. But whatever may be the undiscriminating communism of the main part of the physical universe, the physiological part is undoubtedly appropriated by individuals; body No. 1 belongs definitely to operator No. 1, and body No. 2 to operator No. 2. And the common idea—I might say the common-sense idea—is that operator No. 1 is entirely limited to his control over his own physiological apparatus, and has no means of getting at the apparatus of another person, in any direct manner, or otherwise than through neutral physical means. That is the natural *prima facie* notion, based upon ordinary experience, but it need not be exactly true or complete; facts may turn up which suggest something different or supplementary.

As a matter of fact, telepathy has suggested—without any necessary reference to the physiological part of the business—that mind can act directly on mind, and can thereby indirectly operate on the physical world through the organism of another person. But cases also occur where the *mind* of the second person appears to be left out of the process altogether; he may be thinking his own thoughts or doing nothing particular,—in a state of unconsciousness perhaps, or at any rate of inattention,—and yet his physiological mechanism may be set in action, and his physical neighborhood affected in such a way as to suggest a stimulus proceeding not from himself at all, but from the mind of another person; who in this case must be conceived as operating not upon the second mind, but directly upon its brain. Or if not upon the brain, then perhaps upon some other portion of the nervous system,—say, upon spinal or other ganglia not essentially or necessarily associated with consciousness, and not arousing any consciousness, but stimulating the parts usually controlled by the subconsciousness,—the parts which regulate the beating of the heart, the respiration of the lungs, the digestion or secretions of the body.

Assuming that such a thing is possible, assuming that a mind can operate, not only as usual on its own body, not only telepathically as supposed on another mind, but directly and telergically upon another body, then that is exactly what I mean by a case of incipient or partial possession.

So far, it may be said, we have no *a priori* reason to doubt its occurrence, and no *a priori* reason to expect it. We know nothing about the connection between mind and body, except that the brain is the specially appropriate organ or instrumentfor the purpose; and accordingly we are not entitled to any *a priori* views. We know that each organism is usually appropriated by, and belongs to, the special psychical character or unit which commonly employs it; just as a violin belongs to a special operator, who might resent any other person, especially a novice, attempting to play upon it. The desk of an author is his private property, from which a certain class of literature usually emanates; and he might not like to see it used for works of fiction, or scandalous gossip, or the advocacy of vaccination, or vegetarianism, or Christian Science, or tariff re-

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form. But that proves nothing as to the impossibility of so utilizing it. The power may exist, but may be in abeyance, or be recognized as inappropriate and inconvenient, or even as dangerous and illegal.

But if the power exist, it is a fact worth knowing. If it is possible for the normal operator to go out for a walk and leave his writing mechanism open to the casual tramp or the enterprising visitor, it is a definite thing that we may as well know about, one way or the other.

Now as to the power of dislocation or suspension of the usual connection between mind and body, it is supposed more or less to occur during sleep; it is certainly supposed to occur during trance; and, in case of what is called travelling clairvoyance, it would appear to be in some sort a demonstrable fact.

Anyhow, it is orthodox—not scientifically orthodox, but religiously orthodox—to maintain that the connection between ourselves and our organism is only temporary, and that at what we call "death" we shall give up this material mode of manifestation for good: so that the body resolves itself into its original elements. And even though we still persist as psychical entities, after having lost control of our appropriate and normally possessed bodily organs, it is usually supposed that, in our new state, we have no means of operating upon the physical world. No more can we move pieces of matter; no more can we stimulate ideas in the minds of our friends. No, not unless one of three things happens.

First, the telepathic power may continue; and we may operate directly on their conscious or unconscious minds, in such a way as to cause *them* to produce some physical effect or record, by normal means, through their own accustomed mechanism.

Second, a materializing power may continue, analogous to that which enabled us, when here on the planet, to assimilate all sorts of material, to digest it and arrange it into the organism that serves us as a body. It is extraordinarily difficult to conceive of such a power, and impossible to suppose that it can be a direct power of a psychical agency unaided by any other unit already incarnate; because such a power would imply a control of mind over matter, which by hypotheses we conceive does not in fact exist, save through the mechanism of a brain, or of what we may consider to be miracle.

Still something of the kind has been asserted to occur, though always, I believe, in the presence of some peculiarly disposed organism or medium.

Thirdly, and more likely, a telergic power, analogous to that which we have already supposed occasionally active, may exist; enabling the psychical unit to detect and make use of some fully developed physiological mechanism, not belonging to it—a fully developed brain, shall we say, with nerves and muscles complete;—so that, during temporary vacation by the usual possessor, these may be utilized for a time, and may achieve, in an unpractised and more or less blundering fashion, some desired influence upon the physical world. In such a case the operator may be understood as contriving to utter in speech or writing something like the message which he intends to convey to his otherwise occupied and inaccessible but still beloved friends.

Affection need not be the only motive, however, which causes a given operator to take all the trouble, and go through the process of using other people's writing materials,—at the risk of rousing superstition and fright or being ejected by medical treatment; occasionally it may be a scientific interest surviving from the time in this life when he was a keen and active member of the S. P. R.; so that he desires above all things to convey to his friends, engaged on the same quest, some assurance, not only of his continued individual existence,—in which, on religious grounds, they may imagine that they already believe,—but of his retention of a power to communicate indirectly and occasionally with them, and to produce movements even in the material world, by kind permission of an organism, or part of an organism, the temporary use or possession of which has been allowed him for that purpose.

The question of identity is of course a fundamental one. The control must prove his identity mainly by reproducing

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facts which belong to *his* memory and not to the automatist's memory. And notice that proof of identity will usually depend on the memory of trifles. The objection, frequently raised, that communications too often relate to trivial subjects, shows a lack of intelligence, or at least of due thought, on the part of the critic. The object is to get, not something dignified, but something evidential: and what evidence of persistent memory can be better than the recollection of trifling incidents which for some personal reason happen to have made a permanent impression. Do we not ourselves remember domestic trifles more vividly than things which to the outside world seem important? Wars and coronations are affairs read of in newspapers —they are usually far too public to be of use as evidence of persistent identity; but a broken toy, or a family joke, or a schoolboy adventure, has a more personal flavor, and is of a kind more likely to be remembered in rending old age, or after a rending shock.

In fiction this is illustrated continually. Take the case of identification of the dumb and broken savage, apparently an Afghan prowler, in *The Man Who Was*. What was it that opened the eyes of the regiment, to which he had crawled back from Siberia, to the fact that twenty years ago he was one of themselves? Knowledge of a trick-catch in a regimental flower-vase, the former position of a trophy on the wall, and the smashing of a wine-glass after a loyal toast. That is true to life: it is probably true to death also.

That is the kind of evidence which we ought to expect, and that is the kind of evidence which not infrequently we get. We have not been able to hold it sufficient, however. The regiment in Kipling's tale never thought of unconscious telepathy from themselves, as spoiling the testimony to be drawn from the uncouth savage's apparent reminiscence: such an explanation would have been rightly felt to have been too forced and improbable and exaggeratedly sceptical. But when it comes to proof of surviving existence and of memory beyond the tomb, we are bound to proceed even to this length, and to discount the witness of anything that is in our own minds; or, as some think, in the mind of any living person.

Thus is the difficulty of incontrovertible proof of identity enormously increased. Even when the evidence enables a hidden thing to be discovered, of which no one living possessed the secret—as in Swedenborg's discovery of the dead burgomaster's private papers—deferred telepathy is sometimes adduced as preferable to what must then seem to most, as it did to Swedenborg, the only rational explanation.

How then can we ever, by any means, hope to prove identity? I reply:

(a) By cross-correspondence.

(b) By information or criteria characteristic of the supposed intelligence, and if possible in some sense new to the world.

Cross-correspondence—that is, the reception of part of a message through one medium and part through another—is good evidence of one intelligence dominating both automatists. And if the message is characteristic of some one particular deceased person, and is received through people to whom he was not intimately known, then it is fair proof of the continued intellectual activity of that personality. If further we get from him a piece of literary criticism which is eminently in his vein and has not occurred to ordinary people—not to either of the mediums, and not even to the literary world,—but which on consideration is appreciated as sound as well as characteristic criticism, showing a familiar and wide knowledge of the poetry of many ages, and unifying apparently disconnected passages in some definite way,—then I say the proof, already striking, would tend to become crucial.

These, then, are the kinds of proof at which the society is aiming.

So long as communications consisted of general conversations with what purported to be the surviving intelligence of certain friends and investigators, we were by no means convinced of their identity, even though the talk was of a friendly and intimate character—such as in normal cases would be considered amply and overwhelmingly sufficient for the identification of friends speaking, let us say, through a telephone or a type-

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writer. We required definite and crucial proof—a proof difficult even to imagine, as well as difficult to supply.

The ostensible communicators realize the need of such proof just as fully as we do, and are doing their best to satisfy the rational demand. Some of us think they have already succeeded; others are still doubtful.

On the whole, I am of those who, though they would like to see further and still stronger and more continued proofs, are of opinion that a good case has been made out, and that as the best working hypothesis at the present time it is legitimate to grant that lucid moments of intercourse with deceased persons may in the best cases supervene; amid a mass of supplementary material, quite natural under the circumstances, but mostly of a presumably subliminal and less evident kind.

The boundary between the two states —the known and the unknown—is still substantial, but it is wearing thin in places; and like excavators engaged in boring a tunnel from opposite ends, amid the roar of water and other noises, we are beginning to hear now and again the strokes of the pickaxes of our comrades on the other side.

So we shall presently come back out of our tunnel into the light of day and relate our experience to a busy and incredulous, or in some cases too easily credulous, world. We expect to be received with incredulity,—though doubtless we shall be told in some quarters that it is all stale news, that there has been access to the other side of the mountain range from time immemorial, and that our laboriously constructed tunnel was quite unnecessary. Agile climbers may have been to the top and peeped over. Flying messages from the other side may have arrived; pioneers must have surveyed the route. But we are, like the navvies, unprovided with wings, who dig and work on the common earth, their business being to pierce the mountain at some moderate elevation, and to construct a permanent road or railway for the service of humanity.

What we have to announce, then, is no striking novelty, no new mode of communication, but only the reception, by old but developing methods, of carefully constructed evidence of identity more exact and more nearly complete than perhaps ever before. Carefully constructed evidence, I say. The constructive ingenuity exists quite as much on the other side of the partition as on our side: there has been distinct cooperation between those on the material and those on the immaterial side; and we are at liberty, not indeed to announce any definite conclusion, but to adopt as a working hypothesis the ancient doctrine of a possible intercourse of intelligence between the material and some other, perhaps ethereal, order of existence.

Some people have expected or hoped to communicate with Mars; it appears likely that recognized communication may some day occur with less removed, and indeed less hypothetical, dwellers in (or perhaps not in) the realm of space.

But let us not jump to the conclusion that the idea of space no longer means anything to persons removed from the planet. They are no longer in touch with *matter* truly, and therefore can no longer appeal to our organs of sense, as they did when they had bodies for that express purpose, but, for all we know, they may exist in the ether and be as aware of space and of the truths of geometry, though not of geography, as we are. Let us not jump to the conclusion that their condition and surroundings are altogether and utterly different. That is one of the things we may gradually find out not to be true.

Meanwhile is there anything that provisionally and tentatively we can say that is earnestly taught to those who are willing to make the hypothesis that the communications are genuine?

The first thing we learn, perhaps the only thing we clearly learn in the first instance, is continuity. There is no such sudden break in the conditions of existence as may have been anticipated; and no break at all in the continuous and conscious identity of genuine character and personality. Essential belongings, such as memory, culture, education, habits, character, and affection, — all these, and to a certain extent tastes and interests, for better, for worse, are retained. Terrestrial accretions, such as worldly possessions, bodily pain and dis-

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abilities, these for the most part naturally drop away.

Meanwhile it would appear that knowledge is not suddenly advanced—it would be unnatural if it were,—we are not suddenly flooded with new information,—nor do we at all change our identity; but powers and faculties are enlarged, and the scope of our outlook on the universe may be widened and deepened, if effort here has rendered the acquisition of such extra insight legitimate and possible.

On the other hand, there are doubtless some whom the removal of temporary accretion and accidents of existence will leave in a feeble and impoverished condition; for the things are gone in which they trusted, and they are left poor indeed. Such doctrines have been taught, on the strength of vision and revelation, quite short of any recognized Divine revelation, for more than a century. The visions of Swedenborg, divested of their exuberant trappings, are not wholly unreal, and are by no means wholly untrue. There is a general consistency in the doctrines that have thus been taught through various sensitives, and all I do is to add my testimony to the rational character of the general survey of the universe indicated by Myers in his great and eloquent work.

Down the Vale

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

WE shall go down the vale, Love, hand in hand,
Sigh, and—grow old.
But there will still be spring-time in the land,
The meadow gold
Of dandelions, and the sound of bees
In blossoming trees;
And fairies still their moonlight revels hold
Though we be old.

We shall walk by and linger, Love, a while
To see the spring,
And we shall draw together as we smile
At everything—
At flowers, and little children at their play
Greeting the May,
Our hearts aglow with their young spring at last,
Though ours be past.

And when these pleasant paths know us no more,
When we shall sound
The farther seas that lave an unknown shore
In mists profound,
We shall not turn regretfully to look
At earth's closed book,
For we shall ever be, without one fear,
Together, dear.

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Edric and Sylvaine:

by Brian Hooker. Illustrated by Howard Pyle.

THEY tell of Edric the singer, called Edric the Wild because of his love for the night, and for waste places where no other man went willingly, that in his life he never looked upon the face of fear. This is nearly a true saying; for Edric lived overclose to earth, water, and air to fear any manner of nameless creature. Moreover, no beast would harm or fly from him. And certainly he knew not the dread of man. Nevertheless, Edric saw fear, and that twice: first, when he first looked into the eyes of her that should wonderfully become his wife; and again, when he again beheld the soul of her after she had died.

From boyhood Edric was known in many lands for his power of song. He was reared among monks, at Ely; but they cast him forth and missed but little of slaying him for having, as they said, communion with heathen spirits. Then he began to wander and to sing: so that soon there was scarce a court in Christendom where he had not won honor and gold for his charming of men's hearts or making old battles to live again; nor, haply, any inn or peasant's hut where one might not chance upon him sitting laughing by the fire; and by times some wayfarer would bring home a tale of how, passing through an untracked forest, he had heard a sudden glory of music, and beheld Edric sitting upon a fallen tree in the sunshine, his little harp in his hand and the light of song in his eyes. Also, he was not witless of those two wings of life, the strife of men and the love of women; for he had the Sight, so

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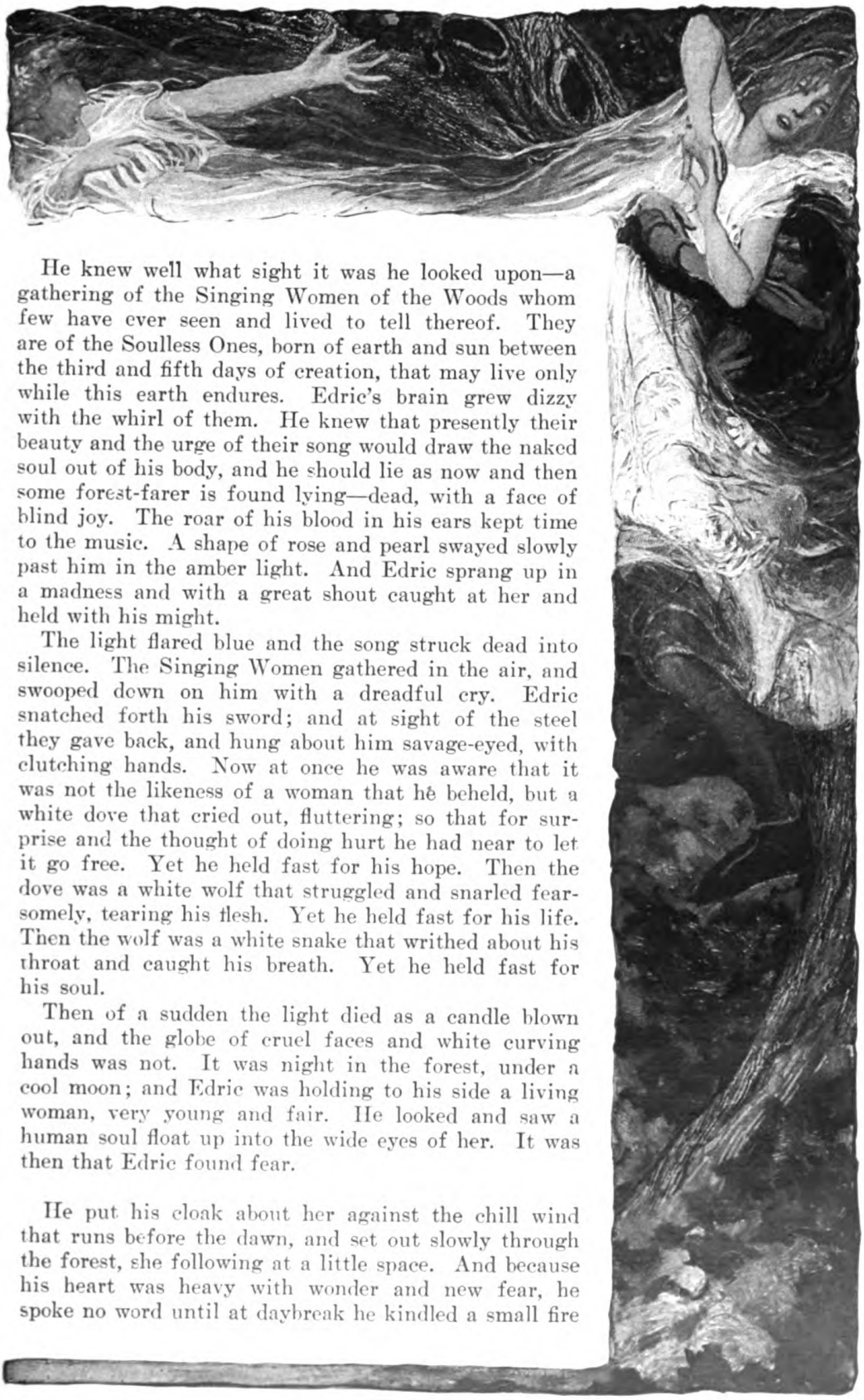
that hearts lay open before him like a book; therefore many maids had loved Edric, and more than once or twice he had loved lightly in return. For this or for other cause of hate men had not seldom sought his life, learning, perhaps at a sore price, that if he had a tongue he had no less an arm, and more wit than a fool. Kings sent for him to their feasts; and any churl might rouse him from his rest that his singing might lull a crying child.

It befell, among those days, that Edric fared in the early autumn, before the fall of leaves, along through a great forest of Brittany. His way led many days' journey from any dwelling-place of men, in a land where no path was; moreover, the forests of Brittany are most of all others full of Trolls, Wolf-women, Elves, Faeries, and all manner of Soulless Ones, as well as many savage beasts. Yet Edric had little reck of all this, but went along merrily, taking such food as grew out of the earth (for in a virgin forest he would not kill), and whiling the hours by making songs, or by times calling the wild creatures of the wood to bear him company.

So, at the end of a long day, he came to a place of rocks that stood about a dark water, in a white grove of dead pines. A squirrel sat on his shoulder, and a red fox ran leaping at his side. But as he entered the grove the squirrel sprang away screaming, and the fox curved and bristled and would follow no more. Thereby Edric knew that the place was set apart for some or other of the nameless ones; yet, the night being at hand and his body weary, and he adventurous without common fear, he made shift to sleep where he might. There was beside the water a ruin, that might once have been heathen temple or Christian shrine; fallen for the most part, and overgrown with moss and fern and mandrake and strange vines; but with a little roof remaining. And under that Edric laid him down, forbearing to pray or sign the cross lest he offend any that might be there, and so fell asleep. Nevertheless, he could not rest quietly for uneasy dreams, blurred and shifting; by times he thrilled and his hair lifted; it was as if now and again one passed near him swiftly.

Of a sudden he grew broad awake. It was midnight by the moon that stood high among scarred and torn clouds. There was a writhing mist over the water. And as the clouds streamed across the moon, the white dead pines bent to one another, groaning. Yet there was no stir of wind. Then a great glow of yellow light swelled softly over the grove. There was a burst of such mad-sweet melody as one might hardly hear and live; and Edric, lying amazed in the shadow, beheld the light fill with the white forms of women, as a sunbeam fills with moving dust. And like dry leaves in an eddy of wind they swarmed and danced wildly, running and leaping on the earth, or swimming in the air as one swims in water; so swiftly that it was vain to number them or to follow with the sight the mazy weft of their movement; racing and rising and diving, following and turning and pursuing and drifting, tossing their arms and throwing their hair along the wind, and singing the while so that the heart of Edric melted in his body as he heard.

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He knew well what sight it was he looked upon—a gathering of the Singing Women of the Woods whom few have ever seen and lived to tell thereof. They are of the Soulless Ones, born of earth and sun between the third and fifth days of creation, that may live only while this earth endures. Edric's brain grew dizzy with the whirl of them. He knew that presently their beauty and the urge of their song would draw the naked soul out of his body, and he should lie as now and then some forest-farer is found lying—dead, with a face of blind joy. The roar of his blood in his ears kept time to the music. A shape of rose and pearl swayed slowly past him in the amber light. And Edric sprang up in a madness and with a great shout caught at her and held with his might.

The light flared blue and the song struck dead into silence. The Singing Women gathered in the air, and swooped down on him with a dreadful cry. Edric snatched forth his sword; and at sight of the steel they gave back, and hung about him savage-eyed, with clutching hands. Now at once he was aware that it was not the likeness of a woman that he beheld, but a white dove that cried out, fluttering; so that for surprise and the thought of doing hurt he had near to let it go free. Yet he held fast for his hope. Then the dove was a white wolf that struggled and snarled fearsomely, tearing his flesh. Yet he held fast for his life. Then the wolf was a white snake that writhed about his throat and caught his breath. Yet he held fast for his soul.

Then of a sudden the light died as a candle blown out, and the globe of cruel faces and white curving hands was not. It was night in the forest, under a cool moon; and Edric was holding to his side a living woman, very young and fair. He looked and saw a human soul float up into the wide eyes of her. It was then that Edric found fear.

He put his cloak about her against the chill wind that runs before the dawn, and set out slowly through the forest, she following at a little space. And because his heart was heavy with wonder and new fear, he spoke no word until at daybreak he kindled a small fire

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for comfort, and bade her draw near to warm herself. She looked at him wide-eyed, but answered not, neither moved. So that he spoke again more loudly, and beckoned; whereupon she, following the motion of his hand, came up quickly, laughing, and grasped into the flame, burning her arm sorely. Then she cried out, and shrank away, and fell down weeping.

Edric ran to her, crying: "Lord God, ha' mercy! Hast thou never seen fire?"

She fled from him, and when he caught her she turned angrily, and struck at him, and would have bitten him. When he gave back, astonished, she stood a little as in wonder; so he spoke again, in Breton, that he meant her no hurt, neither had before; then she frowned and turned aside. Only when he took her hand gently to see what scathe was done, she clung about his neck sobbing, and kissed him, and shook and breathed brokenly. After he had comforted her and bound up her arm as he might, he led her near the fire, and by signs tried to clear the matter, speaking the while in such tongues as he knew. Because she had no understanding but of signs, he thought that she was dumb. At the last, she reached toward the flame carefully, and caught her hand away, saying, "Fire"; then a little afterward, nursing her arm, "Lord God ha' mercy." Then Edric understood, for she said the words as a child, witlessly. From which all he began to know that whereas she was a woman in heart and in body, yet the human soul of her was but a few hours old; as never perchance hath been since our mother Eve. And the pity of it filled him, and his fear was very great.

Now many, in telling this tale, will have it that Edric loved the woman from the first; even that he chose her out among the Singing Women, and for love caught and won her. This they say foolishly, for not so is the nature of man. He took her between madness and the lust of the eyes; and learning what manner of creature she was, although she was his utterly from the beginning, and for all the beauty and sweet ways of her, yet he felt her a bitter burden and would fain have been free of her. Which, he being a man, might not be; for if her flesh was not of his flesh, certainly her soul was in some sort of his soul; though God had given it, that had been at his bidding. And this was a terrible matter. Nevertheless, I will not say that even at the first Edric had no joy in her. A woman prizes her worship, and a man his kingdom. She was tall and very sweetly made, merry-mouthed, with eyes like the sea distance, and heavy hair, forest brown threaded with living gold. And he stood to her almost as it were in the shoes of God. Because he had found her in the forest, he called her Sylvaine.

He made a small hut in the forest for shelter, and fashioned such furnishings as need was, naming these and what things they saw about them; and so Sylvaine began to learn speech. In many ways meanwhile he taught her as one trains horse or hound, by signs and managements. And in measure as the understanding of words grew in her, he set himself to teach

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her something of the ways of mankind and of the world. In all this she was very ready, eager after news and unlike to forget. Surely, never was a scholar more bent to learn. By day she was aware if he moved an eyelid; and he could not stir in his sleep but she was awake and watchful. Yet even for this, despite that he grew daily in love of her, Edric found her often a sore burden and a weariness. She was in a manner both child and wife; and though Edric was ripe for love, he was yet young for fatherhood. He was alone of a sudden with one that was a woman to brood and to remember, proud, and keen to feel; and that no less must be taught as a child to pray to God and the saints, to bear herself seemly, to eat only with the courtesy fingers. Sylvaine had no right nor wrong save his will; and his word, lightly spoken, was her commandment. Like a child she vexed him daily with a hundred questions that he knew not how he should answer. Like a child she was elfish and wanton, digging roots with his sword, or hiding his harp because he thought upon a song when she would be fondled. Wilful she was also by times, until he learned that she was no child in this, but set up her will only to draw his own. Withal she was merry as morning, and in small ways marvellously lovely. Yet I count it little shame to Edric that he grew by times troubled and weary, having neither company of men nor any release but the making of songs. Sylvaine was serviceable enough. The sound of his voice in anger crushed her like a blow; but so he had spoken hastily to a child, it was as if he had stricken a woman. There is no need to tarry over these matters; but to blink them is to make false all that follows; and I count them fools who deem a fair tale the sweeter for being glozed with small lies. Indeed, Edric and his wood-wife were in heart mad happy through those days, finding each in other a beautiful wonder. Howbeit they thought perchance little thereof until afterward, when they had gone forth into the world. For this is the nature of happiness.

Now, about Advent, they might abide no longer in the forest by reason of the coming of winter. So

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they left the hut and journeyed fast through chill winds and flying leaves, their faces set toward the world: Sylvaine, that had known only hermitage, all hot with a glad hunger for life; but Edric, for all his thirst after men and things and pride of song, heavily mindful of unreadiness. Unburdened now of solitude, he felt so greatly the growth of Sylvaine within him that he would fain have been longer alone with her in safety. None the less, his heart leaped at the first sight of hewn trees; and when he beheld far off the smoke of human dwellings, he blared into an old battle-song.

A woodcutter ran to them, crying that only Edric the Wild could sing with that voice. "And the sight of thy face is worth a piece of gold, moreover. For the King of Normandy hath sent over half Christendom seeking Edric to sing in his hall at Christmas-tide."

Edric laughed aloud, and Sylvaine, that stood watching, asked: "Is it good news?" He said, not heeding her, "It is worth two gold pieces, good fellow, if the King pays his debt as well as I," and smote a gold piece into his palm. Then Sylvaine threw her arms about the churl and kissed him; so that he stood bowkneed and gaping with wonder as if he saw a vision. And Edric turned sick with rage, although he understood that she did, to her seeming, only as himself had done. Yet he might not let it pass; so after a little he said, striving to speak gently: "That was not well done to kiss the woodcutter. It was enough that he had money and thanks."

His look frightened her. "I am sorry. Will harm come of it? But truly, it was a great matter that he gave thee gladness; and surely he was no bad man."

Edric answered: "He was no bad man, but he was no less a base-born clodpole." For he wondered that the foul, rough body of the churl was nothing to her.

She said quickly: "I remember: there are churls that labor, and gentles that are sweet of body and keep honor, like thee and me; and there are kings and great lords that rule. And though all be our brothers whom God made, alike good or evil, yet we take honor of those beneath and give honor to those above. And the lower serves the higher. Now, therefore, thou gavest the woodcutter gold in kindness, being greater than he. But—did I pay him honor to kiss him?"

Edric said: "Yes; and, moreover, he was a stranger, no friend or sib to us."

She brooded this for a time: "Also there are men of God without rank, whom all honor if their works be good. Now, if some holy monk were our friend . . . or if the woodcutter had been a king—"

Edric broke in: "He might be Pope of Christendie, or King of France, and no matter. There is more in the world than thou hast need to understand until thou hast lived longer therein. As for now, take my word—keep thy lips for me only of men, and thy fellowship as I keep mine."

She held out her arm that was yet scarred red by the fire, saying, "There is much that I cannot know."

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They journeyed on into Normandy slowly, singing as they went in hall or market-place, and harboring where night found them, in hut, hostelry, or castle. Men say that never was known such minstrelsy. For Edric was reckoned the first singer of his time among men; and Sylvaine sang as never woman sang before. It is not true that she remembered any other music than Edric had taught her after she became mortal; but thereof was little need. They had welcome and honor in all places. Sylvaine was wild with laughing wonder at all things—the red-roofed towns, with their bustle of men and horses, scurry of fowls, and scampering of children; the merchants with their silver and stuffs; the soldiers twinkling and clashing; the fat wives and the sturdy brown friars; the glowworm inns in the dusk, smelling of thatch and horses, bursting with noisy revelry; the solemn gloom of old minsters, holy with slant lights and carven saints, where incense and the roar of Latin hymns went up under tall arches; the stately castles aglimmer with sheen of steel and satin, where great fires lit up the feast and beautiful men and women spoke softly together; and the outlying farmsteads, all blue wood-smoke and many-toned cattle bells, where there were new milk, and uncouth kindliness, and children rolling with great dogs on the hearth. And Sylvaine's fresh joy in all this was to Edric daily a new delight. By now there was no visible strangeness in her. She took the world as a new cup fills with wine; and he drank deep of her, and was glad.

At last they came where the King was, at nightfall of a stormy day. And after they had arrayed themselves, they went into the hall. There were gold and tapestry, and a brave gathering about the tables in the torchlight. The King sat at the head of the room, a stark figure of a man, young, and red-bearded. A great shout went up as Edric came into the light; and the ladies looked sidelong at Sylvaine, that was all in green silk edged with broidery of silver. The King took Edric by the hand and kissed him on both cheeks in welcome; and raising Sylvaine where she knelt, would have done the like by

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her. But she drew away suddenly and grew red. The King laughed, and turned to Edric.

"Now I know why our singer is so late in coming. Confess! Thou hast broken a nunnery. Nay, see their faces! Have no fear, Edric—I absolve thee. My lord Bishop, wilt thou not do the like?"

The Bishop mumbled a little Latin, while the hall roared. And the King, still laughing, made them sit at his left hand, giving them to eat from his own platter. After supper they sang. Nor might any man choose between the singing of Edric, that caught at the heart-roots because of the understanding beneath it, or the singing of Sylvaine, that wet the eyes because she knew not what she sang. The King put about her throat a golden chain, saying that Edric must henceforth look to her for his guerdons. Thus they won great honor; but Edric liked not the eyes of the King.

In the days that followed, the King kept Sylvaine and Edric ever close by him, and treated them almost as of his kindred, jesting with them, and speaking freely of great matters. Sylvaine grew toward him not as another woman; for, paying him all due observance and lip service, she felt no burden of his kingship, but kept fellowship with him even as Edric did perforce, in answer to the King's favor. This Edric liked none too well. Also the King's sister took Sylvaine to be her tirewoman, so that she was with Edric little but at night. Now, the King's sister was convent-bred, taken thence to wed a boy earl that soon died; a woman robbed of her youth, sour against life. And this pleased Edric less. Howbeit, he thought not to abide it longer than need be. One day the King spoke of battles, gloriously with much fire, for he was a notable man of war. And Sylvaine, listening, sighed that she had never seen any strife of men.

The King cried: "Is it so? Then, by Our

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Lady, but thou shalt, even now. Stand forth, Edric, and draw thy sword. Nay, I will do thee no harm."

Sylvaine looked on bright-eyed, with clasped hands and quick breath. Edric was angry, and no mean man of his hands. But the King's sword sported with his. He grew white hot and fought as in grim earnest; and the King so drew him on that he might appear to prevail. Yet even through the sparks and the grinding of steel he felt the King's laughing eyes and the steady blade that brushed his life. At last Sylvaine cried out to Edric to hold his hand lest he do the King a hurt.

The King lowered his sword, saying: "Nay, this is but play of battle. Were we so minded, thou hadst seen blood flowing ere now. Over God's forbode, Edric, ever thou seekest my life indeed." And he laughed.

When they were alone Sylvaine said: "Edric, I saw that thou wast angry, whereas the King fought laughing. Why was that?"

Edric might answer only, "Because he had the better of me."

"So that he, being safe of thee, might have slain thee if he would?" Then, when Edric did not answer, "All this is strange. For I love the King, and he means thee great good because of me."

"What does that mean?" Edric asked.

She kissed him, saying, "Nay, I do no wrong; but if I tell thee, it spoils all."

Edric would go no further, lest he make more evil than he warded away; nevertheless, he took thought how he might take her to another place.

A little afterward the King sent for Edric, and said: "I have learned that somewhat treasonable is brewing in Poitou. Now I would have thee go thither, not as my messenger, but as Edric the minstrel, and watch, and bring me sure word thereof."

Edric answered, not to show too eager, "Surely, if the roads be not too broken for my wife."

The King raised his brows. "Nay, God forbid I should send forth a woman into the winter! Let her bide with my sister until thou return."

Edric answered, "I would not willingly be parted from her."

The King laughed: "Thou art world-wise, Edric. Truly, a court is a court, and a wife a woman. Well, there is the convent of Ste. Ursula hard by. Let her harbor there."

"Where two years gone, Alice of Poitou found sanctuary from her husband," said Edric, slowly.

The King's hands clutched his red beard. "I had forgotten Sylvaine was a runaway nun."

"She was never a nun." Edric looked into the eyes of death.

"So I tell my lord Bishop," the King said, lazily, "but a priest and a lover take no man's word. I would thou hadst proof to give him. He vexes

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me." He purred in his red beard like a great cat. "The Lord God shows mercy to them that do His will," he went on. "Thou hast a week's time to choose, Edric."

That night Sylvaine asked, "Edric, where was I before I was with thee in the forest — before I remember?"

Edric answered: "I found thee in the forest, dear one. Before that night I had never seen thy face."

She said: "Other women remember when they were little children. Thou knowest more than thou wilt tell me. I am a woman, and thou only in this place makest a child of me. I have power here. I say do this and that, and every man obeys my pleasure, though I give him nothing; and this makes the women angry, but they fear my eyes. Even the King obeys me, and tells me whatsoever I ask."

Then Edric was troubled to know what he should do. At the last he said: "Sylvaine, many people will tell thee untruth if thou believest too easily. Neither is the King a good man or safe to trust."

Sylvaine answered: "The King told me thou wouldst say *that*. . . . Is it true that I was once a holy nun?"

Then Edric told her as well as he might of the mystery of her life and his winning of her. At the end she began to weep, saying, "Then am I a devil, unbaptized, having no soul; and I shall burn in hell." And she was troubled very bitterly. Edric saw what talk had been poured into her, and he grew killing angry. Yet he strove to comfort her, saying that she was in very truth a woman, God's daughter, and his own wife, and soul of his soul. Presently she said, "No priest wedded us, and therefore it is deadly sin that we love together."

Edric cried out sharply that it was a black lie, and they would go away and be happy again. But she said, wearily, "I think it is all lies together; but as the King sayeth, even so everything cometh to pass with me."

Edric asked her, "What is this between the King and thee?"

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But she said only: "I dare not tell thee. Do not touch me," and turned from him.

Then faith died in Edric, and he said: "God's blight on the King for a traitor, and ill fall the day that ever I found thee! Ye two will be my death!"

As that word left his lips, Edric was ware of a faint music afar off. It swelled nearer, and the hair lifted on his neck; for he remembered where he had heard that singing. There came a blast of wind that shook the castle, and a flare of pale light as the sound of the song rushed by overhead on the wind and fainted slowly far away. Edric had one glimpse of Sylvaine, that sat stiffly up, her mouth a vivid square, and her soul starting out of her eyes. Then he fell into a swoon, wherein he dreamed of black water, bordered with dead pines, shoreless and still; and Sylvaine stood with her feet therein and flung her arms and cried to him. But when he would have gone to her, he might not move; and behind him he heard loud laughter.

He awoke, and it was gray morn, with a chill blowing rain. Sylvaine was like another creature, bloodless and dull-eyed and slow moving. When he spoke she answered listlessly, looking hollowly on him as though she saw some horror, yet denying him in no wise. Edric left her, heart-sickened; and that day he gave himself to make all ready, so that when darkness came they might secretly get them away.

When Edric came that night to take Sylvaine, he found the chamber empty, save for the King sitting alone on the bed.

He drew near, and said softly, "What hast thou done with her?"

The King laughed: "It is none of my doing. She is gone of her own will to the convent of Ste. Ursula."

Edric did not answer. The King clapped him on the shoulder, saying: "Oh, it is the truth. My sister and the Bishop have had their heads together. We be two desolate men, Edric,—thou and I."

Edric answered, "At least that last is false," and drew out his sword.

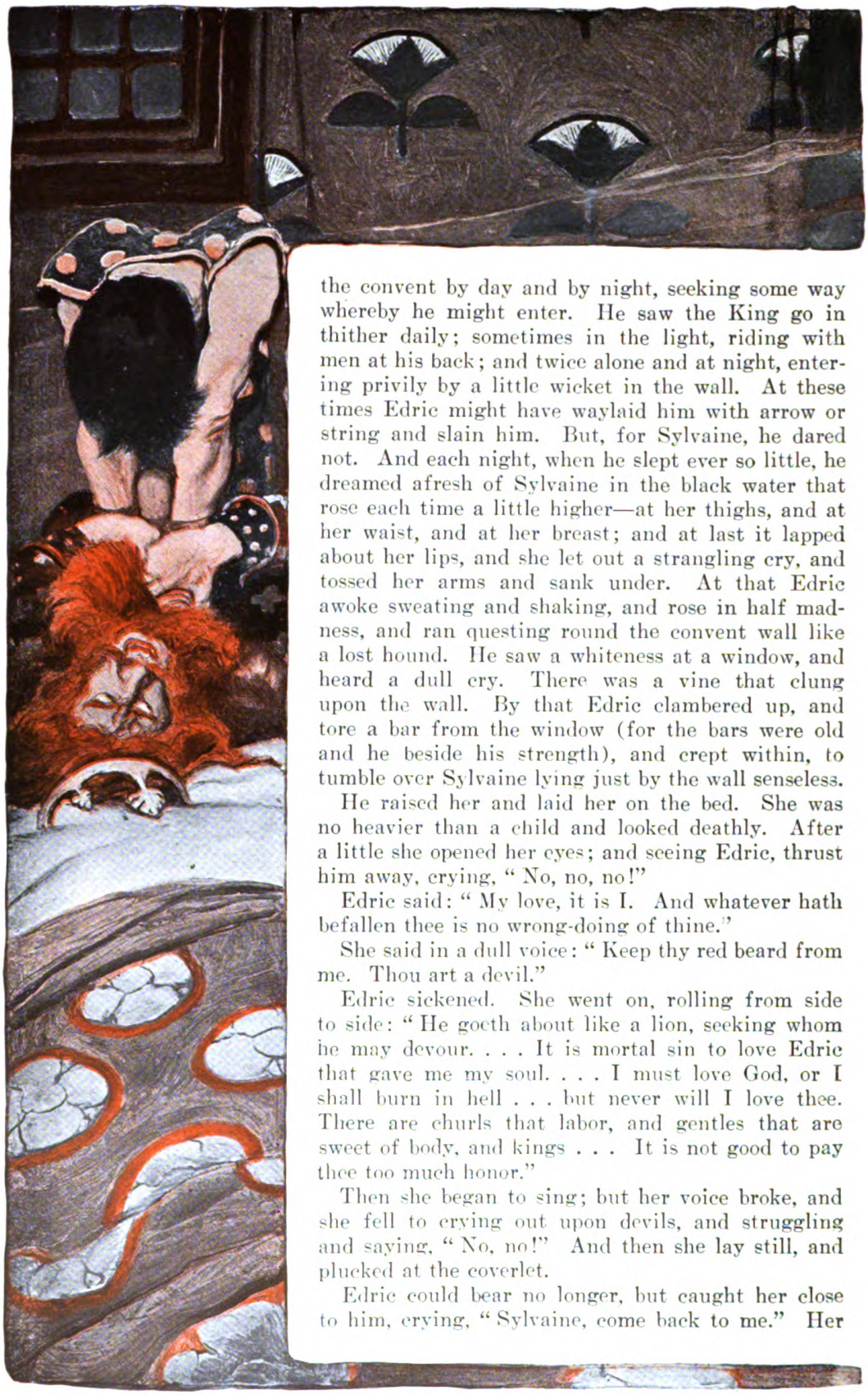
The King laughed, lying back among the pillows.

"Nay, Edric, thou wilt do me no scathe. Rather love and honor me, because the Bishop and the Lady Abbess have heard all concerning thy witch wife; so that only my will and pleasure save her unburnt." He yawned. "Now, Edric, get thee gone out of my kingdom." And he purred in his red beard. Edric turned and went out from the castle.

That night he dreamed again of Sylvaine crying to him from the black water; but now she stood therein up to her knees. As soon as he might he went to the convent. And they willingly enough brought Sylvaine to the grating. But she would have no speech with him, crying out that he sought her life, and making such ado that they took her away, and bade Edric come no more. She looked like one that is wasted with a long fever.

Edric changed his garb and stained his face for safety, and hung about

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the convent by day and by night, seeking some way whereby he might enter. He saw the King go in thither daily; sometimes in the light, riding with men at his back; and twice alone and at night, entering privily by a little wicket in the wall. At these times Edric might have waylaid him with arrow or string and slain him. But, for Sylvaine, he dared not. And each night, when he slept ever so little, he dreamed afresh of Sylvaine in the black water that rose each time a little higher—at her thighs, and at her waist, and at her breast; and at last it lapped about her lips, and she let out a strangling cry, and tossed her arms and sank under. At that Edric awoke sweating and shaking, and rose in half madness, and ran questing round the convent wall like a lost hound. He saw a whiteness at a window, and heard a dull cry. There was a vine that clung upon the wall. By that Edric clambered up, and tore a bar from the window (for the bars were old and he beside his strength), and crept within, to tumble over Sylvaine lying just by the wall senseless.

He raised her and laid her on the bed. She was no heavier than a child and looked deathly. After a little she opened her eyes; and seeing Edric, thrust him away, crying, "No, no, no!"

Edric said: "My love, it is I. And whatever hath befallen thee is no wrong-doing of thine."

She said in a dull voice: "Keep thy red beard from me. Thou art a devil."

Edric sickened. She went on, rolling from side to side: "He goeth about like a lion, seeking whom he may devour. . . . It is mortal sin to love Edric that gave me my soul. . . . I must love God, or I shall burn in hell . . . but never will I love thee. There are churls that labor, and gentles that are sweet of body, and kings . . . It is not good to pay thee too much honor."

Then she began to sing; but her voice broke, and she fell to crying out upon devils, and struggling and saying, "No, no!" And then she lay still, and plucked at the coverlet.

Edric could bear no longer, but caught her close to him, crying, "Sylvaine, come back to me." Her

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eyes cleared, and she cried his name and clung to him, and he kissed her lips. At that she shrank away, saying, "Fire," and again, "Lord God, ha' mercy!" and therewith she died; and her arm with the red burn on it hung over the edge of the bed.

Edric lay a little with his face on her breast. There came a careful step to the door, and it opened and the King came in. Edric rose up and saw him.

The two gazed upon each other a long time. Then the King said, dryly, "Is she living?"

Edric said, "No." And the King frowned awhile, then said, lifting his shoulders, "Perhaps it is well; for I would have had her if she had lived."

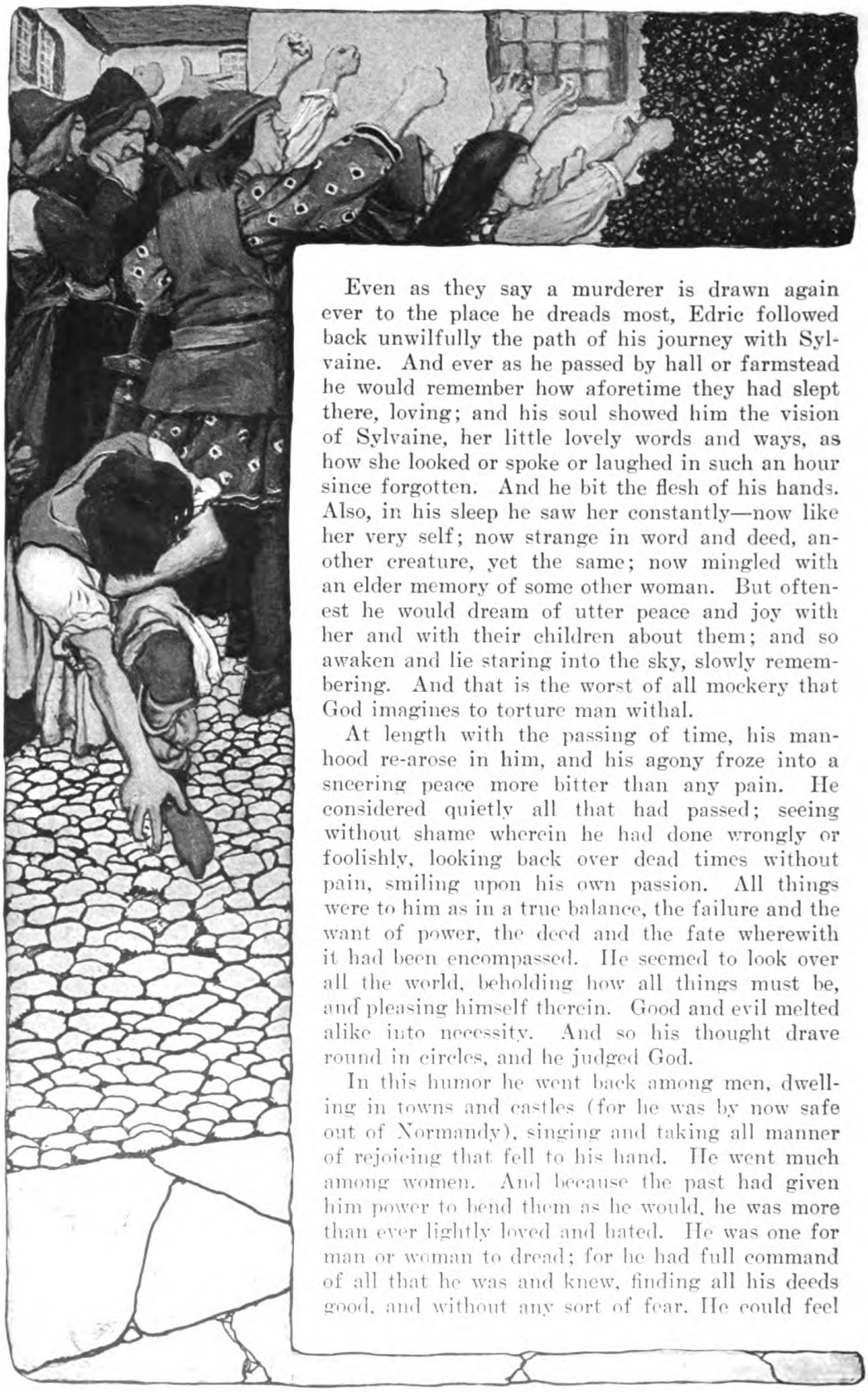
Edric said very gently, "Thou shalt not outlive that lie." And his sword leaped out.

The King was sore put to it to overpower Edric. For he loved his life, and feared to alarm the convent; whereas Edric had no care for himself. But as they strove silently, the King with a stout blow caught Edric's blade by the hilt and broke it. As he struck again, Edric leaped wolflike from beneath and grasped his throat and bore him back over the bed. He put one knee on his belly and the other on his sword arm, and killed him slowly with his hands.

When he rose up and looked toward Sylvaine that was dead, his heart staggered. For the body of her was no more. Her white shift lay there empty; and by it the gold chain that was about her neck and a bracelet from her arm. Yet there was no longer any flesh therein, but only empty air. Edric wondered greatly thereat. Then he put the chain about the King's throat, under his red beard; and put on himself the King's cloak and basnet, and went away quietly.

He fared swiftly all that night. At dawn he lay down to sleep under the lee of a straw-rick hard by the road; and so for many days he travelled, going forward by night and sleeping by day wherever he might be. He took no thought of his path, neither had any care for his food and shelter. For his heart was black within him, and he was without all hope. I think it is true that in that time he was a madman, very close to the beast. For he fled not from any fear of death, that would have been welcome to him, but rather driven by brute sense, his mind being as it were numb, and his soul otherwhere. Certainly no man in his natural self might have endured to travel so in that winter season, shelterless and half starved, sleeping under all weathers as a wild creature does. Howbeit, we know that oftentimes those who are become utterly out of love with life may by no means die; unless they indeed slay themselves outright death shuns them—as when men rush into battles by cause of mishap in love.

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Even as they say a murderer is drawn again ever to the place he dreads most, Edric followed back unwilfully the path of his journey with Sylvaine. And ever as he passed by hall or farmstead he would remember how aforetime they had slept there, loving; and his soul showed him the vision of Sylvaine, her little lovely words and ways, as how she looked or spoke or laughed in such an hour since forgotten. And he bit the flesh of his hands. Also, in his sleep he saw her constantly—now like her very self; now strange in word and deed, another creature, yet the same; now mingled with an elder memory of some other woman. But oftenest he would dream of utter peace and joy with her and with their children about them; and so awaken and lie staring into the sky, slowly remembering. And that is the worst of all mockery that God imagines to torture man withal.

At length with the passing of time, his manhood re-arose in him, and his agony froze into a sneering peace more bitter than any pain. He considered quietly all that had passed; seeing without shame wherein he had done wrongly or foolishly, looking back over dead times without pain, smiling upon his own passion. All things were to him as in a true balance, the failure and the want of power, the deed and the fate wherewith it had been encompassed. He seemed to look over all the world, beholding how all things must be, and pleasing himself therein. Good and evil melted alike into necessity. And so his thought drave round in circles, and he judged God.

In this humor he went back among men, dwelling in towns and castles (for he was by now safe out of Normandy), singing and taking all manner of rejoicing that fell to his hand. He went much among women. And because the past had given him power to bend them as he would, he was more than ever lightly loved and hated. He was one for man or woman to dread; for he had full command of all that he was and knew, finding all his deeds good, and without any sort of fear. He could feel

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no great pain for any cause; and he followed the will of the moment without reck or ruth, laughing at all. He made many songs at this time; songs of pleasure, drinking songs, bright lilts of momentary joy; whereof many are sung to this day. Neither is it truth to say that he was not in good faith happier than ever before in his life. There was no bitterness under his laughter. Truly, a veil was drawn between him and the greatest of life. But he caught at all that is less than the highest as a dog snatches meat from his master's table, triumphing over Providence. There was no weight upon him.

He lived thus while the year went round again to winter. Sylvaine troubled him ever in his dreams, but he shook her off easily. At last it befell that about Christmas-tide he went with others to hear mass at a minster. And as he knelt, hearing the music, it came back upon him now how Sylvaine had prayed there beside him when first they came out of the forest; and the purity and faith of her returned into his soul that had been dead in him. It was as if she filled the air all about. In a breath he felt all that had been. And in that agony he rose up among them that worshipped, crying out, "It is all black lies together—there is neither hell nor heaven but here, and man loveth while God laughs!" Then he turned and ran out of the church, because they would have slain him. There were many horses without. And he rode a horse until it died, and so escaped into the forest.

He was sore hurt by stones that had been flung at him, and without money or weapons, or such clothing as might avail against the winter. Nevertheless, he fared through the forest for three days, until, as he was near spent, he found harbor in the hut of a woodcutter, the same that had brought him news of the King's message a year before. The churl made no question of how Edric came to be wandering sick and forespent in the forest. Only, after he had warmed him and given him black bread and ale, he asked him how fared his lady.

Edric said, "She is dead, and it was I that killed her."

The churl answered only, "That is pity; but here no man will seek for thee." And so went on to speak of other matters. He knew, as living alone there in the wood, many strange tales and sayings of the Soulless Ones. He told of the Trolls and Werewolves, of Nightlights, and of the Wood-women that are wondrous fair face to face, but behind they have bushy tails like foxes; and of the People of the Hills, and many others. "And they say that a man may wed one of these heathen things and she become in all ways as a mortal woman. But if he groweth angry and beateth her, she will turn to what she was before and tear him piecemeal."

Edric saw then what truth underlay the clown's saying; and how Sylvaine, because his love had made her mortal, was indeed dead of his unfaith in her. That night he had no sleep for the wonder that was in him. And next day

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he went out from the hut, and about midnight came to the place of rocks that stood about the dark water in the white grove of dead pines.

It was bitterly chill, and there was a thin snow over the dry leaves and a glaze of black ice upon the pool. He lay down on the earth and waited.

At last there came a flare of blue light swelling over the grove, and a burst of such unearthly melody as one might hardly hear and live. And Edric, lying in the shadow, beheld the light fill with white forms of women as a moonbeam fills with flying snow. And among them one that was not firm and fair to the sight as the rest, but half embodied, like a mist or the waving heat. And he knew that he looked upon the human soul of Sylvaine, that was of his making; and for the second time he found fear.

She followed the rest, turning and drifting in their dance, following and touching and seeming to strive to speak to them; but they had no sense of her. And whiles Edric himself doubted if he indeed saw anything more than the wraith of his own desire; and whiles he saw her clearly, and was faint with terror and with pity. At the last he sprang up with a great cry, and caught at the vision that was as empty air within his arms, and held with all his might.

The light flared blindly red, and the song of the Singing Women struck suddenly to silence. They gathered, wrathful, in the air and hung about him savage-eyed, with clutching hands. Now at once he was aware that it was no bodiless mist that he held, but a white snake that writhed about his throat and caught his breath. Yet he held fast for his faith. Then the snake was a white wolf that struggled and snarled fearsomely, tearing his flesh. Yet he held fast for his desire. Then the wolf was a white dove that lay on his breast dead and stiffening. Yet he held fast for his love. Then of a sudden the Singing Women gathered above him, and swooped down with a grating scream. All sense left him and he fell through darkness.

When Edric came to himself he saw dawn breaking through the dry leaves. And in the hollow of his arm was no mist nor emptiness, but the warm white flesh of a living woman that was his wife, Sylvaine. She shivered where she lay beside him on the frosty ground. Edric might not altogether believe, even as he held her and felt the trembling of her lips upon his eyelids. He said only: "Lord God, ha' mercy! Is it true?"

She laughed softly and caught at his hand, holding it close against her breast and pressing her cheek down upon it.

Now this is all the tale. It is told that Edric and Sylvaine lived long together in all beauty of understanding, and had many children. And of their race there be some yet living, that are called of all men *filii Mortuæ;* because they are the children of a woman that was dead. If any doubt this tale, seeing that there are many strange matters therein, let them remember that we and all things in this world are no more than the imaginings of God.



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The Testing of Diana Mallory

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XIX

A SAD hurrying and murmuring filled the old rooms and passages of Beechcote. The village doctor had arrived, and under his direction the body of John Ferrier had been removed from the garden to the library of the house. There, amid Diana's books and pictures, Ferrier lay, shut-eyed and serene, that heavy or common touch which in life had tempered the power and humanity of his aspect entirely lost and drowned in the dignity of death.

Chide and the doctor were in low-voiced consultation at one end of the room; Lady Lucy sat beside the body, her face buried in her hands; Markham stood behind her.

Brown, the butler, noiselessly entered the room, and approached Chide.

"Please, sir, Lord Broadstone's messenger is here. He thinks you might wish him to take back a letter to his lordship."

Chide turned abruptly.

"Lord Broadstone's messenger?"

"He brought a letter for Mr. Ferrier, sir, half an hour ago."

Chide's face changed.

"Where is the letter?"—He turned to the doctor, who shook his head.

"I saw nothing when we brought him in."

Markham, who had overheard the conversation, came forward—

"Perhaps, on the grass—?"

Chide—pale, with drawn brows,—looked at him a moment in silence.

Markham hurried to the garden, and to the spot under the yews, where the death had taken place. Round the garden chairs were signs of trampling feet,—the feet of the gardeners who had carried the body. A medley of books, opened letters, and working materials lay on the grass. Markham looked through them; they all belonged to Diana or Mrs. Colwood. Then he noticed a cushion which had fallen beside the chair, and a corner of newspaper peeping from below it. He lifted it up.

Below lay Broadstone's opened letter, in its envelope, addressed first in the Premier's well known handwriting to "The Right Honble. John Ferrier, M.P."—and secondly, in wavering pencil, to "Lady Lucy Markham, Tallyn Hall."

Markham turned the letter over, while thoughts hurried through his brain. Evidently Ferrier had had time to read it. Why that address to his mother?—written, it seemed, with the weakness of death already upon him.

The newspaper? Ah!—the *Herald!*—lying as though, after reading it, Ferrier had thrown it down, and let the letter drop upon it, from a hand that had ceased to obey him. As Markham saw it, the color rushed into his cheeks. He stooped and raised it. Suddenly he noticed on the margin of the paper a pencilled line, faint and wavering like the words written on the envelope. It ran beside a passage in the article "From a Correspondent"; and as he looked at it consciousness and pulse paused in dismay. There, under his eye, in that dim mark,—was the last word and sign of John Ferrier.

He was still staring at it—when a sound disturbed him. Lady Lucy came to him feebly across the grass. Markham dropped the newspaper, retaining Broadstone's letter.

"Sir James wished me to leave him a little," she said, brokenly. "The ambulance will be here directly. They will take him to Lytchett. I thought it should have been Tallyn. But Sir James decided it."

"Mother!" Markham moved towards her reluctantly. "Here is a letter,—no doubt of importance. And—it is addressed to you."

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Lady Lucy gave a little cry. She looked at the pencilled address, with quivering lips; then she opened the envelope, and, on the back of the closely written letter, she saw at once Ferrier's last words to her.

Markham, moved by a son's natural impulse, stooped and kissed her hair. He drew a chair forward, and she sank into it with the letter. While she was reading it, he raised the *Herald* again, unobserved, folded it up hurriedly, and put it in his pocket; then walked away a few steps, that he might leave his mother to her grief. Presently Lady Lucy called him.

"Oliver!" The voice was strong. He went back to her and she received him with sparkling eyes, her hand on Broadstone's letter.

"Oliver, this is what killed him! Lord Broadstone must bear the responsibility."

And hurriedly, incoherently she explained that the letter from Lord Broadstone was an urgent appeal to Ferrier's patriotism and to his personal friendship for the writer; begging him for the sake of party unity, and for the sake of the country, to allow the Prime Minister to cancel the agreement of the day before; to accept a peerage, and the War Office, in lieu of the Exchequer and the leadership of the House. The Premier gave a full account of the insurmountable difficulties in the way of the completion of the Government, which had disclosed themselves, during the course of the afternoon and evening following his interview with Ferrier. Refusals of the most unexpected kind, from the most unlikely quarters; letters and visits of protest from persons impossible to ignore—most of them no doubt engineered by Lord Philip; "finally the newspapers of this morning,—especially the article in the *Herald* which you will have seen before this reaches you,—all these, taken together, convince me that if I cannot persuade you to see the matter in the same light as I do,—and I know well that, whether you accept or refuse, you will put the public advantage first—I must at once inform Her Majesty that my attempt to construct a Government has broken down."

Markham followed her version of the letter as well as he could; and as she turned the last page, he too perceived the pencilled writing, which was not Broadstone's. This, she did not offer to communicate; indeed she covered it at once with her hand.

"Yes, I suppose it was the shock," he said in a low voice. "But it was not Broadstone's fault. It was no one's fault."

Lady Lucy flushed, and looked up.

"That man Barrington!—" she said vehemently. "Oh, if I had never had him in my house!"

Oliver made no reply. He sat beside her, staring at the grass. Suddenly Lady Lucy touched him on the knee.

"Oliver!—" her voice was gasping and difficult—"Oliver!—you had nothing to do with that?"

"With what, mother?"

"With the *Herald* article? I read it this morning. But I laughed at it! John's letter arrived at the same moment—so happy, so full of plans—"

"Mother!—you don't imagine that a man in Ferrier's position can be upset by an article in a newspaper?"

"I don't know—the *Herald* was so important—I have heard John say so. Oliver!"—her face worked painfully—"I know you talked with that man that night—you didn't—"

"I didn't say anything of which I am ashamed," he said sharply, raising his head.

His mother looked at him in silence. Their eyes met in a flash of strange antagonism; as though each accused the other.

A sound behind them made Lady Lucy turn round. Brown was coming over the grass.

"A telegram, sir, for you. Your coachman stopped the boy and sent him here."

Markham opened it hastily. As he read it his gray and haggard face flushed again heavily.

"I must write an answer, but I will come back," he said, addressing his mother.

Lady Lucy asked no question. When he left her, she sat on in the July sun which had now reached the chairs, mechanically drawing her large country hat forward to shield her from its glare; a

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forlorn figure, with staring absent eyes; every detail of her sharp slenderness, her blanched and quivering face, the elegance of her black dress, the diamond fastening the black lace hat-strings tied under her pointed chin,—set in the full and searching illumination of midday. It showed her an old woman—left alone.

Her whole being rebelled against what had happened to her. Life without John's letters, John's homage, John's sympathy—how was it to be endured? Disguises that shrouded her habitual feelings and instincts even from herself dropped away. That Oliver was left to her did not make up to her in the least for John's death.

The smart that held her in its grip was something new to her. She had never felt it at the death of the imperious husband, to whom she had been nevertheless decorously attached. Her thoughts clung to those last broken words under her hand, trying to wring from them something that might content and comfort her remorse.

"Dear Lucy—I feel ill—it may be nothing—Chide and you may read this letter. Broadstone couldn't help it. Tell him so. Bless you—Tell Oliver—Yours, J. F."

The greater part of the letter was all but illegible even by her,—but the "bless you—" and the "J. F." were more firmly written than the rest, as though the failing hand had made a last effort.

Her spiritual vanity was hungry and miserable. Surely, though she would not be his wife, she had been John's best friend!—his good angel. Her heart clamored for some warmer, gratefuler word,—that might justify her to herself. And instead, she realized, for the first time, the desert she had herself created, the loneliness she had herself imposed. And with prophetic terror, she saw in front of her the daily self-reproach that her self-esteem might not be able to kill.

"*Tell Oliver—*"

Did it mean—"if I die, tell Oliver"? But John never said anything futile or superfluous in his life. Was it not rather the beginning of some last word to Oliver that he could not finish? Oh, if her son had indeed contributed to his death!

She shivered under the thought; hurrying recollections of Mr. Barrington's visit, of the *Herald* article of that morning, of Oliver's speeches and doings during the preceding month, rushing through her mind. She had expressed her indignation about the *Herald* article to Oliver already that morning, on the drive which had been so tragically interrupted.

"Dear Lady Lucy—"

She looked up. Sir James Chide stood beside her.

The first thing he did was to draw her to her feet, and then to move her chair into the shade.

"You have lost more than any of us," he said, as she sank back into it, and holding out his hand, he took hers into his warm compassionate clasp. He had never thought that she behaved well to Ferrier; and he knew that she had behaved vilely to Diana; but his heart melted within him at the sight of a woman—and a gray-haired woman—in grief.

"I hear you found Broadstone's letter?" He glanced at it on her lap. "I too have heard from him. The messenger, as soon as he knew I was here, produced a letter for me that he was to have taken to Lytchett. It is a nice letter—a very nice letter—as far as that goes. Broadstone wanted me to use my influence—with John—described his difficulties—"

Chide's hand suddenly clenched on his knee—

"If I could only get at that creature, Lord Philip!"

"You think it was the shock—killed him?" The hard slow tears had begun again to drop upon her dress.

"Oh! he has been an ill man since May," said Chide evasively. "No doubt there has been heart mischief—unsuspected for a long time. The doctors will know—presently. Poor Broadstone!—it will nearly kill him too."

She held out the letter to him.

"You are to read it—" and then, in broken tones—pointing—"look! he said so."

He started, as he saw the writing on the back, and again his hand pressed hers kindly.

"He felt ill—" she said brokenly—"he foresaw it. Those are his last words—his precious last words."

She hid her face. As Chide gave it back to her, his brow and lip had settled

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into the look which made him so formidable in Court. He looked around abruptly.

"Where is the *Herald*? I hear Mrs. Colwood brought it out."

He searched the grass in vain, and the chairs. Lady Lucy was silent. Presently she rose feebly.

"When—when will they take him away?"

"Directly. The ambulance is coming—I shall go with him. Take my arm." She leant on him heavily, and as they approached the house, they saw two figures step out of it—Markham and Diana.

Diana came quickly in her light white dress. Her eyes were red, but she was quite composed. Chide looked at her with tenderness. In the two hours which had passed since the tragedy, she had been the help and the support of everybody, writing, giving directions, making arrangements, under his own guidance, while keeping herself entirely in the background. No parade of grief, no interference with himself or the doctors; but once, as he sat by the body in the darkened room, he was conscious of her coming in, of her kneeling for a little while at the dead man's side, of her clinging kiss on the cold hands,—of her soft, stifled weeping. He had not said a word to her, nor she to him. They understood each other.

And now she came, with this wistful face, to Lady Lucy. She stood between that lady and Markham, in her own garden, without, as it seemed to Sir James, a thought of herself. As for him, in the midst of his own sharp grief, he could not help looking covertly from one to the other,—remembering that February scene in Lady Lucy's drawing-room. And presently he was sure that Lady Lucy too remembered it. Diana timidly begged that she would take some food—some milk or wine—before her drive home. It was three hours—incredible as it seemed—since she had called to them in the road. Lady Lucy, looking at her, and evidently but half conscious—at first—of what was said, suddenly colored, and refused,—courteously but decidedly.

"Thank you. I want nothing. I shall soon be home. Oliver!"

"I go to Lytchett with Sir James, mother. Miss Mallory begs that you will let Mrs. Colwood take you home."

"It is very kind,—but I prefer to go alone. Is my carriage there?"

She spoke like the stately shadow of her normal self. The carriage was waiting. Lady Lucy approached Sir James, who was standing apart, and murmured something in his ear, to the effect that she would come to Lytchett that evening, and would bring flowers. "Let mine be the first—" she said, inaudibly to the rest. Sir James assented. Such observances, he supposed, count for a great deal with women; especially with those who are conscious of having trifled a little with the weightier matters of the law.

Then Lady Lucy took her leave; Markham saw her to her carriage. The two left behind watched the receding figures—the mother, bent and tottering, clinging to her son.

"She is terribly shaken," said Sir James; "but she will never give way."

Diana did not reply, and as he glanced at her, he saw that she was struggling for self-control, her eyes on the ground.

"And that woman might have had her for daughter!" he said to himself, divining in her the rebuff of some deep and tender instinct.

Markham came back.

"The ambulance is just arriving," he said to Sir James.

Sir James nodded, and turned towards the house. Markham detained him,—dropping his voice.

"Let me go with him,—and you take my fly." Sir James frowned.

"That is all settled," he said, peremptorily. Then he looked at Diana. "I will see to everything indoors. Will you take Miss Mallory into the garden?"

Diana submitted; though, for the first time, her face reddened faintly. She understood that Sir James wished her to be out of sight and hearing while they moved the dead.

That was a strange walk together for these two! Side by side, almost in silence, they followed the garden path which had taken them to the downs, on a certain February evening. The thought of it hovered, a ghost unlaid, in both their minds. Instinctively, Markham guided her by this path, that they might avoid that spot on the further lawn,

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where the scattered chairs, the trampled books and papers, still showed where Death and Sleep had descended. Yet, as they passed it from a distance, he saw the natural shudder run through her; and, by association, there flashed through him intolerably the memory of that moment of divine abandonment in their last interview, when he had comforted her, and she had clung to him. And now, how near she was to him—and yet how infinitely remote! She walked beside him, her step faltering now and then, her head thrown back, as though she craved for air and coolness on her brow, and tear-stained eyes. He could not flatter himself that his presence disturbed her; that she was thinking at all about him. As for him, his mind, held as it still was, in the grip of catastrophe, and torn by new compunctions, was still conscious from time to time of the most discordant and agitating recollections. Her face in the moonlight —her voice in the great words of her promise—"all that a woman can!"—that wretched evening in the House of Commons when he had finally deserted her,—a certain passage with Alicia, in the Tallyn woods,—these images quivered, as it were, through nerve and vein, disabling and silencing him.

But presently, to his astonishment, Diana began to talk, in her natural voice, without a trace of preoccupation or embarrassment. She poured out her latest recollections of Ferrier. She spoke—brushing away her tears sometimes—of his visit in the morning, and his talk as he lay beside them on the grass, of his recent letters to her, and her remembrance of him in Italy.

Markham listened in silence. What she said was new to him, and often bitter. He had known nothing of this intimate relation which had sprung up so rapidly between her and Ferrier. While he acknowledged its beauty and delicacy, the very thought of it, even at this moment, filled him with an irritable jealousy. The new bond had arisen out of the wreck of those he had himself broken; Ferrier had turned to her, and she to Ferrier, just as he, by his own acts, had lost them both; it might be right and natural; he winced under it—in a sense, resented it—none the less.

And all the time, he never ceased to be conscious of the newspaper in his breast pocket, and of that faint pencilled line that seemed to burn against his heart.

Would she shrink from him, finally and irrevocably, if she knew it? Once or twice he looked at her curiously; wondering at the power that women have of filling and softening a situation. Her broken talk of Ferrier was the only possible talk that could have arisen between them at that moment, without awkwardness, without risk. To that last ground of friendship she could still admit him; and a wounded self-love suggested that she chose it, for his sake, as well as Ferrier's.

Of course she had seen him with Alicia; and she would have drawn her conclusions. Four months after the breach with her!—and such a breach! Suddenly, as he walked beside her, through the radiant scented garden, with its massed roses and delphiniums, its tangles of poppy and lupin, he felt and saw himself as a kind of outcast,—distrusted and disliked by an old friend like Chide, suspected even by his mother, and separated for ever from the good opinion of this girl whom he had loved.

Then his whole being reacted in a flame of protesting irritation. He had been the victim of circumstance almost as much as she,—victim, in the first place, of his own temperament which had forbidden him to carry through the struggle with his mother, as other men might have carried it through; victim in the second place of a habit of mind which did not permit him to swear to other men's words; which made him as critical of his Whig leader, as of his comrades on the left wing.

And with the irritation came also a hardening of the will. The past was done with. The modern man no longer confesses his sins. He knows, to begin with, that there is no forgiveness for them; but he also knows that there are few penalties that will and brain cannot avert. The future was still his; and ambition must shape it, if not love.

They passed into the orchard, where amid the old trees, covered with tiny green apples, some climbing roses were running at will, hanging their trails of

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blossom, crimson and pale pink, from branch to branch. Linnets and blackbirds made a pleasant chatter; the grass beneath the trees was rich and soft, and through their tops, one saw white clouds hovering in a blazing blue.

Diana turned suddenly towards the house.

"I think we may go back now," she said, and her hand contracted and her lip, as though she realized that her dear dead friend had left her roof for ever.

They hurried back, but there was still time for conversation.

"You knew him, of course, from a child?" she said to him, glancing at him with timid interrogation.

In reply he forced himself to play that part of Ferrier's intimate—almost son—which indeed she had given him, by implication, throughout her own talk. In this she had shown a tact, a kindness for which he owed her gratitude. She must have heard the charges brought against him by the Ferrier party during the election, yet, noble creature that she was, she had not believed them. He could have thanked her aloud, till—with discomfort—he remembered again that marked newspaper in his pocket.

Once, a straggling rose-branch caught in her dress. He stooped to free it. Then for the first time he saw her shrink. The instinctive service had made them man and woman again,—not mind and mind; and he perceived, with a miserable throb, that she could not be so unconscious of his identity, his presence, their past, as she had seemed to be.

She had lost—he realized it—the bloom of first youth. How thin was the hand which gathered up her dress!—the hand once covered with his kisses. Yet she seemed to him lovelier than ever,—and he divined her more woman than ever, more instinct with feeling, life, and passion.

Sir James's messenger met them half way. At the door the ambulance waited.

Chide, bareheaded, and a group of doctors, gardeners, and police, stood beside it.

"I follow you," said Markham to Sir James. "There is a great deal to do."

Chide assented coldly. "I have written to Broadstone; and I have sent a preliminary statement to the papers."

"I can take anything you want to town," said Markham hastily. "I must go up this evening."

Chide turned abruptly, his hand on the door of the ambulance.

"You're summoned?"

Markham assented. Chide stared at him a moment. Then in silence Sir James entered the ambulance, taking his seat beside the shrouded form within. Slowly it drove away, mounted police accompanying it. It took a back way from Beechcote, thus avoiding the crowd, which on the village side had gathered round the gates.

Diana on the steps saw it go, following it with her eyes; standing very white and still. Then Markham lifted his hat to her, conscious through every nerve of the curiosity among the little group of people standing by. Suddenly—he thought—she too divined it. For she looked round her, bowed to him slightly, and disappeared with Mrs. Colwood.

He spent two or three hours at Lytchett, making the first arrangements for the funeral, with Sir James. It was to be at Tallyn, and the burial in the churchyard of the old Tallyn church. Sir James gave a slow and grudging assent to this; but in the end he did assent, after the relations between him and Markham had become still more strained.

Further statements were drawn up for the newspapers. As the afternoon wore on, the grounds and hall of Lytchett betrayed the presence of a number of reporters, hurriedly sent thither by the chief London and provincial papers. By now the news had travelled through England.

Markham worked hard, saving Sir James all he could. Another messenger arrived from Lord Broadstone, with a pathetic letter for Sir James. Chide's face darkened over it. "Broadstone must bear up," he said to Markham, as they stood together in Chide's sanctum. "It was not his fault; and he has the country to think of. You tell him so. Now, are you off?"

Markham replied that his fly had been announced.

"What 'll they offer you?" said Chide, sharply.

"It doesn't much matter, does it?—on

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

DIANA FOLLOWED IT WITH HER EYES, STANDING VERY WHITE AND STILL

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a day like this?" Markham's tone was equally curt. Then he added—"I shall be here again to-morrow."

Chide acquiesced. When Markham had driven off, and as the sound of the wheels died away, Chide uttered a fierce, inarticulate sound. His hot Irish heart swelled within him. He walked hurriedly to and fro, his hands in his pockets.

"John!—John!—" he groaned—"They'll be dancing and triumphing on your grave to-night, John; and that fellow you were a father to—like the rest. But they shall do it without me, John,—they shall do it without me!"

And he thought with a grim satisfaction of the note he had just confided to the Premier's second messenger refusing the offer of the Attorney-Generalship. He was sorry for Broadstone; he had done his best to comfort him; but he would serve in no government with John's supplanters.

Meanwhile Markham was speeding up to town. At every wayside station, under the evening light, he saw the long lines of placards—"Sudden death of Mr. Ferrier. Effect on the new Ministry." Every paper he bought was full of comments, and hasty biographies. There was more than a conventional note of loss in them. Ferrier was not widely popular, in the sense in which many English statesmen have been popular, but there was something in his personality that had long since won the affection and respect of all that public, in all classes, which really observes and directs English affairs. He was sincerely mourned; and he would be practically missed.

But the immediate effect would be the triumph of the Cave; a new direction given to current politics. That no one doubted.

Markham was lost in tumultuous thought; and, to do him justice, his approaching interview with Broadstone accounted for but a fraction of the turmoil in his brain.

The truth was that the two articles in the *Herald* of that morning, which had arrived at Tallyn by nine o'clock, had struck Markham with nothing less than consternation.

Ever since his interview with Barrington he had persuaded himself that in it he had laid the foundations of party reunion; and he had since been eagerly scanning the signs of slow change in the attitude of the party paper, combined—as they had been up to this very day—with an unbroken personal loyalty to Ferrier. But the article of this morning had shown a complete—and in Oliver's opinion, as he read it at the breakfast table—an extravagant *volte-face*. It amounted to nothing less than a vehement appeal to the new Prime Minister to entrust the leadership of the House of Commons, at so critical a moment, to a man more truly in sympathy with the forward policy of the party.

"We have hoped against hope,—" said the *Herald;* "we have supported Mr. Ferrier against all opposition; but a careful reconsideration and analysis of his latest speeches,—taken together with our general knowledge, public and private, of the political situation—have convinced us, sorely against our will, that whilst Mr. Ferrier must of course hold one of the most important offices in the new Cabinet, his leadership of the Commons—in view of the two great measures to which the party is practically pledged—could only bring calamity. He will not oppose them; that of course we know; but is it possible that he can *fight them through,* with success? We appeal to his patriotism, which has never yet failed him or us. If he will only accept the peerage he has so amply earned, together with either the War Office or the Admiralty,—and represent the Government in the Lords, where it is sorely in need of strength, all will be well. The leadership of the Commons must necessarily fall to that section of the party which, through Lord Philip's astonishing campaign, has risen so rapidly in public favor. Lord Philip himself, indeed, is no more acceptable to the moderates than Mr. Ferrier to the left wing. Heat of personal feeling alone would prevent his filling the part successfully. But two or three men are named, under whom Lord Philip would be content to serve, while the moderates would have nothing to say against them."

This was damaging enough. But far more serious was the "communicated" article on the next page—"from a correspondent,"—on which the "leader" was based.

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Markham saw at once that the "correspondent" was really Barrington himself, and that the article was wholly derived from the conversation which had taken place at Tallyn, and from the portions of Ferrier's letters, which Markham had read or summarized, for the journalist's benefit.

The passage in particular, which Ferrier's dying hand had marked—he recalled the gleam in Barrington's black eye as he had listened to it, the instinctive movement in his powerful hand, as though to pounce, vulturelike, on the letter—and his own qualm of anxiety—his insistence on discretion.

Discretion indeed! The whole thing was monstrous treachery. These very sentences, preserved in a viselike memory,—sentences written in the abandonment of intimacy, and with an ironic tinge which had disappeared in the adaptation—had been made to serve as the damning point of the article; and lent an air of complete justification to the *Herald's* emphatic yet dignified retreat.

Again and again, as the train sped on, did Markham go back over the fatal interview. His mind, full of an agony of remorse he could not still, was full also of storm and fury against Barrington. Never had a journalist made a more shameful use of a trust reposed in him.

With torturing clearness, imagination built up the scene in the garden; the arrival of Broadstone's letter; the hand of the stricken man groping for the newspaper; the effort of those pencilled lines; and finally that wavering mark, John Ferrier's last word on earth.

If it had indeed been meant for him, Oliver,—well, he had received it; the dead man had reached out and touched him; he felt the brand upon him; and it was a secret for ever between Ferrier and himself.

The train was nearing St. Pancras. Markham roused himself with an effort. After all, what fault was it of his—this tragic coincidence of a tragic day? If Ferrier had lived, all could have been explained; or if not all, most. And because Ferrier had died of a sudden ailment, common among men worn out with high responsibilities, was a man to go on reproaching himself eternally for another man's vile behavior—for the results of an indiscretion committed with no ill intent whatever? With a miserable impatience, Oliver turned his mind to his approaching interview with the Prime Minister.

Markham found the Premier much shaken. He was an old man; he had been a warm personal friend of Ferrier's; and the blow had hit him hard.

Evidently for a few hours he had been determined to resign; but strong influences had been brought to bear, and he had wearily resumed his task.

Reluctantly, Markham told the story. Poor Lord Broadstone could not escape from the connection between the arrival of his letter, and the seizure which had killed his old comrade. He sat bowed beneath it for a while; then with a fortitude and a self-control which never fails men of his type, in time of public stress and difficulty, he roused himself to discuss the political situation which had arisen; so far at least as was necessary and fitting, in the case of a man not in the inner circle.

The telegram which Markham had received had, it appeared, been dictated on the preceding afternoon; when the major offices of the Government having been apparently filled up, the turn of the lesser men had arrived.

"I could not imagine that it would reach you at such a moment," said the Premier, with melancholy courtesy. "I beg you to excuse it. But this rough-and-tumble world has to be carried on,—and if it suits you, I shall be happy to recommend your appointment to Her Majesty—as a Junior Lord of the Treasury—carrying with it, as of course you understand, the office of Second Whip."

Ten minutes later, Markham left the Prime Minister's house. As he walked back to St. Pancras, he was conscious of yet another smart added to the rest. If *anything* were offered him, he had certainly hoped for something more considerable.

It looked as though while the Ferrier influence had ignored him, the Darcy influence had not troubled to do much for him. That he had claims could not be denied. So this very meagre bone had been flung him. But if he had refused it, he would have got nothing else.

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The appointment would involve re-election. All that infernal business to go through again!—probably in the very midst of disturbances in the mining district. The news from the collieries was as bad as it could be.

He reached home very late,—close on midnight. His mother had gone to bed, ill and worn out, and was not to be disturbed. Isabel Fotheringham and Alicia awaited him in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Fotheringham had arrived in the course of the evening. She herself was peevish with fatigue, incurred in canvassing for two of Lord Philip's most headlong supporters. Personally, she had broken with John Ferrier some weeks before the election; but the fact had made more impression on her own mind than on his.

"Well, Oliver!—This is a shocking thing. However, of course, Ferrier had been unhealthy for a long time; any one could see that. It was really better it should end so."

"You take it calmly!" he said,—scandalized by her manner and tone.

"I am sorry of course. But Ferrier had outlived himself. The people I have been working among, felt him merely in the way. But of course I am sorry. Mamma is dreadfully upset. That one must expect. Well, now then,—you have seen Broadstone?"

She rose to question him; the political passion in her veins asserting itself against her weariness. She was still in her travelling dress. From her small, haggard face, the reddish hair was drawn tightly back; the spectacled eyes, the dry lips, expressed a woman whose life had hardened to dusty uses. Her mere aspect chilled and repelled her brother, and he answered her questions shortly.

"Broadstone has treated you shabbily!" she remarked with decision; "but I suppose you will have to put up with it. And this terrible thing which has happened to-day may tell against you, when it comes to the election. Ferrier will be looked upon as a martyr—and we shall suffer."

Oliver turned his eyes for relief to Alicia. She, in a soft black dress, with many slender chains, studded with beautiful turquoises, about her white neck, rested and cheered his sight. The black was for sympathy with the family sorrow; the turquoises were there because he specially admired them; he understood them both. The night was hot, and without teasing him with questions she had brought him a glass of iced lemonade, touching him caressingly on the arm while he drank it.

"Poor Mr. Ferrier! It was terribly, terribly sad!" Her voice was subtly tuned and pitched. It made no fresh claim on emotion, of which, in his mental and moral exhaustion, he had none to give; but it more than met the decencies of the situation, which Isabel had flouted.

"So there will be another election?" she said presently, still standing in front of him, erect and provocative, her eyes fixed on his.

"Yes—but I sha'n't be such a brute as to bother you with it this time."

"I shall decide that for myself," she said lightly. Then—after a pause—"So Lord Philip has won!—all along the line! I should like to know that man!"

"You do know him."

"Oh, just to pass the time of day. That's nothing. But I am to meet him at the Treshams' next week." Her eyes sparkled a little. Markham glanced at his sister, who was gathering up some small possessions at the end of the room.

"Don't try and make a fool of him!" he said in a low voice. "He's not your sort."

"Isn't he?" She laughed. "I suppose he's one of the biggest men in England now. And somebody told me the other day that after losing two or three fortunes, he had just got another."

Markham nodded.

"Altogether an excellent *parti*."

Alicia's infectious laugh broke out. She sat down beside him, with her hands round her knees.

"You look miles better than when you came in. But I think—you'd better go to bed!"

As Markham, in undressing, flung his coat upon a chair, the copy of the *Herald* which he had momentarily forgotten fell out of the inner pocket. He raised it—irresolute. Should he tear it up, and throw the fragments away?

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No. He could not bring himself to do it. It was as though Ferrier, lying still and cold at Lytchett, would know of it; as though the act would do some roughness to the dead.

He went into his sitting-room, found an empty drawer in his writing-table, thrust in the newspaper, and locked the drawer.

CHAPTER XX

"I REGARD this second appeal to West Brookshire as an insult!" said the Vicar of Beechcote, hotly. "If Mr. Markham must needs accept an office that involved re-election he might have gone elsewhere. I see there is already a vacancy by death—and a Liberal seat too—in Sussex. *We* told him pretty plainly what we thought of him last time."

"And now I suppose you will turn him out?" asked the Doctor lazily. In the beatitude induced by a completed article, and an afternoon smoke, he was for the moment incapable of taking a tragic view either of Markham's shortcomings or his prospects.

"Certainly, we shall turn him out."

"Ah!—a Labor candidate?" said the Doctor, showing a little more energy.

Whereupon the Vicar, with as strong a relish for the *primeur* of an important piece of news as any secular fighter, described a meeting held the night before in one of the mining villages, at which he had been a speaker. The meeting had decided to run a miners' candidate; expenses had been guaranteed; and the resolution passed meant, according to Lavery, that Markham would be badly beaten, and that Colonel Simpson, his Conservative opponent, would be handsomely presented with a seat in Parliament, to which his own personal merits had no claim whatever.

"But that we put up with," said the Vicar grimly. "The joy of turning out Markham is compensation."

The Doctor turned an observant eye on his companion's clerical coat.

"Shall we hear these sentiments next Sunday from the pulpit?" he asked mildly.

The Vicar had the grace to blush slightly.

"I say, no doubt, more than I should say," he admitted. Then he rose, buttoning his long coat down his long body deliberately, as though by the action he tried to restrain the surge within; but it overflowed all the same. "I know now," he said, with a kindling eye, holding out a gaunt hand in farewell, "what our Lord meant by sending, not peace—but a sword!"

"So, no doubt, did Torquemada!" replied the Doctor, surveying him.

The Vicar rose to the challenge.

"I will be no party to the usual ignorant abuse of the Inquisition," he said firmly. "We live in days of license, and have no right to sit in judgment on our forefathers."

"*Your* forefathers," corrected the Doctor. "Mine burnt."

The Vicar first laughed; then grew serious. "Well, I'll allow you two opinions on the Inquisition,—but not"—he lifted a gesticulating hand—"*not* two opinions on mines which are death-traps for lack of a little money to make them safe—*not* on the kind of tyranny which says to a man 'Strike, if you like—and take a week's notice at the same time to give up your cottage which belongs to the colliery:'—or—'Make a fuss about allotments if you dare—and see how long you keep your berth in my employment—we don't want any agitators here!'—or maintains, against all remonstrance, a brutal manager in office, whose rule crushes out a man's self-respect, and embitters his soul!"

"You charge all these things against Markham?"

"He—or rather his mother—has a large holding in collieries against which I charge them."

"H'm. Lady Lucy isn't standing for West Brookshire."

"No matter. The son's teeth are set on edge. Markham has been appealed to—and has done nothing—attempted nothing. He makes eloquent Liberal speeches; and himself spends money got by grinding the poor!"

"You make him out a greater fool than I believe him," said the Doctor. "He has probably attempted a great deal, and finds his power limited. Moreover, he has been eight years Member here, and these charges are quite new."

"Because the spirit abroad is new!"

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cried the Vicar. "Men will no longer bear what their fathers bore. The old excuses, the old pleas serve no longer. I tell you the poor are tired of their patience! The Kingdom of Heaven, in its earthly aspect, is not to be got that way. No! 'The violent take it by force!' And as to your remark about Markham,—half the champions of democracy in this country are in the same box; prating about liberty and equality abroad; grinding their servants, and underpaying their laborers at home. I know scores of them; and how any of them keep a straight face at a public meeting I never could understand. There is a French proverb that exactly expresses them—"

"I know," murmured the Doctor—"I know. *'Joie de rue, douleur de maison.'* Well, and so, to upset Markham, you are going to let the Tories in, eh?—with all the old tyrannies and briberies on their shoulders?—naked and unashamed. Hullo!"—he looked round him—"don't tell Patricia I said so—or Hugh."

"There is no room for a middle party," was the Vicar's fierce reply. "Socialists on the one side—Tories on the other!—that 'll be the Armageddon of the future."

The Doctor, declining to be drawn, nodded placidly through the clouds of smoke that enwrapped him. The Vicar hurried away, accompanied, however, furtively to the door, even to the gate of the drive, by Mrs. Roughsedge, who had questions to ask.

She came back presently with a thoughtful countenance.

"I asked him what he thought I ought to do about those tales I told you of."

"Why don't you settle for yourself?" cried the Doctor, testily. "That is the way you women flatter the pride of these priests!"

"Not at all. *You* make him talk nonsense; I find him a fount of wisdom."

"I admit he knows some moral theology," said Roughsedge, thoughtfully. "He has thought a good deal about 'sins' and 'sin.' Well,—what was his view about these particular 'sinners'?"

"He thinks Diana ought to know."

"She can't do any good—and it will keep her awake at nights. I object altogether."

However, Mrs. Roughsedge, having first dropped a pacifying kiss on her husband's gray hair, went up-stairs to put on her things, declaring that she was going there and then to Beechcote.

The Doctor was left to ponder over the gossip in question, and what Diana could possibly do to meet it. Poor child!—was she never to be free from scandal and publicity?

As to the couple of people involved—Fred Birch and that odious young woman Miss Fanny Merton—he did not care in the least what happened to them. And he could not see for the life of him why Diana should care either. But of course she would. In her ridiculous way, she would think she had some kind of responsibility, just because the girl's mother and her mother happened to have been brought up in the same nursery.

"A plague on Socialist vicars,—and a plague on dear good women!" thought the Doctor, knocking out his pipe. "What with philanthropy, and this delicate altruism that takes the life out of women, the world becomes a kind of impenetrable jungle, in which everybody's business is intertwined with everybody else's, and there is nobody left with primitive brutality enough to hew a way through! And those of us that might lead a decent life on this ill-arranged planet are all crippled and hamstrung by what we call unselfishness." The Doctor vigorously replenished his pipe. "I vow I will go to Greece next spring, and leave Patricia behind!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Roughsedge walked to Beechcote—in meditation. The facts she pondered were these,—to put them as shortly as possible. Fred Birch was fast becoming the *mauvais sujet* of the district. His practice was said to be gone, his money affairs were in a desperate condition, and his mother and sister had already taken refuge with relations. He had had recourse to the time-honored expedients of his type: betting on horses and on stocks, with other people's money. It was said that he had kept on the safe side of the law; but one or two incidents in his career had emerged to light quite recently, which had led all the scrupulous in Dunscombe to close their doors upon him; and as he had no means of bribing the unscrupulous, he had now become a

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mere object-lesson for babes, as to the advantages of honesty.

At the same time Miss Fanny Merton, first introduced to Brookshire by Brookshire's favorite, Diana Mallory, was constantly to be seen in the black sheep's company. They had been observed together, both in London and the country,—at race-meetings, and theatres; and a brawl in the Dunscombe refreshment room, late at night, in which Birch had been involved, brought out the scandalous fact that Miss Merton was in his company. Birch was certainly not sober; and it was said by the police that Miss Merton also had had more port wine than was good for her.

All this Brookshire knew; and none of it did Diana know. Since her return, she and Mrs. Colwood had lived so quietly within their own borders that the talk of the neighborhood rarely reached her; and those persons who came in contact with her were far too deeply touched by the signs of suffering in the girl's face and manner, to breathe a word that might cause her fresh pain. Brookshire knew also, through one or other of the mysterious channels by which such news travels, that the two cousins were uncongenial; that it was Fanny Merton who had revealed to Diana her mother's history, and in an abrupt, unfeeling way; and that the two girls were not now in communication. Fanny had been boarding with friends in Bloomsbury, and was supposed to be returning to her family in Barbadoes in the autumn.

The affair of the refreshment room was to be heard of at Petty Sessions, and would therefore get into the local papers. Mrs. Roughsedge felt there was nothing for it; Diana must be told. But she hated her task.

On reaching Beechcote she noticed a fly at the door, and paused a moment to consider whether her visit might not be inopportune. It was a beautiful day, and Diana and Mrs. Colwood were probably to be found in some corner of the garden. Mrs. Roughsedge walked round the side of the house to reconnoitre.

As she reached the beautiful old terrace at the back of the house, on which the drawing-room opened, suddenly, a figure came flying through the drawing-room window,—the figure of a girl in a tumbled muslin dress, with a large hat, and a profusion of feathers and streamers fluttering about her. In the descent upon the terrace she dropped her gloves; stooping to pick them up, she dropped her boa; in her struggle to recapture that, she trod on and tore her dress.

"*Damn!*" said the young lady, furiously.

And at the voice, the word, the figure, Mrs. Roughsedge stood arrested, and open-mouthed, her old woman's bonnet slipping back a little on her gray curls.

The young woman was Fanny Merton. She had evidently just arrived, and was in search of Diana. Mrs. Roughsedge thought a moment, and then turned and sadly walked home again. No good interfering now! Poor Diana would have to tackle the situation for herself.

Diana and Mrs. Colwood were on the lawn, surreptitiously at work on clothes for the child in the spinal jacket, who was soon going away to a convalescent home, and had to be rigged out. The grass was strewn with pieces of printed cotton and flannel, with books and workbaskets. But they were not sitting where Ferrier had looked his last upon the world three weeks before. There, under the tall limes, across the lawn, on that sad and sacred spot, Diana meant in the autumn to plant a group of cypresses, the tree of mourning,—"for remembrance."

"Fanny!" cried Diana, in amazement, rising from her chair.

At her cousin's voice, Fanny halted, a few yards away.

"Well!" she said, defiantly, "of course I know you didn't expect to see me!"

Diana had grown very pale. Muriel saw a shiver run through her, the shiver of the victim, brought once more into the presence of the torturer.

"I thought you were in London," she stammered, moving forward and holding out her hand mechanically. "Please come and sit down." She cleared a chair of the miscellaneous needlework upon it.

"I want to speak to you very particularly," said Fanny. "And it's private!" She looked at Mrs. Colwood, with whom she had exchanged a frosty greeting. Diana made a little imploring sign, and Muriel—unwillingly—moved away towards the house.

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"Well, I don't suppose you want to have anything to do with me," said Fanny, after a moment, in a sulky voice. "But after all, you're mother's niece. I'm in a pretty tight fix,—and it mightn't be very pleasant for you, if things came to the worst."

She had thrown off her hat, and was patting and pulling the numerous puffs and bandeaux in which her hair was arranged, with a nervous hand. Diana was aghast at her appearance. The dirty finery of her dress had sunk many degrees in the scale of decency and refinement since February. Her staring brunette color had grown patchy and unhealthy, her eyes had a furtive audacity, her lips a coarseness, which might have been always there; but in the winter, youth and high spirits had to some extent disguised them.

"Aren't you soon going home?" asked Diana, looking at her, with a troubled brow.

"No, I'm—I'm engaged. I thought you might have known that!" The girl turned fiercely upon her.

"No—I hadn't heard—"

"Well, I don't know where you live all your time!" said Fanny impatiently. "There's heaps of people at Dunscombe know that I've been engaged to Fred Birch for three months. I wasn't going to write to you of course, because I—well!—I know you thought I'd been rough on you—about that—you know."

"*Fred Birch!*" Diana's voice was faltering, and amazed.

Fanny twisted her hat in her hands.

"He's all right!" she said, angrily—"if his business hadn't been ruined by a lot of nasty crawling taletellers. If people 'ld only mind their own business! However there it is—he's ruined—he hasn't got a penny piece—and of course he can't marry me, if—well, if somebody don't help us out."

Diana's face changed.

"Do you mean that I should help you out?"

"Well, there's no one else!" said Fanny, still as it seemed defying something or some one.

"I gave you—a thousand pounds."

"You gave it to *mother!* I got precious little of it. I've had to borrow lately, from people in the boarding-house. And I can't get any more—there! I'm just broke—stony."

She was still looking straight before her, but her lip trembled.

Diana bent forward impetuously.

"Fanny!" she said, laying her hand on her cousin's—"*Do* go home!"

Fanny's lip continued to tremble.

"I tell you I'm engaged," she repeated, in a muffled voice.

"Don't marry him!" said Diana, imploringly. "He's not—he's not a good man."

"What do you know about it? He's well enough—though I dare say he's not your sort. He'd be all right, if somebody would just lend a hand—help him with the debts—and put him on his feet again. He suits me anyway. I'm not so thin-skinned."

Diana stiffened. Fanny's manner—as of old—was almost incredible, considered as the manner of one in difficulties asking for help. The sneering insolence of it inevitably provoked the person addressed.

"Have you told Aunt Bertha," she said coldly, "asked her consent?"

"Mother?—Oh, I've told her I'm engaged. She knows very well that I manage my own business."

Diana withdrew her chair a little.

"When are you going to be married? Are you still with those friends?"

Fanny laughed.

"Oh Lord, no! I fell out with them long ago. They were a wretched lot! But I found a girl I knew,—and we set up together. I've been in a blouse shop—earning thirty shillings a week—there! And if I hadn't, I'd have starved!"

Fanny raised her head. Their eyes met,—Fanny's full of mingled bravado and misery,—Diana's suddenly stricken with deep and remorseful distress.

"Fanny!—I told you to write to me—if there was anything wrong—why didn't you?"

"You hated me!" said Fanny sullenly.

"I didn't!" cried Diana, the tears rising to her eyes. "But—you hurt me so!"—Then again, she bent forward, laying her hand on her cousin's, speaking fast and low. "Fanny—I'm very sorry!—if I'd known you were in trouble, I'd have come or written—I thought you were with friends, and I knew the money had been paid. But, Fanny, I *implore*

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you!—give up Mr. Birch! Nobody speaks well of him!—You'll be miserable!—you must be!"

"Too late to think of that!" said Fanny, doggedly.

Diana looked up in sudden terror. Fanny tried to brazen it out. But all the patchy color left her cheeks; and dropping her head on her hands, she began to sob. Yet even the sobs were angry—

"I can go and drown myself!" she said passionately—"and I suppose I'd better. Nobody cares whether I do or not. He's made a fool of me—I don't suppose mother 'll take me home again. And if he doesn't marry me,—I'll kill myself somehow—it don't matter how—before— I've got to!"

Diana had dropped on her knees beside her visitor. Unconsciously—pitifully—she breathed her cousin's name. Fanny looked up. She wrenched herself violently away.

"Oh, it's all very well!—but we can't all be such saints as you. It 'ld be all right if he'd marry me directly—*directly*," she added, hurriedly.

Diana knelt still immovable. In her face was that agonized shock and recoil with which the young and pure, the tenderly cherished and guarded, receive the first withdrawal of the veil which hides from them the more brutal facts of life. But, as she knelt there, gazing at Fanny, another expression stole upon and effaced the first. Taking shape and body, as it were, from the experience of the moment, there rose into sight the new soul developed in her by this tragic year. Not for her—not for Juliet Sparling's daughter—the plea of cloistered innocence! By a sharp transition her youth had passed from the Chamber of Maiden Thought, into the darkened Chamber of Experience. She had steeped her heart in the waters of sin and suffering; she put from her in a flash the mere maiden panic which had drawn her to her knees.

"Fanny,—I'll help you!" she said, in a low voice, putting her arms round her cousin. "Don't cry—I'll help you."

Fanny raised her head. In Diana's face there was something which, for the first time, roused in the other a nascent sense of shame. The color came rushing into her cheeks; her eyes wavered painfully.

"You must come and stay here," said Diana, almost in a whisper. "And where is Mr. Birch?—I must see him."

She rose as she spoke; her voice had a decision, a sternness, that Fanny for once did not resent. But she shook her head despairingly.

"I can't get at him. He sends my letters back. He'll not marry me unless he's paid to."

"When did you see him last?"

Gradually the whole story emerged. The man had behaved as the coarse and natural man face to face with temptation and opportunity is likely to behave. The girl had been the victim first and foremost of her own incredible folly. And Diana could not escape the idea that on Birch's side there had not been wanting from the first an element of sinister calculation. If her relations objected to the situation, it could of course be made worth his while to change it. All his recent sayings and doings, as Fanny reported them, clearly bore this interpretation.

As Diana sat, dismally pondering, an idea flashed upon her. Sir James Chide was to dine at Beechcote that night. He was expected early, would take Beechcote indeed on his way from the train to Lytchett. Who else should advise her, if not he? In a hundred ways, practical and tender, he had made her understand, that, for her mother's sake and her own, she was to him as a daughter.

She mentioned him to Fanny.

"Of course"—she hurried over the words—"we need only say—that you have been engaged. We must consult him, I suppose, about—about breach of promise of marriage."

The odious, hearsay phrase came out with difficulty. But Fanny's eyes glistened at the name of the great lawyer.

Her feelings towards the man who had betrayed her were clearly a medley of passion and of hatred. She loved him, as she was able to love; and she wished, at the same time, to coerce and be revenged on him. The momentary sense of shame had altogether passed. It was Diana who, with burning cheeks, stipulated that while Fanny must not return to town, but must stay at Beechcote till matters were arranged, she should not

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appear during Sir James's visit; and it was Fanny who said with vindictive triumph, as Diana left her in her room—"Sir James 'll know well enough what sort of damages I could get!"

After dinner, Diana and Sir James walked up and down the lime walk, in the August moonlight. Diana had told the story so far as she meant to tell it. Her cousin was in love with this wretched man, and had got herself terribly talked about. She could not be persuaded to give him up; while he could only be induced to marry her by the prospect of money. Could Sir James see him, and find out how much would content him?—and whether any decent employment could be found for him?

Sir James held his peace, except for the "Yeses" and "Noes" that Diana's conversation demanded. He would certainly interview the young man; he was very sorry for her anxieties; he would see what could be done.

Meanwhile he never communicated to her that he had travelled down to Beechcote in the same carriage with Lady Fenton, the county gossip, and that in addition to other matters—of which more anon—the refreshment-room story had been discussed between them, with additions and ramifications leading to very definite conclusions in any rational mind as to the nature of the bond between Diana's cousin and the young Dunscombe solicitor. Lady Fenton had expressed her concern for Miss Mallory. "Poor thing!—do you think she knows? Why on earth did she ever ask him to Beechcote! Alicia Drake told me she saw him there."

These things Sir James did not disclose. He played Diana's game with perfect discretion. He guessed even that Fanny was in the house; but he said not a word. No need at all to question the young woman. If in such a case he could not get round a rascally solicitor, what could he do?—and what was the good of being the leader of the criminal bar?

Only when Diana, at the end of their walk, shyly remarked that money was not to stand in the way; that she had plenty; that Beechcote was no doubt too expensive for her, but that the tenancy was only a yearly one, and she had but to give notice at Michaelmas, which she thought of doing:—only then did Sir James allow himself a laugh.

"You think I am going to let this business turn you out of Beechcote—eh?—you preposterous little angel!"

"Not this business," stammered Diana, "but I am really living at too great a rate."

Sir James grinned, patted her ironically on the shoulder, told her to be a good girl, and departed.

Fanny stayed for a week at Beechcote, and at the end of that time, Diana and Mrs. Colwood accompanied her on a Saturday to town, and she was married, to a sheepish and sulky bridegroom, by special license, at a Marylebone church,—Sir James Chide, in the background, looking on. They departed for a three days' holiday to Brighton; and on the fourth day, they were due to sail by a West Indian steamer for Barbadoes, where Sir James had procured for Mr. Frederick Birch a post in the office of a large sugar estate, in which an old friend of Chide's had an interest. Fanny showed no rapture in the prospect of thus returning to the bosom of her family. But there was no help for it.

By what means the transformation scene had been effected it would be waste of time to inquire. Much to Diana's chagrin, Sir James entirely declined to allow her to aid in it financially, except so far as equipping her cousin with clothes went, and providing her with a small sum for her wedding journey. Personally, he considered that the week during which Fanny stayed at Beechcote was as much as Diana could be expected to contribute; and that she had indeed paid the lion's share.

Yet that week—if he had known—was full of strange comfort to Diana. Often Muriel, watching her, would escape to her own room to hide her tears. Fanny's second visit was not as her first. The first had seen the outraging and repelling of the nobler nature by the ignoble. Diana had frankly not been able to endure her cousin. There was not a trace of that now. Her father's papers had told her abundantly how flimsy, how nearly fraudulent, was the financial

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claim which Fanny and her belongings had set up. The thousand pounds had been got practically on false pretences, and Diana knew it now, in every detail. Yet neither towards that, nor towards Fanny's other and worse lapses, did she show any bitterness, any spirit of mere repulsion and reprobation. The last vestige of that just, instinctive Pharisaism which clothes an unstained youth had dropped from her. As the heir of her mother's fate, she had gone down into the dark sea of human wrong and misery, and she had emerged transformed, more akin by far to the wretched and the unhappy than to the prosperous and the untempted. She took Fanny now as she found her—bearing with her, —accepting her,—loving her as far as she could. So that at the last even that stubborn nature was touched. And when Diana kissed her after the wedding, with a few tremulous good wishes, Fanny's gulp was not all excitement. Yet it must still be recorded, that on the wedding-day Fanny was in the highest spirits, only marred by some annoyance that she had let Diana persuade her out of a white satin wedding-dress.

Diana's preoccupation with this matter carried her through the first week of Markham's second campaign, and deadened so far the painful effect of the contest now once more thundering through the division. For it was even a more odious battle than the first had been. In the first place, the moderate Liberals held a meeting very early in the struggle, with Sir William Fenton in the chair, to protest against the lukewarm support which Markham had given to the late leader of the Opposition, to express their lamentation for Ferrier, and their distrust of Lord Philip; and to decide upon a policy.

At the meeting a heated speech was made by a gray-haired squire, an old friend and Oxford contemporary of John Ferrier's, who declared that he had it on excellent authority that the communicated article in the *Herald,* which had appeared on the morning of Ferrier's sudden death, had been written by Oliver Markham.

This statement was reported in the newspapers of the following morning, and at once denied by Markham himself, in a brief letter to the *Times.*

It was this letter which Lady Fenton discussed hotly with Sir James Chide, on the day when Fanny Merton's misdemeanors also came up for judgment.

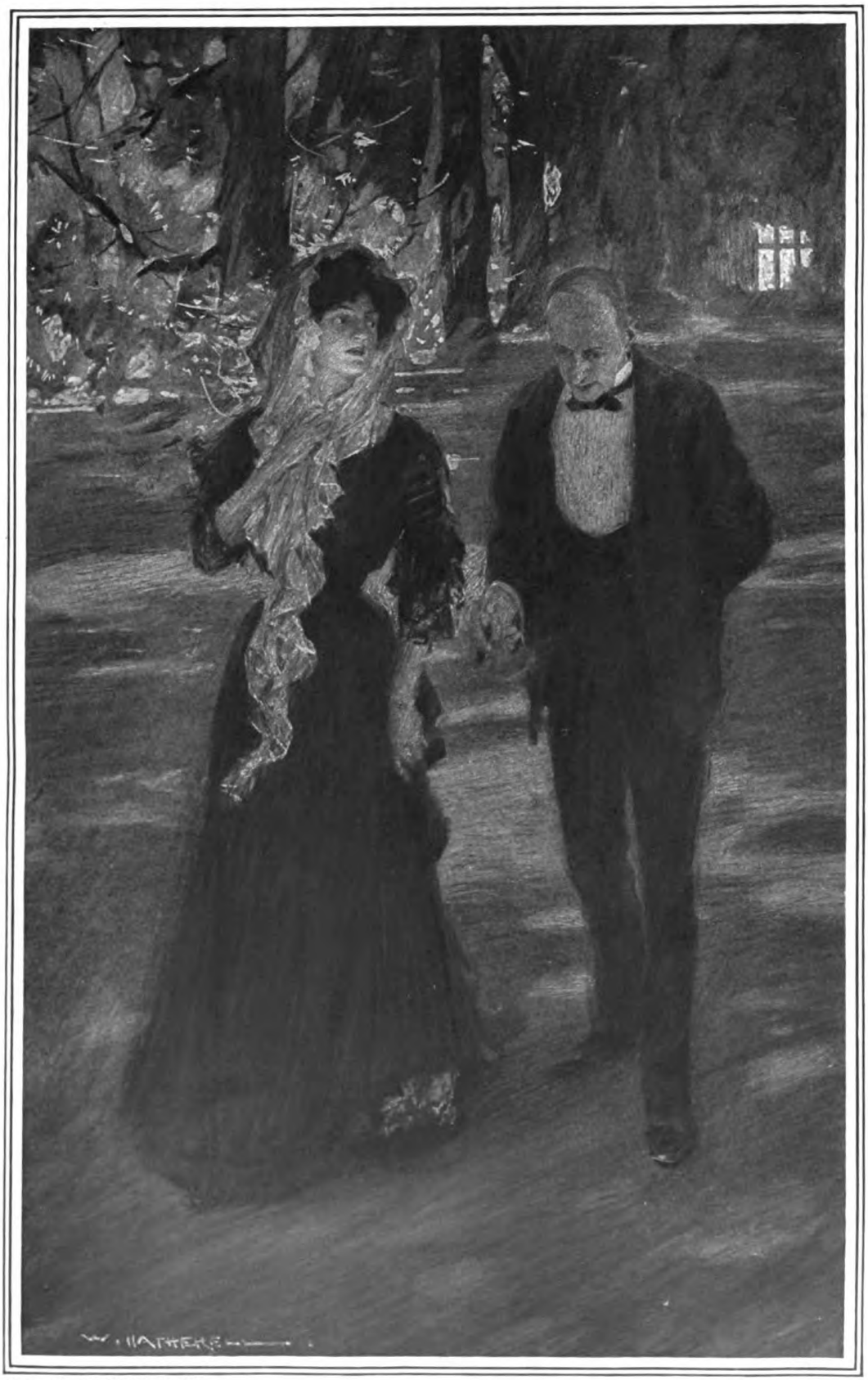
"He says he didn't write it. Sir William declares—a mere quibble! He has it from several people that Barrington was at Tallyn two days before the article appeared, and that he spoke to one or two friends next day of an 'important' conversation with Markham, and of the first-hand information he had got from it. Nobody was so likely as Oliver to have that intimate knowledge of poor Mr. Ferrier's intentions and views. William believes that he gave Barrington all the information in the article, and wrote nothing himself, in order that he might be able to deny it."

Sir James met these words with an impenetrable face. He neither defended Markham, nor did he join in Lady Fenton's denunciations. But that good lady, who though voluble was shrewd, told her husband afterwards that she was certain Sir James believed Markham to be responsible for the *Herald* article.

A week later the subject was renewed at a very heated and disorderly meeting at Dunscombe. A bookseller's assistant, well known as one of the leading Socialists of the division, got up and in a suave mincing voice accused Markham of having—not written, but—"inspired" the *Herald* article, and so dealt a treacherous blow at his old friend and Parliamentary leader,—a blow which had no doubt contributed to the situation culminating in Mr. Ferrier's tragic death.

Markham, very pale, sprang up at once, denied the charge, and fiercely attacked the man who had made it. But there was something so venomous in the manner of his denial; so undignified in the personalities with which it was accompanied; that the meeting suddenly took offence. The attack, instead of dying down, was renewed. Speaker after speaker got up and heckled the candidate. Was Mr. Markham aware that the editor of the *Herald* had been staying at Tallyn two days before the article appeared?—Was he also aware that his name had been freely mentioned, in the *Herald* office, in connection with the article?

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

SIR JAMES PLAYED DIANA'S GAME WITH PERFECT DISCRETION

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Markham in vain endeavored to regain sangfroid and composure under these attacks. He haughtily repeated his denial, and refused to answer any more questions on the subject.

The local Tory paper rushed into the fray, and had presently collected a good deal of what it was pleased to call evidence on the matter, mainly gathered from London reporters. The matter began to look serious. Markham appealed to Barrington to contradict the rumor publicly, as "absurd and untrue." But unfortunately, Barrington, who was a man of quick and gusty temper, had been nettled by an incautious expression of Markham's, with regard to the famous article, in his Dunscombe speech:—"If I had had any intention whatever of dealing a dishonorable blow at my old friend and leader, I could have done it a good deal more effectively, I can assure you; I should not have put what I had to say in a form so confused and contradictory."

This—together with the general denial—happened to reach Barrington, and it rankled. When therefore Markham appealed to him, he brusquely replied:

"Dear Mr. Markham—You know best what share you had in the *Herald* article. You certainly did not write it. But to my mind it very faithfully reproduced the gist of our conversation on a memorable evening. And, moreover, I believed and still believe that you intended the reproduction. Believe me, yours faithfully, Ernest Barrington."

To this Markham returned a stiff answer, giving his own account of what had taken place, and regretting that even a keen journalist should have thought it consistent with his honor to make such injurious and unfair use of "my honest attempt to play the peacemaker," between the different factions of the party.

To this letter Barrington made no reply. Markham, sore and weary, yet strung by now to an obstinacy and a fighting passion which gave a new and remarkable energy to his personality, threw himself afresh into a hopeless battle. For a time indeed the tide appeared to turn. He had been through two Parliaments a popular and successful member; less popular no doubt in the second than in the first, as the selfish and bitter strains in his character became more apparent. Still he had always commanded a strong personal following, especially among the younger men of the towns and villages, who admired his lithe and handsome presence, and appreciated his reputation as a sportsman and volunteer. Lady Lucy's subscriptions too were an element in the matter, not to be despised.

A rally began in the Liberal host, which had felt itself already beaten. Markham's meetings improved; the *Herald* article was apparently forgotten.

The anxiety now lay chiefly in the mining villages, where nothing seemed to affect the hostile attitude of the inhabitants. A long series of causes had led up to it, to be summed up perhaps in one,—the harsh and domineering temper of the man who had for years managed the three Tallyn collieries, and who held Lady Lucy and her co-shareholders in the hollow of his hand. Lady Lucy, whose curious obstinacy had been roused, would not dismiss him; and nothing less than his summary dismissal would have placated the dull hatred of six hundred miners.

Markham had indeed attempted to put through a number of minor reforms, but the effect on the temper of the district had been, in the end, little or nothing. The colliers, who had once fervently supported him, thought of him now, either as a fine gentleman profiting pecuniarily by the ill deeds of a tyrant, or as sheltering behind his mother's skirts; and for some time every meeting of his in the colliery villages was broken up. But in the more hopeful days of the last week, when the canvassing returns, together with Markham's astonishing energy, and brilliant speaking, had revived the failing heart of the party, it was resolved to hold a final meeting, on the night before the poll, at Hartingfield, the largest of the mining villages.

Markham left Dunscombe for Hartingfield about six o'clock on an August evening, driving the coach, with its superb team of horses, which had become by now so familiar an object in the division. He was to return in time to make the final speech in the concluding Liberal meeting of the campaign, which was to be held that night, with the help of some half-dozen other members of Parliament, in the Dunscombe Corn Exchange.

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A body of his supporters, gathered in the market-place, cheered him madly as the coach set off. Markham stopped the horses for a minute outside the office of the local paper. The weekly issue came out that afternoon. It was handed up to him, and the coach rattled on.

McEwart, who was sitting beside him, opened it, and presently gave a low involuntary whistle of dismay. Markham looked round.

"What's the matter?"

McEwart would have gladly flung the paper away. But looking round him he saw that several other persons on the top of the coach had copies, and that whispering consternation had begun.

He saw nothing for it but to hand the paper to Markham. "This is playing it pretty low down!" he said, pointing to an item in large letters on the first page.

Markham handed the reins to the groom beside him and took the paper. He saw, printed in full, Barrington's curt letter to himself on the subject of the *Herald's* article; and below it the jubilant and scathing comments of the Tory editor.

He read both carefully, and gave the paper back to McEwart. "That decides the election," he said calmly. McEwart's face assented.

Markham however never showed greater pluck than at the Hartingfield meeting. It was a rowdy and disgraceful business, in which from beginning to end he scarcely got a hearing for more than three sentences at a time. A shouting mob of angry men, animated by passions much more than political, held him at bay. But on this occasion he never once lost his temper; he caught the questions and insults hurled at him, and threw them back with unfailing skill; and every now and then, at some lull in the storm, he made himself heard, and to good purpose. His courage and coolness propitiated some, and exasperated others.

A group of very rough fellows pursued him shouting and yelling as he left the schoolroom where the meeting was held.

"Take care!" said McEwart, hurrying him along. "They are beginning with stones, and I see no police about."

The little party of visitors made for the coach, protected by some of the villagers. But, in the dusk, the stones came flying fast and freely. Just as Markham was climbing into his seat he was struck. McEwart saw him waver, and heard a muttered exclamation.

"You're hurt!" he said, supporting him. "Let the groom drive."

Markham pushed him away.

"It's nothing." He gathered up the reins, the grooms who had been holding the horses' heads clambered into their places; a touch of the whip—and the coach was off, almost at a gallop, pursued by a shower of missiles.

After a mile at full speed, Markham pulled in the horses, and handed the reins to the groom. As he did so, a low groan escaped him.

"You *are* hurt!" exclaimed McEwart. "Where did they hit you?"

Markham shook his head.

"Better not talk," he said, in a whisper. "Drive home."

An hour afterwards, it was announced to the crowded gathering in the Dunscombe Corn Exchange that Mr. Markham had been hurt by a stone at Hartingfield, and could not address the meeting. The message was received with derision rather than sympathy. It was universally believed that the injury was a mere excuse, and that the publication of that most damning letter, on the very eve of the poll, was the sole and only cause why the Junior Lord of the Treasury failed on this occasion to meet the serried rows of his excited countrymen, waiting for him in the packed and stifling hall.

It was the Vicar who took the news to Beechcote. As in the case of Diana herself, the misfortune of the enemy transformed a roaring lion into a sucking dove. Some instinct told him that she must hear it gently. He therefore invented an errand, saw Muriel Colwood and left the tale with her—both of the blow and the letter.

Muriel, trembling inwardly, broke it as lightly and casually as she could. An injury to the spine—so it was reported. No doubt rest and treatment would soon amend it. A London surgeon had been sent for. Meanwhile the election was said

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to be lost. Muriel reluctantly produced the letter in the *West Brookshire Gazette;* knowing that in the natural course of things Diana must see it on the morrow.

Diana sat bowed over the letter, and the news; and presently lifted up a white face, kissed Muriel, who was hovering round her, and begged to be left alone.

She went to her room. The windows were wide open to the woods, and the golden August moon shone above the Down in its bare full majesty. Most of the night she sat crouched beside the window, her head resting on the ledge. Her whole nature hungered—and hungered—for Oliver. As she lifted her eyes, she saw the little dim path on the hillside; she felt his arms round about her, his warm life against hers. Nothing that he had done, nothing that he could do, had torn him, or would ever tear him, from her heart. And now he was wounded—defeated—perhaps disgraced; and she could not help him, could not comfort him.

She supposed Alicia Drake was with him. For the first time, a torment of fierce jealousy ran through her nature, like fire through a forest glade, burning up its sweetness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Afterthought

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

IN the sweet summer-time she said,
When the leaf falls I shall be dead.
I shall be lying still and cold
Beneath my weight of dark grave mould.
I shall not know how time is sped,
Nor midnight's bloom, nor morning's gold,
Nor if the honeyed rose be red—
When the leaf falls I shall be dead.

Nay, said the Spirit then. Because
That light shines far which never was
On sea or land, thy path is made
Where the infinities are laid.
Thou, while the source of being draws,
Wrapped in that light, and unafraid,
Through slow ascent of lovely laws
From life to life shall pass nor pause.

Though all the purpling seas shall shoal,
Though constant stars forsake their pole,
Thou still shalt mount from gyre to gyre
And seek the founts of primal fire.
For who am I would spell thy scroll?
I am the strength of thy desire,
Part am I of the deathless whole,—
Thine own inviolable soul!

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Getting Rid of Fluff

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

SO, after that, Murchison decided to get rid of Fluff. He told me that he had never really wanted a dog, anyway, but that when a dog is sent all the way from New York, anonymously, with $2.80 charges paid, it is hard to cast the dog out into the cold world without giving it a trial. And Fluff was such a sweet little thing! Just a little fluffy ball with bright eyes. Brownlee—Brownlee lives on the other side of Murchison—was sure the pup had good blood in him, so Murchison tried the pup for a few years, and at last he decided he would have to get rid of him. He came over and spoke to me about it, because I had just moved in next door.

"Do you like dogs?" he asked; and that was the first word of conversation I ever had with Murchison. I told him frankly that I did not like dogs, and that my wife did not like them, and Murchison seemed more pleased than if I had offered him a thousand dollars.

"Now, I am glad of that," he said, "for Mrs. Murchison and I hate dogs. If you do not like dogs, I will get rid of Fluff. I made up my mind several years ago to get rid of Fluff, but when I heard you were going to move into this house I decided not to get rid of him until I knew whether you liked dogs or not. I told Mrs. Murchison that if we got rid of Fluff before you came, and then found that you loved dogs and owned one, you might take our getting rid of Fluff as a hint that your dog was distasteful to us, and it might hurt your feelings. And Mrs. Murchison said that if you had a dog, your dog might feel lonely in a strange place and might like to have Fluff to play with until your dog got used to the neighborhood. So we did not get rid of him, but if you do not like dogs we will get rid of him right away."

I told Murchison that I saw he was the kind of neighbor a man liked to have, and that it was kind of him to offer to get rid of Fluff, but that he mustn't do so just on our account. I said that if he wanted to keep the dog, he had better do so.

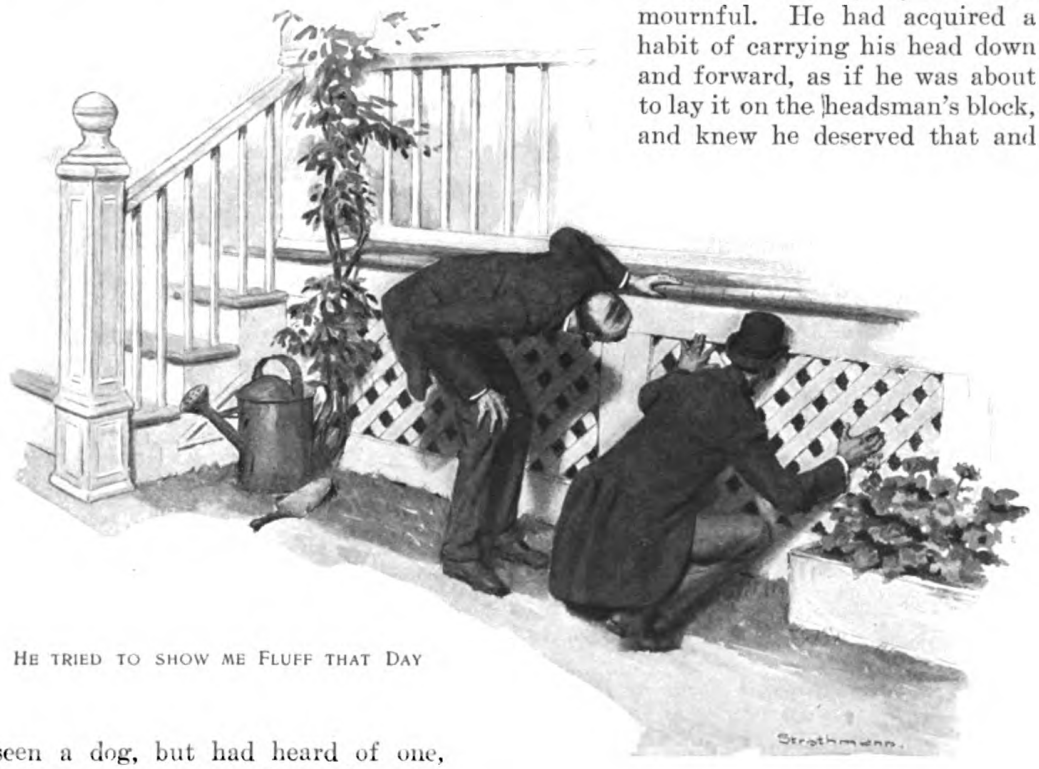
"Now that is kind of you," said Murchison, "but we would really rather get rid of him. I decided several years ago that I would get rid of him, but Brownlee likes dogs, and took an interest in Fluff, and wanted to make a bird dog of him, so we kept Fluff for his sake. But now Brownlee is tired of making a bird dog of him. He says Fluff is too strong to make a good bird dog, and not strong enough to rent out as a horse, and he is willing I should get rid of him. He says he is anxious for me to get rid of him as soon as I can."



FLUFF WAS SUCH A SWEET LITTLE THING

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When I saw Fluff I agreed with Brownlee. At the very first glance I saw that Fluff was a failure as a dog, and that to make a good camel he needed a shorter neck and more hump, but he had the general appearance of an amateur camel. He looked as if some one who had never seen a dog, but had heard of one, had started out to make a dog, and had got to thinking of a camel every once in a while, and had worked in parts of what he thought a camel was like with what he thought a dog was like, and then—when the job was about done—had decided it was a failure, and had just finished it up any way, sticking on the meanest and cheapest hair he could find, and getting most of it on wrong side to.



HE TRIED TO SHOW ME FLUFF THAT DAY

But the cheap hair did not matter much. Murchison and Brownlee showed me the place where Fluff had worn most of it off the ridge-pole of his back crawling under the porch. He tried to show me Fluff that day, but it was so dark under the porch that I could not tell which was Fluff and which was simply underneathness of porch. But from what Brownlee told me that day I knew that Fluff had suffered a permanent dislocation of the spirits. He told me he had taken Fluff out to make a duck dog of him, and that all the duck Fluff was interested in was to duck when he saw a gun, and that after he had heard a gun fired once or twice he had become sad and dejected, and had acquired a permanently ingrowing tail, and an expression of face like a coyote, but more mournful. He had acquired a habit of carrying his head down and forward, as if he was about to lay it on the headsman's block, and knew he deserved that and more, and the sooner it was over the better. He couldn't even scratch fleas correctly, Brownlee said, but would give a couple of weak-minded little flips at the spot with his hind flipper, and then stop and groan. He had become so meek, Brownlee said, that when he met a flea in the road he would not even go around it, but would stoop down like a camel to let the flea get aboard. He was that kind of a dog. He was the most discouraged dog I ever knew.

The next day I was putting down the carpet in the back bedroom, when in came Murchison.

"I came over to speak to you about Fluff," he said. "I am afraid he must have annoyed you last night. I suppose you heard him howl?"

"Yes, Murchison," I said, "I did hear

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him. I never knew a dog could howl so loud and long as that. He must have been very ill."

"Oh no!" said Murchison, cheerfully. "That is the way he always howls. That is one of the reasons I have decided to get rid of Fluff. But it is a great deal worse for us than it is for you. The air inlet of our furnace is at the side of the house just where Fluff puts his head when he howls, and the register in our room is right at the head of our bed. So his howl goes in at the inlet and down through the furnace and up the furnace pipes, and is delivered right in our room, just as clear and strong as if he was in the room. That is one reason I have fully decided to get rid of Fluff. It would not be so bad if we had only one register in our house, but we have ten, and when Fluff howls his voice is delivered by all ten registers, so it is just as if we had ten Fluffs in the house at one time. And ten howls like Fluff's are too much. Even Brownlee says so."



HE WOULD CLING TO THAT NOTE

I told Murchison that I agreed with Brownlee perfectly. Fluff had a bad howl. It sounded as if Cruel Fate, with spikes in his shoes, had stepped on Fluff's inmost soul, and then joggled up and down on the tenderest spot, and Fluff was trying to reproduce his feelings in vocal exercises. It sounded like a cheap phonograph giving a symphony in the key of woe minor, with a megaphone attachment and bad places in the record. Judging by his voice, the machine needed a new needle. But the megaphone attachment was all right.

Brownlee—who knows all about dogs—said that he knew what was the matter with Fluff. He said Fluff had a very high-grade musical temperament, and that he longed to be the Caruso of dogs. He said he could see that all through his bright and hopeful puppyhood he had looked forward to being a great singer, with a Wagner repertoire and tremolo stops in his song organ, and that he had early set his aim at perfection. He said Fluff was that kind of a dog, and that when he saw what his voice had turned out to be he was dissatisfied, and became morbid. He said that any dog that had a voice like Fluff's had a right to be dissatisfied with it—he would be dissatisfied himself with that voice. He said he did not wonder that Fluff slunk around all day, feeling that he was no good on earth, and that he could understand that when night came and everything was still, so that Fluff could judge of the purity of his tonal quality better, he would pull out his voice and tune it up and look it over and try it again, hoping it had improved since he tried it last. Brownlee said it never had improved, and that was what made Fluff's howl so mournful. It was full of tears. He said Fluff would try it at G flat and B flat and D flat, and so on until he struck a note he felt he was pretty good at, and then he would cling to that note and weep it full of tears. He asked Murchison if he hadn't noticed that the howl was sort of damp and salty from the tears, but Murchison said he hadn't noticed the dampness. He said it probably got dried out of the howl before it reached him, coming through the furnace. Then Brownlee said that if there was only some way of regulating Fluff, so that he

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could be turned on and off, Murchison would have a fortune in him: he could turn his howl off when people wanted to be cheerful, and then, when a time of great national woe occurred, Murchison could turn Fluff on and set him going. He said he never heard anything in his life that came so near expressing in sound a great national woe as Fluff's howl did. He said Fluff might lack finish in tonal quality, but that in woe quality he was a master: he was stuffed so full of woe quality that it oozed out of his pores. He said he always thought what a pity it was for dogs like Fluff that people preferred cheerful songs like "Annie Rooney," and "Waltz me around again, Willie," to the nobler woe operas. He said he had tried to like good music himself, but it was no use: whenever he heard Fluff sing he felt that Murchison ought to get rid of Fluff. Then Murchison said that was just what he was going to do. What he wanted to talk about was how to get rid of Fluff.

But I am getting too far ahead of my story. Whenever I get to talking about the howl of Fluff I find I wander on for hours at a time. It takes hours of talk to explain just what a mean howl Fluff had.

But, as I was saying, Murchison came over while I was putting down the carpet in my back bedroom, and told me he had fully decided to get rid of Fluff.

"I have fully decided to get rid of him," he said, "and the only thing that bothers me is how to get rid of him."

"Give him away," I suggested.

"That's a good idea!" said Murchison, gratefully. "That's the very idea that occurred to me when I first thought of getting rid of Fluff. It is an idea that just matches Fluff all over. That is just the kind of dog Fluff is. If ever a dog was made to give away, Fluff was made for it. The more I think about him and look at him and study him, the surer I am that the only thing he is good for is to give away."



"I HAVE FULLY DECIDED TO GET RID OF HIM," HE SAID

Then he shook his head and sighed.

"The only trouble," he said, "is that Fluff *is* the give-away kind of dog. That is the only kind you can't give away. There is only one time of the year that a person can make presents of things that are good for nothing but to give away, and that is at Christmas. Now, I might—"

"Murchison," I said, laying my tack-hammer on the floor and standing up, "you don't mean to keep that infernal, howling beast until Christmas, do you? If you do, I shall stop putting down this carpet. I shall pull out the tacks that are already in and move elsewhere. Why, this is only the first of May, and if I have to sleep—if I have to keep awake every night and listen to that animated fog-horn drag his raw soul over the teeth of a rusty harrow, I shall go crazy. Can't you think of some one that is going to have a birthday sooner than that?"

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"I wish I could," said Murchison, wistfully, "but I can't. I want to get rid of Fluff, and so does Brownlee, and so does Massett, but I can't think of a way to get rid of him, and neither can they."

"Murchison," I said, with some asperity, for I hate a man who trifles, "if I really thought you and Brownlee and Massett were as stupid as all that, I would be sorry I moved into this neighborhood, but I don't believe it. I believe you do not mean to get rid of Fluff. I believe you and Brownlee and Massett want to keep him. If you wanted to get rid of him, you could do it the same way you got him."

"That's an excellent idea!" exclaimed Murchison. "That is one of the best ideas I ever heard, and I would go and do it if I hadn't done it so often already. As soon as Brownlee suggested that idea I did it. I sent Fluff by express to a man — to John Smith — at Worcester, Massachusetts, and when Fluff came back I had to pay eight dollars and fifty-five cents charges. But I didn't begrudge the money. The trip did Fluff a world of good—it strengthened his voice, and made him broader minded. I tell you," he said, enthusiastically, "there's nothing like travel for broadening the mind! Look at Fluff! Maybe he don't show it, but that dog's mind is so broadened by travel that if he was turned loose in Alaska he would find his way home. When I found his mind was getting so tremendously broad I stopped sending him places. Brownlee—Brownlee knows all about dogs—said it would not hurt Fluff a bit; he said a dog's mind could not get too broad, and that as far as he was concerned he would just like to see once how broad minded a dog could become; he would like to have Fluff sent out by express every time he came back. He told me it was an interesting experiment —that, so far as he knew, it had never been tried before—and that the thing I ought to do was to keep Fluff travelling all the time. He said that so far as he knew it was the only way to get rid of Fluff; that some time while he was travelling around in the express car there might be a wreck, and we would be rid of Fluff; and if there wasn't a wreck it would be interesting to see what effect constant travel would have on a coarse dog. He said I might find after a year or two that I had the most cultured dog in the United States. Brownlee was willing to have me send Fluff anywhere. He suggested a lot of good places to send dogs, but he didn't care enough about dog culture to help pay the express charges."

"I see, Murchison," I said, scornfully. "I see! You are the kind of man who would let a little money stand between you and getting rid of a dog like Fluff! If I had a dog like Fluff, nothing in the world could prevent me from getting rid of him. I only wish he was my dog."

"Take him!" said Murchison, generously; "I make you a full and free present of him. You can have that dog absolutely and wholly. He is yours."

"I will take the dog," I said, haughtily; "not because I really want a dog, nor because I hanker for that particular dog, but because I can see that you and Brownlee and Massett have been trifling with him. Bring him over in my yard, and I will show you in very short measure how to get rid of Fluff."

That afternoon both Brownlee and Massett called on me. They came and sat on my porch steps, and Murchison came and sat with them, and all three sat and looked at Fluff and talked him over. Every few minutes they would—Brownlee and Massett would—get up and shake hands with Murchison and congratulate him on having gotten rid of Fluff, and Murchison would blush modestly and say: "Oh, that is nothing. I always knew I would get rid of him."

And there was the dog not five feet from them, tied to my lawn hydrant. I watched and listened to them until I had had enough of it, and then I went into the house and got my shotgun. I loaded it with a good BB shell and went out.

Fluff saw me first. I never saw a dog exhibit such intelligence as Fluff exhibited right then. I suppose travel had broadened him, and probably the hydrant was old and rusted out, anyway. When a man moves into a house he ought to have *all* the plumbing attended to the first thing. Any ordinary unbroadened dog would have laid down and pulled, but Fluff didn't. First he jumped six feet straight into the air, and that pulled the four feet of hydrant pipe up by the

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roots, and then he went away. He took the hydrant and the pipe with him, and that might have surprised me, but I saw that he did not know where he was going nor how long he would stay there when he reached the place, and a dog can never tell what will come handy when he is away from home. A hydrant and a piece of iron pipe might be the very thing he would need. So he took it along.

If I had wanted a fountain in my front yard, I could not have got one half as quickly as Fluff furnished that one, and I would never have thought of pulling out the hydrant to make one. Fluff thought of that—at least Brownlee said he thought of it,—but I think all Fluff wanted was to get away. And he got away, and the fountain didn't happen to be attached to the hydrant, so he left it behind. If it had been attached to the hydrant, he would have taken it with him. He was a strong dog.



EVERY FEW MINUTES THEY WOULD GET UP AND CONGRATULATE HIM

"There!" said Brownlee, when we had heard the pipe rattle across the Eighth Street bridge. "There is intelligence for you! You ought to be grateful to that dog all your life. *You* didn't know it was against the law to discharge a gun in the city limits, but Fluff did, and he wouldn't wait to see you get into trouble. He has heard us talking about it, Murchison. I tell you travel has broadened that dog! Look what he has saved you," he said to me, "by going away at just the psychological moment. We should have told you about not firing a gun in the city limits. You can't get rid of Fluff that way. It is against the law."

"Yes," said Massett, "and if you knew Fluff as well as we do, you would know that he is a dog you can't shoot. He is a wonderful dog. He knows all about guns. Brownlee tried to make a duck dog out of him, and took him out where the ducks were—showed him the ducks—shot a gun at the ducks—and what do you think that dog learned?"

"To run," I said, for I had heard about Brownlee teaching Fluff to retrieve. Brownlee blushed.

"Yes," said Massett, "but that wasn't all. It doesn't take intelligence to make a dog run when he sees a gun, but Fluff did not run like an ordinary dog. He saw the gun and he saw the ducks, and he saw that Brownlee only shot at ducks when they were on the wing. And he thought Brownlee meant to shoot him, so what does he do? Stand still? No; he tries to fly. Gets right up and tries to fly. He thought that was what Brownlee was trying to teach him. He couldn't fly, but he did his best. So whenever Fluff sees a gun he is on the wing, so to speak. You noticed he was on the wing, didn't you?"

I told him I had noticed it. I said that as far as I could judge Fluff had a good strong wing. I said I didn't mind losing a little thing like a hydrant and a length or two of pipe, but I was glad I hadn't fastened Fluff to the house—I always liked my houses to have a cellar, and it would be just like Fluff to stop flying at some place where there wasn't any cellar.

"Oh," said Massett, "he wouldn't have

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gone far with the house. A house is a great deal heavier than a hydrant. He would probably have moved the house off the foundation a little, but, judging by the direction Fluff took, the house would have wedged between those two trees, and you would have only lost a piece of the porch, or whatever he was tied to. But the lesson is that you must not try to shoot Fluff unless you are a good wing shot. Unless you can shoot like Davy Crockett you would be apt to wound Fluff without killing him, and then there *would* be trouble!"

"Yes," said Murchison, "the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals folks. There is only one way in which a dog can be killed according to law in this place, and that is to have the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals folks do it. You send them a letter telling them you have a dog you want killed, and asking them to come and kill it. That is according to law."

"That," I said, firmly, "is what I will do."

"It won't do any good," said Murchison, sadly. "They never come. This addition to Gallatin is too far from their offices to be handy, and they never come. I have eighteen deaths for Fluff on file at their offices already, and not one of them has killed him. When you have had as much experience with dogs as I have you will know that the Prevention of Cruelty to them in this town does not include killing them when they live in the suburbs. The only way a dog can die in the suburbs of Gallatin is to die of old age."

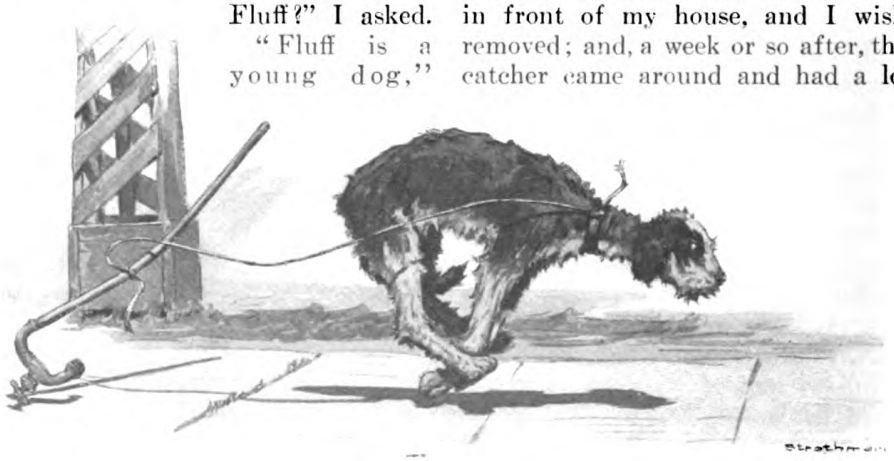
"How old is Fluff?" I asked.

"Fluff is a young dog," said Brownlee. "If he had an ordinary dog constitution, he would live fifteen years yet, but he hasn't. He has an extra strong constitution, and I should say he was good for twenty years more. But that isn't what we came over for. We came over to learn how much you mean to get rid of Fluff."

"Brownlee," I said, "I shall think up some way to get rid of Fluff. Getting rid of a dog is no task for a mind like mine. But until he returns and gives me back my hydrant I shall do nothing further. I am not going to bother about getting rid of a dog that is not here to be got rid of."

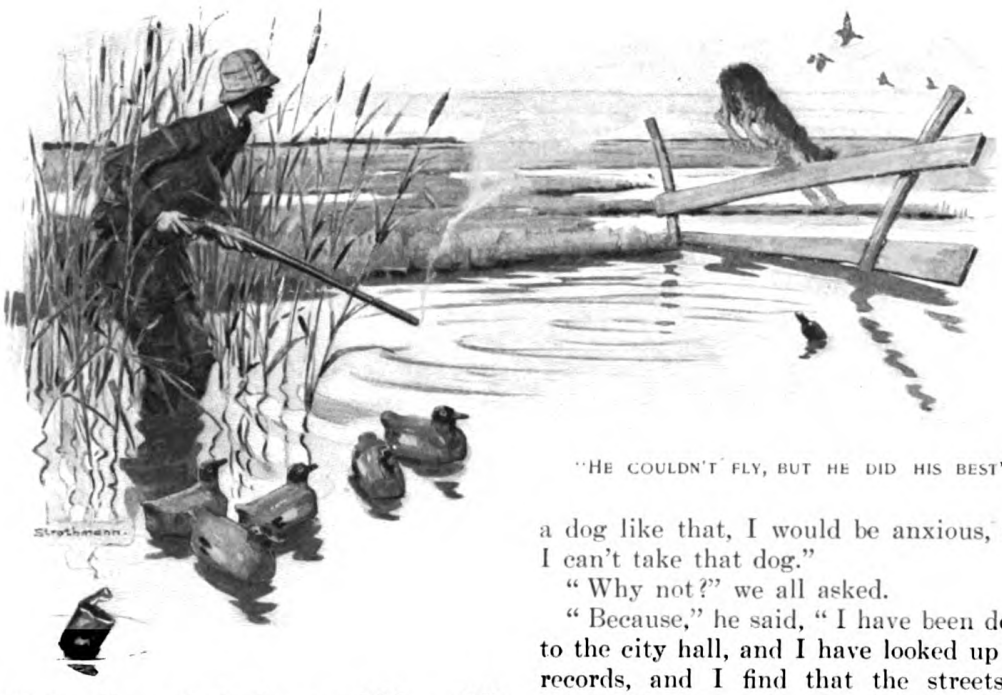
By the time Fluff returned I had thought out a plan. Murchison had never paid the dog tax on Fluff, and that was the same as condemning him to death if he was ever caught outside of the yard, and when he was he could not be caught. He was a hasty mover, and little things such as closed gates never prevented him from entering the yard when in haste. When he did not jump over he could go right through a fence. But to a man of my ability these things are trifles. I knew how to get rid of Fluff. I knew how to have him caught in the street without a license. I chained him there.

Brownlee and Massett and Murchison came and watched me do it. Our street is not much used, and the big stake I drove in the street was not much in the way of passing grocery delivery wagons. I fastened Fluff to the stake with a chain, and then I wrote to the city authorities and complained. I said there was a dog without a license that was continually in front of my house, and I wished it removed; and, a week or so after, the dog-catcher came around and had a look at



A HYDRANT MIGHT BE THE VERY THING HE WOULD NEED. SO HE TOOK IT ALONG

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"HE COULDN'T FLY, BUT HE DID HIS BEST"

Fluff. He walked all around him, while Massett and Brownlee and Murchison and I leaned over our gates and looked on. He was not at all what I should have expected a dog-catcher to be, being thin and rather gentlemanly in appearance; and after he had looked Fluff over well he came over and spoke to me. He asked me if Fluff was my dog. I said he was.

"I see!" said the dog-catcher. "And you want to get rid of him. If he was my dog, I would want to get rid of him too. I have seen lots of dogs, but I never saw one that was like this, and I do not blame you for wanting to part with him. I have had my eye on him for several years, but this is the first opportunity I have had to approach him. Now, however, he seems to have broken all the dog laws. He has not secured a license, and he is in the public highway. It will be my duty to take him up and gently chloroform him as soon as I make sure of one thing."

"Tell me what it is," I said, "and I will help you make sure of it."

"Thank you," he said, "but I will attend to it": and with that he got on his wagon and drove off. He returned in about an hour.

"I came back," he said, "not because my legal duty compels me, but because I knew you would be anxious. If I owned a dog like that, I would be anxious, too. I can't take that dog."

"Why not?" we all asked.

"Because," he said, "I have been down to the city hall, and I have looked up the records, and I find that the streets of this addition to the city have not been accepted by the city. The titles to the property are so made out that until the city legally accepts the streets each property owner owns to the middle of the street fronting his property. If you will step out and look, you will see that the dog is on your own property."

"If that is all," I said, "I will move the stake. I will put him on the other side of the street."

"If you would like him any better there," said the dog-catcher, "you can move him, but it would make no difference to me. Then he would be on the private property of the man who owns the property across the street."

"But, my good man," I said, "how is a man to get rid of a dog he does not want?"

The dog-catcher frowned.

"That," he said, "seems to be one of the things our lawmakers have not thought of. But whatever you do, I advise you to be careful. Do not try any underhand methods, for now that my attention has been called to the dog, I shall have to watch his future and see that he is not badly used. I am an officer of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as well as a dog-catcher, and I warn you to be careful what you do with that dog."

Then he got on his wagon again and drove away.

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The next morning I was a nervous wreck, for Fluff had howled all night, and Murchison came over soon after breakfast. He was accompanied by Brownlee and Massett.

"Now, I am the last man in the world to do anything that my neighbors would take offence at," he said, as soon as they were seated on my porch, "and Brownlee and Massett love dogs as few men ever love them; but something has to be done about Fluff. The time has come when we must sleep with our windows open, and neither Massett nor Brownlee nor I got a minute of sleep last night."

"Neither did I," I said.

"That is different entirely," said Murchison. "Fluff is your dog, and if you want to keep a howling dog, you would be inclined to put up with the howl, but we have no interest in the dog at all. We do not own him, and we consider him a nuisance. We have decided to ask you to get rid of him. It is unjust to your neighbors to keep a howling dog. You will have to get rid of Fluff."

"Exactly!" said Massett. "For ten nights I have not slept a wink, and neither has Murchison, nor has Brownlee—"

"Nor I," I added.

"Exactly," said Massett; "and four men going without sleep for ten nights is equal to one man going without sleep forty nights, which would kill any man. Practically, Fluff has killed a man and is a murderer; and as you are responsible for him, it is the same as if you were a murderer yourself, and as you were one of the four who did not sleep, you may also be said to have committed suicide. But we do not mean to give you into the hands of the law until we have remonstrated with you. But we feel deeply, and the more so because you could easily give us some nights of sleep in which to recuperate."

"If you can tell me how," I said, "I will gladly do it. I need sleep more at this minute than I ever needed it in my life."

"Very well," said Massett. "Just get out your shotgun and show it to Fluff. When he sees the gun he will run. He will take wing like a duck, and while he is away we can get a few nights' rest. That will be something. And if we are not in good condition by that time, you can show him the shotgun again. Why!" he exclaimed, as he grew enthusiastic over his idea, "you can keep Fluff eternally on the wing!"

I felt that I needed a vacation from Fluff. I unchained him and went in to get my shotgun. Then I showed him the shotgun, and we had two good nights of sleep. After that, whenever we felt that we needed a few nights in peace, I just showed Fluff the shotgun and he went away on one of his flying trips.

But it was Brownlee—Brownlee knew all about dogs—who first called my attention to what he called the periodicity of Fluff.

"Now, you would never have noticed it," he said one day when Murchison and I were sitting on my porch with him, "but I did. That is because I have studied dogs. I know all about dogs, and I know Fluff can run. That is because he has greyhound blood in him. With a little wolf. That is why I studied Fluff, and how I came to notice that every time you show him the shotgun he is gone just forty-eight hours. Now you go and get your shotgun and try it."

So I tried it, and Fluff went away as he always did, and Brownlee sat there bragging about how Fluff could run, and about how wonderful he was himself to have thought of the periodicity of Fluff.

"Did you see how he went?" he asked, enthusiastically. "That gait was a thirty mile an hour gait. Why, that dog travels—he travels—" He took out a piece of paper and a pencil and figured it out. "In forty-eight hours he travels fourteen hundred and forty miles! He gets seven hundred and twenty miles from home!"

"It doesn't seem possible," said Murchison.

"No," said Brownlee, frankly, "it doesn't." He went over his figures again. "But that is figured correctly," he said. "If—but maybe I did not gauge his speed correctly. And I didn't allow for stopping to turn around at the end of the out sprint. What we ought to have on that dog is a pedometer. If I owned

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a dog like that, the first thing I would get would be a pedometer."

I told Brownlee that if he wished I would give him Fluff, and he could put a pedometer or anything else on him; but Brownlee remembered he had some work to do and went home.

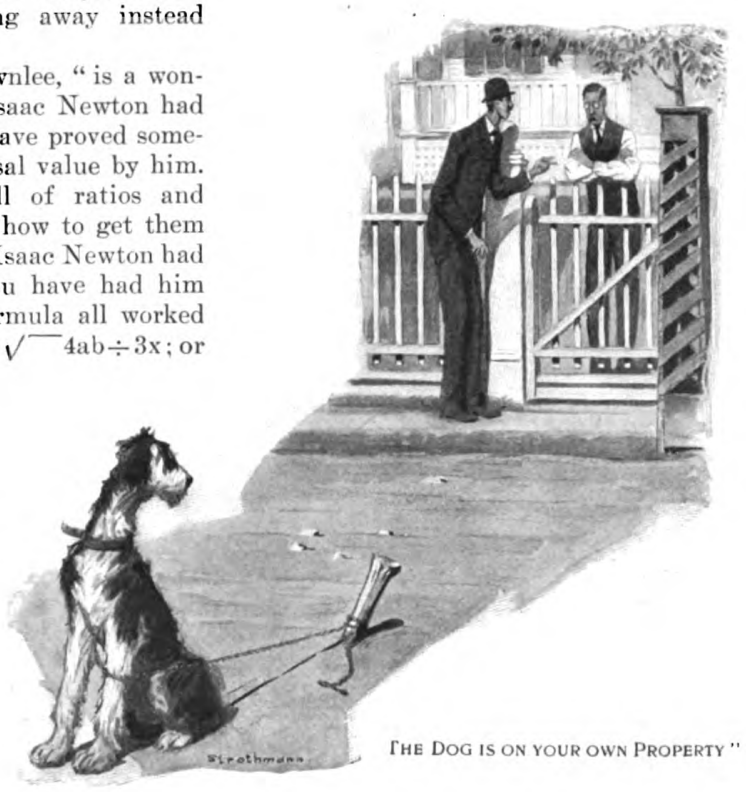
But he was right about the periodicity of Fluff. Almost on the minute at the end of forty-eight hours Fluff returned, and Brownlee and Murchison, who were there to receive him, were as pleased as if Fluff had been going away instead of returning.

"That dog," said Brownlee, "is a wonderful animal. If Sir Isaac Newton had had that dog, he would have proved something or other of universal value by him. That dog is plumb full of ratios and things, if we only knew how to get them out of him. I bet if Sir Isaac Newton had had Fluff as long as you have had him he would have had a formula all worked out: $x+y\ (2\times z-dog)=\sqrt{4ab}\div 3x$; or something of that kind, so that any one with half a knowledge of algebra could figure out the square root of any dog any time of the day or night. I could get up a Law of Dog myself if I had the time, with a dog like Fluff to work on. 'If one dog travels fourteen hundred and forty miles at the sight of a gun, how far would two dogs travel?' All that sort of thing. Stop!" he ejaculated, suddenly. "If one dog travels forty-eight hours at sight of one gun, how far would a dog travel at sight of two guns? Murchison," he cried, enthusiastically, "I've got it! I've got the fundamental law of periodicity in dogs! Get out your gun," he said to me, "and I will get mine."

He stopped at the gate long enough to say:

"I tell you, Murchison, we are on the verge of a mighty important discovery—a mighty important discovery! If this thing turns out right, we will be at the root of all dog nature. We will have the great underlying law of scared dogs."

He came back with his shotgun carefully hidden behind him, and then he and I showed Fluff the two guns simultaneously. For one minute Fluff was startled. Then he vanished. All we saw of him as he went was the dust he left in his wake. Massett had come over when Brownlee brought over his gun, and Murchison and I sat and smoked while Massett and Brownlee fought out the periodicity of Fluff. Brownlee said that



"THE DOG IS ON YOUR OWN PROPERTY"

for two guns Fluff would traverse the same distance as for one, but twice as quickly; but Massett said Brownlee was foolish, and that any one who knew anything about dogs would know that no dog could go faster than Fluff had gone at the sight of one gun. Massett said Fluff would travel at his regular one-gun speed, but would travel a two-gun distance. He said Fluff would not be back for ninety-six hours. Brownlee said he would be back in forty-eight hours, but both agreed that he would travel twenty-eight hundred and eighty miles. Then Murchison went home and got a map, and showed Brownlee and Massett that if Fluff travelled fourteen hundred miles in

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the direction he had started he would have to do the last two hundred miles as a swim, because he would strike the Atlantic Ocean at the twelve-hundredth mile. But Brownlee just turned up his nose and sneered. He said Fluff was no fool, and that when he reached the coast he would veer to the north and travel along the beach for two hundred miles or so. Then Massett said that he had been thinking about Brownlee's theory, and he *knew* no dog could do what Brownlee said Fluff would do—sixty miles an hour. He said he agreed that a dog like Fluff could do thirty miles an hour if he did not stop to howl, because his howl represented about sixty horse-power, but that no dog could ever do sixty miles an hour. Then Brownlee got mad and said Massett



"How far would he travel at the Sight of two Guns"

was a born idiot, and that Fluff not only *could* do sixty miles, but he could keep on increasing his speed at the rate of thirty miles per gun indefinitely. Then they went home mad, but they agreed to be on hand when Fluff returned. But they were not. Fluff came home in twenty-four hours, almost to the minute.

When I went over and told Brownlee, he wouldn't believe it at first, but when I showed him Fluff he cheered up and clapped me on the back.

"I tell you," he exclaimed, "we have made a great discovery. We have discovered the law of scared dogs. 'A dog is scared in inverse ratio to the number of guns!' Now it wouldn't be fair to try Fluff again without giving him a breathing spell, but to-morrow I will come over, and we will try him with four guns. We will work this thing out thoroughly," he said, "before we write to the Academy of Science, or whatever a person would write to, so that there will be no mistake. Before we give this secret to the world we want to have it complete. We will try Fluff with any number of guns, and with pistols and rifles, and if we can get one we will try him with a cannon. We will keep at it for years and years. You and I will be famous."

I told Brownlee that if he wanted to experiment for years with Fluff he could have him, but that all I wanted was to get rid of him; but Brownlee wouldn't hear of that. He said he would buy Fluff of me if he was rich enough, but that Fluff was so valuable he couldn't think of buying him. He would let me keep him. He said he would be over the next day to try Fluff again.

So the next day he and Murchison and Massett came over and held a consultation on my porch to decide how many guns they would try on Fluff. They could not agree. Massett wanted to try four guns and have Fluff absent only half a day, but Brownlee wanted to have me break my shotgun in two and try that on Fluff. He said that according to the law of scared dogs a half a gun, working it out by inverse ratio, would keep Fluff away for twice as long as one gun, which would be ninety-six hours; and while they were arguing it out Fluff came around the house unsuspectingly and saw us on the porch. He gave us one startled glance and started north by northeast at

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what Brownlee said was the most marvellous rate of speed he ever saw. Then he and Massett got down off the porch and looked for guns, but there were none in sight. There wasn't anything that looked the least like a gun. Not even a broomstick. Brownlee said he knew what was the matter—Fluff was having a little practice run to keep in good condition, and would be back in a few hours; but judging by the look he gave us as he went, I thought he would be gone longer than that.

I could see that Brownlee was worried, and as day followed day without any return of Fluff, Murchison and I tried to cheer him up, showing him how much better we all slept while Fluff was away; but it did not cheer up poor Brownlee. He had set his faith on that dog, and the dog had deceived him. We all became anxious about Brownlee's health — he moped around so; and just when we began to be afraid he was going into a decline he cheered up, and came over as bright and happy as a man could be.

"I told you so!" he exclaimed, joyfully, as soon as he was inside my gate. "And it makes me ashamed of myself that I didn't think of it the moment I saw Fluff start off. You will never see that dog again."

I told Brownlee that that was good news, anyway, even if it did upset his law of scared dogs; but he smiled a superior smile.

"Disprove nothing!" he said. "It proves my law. Didn't I say in the first place that the time a dog would be gone was in inverse ratio to the number of guns? Well, the inverse ratio to no guns is infinite time—that is how long Fluff will be gone; that is how long he will run. Why, that dog will never stop running while there is any dog left in him. He can't help it—it is the law of scared dogs."

"Do you mean to say," I asked him, "that that dog will run on and on forever?"

"Exactly!" said Brownlee, proudly. "As long as there is a particle of him left he will keep on running. That is the law."



HE RETURNED A LONG TIME BEFORE INFINITY

Maybe Brownlee was right. I don't know. But what I would like to know is the name of some one who would like a dog that looks like Fluff, and is his size, and that howls like him, and that answers to his name. A dog of that kind returned to my house a long time before infinity, and I would like to get rid of him. Brownlee says it isn't Fluff; that his law couldn't be wrong; and that this is merely a dog that resembles Fluff. Maybe Brownlee is right, but I would like to know some one that wants a dog with a richly melodious voice.

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A Portrait by Robert Henri

TRUTH is common property, and most artists strive to abide by it; their expression is not affected by their honesty as much as by their training and temperament. Mr. Henri is an innovator who worships modernity, and, in his effort to escape the conventional, has often shown a preference for the odd, which has served to lessen his appeal. In his opposition to the gay portraits of fashion, and with his leaning toward the unconventional, fostered by his admiration for Manet, there has been apparent an overfondness for sombre black, but withal his work shows directness, simplicity, and robust vitality. While a painter of force, as yet he has not shown himself a poet, nor given much evidence of being a psychologist. He has more eye than soul, and his portraits show a stronger sense of vibrant life than of beauty or sentiment. The facts which his vision dwells upon and his brush records are painter's facts, not humanity's. There is wanting that unerring analysis, that keen perception, which goes beneath externals, and in place of life we sometimes get hectic illumination. The deeper side is left untouched. With his robust interest, we feel that lack of sensitive vision, of nerve perception, which goes with robustness, hence his portraits do not suggest those infinite, unimaginable things of the spirit, yet in those sombre, full-length portraits of women there are hints of a grand style. To him life is usually dramatic, seldom elegiac, and he enjoys it keenly. There is never any sense of weariness, of satiety shown, but always a buoyant, heartening breath which reveals the impulse of youth—that impulse which ever refuses the lessons of other men's best experience, but which must find its own path through much travail.

In this portrait of Mrs. Henri, the painter is seen at his best. It shows the absence of eccentricity and a directness and individual force that would render his art distinguishable among the multitude of painters claiming attention.

W. STANTON HOWARD.

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PORTRAIT BY ROBERT HENRI

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

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The Sleepless Lord

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THERE was once a great lord. He was lord of seven castles, and there were seven coronets upon his head. He was richer than he ever gave himself the trouble to think of, for, north, south, east, and west, the horizon even set no bounds to his estates. A thousand villages and ten thousand farms were in the hollow of his hand, and into his coffers flowed the fruitfulness and labor of all these. Therefore, as you can imagine, he was a very rich lord. He had more beautiful titles, denoting the various principalities over which he was lord, than the deepest-lunged herald could proclaim without taking breath at least three times. In person he was most noble and beautiful to look upon, and his voice was like the rippling of waters under the moon, save when it was like the call of a golden trumpet. He stood foremost in the counsels of his realm, not only for his eloquence, but for his wisdom. Also, God had given him a good heart.

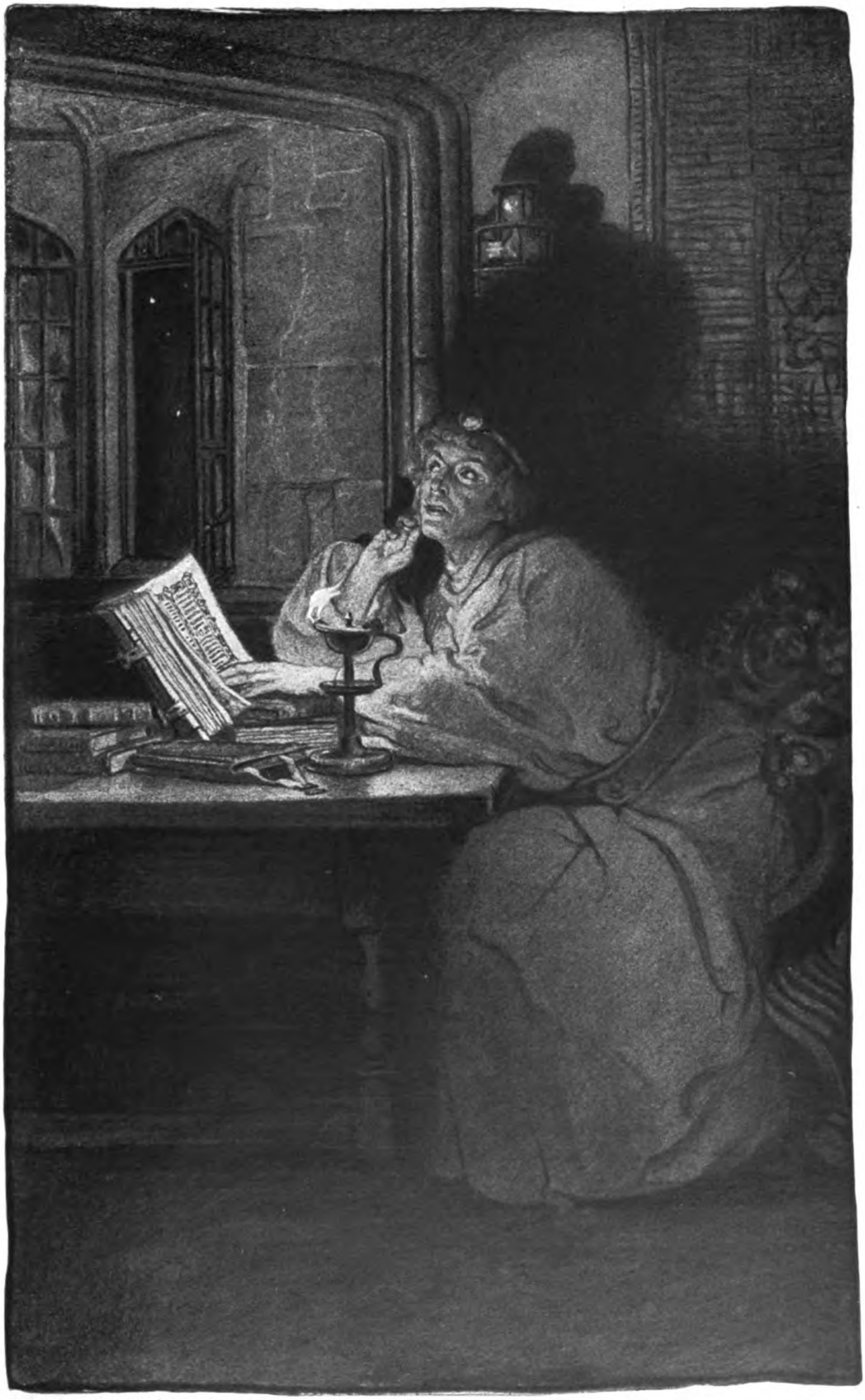
Only one gift had been denied him—the gift of sleep. By whatever means he might weary himself in the day—in study, in sport, in recreation, or in the business of the realm—night found him sleepless, and all the dark hours the lights burned in his bedchamber and in his library, as he would pace from one to the other, with eyes tragically awake, and brain torturingly alert and clear.

Every means known to science by which to bring sleep to the eyes of sleepless men had been tried in vain. Learned physicians from all parts of the world had come to my lord's castle, and had gone thence, confessing that their skill had availed nothing. All strange and terrible drugs that have power over the spirit of man had failed to conquer those stubborn eyelids. My lord still paced from his bedchamber to his library, from his library to his bedchamber—sleepless.

Sometimes in his anguish he had thrown himself on his knees in prayer before a God whom he had not always remembered—the God who giveth His beloved sleep—but his prayers had remained unanswered; and in his darkest moments he had dreamed of snatching by his own hands that sleep perpetual of which a great Latin poet he loved had sung. Often, as he paced his library, he would say over and over to himself, *nox est perpetua una dormiendo*—and in the still night the old words would often sound like soft dark voices calling him away into the endless night of the endless sleep. But he was not the man to take that way of escape. No; whatever the suffering might be, he would fight it out to the end; and so he continued sleepless, trying this resource and that, but, most of all, that first and last resource—courage. It is seldom that courage fails to wrest for us some recompense from the hardest situation, and the sleepless man, as night after night he fought with his fate, did not miss such hard-wrung rewards. Often, as in the deepest hush of the night he wearily took up some great old book of philosopher or poet familiar to him from his youth, a sudden strange new light would shine out of its pages, as of some inner radiance of truth which he had missed in his daylight reading. At such times an exaltation would come over him, and it would almost seem as though the curse upon him was really a blessing of initiation into the world of a deeper wisdom, the gate of which is hidden by the glare of the sun. In the daylight the eternal voices are lost in the transitory clamor of human business; it is only when the night falls, and the stars rise, and the noise of men dies down like the drone of some sleeping insect, that the solemn thoughts of God may be heard.

Other compensations he found when, weary of his books and despairing of sleep, he would leave his house and wander through the silent city, where the

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

A STRANGE NEW LIGHT WOULD SHINE OUT OF ITS PAGES

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roaring thoroughfares of the daytime were silent as the pyramids, and the great warehouses seemed like deserted palaces haunted by the moon. Night-walkers like himself grew to find his figure familiar, and would say to themselves, or to each other, "There goes the lord who never sleeps"; and the watchmen on their rounds all knew and saluted the man whose eyelids never closed. Enforced as these nocturnal rambles were, they revealed to him much beautiful knowledge which those more fortunate ones asleep in their beds must ever miss. Thus he came in contact with all the vast nocturnal labor of the world, the toil of sleepless men who keep watch over the sleeping earth, and work through the night to make it ready for the new-born day; all that labor which is put away and forgotten with the rising of the sun, and of which the day asks no questions, so that the result be there. This brought him very near to humanity and taught him a deep pity for the grinding lot of man.

Then—was it no compensation for this sleepless one that he thus became a companion of all the ensorcelled beauty of Night, walking by her side, a confidant of her mystic talk, as he gazed into her everlasting eyes? Was it nothing to be the intimate of all her sibylline moods, learned in every haunted murmur of her voice, entrusted with her lunar secrets, and a friend of all her stars?

Yes! it was much indeed, he often said to himself as he turned homeward with the first flush of morning, and met the great sweet-smelling wains coming from the country laden with fruits and flowers and making their way like moving orchards and meadows through the city streets.

The big wagoners, too, were well acquainted with the great lord who never slept, and would always stop when they saw him, for it was his custom to buy from them a bunch of country flowers.

"The country dew is still on them," he would say; "it will have dried long since when the people sleeping yonder come to buy them," and as he slipped back into his house he would often feel a sort of pity for those who slept so well that they never saw the stars set and the sun rise.

Such were some of the compensations with which he strove to strengthen his soul—not all in vain. So time passed; but at length the strain of those interminable nights began to tell upon the sleepless man, and strange fancies began to take possession of him. His vigils were no longer lonely, but inhabited by spectral voices and shadowy faces. Rebellion against his fate began to take the place of courage; and one night, in anger against his unending ordeal, he said to himself: "Am I not a great lord? It is intolerable that I should be denied that simple thing which the humblest and poorest possess so abundantly. Am I not rich? I will go forth and buy sleep."

So saying, he took from a cabinet a great jewel of priceless value. "It is worth half my estate," he said. "Surely with this I can buy sleep." And he went out into the night.

As if in irony, the night was unusually wide-awake with stars, and the moon was almost at its full. As the sleepless one looked up into the firmament, it almost seemed as though it mocked him with its brilliant wakefulness. From horizon to horizon, in all the heaven, there was to be seen no downiest feather of the wings of sleep. To his upturned eyes, pleading for the mercy of sleep, the stars sent down an answer of polished steel. And so he turned his eyes again upon the earth. Everything there also, even the keenly cut shadows, seemed pitilessly awake. It almost seemed as though God had withdrawn the blessing of sleep from His universe.

But no! Suddenly he gave a cry of joy, as presently, by the riverside, stretched in an angle of its granite embankment, as though it had been a bed of down, he came upon a great workman fast asleep, with his arms over his head and his face full in the light of the moon. His breath came and went with the regularity of a man who has done his day's work and is healthily tired out. He seemed to be drinking great draughts of sleep out of the sky as one drinks water from a spring. He was poorly clad, and evidently a wanderer on the earth; but, houseless as he was, to him had been granted that healing gift which the great lord who gazed at him

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HE WENT FORTH INTO THE DAWN SLEEPLESS

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had prayed for in vain for months and years, and for which this night he was willing to surrender half—nay, the whole —of this wealth, if needs be—

Only a little holiday of sleep,
Soft sleep, sweet sleep; a little soothing psalm
Of slumber from thy sanctuaries of calm.
A little sleep—it matters not how deep;
A little falling feather from thy wing.
Merciful Lord—is it so great a thing?

The sleepless one gazed at the sleeper a long time, fascinated by the mystery and beauty of that strange gift that had been denied him. Then he took the jewel in his hand and looked at it, picturing to himself the sleeping man's surprise when he awoke in the morning and found so unexpected a treasure in his possession, and all that the sudden acquisition of such wealth would mean to him. But, as I said at the beginning, God had given him a good heart, and as he gazed on the man's sleep again, a pang of misgiving shot through him. After all, what were worldly possessions compared with this natural boon, of which he was about to rob the sleeping man? Would all his castles be a fair exchange for that? And was he about to subject a fellow human being to the torture which he had endured to the verge of madness?

For a long time he stood over the sleeper struggling with himself.

"No!" at last he said, "I cannot rob him of his sleep," and turned and passed on his way.

Presently he came to where a beautiful woman lay asleep with a little child in her arms. They were evidently poor outcasts, yet how tranquilly they lay there, as if all the riches of the earth were theirs, and as if there was no hard world to fight on the morrow. If sleep had seemed beautiful on the face of the sleeping workman, how much more beautiful it seemed here laying its benediction upon this poor mother and child. How trustfully they lay in its arms out there in the shelterless night, as though relying on the protection of the ever-watchful stars. Surely he could not violate this sanctuary of sleep, and think to make amends by exchange of his poor worldly possessions. No! he must go on his way again. But first he took a ring from his finger and slipped it gently into the baby's hand. The tiny hand closed over it with the firmness of a baby's clutch. "It will be safe there till morning," he said to himself, and left them to their slumbers.

So he passed along through the city, and everywhere were sleeping forms and houses filled with sleepers, but he could not bring himself to carry out his plan and buy sleep. Sleep was too beautiful and sacred a thing to be bought with the most precious stone, and man was so piteously in need of it at each long day's end.

Thus he went on his way, and at last, as the dawn was showing faint in the sky, he found himself in a churchyard, and above one of the graves was growing a shining silver flower.

"It is the flower of sleep," said the sleepless one, and he bent over eagerly to gather it; but as he did so his eyes fell upon an inscription on the stone. It was the grave of a beautiful girl who had died of heart-break for her lover.

"I may not pluck it," he said. "She needs her sleep as well."

And he went forth into the dawn sleepless.

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Paris by Night

BY MARIE VAN VORST

AFTER whatever is garish and blatant in the quality of full sunlight has faded, the great cities of the world take unto themselves a second phase, an existence undreamed of by the inhabitants of a hundred years ago, to whom tallow candles meant bedtime, to whom a pilgrimage across any eighteen or twenty miles after dark meant danger if not tragedy. In the false day created by electricity a double span of time has been meted out to life-lovers, and no other city offers greater attractions to those "who won't go home until morning" than does Paris. From the fortifications and the suburbs ravelling out toward Vincennes, the French capital after sundown becomes, as it were, a cluster of stars—or rather a single planet, heart corolla bright and dazzling, every point reaching out toward pleasure. Paris is the best-lighted city in the world, and maintains her reputation jealously.

Standing at the Place de la Concorde, where on all sides the asphalt glistens like a sea, one is at a loss which to follow of the attractively lighted streets that invite on all sides. For the length of nearly a mile the splendid sweep of the Champs Elysées displays its sentinels of light. Across the river, bridges hang like cobwebs sown with glowworms. To the right extends the Rue de Rivoli with its fine old buildings, each archway holding a lamp; to the left the Rue Royale conducts the loiterer toward those veins, canals, byways which indeed are the vital arteries of the city's life—the grand boulevards.

On the Place de la Concorde huge stone figures representing eight cities of France serenely sit on their pedestals, and the obelisk whose apex dominated the glory of Thebes presides over the brilliant festival of the Quatorze Juillet. Through a golden mist of calcium, waters from two great fountains shoot upward to pour down again a shower like the veil of Tanis. Countless lanterns of every color swing from poles and wires: there is dancing on the bare asphalt under the false day, when the lanterns cast red blots on the pavement, and the whirling forms pass over the old blood stains of the Revolution, for the guillotine danced here not long ago. Street booths, where bands alternately play the "Valse Bleue" and the "Marseillaise" and the American cake-walk, have their waltzing couples as well, and over the heads of the people — gone agreeably and pleasantly mad for the evening—the tails of fireworks, meteors, ropes of twisted light, whirl their sparks, until the whole city is beautiful with *feu d'artifice* and the sky is bright as day. All goes merry as a bell—a Liberty bell? Well, a Revolutionary bell, if any one had the originality of spirit to strike it. Paris is always ready!

But there is no record in these well-lit streets of the red-capped throng of white starved creatures who danced la Carmagnole in alleys where mud was two feet deep, where oil lamps swung in the doorways, where torches lit the foot passengers, and no house was safe on the Faubourg St. Antoine in the time of our great-grandfathers. To-night the liquid clarity of the modern city stretches on and on to the Place de la Bastille, where 'way down under the asphalt and under the trolley lines the very earth itself is formed of the ashes of old Paris —of ruins of old prisons—powdered, infiltrated through with torch flames stamped out forever by the people who are gone: and if wrongs still cry up to blend in with mutterings and murmurings of new socialism, new radicalism, the rumors must meet twentieth-century civilization, which (let us suppose) sees more clearly how to deal with civic problems than did the Dantons of those old times, and much that would have

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festered in the squalor of St. Antoine fades like a spectre in the incandescent light of 1908.

The least excuse of a fête in the calendar calls for the city to dress herself in light. Paris is like a beauty who wears her finest jewels at a ball.

The passing through the city of the Emperor of All the Russias, the descending of the English King at the Hôtel Bristol—these are good excuses, and the city straightway clothes itself so brilliantly that the royal guests on the way from the station to their hotels pass under arcades and arches and doorways of light.

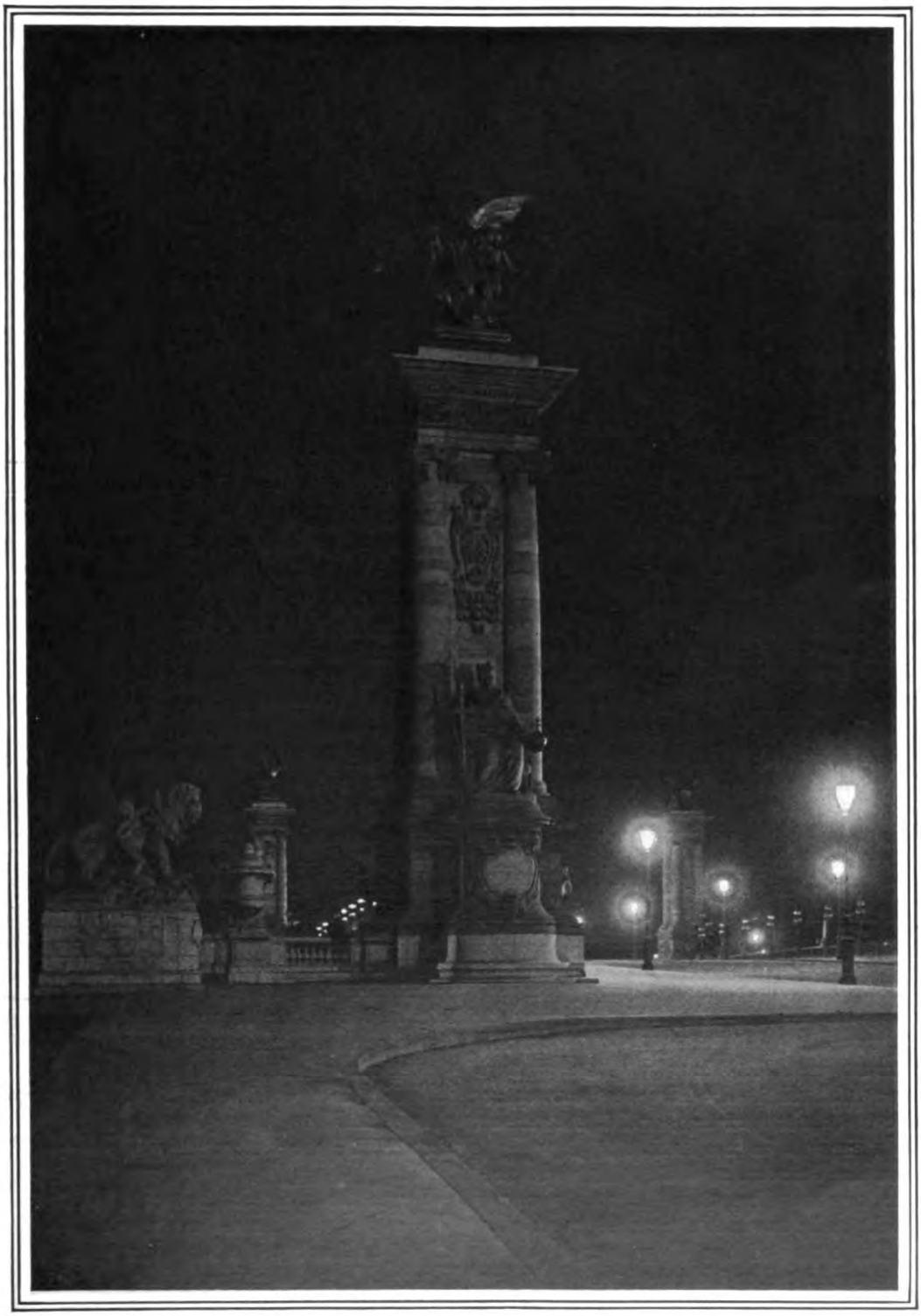
The King arrives, and every state building wears a tiara. The ministries bordering the Seine, the Museum of the Louvre, are circled with light. Fine, exquisite little diamonds wreathe around the classic shapes of roof and dome. The contour of the admirable roof of the Chamber of Deputies is silhouetted and outlined with bands of fire, and between the dark pillars the color of the flags glows out softly in the false illumination, flags snatched from the fields of France's victories radiate in the night. From the Ministry of Foreign Affairs where the King is a guest the streets are guarded by cuirassiers with shining breastplates, and the state carriage on its way to the Opera House must pass through these glittering ranks. The vehicles, every one of them, must drive fast. These are not days when royalty, like the ordinary pedestrian, may *flâner* in the night streets. The Opera House has the air of a fortress, with the guard around it two rows deep of mounted cavalry. Bright shields with *République française* twinkle over the doors. The *entrées* are by invitation; no stranger will be admitted. Within, the foyer and stairs are lined with Republican guards in white and scarlet, and the guests of the *République*—Academicians in green and gold, diplomats in full uniform, women in trailing gowns—sweep up between the soldiers. There is a sense of being greatly guarded and protected as the rows of soldiers rustle and stir and their clanking swords hit against the marble stairs when they close in behind the cortège of royalty, the last to arrive.

The auditorium forms a diamond horseshoe garlanded and wreathed with lights, and over the royal box the arms of France gleam in fire. The King comes in — the house rises, acclaims. Then the auditorium grows dark as the curtain rises with the footlights to play their part, and Zambelli (there was nothing better in the First Empire) floats like a butterfly across the stage, classic in her Italian beauty, classic in her ballet dress of tulle; she spins and pirouettes and makes her bow to the King.

For the characteristic fête, which the guide-book so charmingly tells us is a time of "rude noise and merriment," the boulevards are given over to the people. Vehicles are stopped and turned aside, ponderous locomobile omnibuses lose themselves and pump ponderously into uninteresting little side streets, and all the populace possesses the middle of the great avenues, and the boulevards swarm with Parisians. On Shrove Tuesday preceding Lent Paris takes a breath before fasting and goes mad for the day and night. Streams of colored paper, tossed, flung out, shot out, all day drape and, clinging to the trees, form a fantastic foliage. Showers of confetti fill the air; the streets are clogged with it: the feet rustle through the little disks of yellow and gold and blue as through autumn leaves. Showers of confetti fall around the ears and face. None of the harsh stinging stuff, no plaster-of-Paris, or red pepper as at Milan and Coney Island—that is not the Parisians' idea of wit or pleasure! The showers are soft and rather bewildering; they penetrate the clothing and lie in the hat folds, and the dust of the streets rises to meet the dust of the confetti, whilst through this haze the electric light shines with bizarre delicacy. Electric signs flash out of the Place de l'Opéra, and the hum and music of the crowd set loose, turned loose for pleasure, fill the night air like a pæan, a prolonged hymn of amusement.

Débonnaire and alive as Paris is always, she is more herself perhaps after nightfall than at any other hours, when all the world and all classes are set free to enjoy. It is not exactly relaxation that one observes in the Parisian pleasure-seekers, for the race is delightfully

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THE GORGEOUS APPROACH TO THE PONT ALEXANDRE III.

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THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, GARLANDED BY STARRY LAMPS

free from the nervous prostrations and brain strain that ravage the Western world. The throng seems rather to prolong, to continue their enjoyments, to extend them to a new round of amusement whose varied forms never pall.

Up the Champs Elysées, when night has put out the sun behind the Arc de Triomphe and extinguished the pretty fantasies that tempt the children—the little sweetmeat booths, the gingerbread stalls, the hoople bazars, and Punch and Judy have gone to rest, for the last showman has told the children, "Look, my little ones, the puppets are going to sleep,"—then the amusements of the older people take possession of the avenues, and like flowers, like the most successful night-blooming cereus, cafés, circuses, restaurants, and amusement halls blossom in the dark.

In the fairness of the spring and summer nights (for there is really never black darkness in France; if the lights of Paris waited for Egyptian darkness, they would never shine) these sparkling little resorts twinkle and beckon, and pleasure calls out from each light-garlanded bosquet. On either side the avenue the trees appear to be luminous, as millions of red and yellow Chinese lanterns and white electric globes make little arcades and vistas, and around them the full-leafed trees are vividly green. Beneath them the women trail their soft dresses; there is a glimpse of a beautiful cloak, the feathers of a Virot hat, the rustle and shine of silk: the environment has the perfume of scent that blends with oleanders in full bloom.

Here Yvette Guilbert became famous, and many other stars of the *cafés chantants* have made their reputation in the Marigny. Jugglers and acrobats, singers, and, above all, the dance and vaudeville delights, are to be found here in these open-air music-halls, where the American ragtime has quite bewitched the strings of the orchestra to the melodies of the cake-walk. Here everything touches the pinnacle of good humor and one feels well with the world.

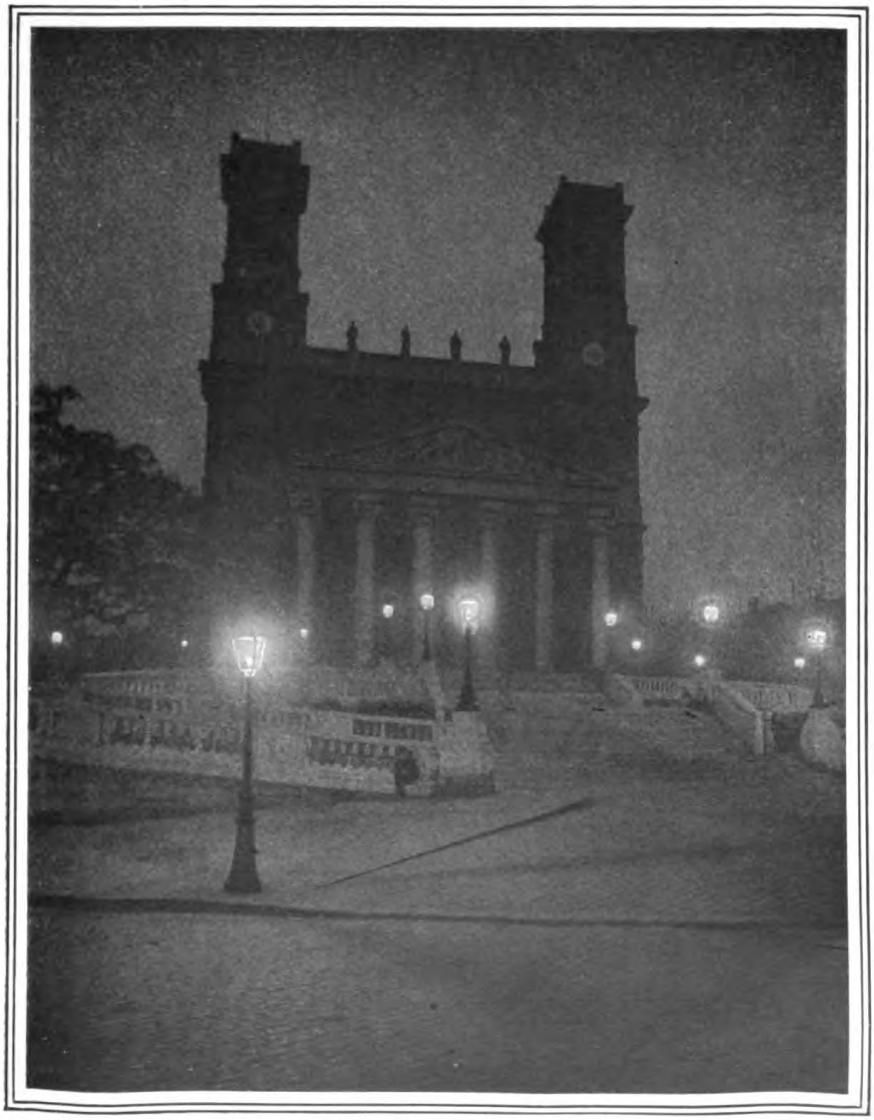
From the moment the sun goes down, the city grows more and more a blaze of enchantment; the day has gone imperceptibly off the face of the earth, and in gentle transition, before one is aware of it, Paris has passed from twilight into the radiance of evening.

Over the river the bridges hang in pendulous arches of light like half-

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circles breathed across the stream. They are aerial mysteries, and each structure has its own charming, graceful, peculiar note. Dating from Henry IV. to the present day, the bridges celebrate victories — battle-fields and royal houses down to the triumph of the express train in the age of steel.

From Notre Dame to Point du Jour every suspension is illuminated and beautifully rich with lights. Lights that jewel and star; lights that cast their white reflections like lily wands down on the river; lights that lie long and quivering in green and yellow torches; lights like crimson gems and amber beads, necklace and deck and ruby the Seine; lights that reach out and creep along until the river is alive with trembling serpents; lights that appear like weird plummets to sound the river deeps; lights that trail all the way along the Seine like fire. From stem to stern the boats gay with their lamps mix their reflections in with the stars, until the Seine is like a luminous tapestry, a moving ribbon thickly sown with the jewel lights of Paris, and those who seek death from the bridges find it difficult to catch a shadow anywhere with which to envelop their tragic forms, in which to hide their fatal plunge.



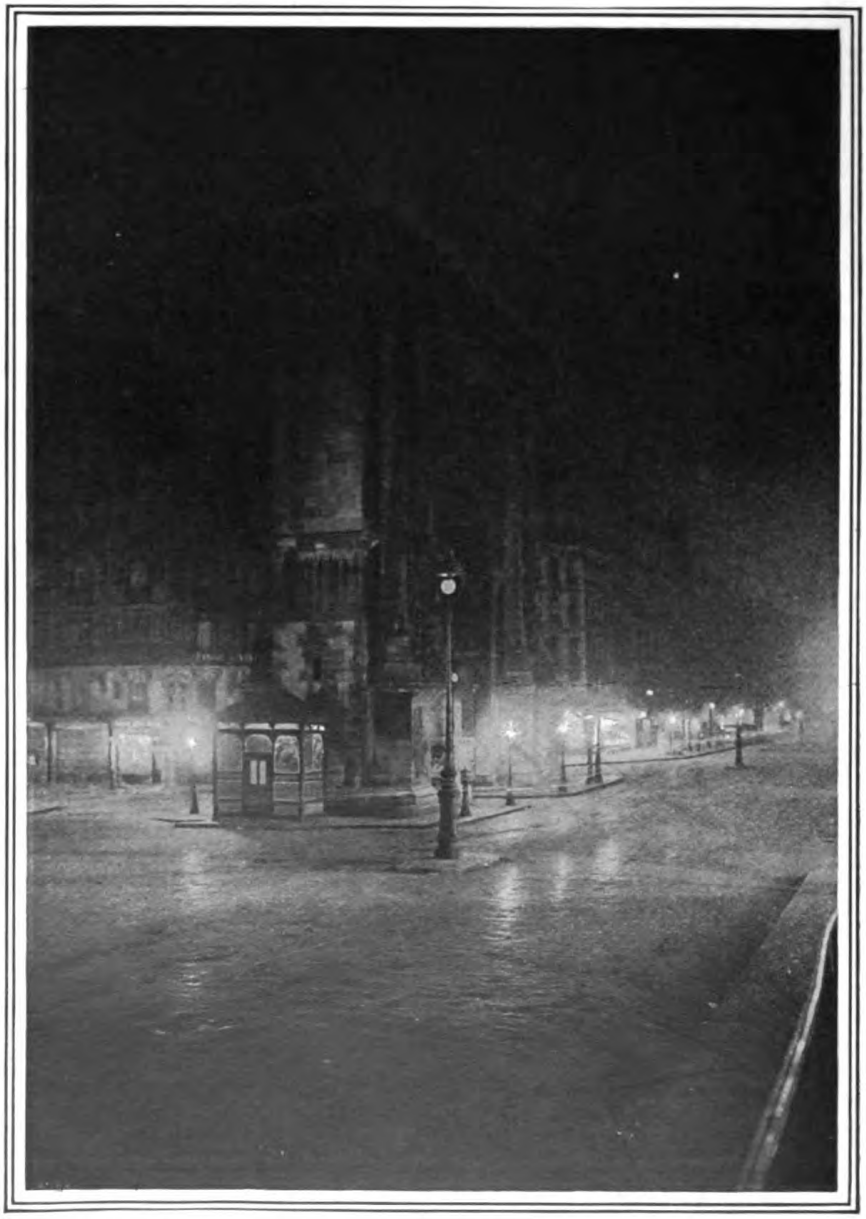
THE CHURCH OF ST.-VINCENT-DE-PAUL
Photograph taken shortly before dawn

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In the days of the First Empire, when Napoleon's schemes for the city first made it what it is at present, several well known wits were asked what Paris suggested to them. One said that the city of Paris was like "a full-blown flower"; another said the city was like "a coquette"; to another the city suggested a beauty of the previous reign.

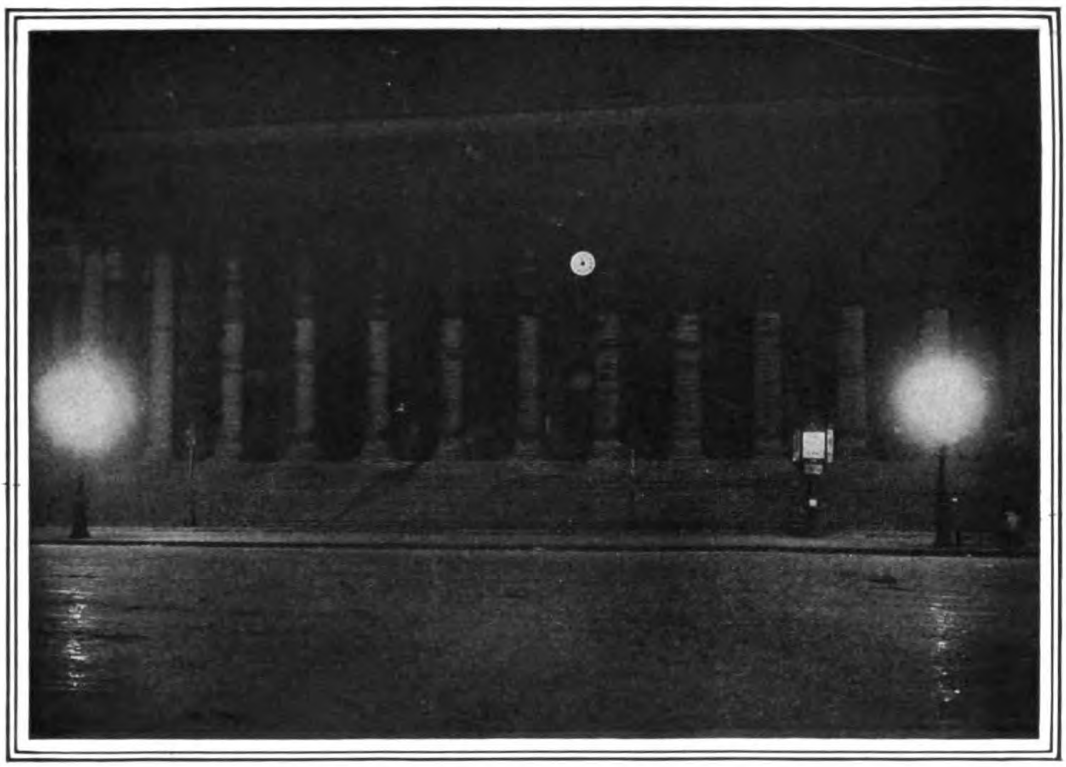
If Paris is a flower, she is a night-blooming variety, loveliest after dark; if a coquette, most bewitching with the stars for lights on her brow; if a beauty, at her most alluring, most dangerous best when she is Empress of the Night.

Some one else said that she suggested music. If so, her tempo is a waltz. There is a call to dance, whether from the little hall in the Latin Quarter, where the smoke and haze of students' pipes and their bad cigars form a veil through which the shabby violinist on his shabby violin sobs out his *morceau* at the café concert, or the various *bals publiques,* where through the open doors the passer-by may see the turning



THE ASPHALT GLISTENS ABOUT THE ANCIENT CITY GATE

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AN ILLUMINATED CLOCK PEERS OUT FROM THE DESERTED BOURSE

couples, and be tempted to accept the invitation to the dance.

Yes, the music of Paris is certainly the waltz! Stand at the entrance to the Bal Bullier or the *salle* Wagram and watch the exits in the small hours. Many types are here, from the nurse-maid who will be heavy-eyed all day, to the girl whose gesture and carriage, whose broad, flat bandeaux, whose shawl and the flower in her hair make one think of Spain.

Stand at the door of the capital Quat'z'-Arts ballroom when once a year this famous entertainment takes place and see this entrance. The doors are strictly guarded by police and detectives, and no one is allowed to pass in who is not properly clothed. That is to say, who has not a covering of decency upon him. This is a significant fact, for here, once within the ballroom, there are no laws, and the license of this dance surpasses anything else of its kind. It is a Roman spectacle, a bacchanalian such as would have amply satisfied Tiberius. It is extremely well attended; every artist, architect, and poet and man of letters, as well as all the famous models of the French ateliers, have been or will be there.

The Parisian has dined with a few *bons viveurs* at his club in one of the beautiful old houses on the Place de la Concorde. He has had his perfect little dinner behind a red curtain, has seen from the window of the club the vista of the Champs Elysées, whose pavements the lines of motors, the lines of the innumerable cabs, have transformed into a sea of gold. He has seen from the apex of the Tour d'Eiffel one giant light arise like a planet, and its clear radiance fill the sky above the Champ de Mars.

Leaving the Rue de Boissy d'Anglais, wandering with his cigarette down the Rue Royale past the various restaurants, before which the diners sit over their coffee and their liqueurs, the club-man chooses to take his place a little farther down on the corner of the street near the Madeleine, where from discreeter precincts he may watch the passing crowd—always gay.

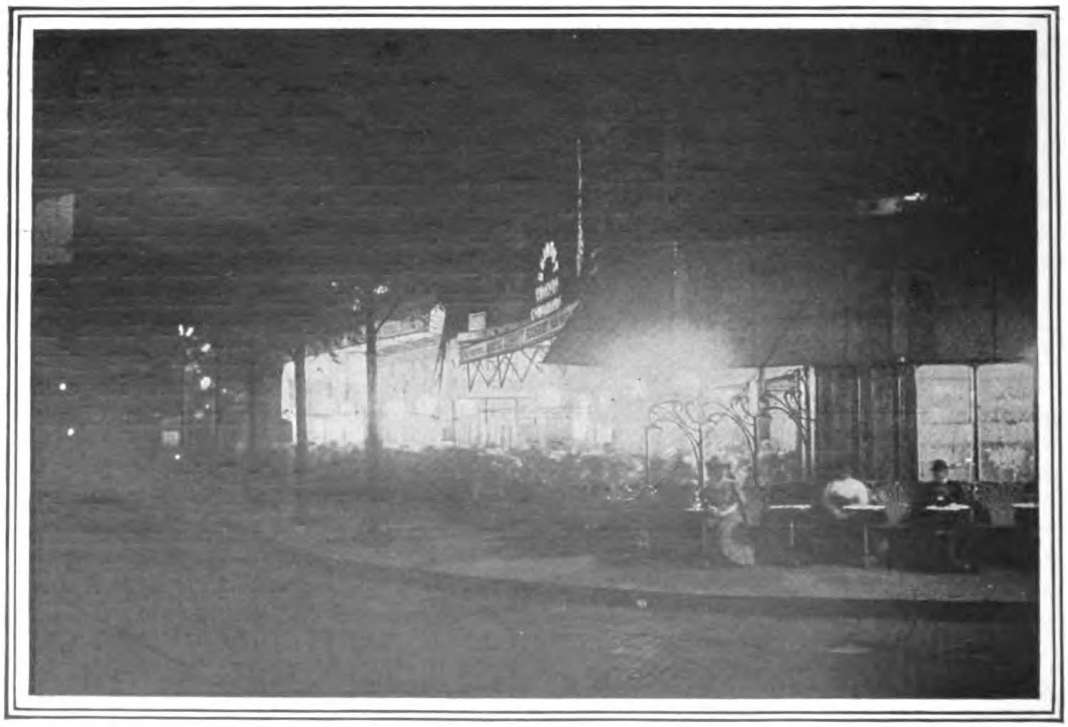
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He orders his *café filtré* (which is indeed of a perfection!), finishes his *fine champagne,* smokes, and amiably and carefully studies the file of pedestrians that pass along from the Rue Royale into the beginning of the great boulevards. There the city is at her best, brilliant and entrancing; the last excitement in the form of amusement will meet him, the most refined drama alongside of the most humorous and at once the most vulgar of spectacles offer their entertainment, and the big Pin Wheel charged with electric brightness only waits for night to put itself in motion. From dawn to dawn Paris interests herself in the pleasure of her citizens, and he must be surfeited indeed who cannot, after agreeably idling an hour before his *demi-tasse* under the awning of a café, stroll, let us say, to the Comédie Française, where the big lamps in their niches light the bill of the exquisite play of de Banville—*Gringoire;* or if the loiterer's taste is of another quality, there are the open doors of half a hundred other theatres and twice as many music-halls; if he chooses to bid his motor drive to Montmartre, he will still find something like the famous Chat Noir of a few years ago, and from there on the Moulin Rouge, Folies Bergères, and Olympia provide pleasures for the most difficult as well as for the most ordinary of tastes.

After the theatre closes, for an hour or so the streets are reverberant with cabs and motors; all the cafés are given over to supper parties, and then it is for a short space of time that the night birds are most brilliant. The dresses of the women, their hats and feathers and ornaments, the parade of their jewels and their charms, is a study presented perhaps only by Paris, and perhaps only by Paris understood.

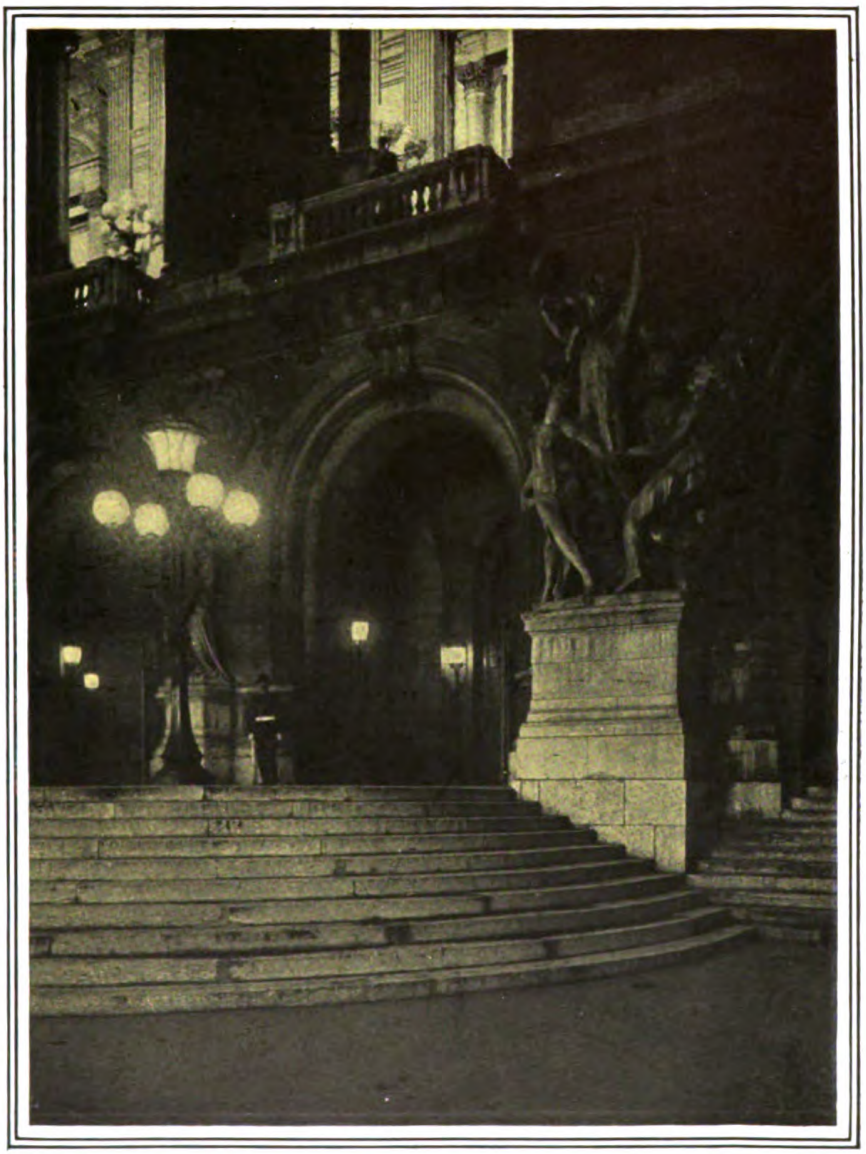
The private rooms are filled, the tables are filled, and so, much of the night-seeking part of the population passes its hours until nearly dawn.

There is the witchery of the Paris winter night, when through the peculiarly yellow mist, which, unlike the black smoke of London, has a transcendent quality, the lights infiltrate and penetrate, until the city seems enveloped in a luminous cloud. On these nights when the thermometer is low there rises from the icy waters of the river a fine fog, and between little vapory banks of



RESTAURANTS AND CAFES BLOSSOM IN THE DARK

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THE NIGHT GUARD ON THE STEPS OF THE OPERA HOUSE

clouds the Seine, under the lights of Paris, flows darkly blue. The spectacle of the Champs Elysées lit by its high torches, the spectacle of the Place de la Concorde wreathed and garlanded by its starry, radiant lamps, the smell of Paris coming up through the night, is a species of enjoyment which only those who love and know the city in its multifarious phases know how to sufficiently appreciate. On the midwinter night before Christmas there will be a celebration of high mass at twelve in the different churches, when the interiors are radiant with their candles, when the faithful and the lovers of good music troop in—dark figures—out of the cold streets into the fragrance of the incense-filled churches.

A few days later all the boulevards and all the streets around the centre of Paris are brilliant with the celebration for the 1st of January—*Jour de l'An*. Lighted booths line the streets, all the pleasures and festivities possible to enjoy in the open air are delightfully transported without regard to temperature into the streets at midnight.

If it is election time, the tide of excitement drifts to the streets running off from the boulevard around the Bourse. The walls and buildings are

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WEIRD PLUMMETS TO SOUND THE RIVER DEEPS

The streak of light across the picture was caused by a passing train

pasted thick with handbills, piles of blue and yellow paper float out into the streets or lie for a brief second on the flushing gutters. Before the room used as the election booth hangs the red lantern, and inside rival candidates and Deputies from western France tell each other unpleasant truths and lies.

The struggle is as usual between the old régime, socialism and radicalism and republicanism. There is no electioneering such as the western hemisphere knows, there are no general illuminations, but Paris is *émotionée,* much excited. The streets grow more and more tranquil as they approach the square known as the Place de la Bourse, where the Paris Stock Exchange lifts its splendid proportions. Here there is no hint of the day's fever in the quiet surroundings, no remnant of the money-making crowd who during daylight pour down the steps, filling the streets with their cries of sale and purchase. The square is a desert, one solitary *gendarme* hugs the corner under a big lamp, and the line of classic pillars presents the appearance of an avenue of trees carved in stone, within whose shadow the ghosts of ruin, the shades of success, hide in the only obscurity to be found on the square.

The last omnibus has rolled away; the

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hum of the city is faint. At one o'clock there is scarcely a more desolate place in Paris than the Bourse. In the centre of the building the face of the illuminated clock, white and ghastly, peers out, marking hours of silence, when gains and loss may only haunt the dreams of the members of the Exchange. Then the aspect of the varied place, the chameleon-like city, changes. Rolling cabs grow rarer, and about two o'clock the long-deferred repose claims the greater part of Paris. Then it is that those for whom the night becomes a workshop appear in the street. There are celebrated figures amongst these owls. There is the *ramasseur de tabac,* the limp, ragged tramp whose trade is proclaimed as he suddenly dashes to a drain or a gutter and lifts from the pavement the butt of a cigarette or a cigar. His quests lead him to haunt the fronts of the cafés at night —he may slink where he will; he is a workman, and the police respect his labor. Other figures ragged as he, bowed as he, glide and slip from the dark corners where the *gens d'armes* rout them out. They slink through the open squares like dark birds of endless passage blown across the lighted city in search of port; port of such as these are the night refuges or the river bed—restless couch, never too full to put to bed one more. These vagrants rouse themselves from the park benches where the summer night would gladly mantle them if the police were not too zealous. There are still friendless and homeless in France in spite of the excellent care of the government. In Belleville, the Whitechapel of Paris, there are faces that suggest the miseries of the famous Faubourg St.-Antoine in the days before the Bastille fell, but under the Paris lights these are the only shadows.

Since early evening on the way to the *halles* there has been a constant procession of mammoth two-wheeled carts drawn by Norman horses, beautiful creatures with curly manes and fetlocks. Dozing and ruminating on his load, the farmer perches on the pretty cargo which his country ship is fetching to town. Or in wooded sabots and blue blouse walks all the way in at his horse's head. Carrots piled in symmetrical rows, pink and coral, turnips white as snow, dozens of bushels of carrots, turnips and carrots, until it would appear that Paris nourished itself solely upon these vegetables, roll in from the country to the big markets down on the Place St.-Honoré — a section never deserted all night long. Long before sunrise the fishwives (perfect prototypes of those who marched to Versailles), vegetable women, and fruit women hover about their stalls to sell and place their wares. Before daybreak, certainly at sunrise, the petty venders who trundle their stuff through the streets all day have filled out their modest requirements, and, like so many little craft, have put forth from the *halles.* See them as they trundle away—fresh mussels there, blue in the seaweed; here a bed of purple, on another cart violets, sweet as the fields; lettuce, artichokes, fresh fish, and fruits to be pushed through the Paris streets with peculiar calls and invitations to buy.

Old men, young girls, women, and boys hustling and bustling away, brave, courageous people with a clever word, a *bon mot,* at the end of their tongues, as cheerful at their tasks as at their pleasures these workers between night and day. Before they have all pushed their little barks away to try their fortune in the big sea of the city, the last lamp has faded out in its high glass enclosure. It is morning!

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The Bracelet

BY LEO CRANE

THE horse stumbled, and the man pitched over the animal's head, striking heavily. The two men leading reined in and stared about. For an instant they hesitated, watching the man on the ground; then with a haste that indicated fear, and with some little confusion, they swung down. The slim fellow secured the man's belt and gun.

"Only one gun, Bill," he commented, examining the weapon.

The man on the ground did not move. He had been stunned by the fall. There was a growing bruise on his temple and a few sugary drops of blood.

"See if he's got a smoke," suggested the big one, squatting down on his heels, his huge hands dangling over his knees. A deck of playing-cards, some folded official-looking papers, a stub of tobacco, and a knife rewarded the second and less hurried search. The slim man looked at the gun again.

"Loaded onct around," he said. "There's extras on the horse, maybe. He's certainly more'n six plugs. Wait—I'll see," and he jumped to his feet, starting toward the animals that stood by, tired and sweat-trickled, with lowered heads. He had made but three strides, when his left arm was rudely jerked back, and he brought up short. He looked around with a grin. The big man was now asprawl in the dust. He picked himself up, laughing nastily and swearing. They stood facing each other, an expression of grim consideration on their faces. These two were handcuffed together. Between the steel ring encircling the slim man's left wrist and the one on the right wrist of his comrade there extended a chain.

"Guess we're still pardners," grinned the big fellow, slipping the tough steel links through his fingers. "You do seem anxious to have me close by."

"Well," growled the other, "it ain't no worse fix than an hour back, is it? If that critter hadn't stumbled, an' if this lad with the dockyments hadn't bumped his head, where'd we be in the mornin'? Carson's, perhaps,—an' Carson's means a rope with short evenin' prayers."

"I ain't kickin'," said Bill. "But what 'll we do?"

"What d'ye think?"

"Gee! I leave that to you, Jim. Ain't stumped at last, are ye? Always thought you'd crawl out er anywheres, 'cept maybe a grave."

An expression of thoughtful resource came to the slim man's face as he considered their situation. The big one looked at him, and then moved his arm impatiently, as if the cuff was irksome. He lounged on one hip, awaiting the plan of action, and stared moodily, almost stupidly, out across the sun-dried plain. Heavy in expression, dull-featured, his one quality a rugged strength, there was about him something brutal in suggestion, a coarse personality of that clumsy sort seen at best in the grizzly bear. Especially was this true of his eyes; small and deep-set, these were not without a mean cunning. One could expect him to be evil when not sullen.

Jim was a lithe fellow, alert, with quick, sinuous movement. His wide gray eyes did not reflect fear nor courage, and they were not above craft. He had little of hesitation in his make-up. Trying decisions and desperate hazards had graven his face with the lines of an energetic, suspicious, and somewhat unscrupulous nature. A keen mentality was evident in him, and imagination. Jim led in their undertakings; Bill was an obedient mass, a mechanism. Even now Bill watched the other's face for the first signs of decision. With a sigh of relief he welcomed it.

"We can't do better'n strike out acrost in a dead line," said Jim. "That's shortest. On the other side we'll find

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Paxton, an' Marty, an' the rest, who'll remove this adornment. It's no sense in loafing 'round here. We can't be expected to play nurse to Mr. Sheriff, an' next time he'll ride better."

Bill growled. "That's just it," he said, speaking as if he had seriously considered something and only waited a word of swift encouragement. "Mr. Sheriff ain't dead. Wisht he was. Don't you?"

"Then let's get goin' 'fore he comes 'round," suggested Jim. "It 'll be dark when he's first blinked up, an' he's sure to be some hazy—'sides we'll take his critter—he can't trail afoot."

"Don't yeh want to set by him an' hold his bloomin' hand?" sneered Bill.

"Just watch me," replied Jim, grinning.

"Well, if we're ever goin', let's make a start. How's supplies?"

"Grub, all to the good; but drink, not enough for a bath. Did yeh get away with all that water in your can? Thought so. Well, there's his an' mine. Not much, but we must save it. We'll be acrost by to-morrow night, though. Come along."

"Wait," said Bill, as if reaching an abrupt decision. "Who's to carry that gun?"

"Reckon you'd better let me," answered Jim; then the real meaning of the question caused him to proceed into argument. "See here, Bill, who's leadin' this rehearsal? You or me? It ain't quite time for me to resign yet; but when I do stop, you can have your sweet wrestle with the outfit. I showed yeh the express business, an' the coin—"

"Yes! An', by Gawd! yeh got me nabbed all right, too, Jim; don't forgit that as yeh go 'long."

"Fortune of war," laughed Jim, uncasily.

"Fortune of too much resk," growled Bill, pulling at his wiry mustache. "You commence bein' careful now—you let me have that gun." He held out his big hand.

The slim man glanced up at him shrewdly. They were too close for debate in which sheer strength would play a part; so he compromised.

"Suppose we cut for it, Bill?" he suggested, stooping to pick up and with a twist tearing open the pack of cards.

Bill assented by a murmur bespeaking his dislike of chances. "You first," he growled.

"The Queen of Hearts," said Jim, facing a card; and slowly a queer expression of gravity came to his somewhat sensitive face.

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts, . . . he . . ."

Jim swallowed hard at something in his throat, and muttered: "A long time since little Alice and big Alice— How the years do go by."

Bill interrupted, grunting: "Cut that nonsense, will yeh? Ye always were a blamed fool over wimmen an' stuff."

"Bill!" said Jim, grimly.

"There yeh are!" hurried on the big one. "Clubs! The ace. I win!"

Without a word, Jim passed the gun to him.

"Ready," he said, a moment after. They swung themselves into the saddles; between them the tough steel chain, clinking now and then.

Like a red-rimmed eye the sun fell swiftly to its desert bed. The beat-beat of the horses' hoofs sounded strangely loud in the quiet. The two men rode steadily, without speaking, and when the horses lagged they halted for rest and a little food. Bill wanted to sleep. He had grown weary, as an animal which has been hunted and feels assured that at last it has distanced all pursuit. Jim argued against this, wishing to put a greater stretch of sand between them and the very determined law, which had only been stunned; but after an argument he yielded. They staked out the horses.

They were awkward in the preparation of the simplest meal, because of the chain. Their former companionship had been one of profit and choice, but here was an irritant at every step. The very clink-clink of it wore on them, unsteadied their nerves.

There was something solemn about this meal in the desert. The grip of steel on their wrists ever reminded of the law they had eluded, and the silence of the lifeless plain weighted the men terribly. It was a vast, immeasurable, foreboding silence. Its heaviness was almost

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as the humid heat of the day. And what pygmies they were, these two fugitives, manacled, when compared with the freedom and grandeur of their surroundings! Talk as they might, the monster solitude was always at their backs.

Jim had thought on these things.

"Devil of a hole to be in alone," he said.

"It sure is," answered Bill. "Pass me another taste of that water-can."

"No more, Bill," decided Jim, putting the canteen aside. "You've had enough at this sitting."

"Why, I ain't had near enough—just wetted my lips onct."

"Now listen, Bill," explained the other, earnestly. "We'll need every drop o' that water 'fore we get out of this. Weren't yeh ever in a desert without water? Well, it ain't no Paradise. The sun comes up like a blazing iron at a forge. Ye know it's goin' to swing in that damnable sky for hours an' hours, . . . it brands yeh, it scorches yeh, it runs yeh in circles like a crazy bug till yer eyes stick out, yer tongue gets like a piece of shoe-leather, an' yeh don't taste anything but misery. This place at midday is one gorgeous bloomin' hell, an' don't yeh forget it."

"But we'll be acrost to-morrow."

"Makes no difference to-night! Yeh can't have no water."

"I want none of that domineerin' from you now, Jim," he declared, viciously; then he paused, a weak, sickly laugh on his lips, for the chain had clinked. He looked down at it. "We can't afford to quarrel," he said.

They lay down to sleep. With one arm thrown over his coarse face, the big man went into the land of dreams almost instantly. After a little, Jim sat up, moving with caution so calculated that the chain's length was undisturbed. He wanted to consider things anew.

This former henchman had changed, and Jim felt that the rebellious spirit of him must be controlled. The man armed was dangerous. Carefully, cautiously, he slipped his free hand along to Bill's pocket, and, after many delicate attempts, secured the gun. Deftly he threw the six shells out into his palm. He replaced the weapon with the same caution. For a little time he sat thinking, shaking the six deadly little things in his hands. Then he tossed them away into the desert, one in this direction, one in that, until they were hopelessly scattered.

"That helps," he said, with a sigh, and pillowed his head on his arm.

Hours passed. Now came a groan from Bill. He sat up, rubbing his eyes with the sluggish movement of some great beast. He glanced down at the other man, who slept soundly. Sleepily he sneered at him. Then he cast around until his eye rested on the canteen. Immediately he was aware that his mouth was dry as a cedar chip. With all due caution, moving his body a little at a time, he inched toward the water. Once the chain clanked, and Bill, riveted in an attitude, paused, breathing low curses and watching his sleeping companion.

Now he went to the end of the tether. The canteen was still two yards away. He paused and reflected. How could he reach that devilish tin of water? It sat up as an imp in the moonlight and mocked him. There was something derisive in its very shape, a pert, taunting thing. He flung at it a malediction. He was determined to get it. Stretching out on his back, his chained arm strained to the fullest, he tried to rake in the canteen with his feet. His every movement was calculated and stealthily executed. Finding his attempts of no avail, Bill sat disconsolate for a little, glancing now and then from the sleeping man to the impish vessel. It seemed ages since he had last tasted water. His lips were dry and cracking.

"Damn yeh, Jim!" he muttered. "I believe yeh knew we was out er reach of it; that's why yeh sleep so peaceful, ain't it? Well—"

Suddenly he got to his knees and moved until immediately above the exhausted Jim. Catching him gently by belt and shoulder, Bill put forth an effort and lifted him over a short distance. Overcome with weariness, Jim only stirred, muttered, and slept on. It had been but a step, but that step in the direction of the water.

Now the big one tried again. He could

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not touch it with his finger-tips; but at full length he caught the tin between his feet and dragged it to him. Filled with an evil glee, he unscrewed the top and, with a movement that had renounced caution for desire, raised it to his lips. Then the chain jerked Jim's arm sharply, and he stirred again, gaping. Sitting up, he saw Bill drinking.

"Bill!" he cried out, as if to stop the waste.

"Shut up!" said Bill, tossing the empty canteen at him.

"You thief, you—"

Immediately they were struggling. In that moment Jim hated him intensely. The trick of it, the animal-like greed, the scheming, the theft, all maddened him into fight. Bill felt no chagrin at being discovered; he was goaded by the rage of his half-hour's labor. Neither one of them individually forced the struggle; they went at it coincidently, fanned by a common rage, a simultaneous hatred. The fight began as suddenly as an explosion in a magazine.

Lithe, wiry as a panther, Jim made a good fight. He possessed grit, which is the backbone of most hand-to-hand frays. Bill, clumsy as a bear, shuffled to catch the other, to smother him with immense strength. In good judgment Jim evaded the hug of the beast. Out to the full length of the chain he flung himself after the first blows. Around and around they circled, the chain drawn taut, and like two leashed brutes waited for an opening. Bill made many rushes, but these were avoided skilfully, and were repaid with hard, swinging blows. Once the big man tripped and fell, catching himself on one hand, and now he nursed this additional hurt, licking the scraped palm with his tongue. They both breathed as from a gruelling run.

"Bill,—" began Jim once, attempting a parley.

But the other's rage denied this, and Jim grew quiet, knowing it to be a fight and not an argument. One must slay a grizzly.

Bill made another rush, and the fling of Jim to the chain's end wrenched his arm severely. The cuffs were binding and their wrists swollen. Then with a growl Bill realized all his former stupidity. He began winding the chain about his arm. He drew in the other man relentlessly as an angler does a fish from the stream. Jim fought with a last game, furious effort. He flung himself at the big fellow's throat, and made so terrible a struggle that Bill threw him away, and ran his hand into the gun pocket. Drawing the weapon, he levelled it and pulled trigger. There sounded a little click.

Instantly Jim was at him with a well-directed blow in the face, and, cursing, growling Bill struck him down with the empty gun. It was a glancing blow, but Jim fell like a crumpled doll, his free arm bent under him.

"Good job," panted Bill, wiping his face. "That pays yeh for trickin' me from the first. Unload it, didn't yeh? Ah-h! That's what yeh get for't—"

And Bill tried vainly to draw sufficient air into his exhausted lungs. He did not doubt but that Jim was dead. Stolid, brutish, he considered nothing but his own quarrel and the fact that he was winded. He sat down to rest.

"A good job," he commented again, watching the inert one.

"Hello!" he growled, a few minutes later, seeing Jim's eyes open. He had secured the knife from Jim's pocket and was holding it handily. The useless gun lay where he had dropped it, within easy reach of Jim's hand; but the gun was empty and Jim's arm was bent under him, so Bill had not troubled to pick it up. Bill still breathed painfully; there were dark swellings on his face from the blows he had received, and his throat was scratched and felt stiff. He was in an ugly mood.

"Oh, you're comin' 'round, are yeh? Don't move, now, or I'll hand yeh another one."

Jim only turned his head. He felt severe pain from the blow, and he was weak and confused. He saw the revolver close to him, but paid no attention, knowing well its impotence. He wriggled the bent arm into an easier position. There was a pebble or a root or something pressing deeply into his palm, and he twisted this until it ran between his fingers. It was a very smooth pebble. Jim's eyes never left the other man now, since he was tempted to feel all over this strangely smooth and symmetrical pebble he had

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fallen on. Then Jim's heart gave a convulsive jump and a flush ran over his body. He realized that this thing in his fingers, out of sight of the other, was not a pebble at all. They had fought over a considerable space, and this thing was one of the cartridges he had tossed away in the night.

Now the intentions of Bill merited his attention. Very coolly he collected his nerves for an effort. He feared this uncouth, monsterlike man, and he knew the evil of Bill's nature. Now his nerves were steadier, and he sat upright. Bill made a threatening motion.

"Lay down, Jim; lay down! Or I'll beat yeh—"

With a lightning movement Jim possessed the revolver, and scuffling away, avoiding Bill's advance, slipped the cartridge into a side chamber. Bill lunged forward.

"Get away!" Jim cried, nervously. "Leave me alone! Drop it, an' quit, or I'll shoot—it's loaded!"

"I'll fix you for good 'n' all," growled Bill, hotly, clutching at him. He did not hear the three little clicks that whirled the cartridge into position. He saw the pointed gun—and laughed evilly. He would settle Jim this time beyond recovery. Then — as he rushed wickedly—there came a crashing report, a blinding surprise. Bill shuddered. He staggered away,—and he went backward, catching at the air spasmodically, out—out as far as the chain allowed, and he fell, pulling Jim down toward him, his big hairy hands outthrown and open.

There was a terrible throbbing in Jim's head, and he almost doubted the sight of his eyes. The gun felt heavy and hot in his weak fingers, so he let it slip away to the ground.

But he did not sit down to watch Bill. Dropping to his knees, he bent over the other, catching his shoulder and calling:

"Bill! . . . Bill, old man—"

His voice died away in dry whispers. It was very still in the desert now. A paling sky announced the coming of dawn. There was a greenish-gray tinge over everything. The whole business, the pallor of the desert, the report ringing in his ears, the stillness about, and the solitude, all got on his nerves. With a cry he started up and away from this tragedy. A brutal wrench at his wrist followed. It was as if some one had caught him forcibly and turned him about to look at his work. Then he shrieked out, tottered, and fainted away.

In the dawn, an hour—eternities later, Jim had put a great distance between himself and that other.

When he thought of it he sickened. The knife—he had thrown the knife away. It would have reminded him always. The chain, clinking, swung downward from the pommel of his saddle. At the end of it swayed an empty steel cuff, somewhat discolored, though it had been rubbed with sand.

The man sought distance only at first. The horse carried him into new stretches of desert, silent, yellow, vast as solitude itself. He hoped to reach a place of green and freedom. But he rode on, on, into the golden fresh blur of the morning, and then into the glare of the painted day.

Now his head ached again, as the sun beat fiercely down on it. There seemed to be a band, tightening little by little, ever tighter, binding his temples and his forehead.

Hours passed. It was high noon. Jim shut his eyes and tried to bar out the shimmer of the rays reflected from the brazen floor.

He swayed and slipped from the saddle in time to save himself from a fall. Supporting himself by a death grip on the pommel, he huddled close to the horse, his head on his arms. He buried his eyes from the sunlight; they were red-rimmed and glowing. In his ears beat sounds like the dull resonance of gongs. The world spun round with a slow and sensuous motion, until he sickened. And the sun was a terrible, unrelenting enemy. It stabbed its long thin rays about the horse in an effort to reach and pierce his body, each of the slender lance points heated and blood red. As for that iron band, riveted about his temples—he put his hand up and began twisting at his hair, as if he could wrench the thing off. A sound, a little metallic sound, brought his febrile thoughts to an abrupt halt, and he became keenly alert, listening, thoughtful. A little clinking sound, as of chain links

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falling, one on another. With the uplift of his hands he had dislodged the chain from the pommel—it had gone down on the other side, but this he was not able to clearly consider as yet. All during the ride he had avoided the chain. To deaden its sound he had twisted it and secured it on the saddle. Now it had fallen, as if of itself! There was a little pull on his wrist. Softly, slowly, staring, he crept under the horse's neck to see what had disturbed it.

Was it only a chain and an empty ring of steel? He huddled close to the horse. When he moved, it moved. He could remember a voice complaining of his tugging at the chain, and he half expected to hear that voice again. But that was ages ago, before this vicious sunlight lived to grill him; and now there was only silence—save when the chain clinked—and moved!

He would stand still—it could not move then. He lifted the chain from across the saddle and dragged it out in a straight line. He would get as far from that rusted cuff as possible. He sat down to watch it, to stare at it. But the sun was beating on him in the wild glow of the afternoon, and the horse strayed a little. He must keep close to the horse for fear the sun would transfix him. So he dragged himself onward, his tired eyes fixed on the steel ring that slowly crept after him over the golden cloth of the desert floor. He clambered to the saddle, and with a cunning grin sat backward. He could not bear the thought of *that* behind him, dragging. He must watch it. So he went on, urging the weary horse with his heels, until the sun ceased its foolish darting about in the saffron sky and began marshalling its red-gold train toward the desert edge. He clung to the horse desperately, seeing nothing but a tarnished cuff, curiously animated, devilishly creeping after him, making a queer winnowing noise when it skipped over the tiny hillocks.

Night came on. It was cooler now, and he thought he might rest. But he dared not go to sleep with that . . . that animated steel ring so close to him. In the night, in the dark, it . . . suppose it moved, it might creep up to him, and . . .

He did not stop until he had discovered a cluster of broad, flat boulders. He was calmer now, but he dared not sleep with that . . . with the probability of drawing the thing close to him. He secured the iron pin used in staking out the horses and picked up a piece of rock for a hammer. Going to the boulders, he found a narrow crack where one of them had split. It was his idea to drive the pin through a link of the chain, close to the cuff, and nail it for the night. Cunningly he grinned as he prepared to do this. He would crucify the damnable, active thing.

But he found to his dismay that the links were too narrow. What would he do! He would hammer at the chain and break it. Feverishly he set to work. A half-hour's pounding convinced him in weariness that the steel would not yield. His hands were bruised and the stone worn to whiteness. He must find some other way out.

An idea!—he hammered the iron pin down into the cracked rock until it held firmly. Then he cautiously poked a loop of the chain through the cuff. He trembled while at this, for night was coming on. Twilight threw its grayish shades about. He dared not touch the ring itself, so he used the muzzle of his empty gun. Then he slipped the loop of the chain over the stake and drew it hard down. There—it was fast. If the cuff could move—or if anything, which he feared, moved it,—it must untie the chain, or break it, or jump it over the stake, to be free. He was content. A peaceful drowsy feeling came to him. Shortly after he dozed off.

He had wild dreams. Sometimes he awoke, and the first thing after nervous starting up was his glance at the chain. Always he sighed in relief to find it linked as he had left it.

Toward morning he went into a sound slumber, and the sun was peeking at his eyes, glinting pains, when next he came to himself. All his muscles ached. He did not stir; he groaned. Glancing at his swollen wrist, he gazed at the chain and followed it to the pin, smiling wearily. Then the smile vanished into white fear; he gave a nervous start, but he did not stir. He lay still, hardly breathing. He was transfixed with horror. He dared not move.

The chain was still linked around the pin, though the slip-knot had loosened a

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trifle. But stretched over the stones, sunning, and over the chain too, was a large rattlesnake. Jim dared not move. He was chained to the rock. Pull as he might, he could not hope to uproot that stake. He had seen to it that it was hammered tight. A swift jerk of the chain might toss it loose, but would as surely fling the snake toward him; and suppose the first effort did not succeed? He was riveted to death!

That devilish cuff—it had lured him to this for punishment. That devilish, ghoulish, animated ring of steel, tarnished with an old stain! A cold sweat broke out all over him, and for the moment he forgot his throbbing head, his aching muscles, his swollen wrist, everything, as he looked at this living death.

The sun rose higher and began to send forth its heat. What could he do? He must remain still until the snake moved —till night perhaps; but the sun would long before night have broiled him into madness. Already the fierce light was scorching his eyes.

He shuddered and drew in his breath softly—the snake moved! Sluggishly it began crawling over the stones, around the stake, seeking a new resting-place. Its blunt, spade-shaped head touched and seemed to examine every link, but instead of clearing, the folds were ever across the chain.

A feeling of desperate daring now possessed the man. He determined to wait but a little longer, and then to make an effort. He would toss the chain upward and trust to its shaking clear; if it held, he would throw his weight against it, and with a mad rush uproot the pin; he would—he would do anything rather than stand the agony longer. He would die—yes, he would rather die than endure this slow, creeping, roasting madness.

Then a throb of new hope trembled in his breast. The chain had become a trifle loose. The slip-knot was no longer as tight as he had drawn it. The snake had put its head close to the cuff. Would it go farther?—would it push on through the cuff—would it? He despaired—he dared not hope. He scarcely breathed. He prayed. There was a chance!

A little inequality in the stone's surface had raised and, with the pull of the chain, so balanced the steel ring that it resembled a little hoop, through which the snake could crawl—if it would—and if it would only push that loop of the chain a little to one side . . .

Now he despaired again. That cuff would not aid him, that devilish, torturing, animated cuff. The chain clinked as the snake thrust out its blunt head. Jim saw his chance in this. He waited; his eyes stared until they felt as if bulging out; the sunlit stones, the glinting chain, the cuff, the stretching snake, all, everything, wavered as he watched.

And he trembled down with weakness; his eyes closed. Then he heard a little clink, a small, distinctly metal sound. Instantly he looked again. The snake had thrust its head through the cuff and between the chain! The man sprang up and threw his whole weight on the steel tether. Would the stake hold? He scarcely thought of this, or cared. This was his one chance. He pulled as if he would uproot the world. Behind him he heard a threshing, scuffling sound. Then there was quiet again. The sweat ran from his pores. He looked—there was a crumpled ribbon, garroted between the chain and the iron stake. It did not move.

Then the man laughed. He laughed long and convulsively. He sat down on the sand and laughed until the tears ran from his eyes—scalding tears. The cuff had managed it for him. It no longer hated, haunted him. It had saved him!

He called to the horse, and it shuffled up, snuffing suspiciously and going wide of the stones. He lifted the chain from the stake; he looked at it; he swung it and listened to its delicious, melodious clinking. He laughed again, happily. It was but a steel chain and an empty, idle ring of steel. He no longer feared it. Without a tremor he rolled up the length of links and stuffed the clanking thing down into his pocket.

And in the distance he fancied he saw a thread of greener things. A little later, and he was sure of this — the promised land and water.

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The Story of a Street

V.—WALL STREET AS THE CENTRE OF FASHION

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

NEW YORK was flooded with visitors during the opening year of Washington's administration, and to many of them the cosmopolitan city of thirty thousand inhabitants must have been an astonishing and not altogether agreeable revelation. Certainly its accommodations for transients left something to be desired, for it had never recovered from the effects of the war; its houses and streets were in a lamentable condition, and sore discomfort was apt to be the portion of those who tarried within its gates. Indeed, the only quarter of the national capital which escaped the bitter complaints and scornful descriptions which are recorded at length in the diaries and correspondence of the day was Wall Street. For that well-ordered highway, however, even the most disgruntled strangers often had a word of praise, especially those who viewed it on fine afternoons from Daniel McCormick's doorstep. Of course only a favored few were privileged to join the charmed circle of that prince of bachelors, but the guests invited to view the passing throngs from the point of vantage of No. 39,* on the south side of the street, witnessed a uniquely interesting scene in the company of people who knew everybody and everything about everybody, and could appraise to a nicety the social standing of all the passers-by. In fact, McCormick's hospitable mansion was the news centre and clearing-house for gossip of the fashionable world of which Wall Street was the centre in the first year of the republic.

Prior to the war the social prestige of the thoroughfare had been second only to Pearl Street,* but that famous highway, though it still boasted the finest houses in the city, had seen its best days, and politically, socially, and historically its rival now reigned supreme. Outwardly the appearance of Wall Street was not as attractive as it had been ten or fifteen years earlier, for few of its splendid shade trees remained, and that artistic feature had gone, never to return, for the local authorities had passed an ordinance imposing a penalty of five pounds for planting a tree anywhere below Catherine Street, except in front of a church or other public building, and no one seemed inclined to dispute the wisdom of this law.

From an architectural standpoint, however, its condition was vastly improved, for Federal Hall was far more imposing than the old City Hall, and Trinity, which had risen from the ashes of the former building, was altogether more dignified and impressive than its predecessor. Moreover, the whole aspect of the street was more settled, substantial, and uniformly residential than it had previously been, for, with the exception of Baker's Tavern, the headquarters of a club at the corner of New Street, a few shops like Adam Prior's, the fashionable caterer at No. 59, and Panton's, the leading jeweller, at No. 38, and the public buildings and churches, almost every house from Broadway to Pearl Street was a dignified private dwelling displaying the little oval tin plate which indicated that it had been duly insured in the Mutual Assurance Company against fire.

* This is the old numbering of the street. It is very difficult to locate the corresponding house numbers of the street as it exists today, as there was no regularity or sequence in the numbers until late in 1790. No. 5 was, however, apparently at the northwest corner of Wall and William; No. 20 was one of the corners of Wall and Water; No. 32 was near the Coffee House; No. 44 one door east of the northeast corner of Wall and William; and No. 81 one of the opposite corners.

* At this time Pearl Street was only known as such from the present State Street to Broad. From Broad to Wall it was called Great Dock Street; from Wall to Chatham it was Queen Street. The finest houses were in the Great Dock Street section.

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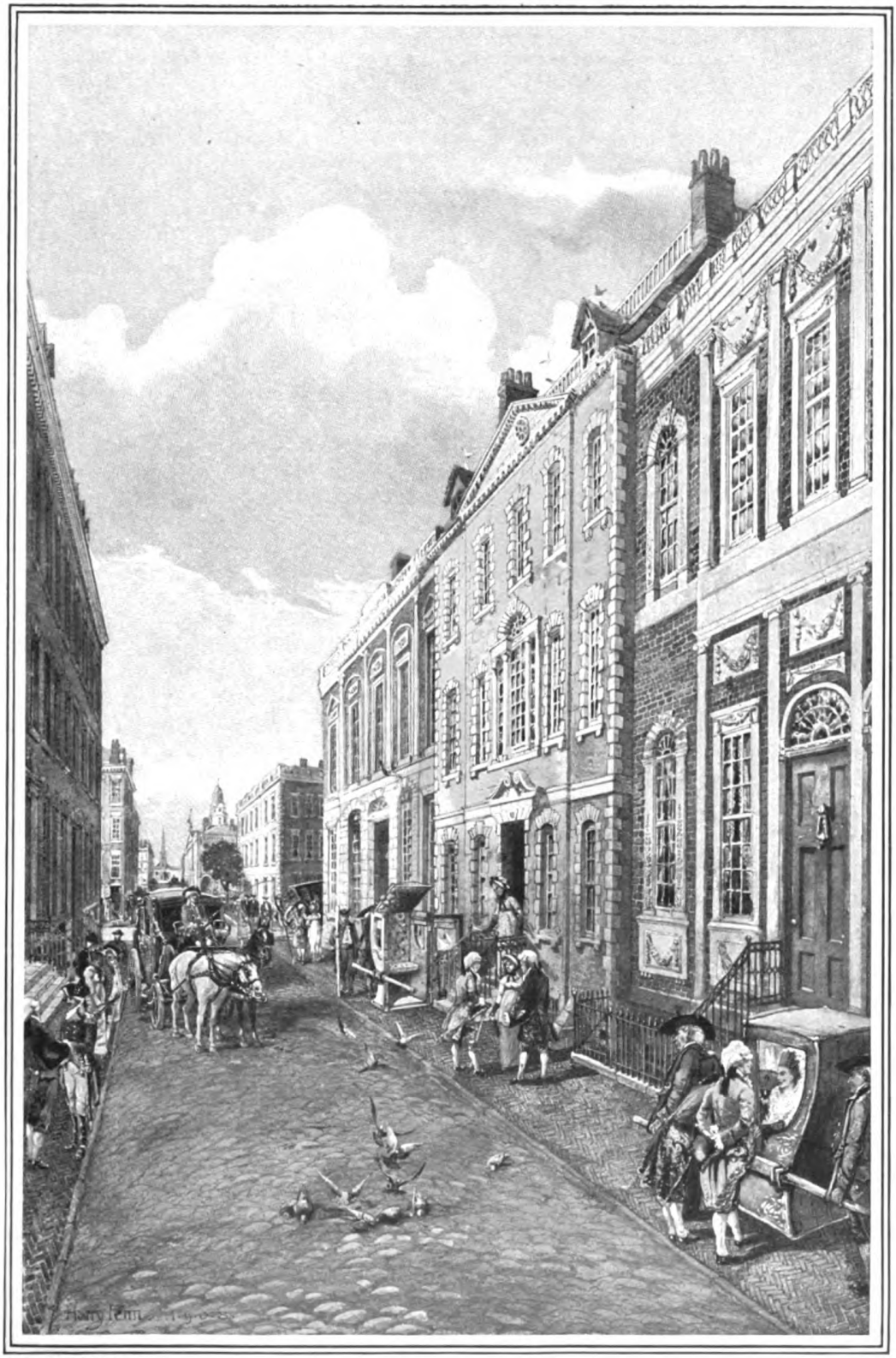
It was not the Wall Street of brick and stone, however, which fascinated those who viewed it on gala days from Daniel McCormick's high doorstep. What interested them was the panorama of life, the constantly changing figures, the gay colors, the quaint characters, the men of mark, the fashions and foibles—all the human elements of the miniature Vanity Fair that strutted and plumed itself on the fashionable promenade through which there swirls to-day a hurrying stream of life. Here approached a remarkable old gentleman gowned in a black clerical robe and bands, and wearing a white buzz wig, a three-cornered hat, and silver shoe-buckles, who threaded his way through the crowd, representing all the city could boast of worth, wit, and culture, with a masterful clumping of his gold-headed cane upon the pavement, and the most ceremonious of salutations to right and to left. Any one of McCormick's coterie could inform the uninitiated that this was the Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, of the Presbyterian Church, a patriot it well became one to know, and a gentleman of such majestic dignity that he seldom appeared in public without his official robes, and rumor had it that he and his wife exchanged a formal bow and a deep courtesy each night when they retired. Here, too, appeared another gentleman of the old school in a scarlet coat and cocked hat, enthroned on the cushions of a quaint pony phaeton, from which he surveyed the moving throng with a proprietary air, his hands resting proudly upon his massive cane, for Washington's physician, Dr. John Bard, was the fashionable doctor of his day, and he could count his patients by the dozen on Wall Street when society took the air. The handsome man whom both of these old gentlemen distinguished with particularly gracious bows was Sir John Temple, whose too great "inclination for the American cause" had lost him the Lieutenant-Governorship of New Hampshire, but won him the hand of Miss Bowdoin of Massachusetts, and made him the most popular of British consul-generals.* Indeed, Sir John was New York's official host, for he invariably welcomed every distinguished arrival in the city with a call of ceremony, and no one in the community was more generally admired.

Logically it should have been the French and not the English representative who found favor with the public in those days, but the observer who noted the Marquis de Moustier's red-heeled shoes and gold earrings in the crowd and inquired concerning their owner would learn that His Highness was not in high favor with the elect, and that his sister, Madame la Marquise de Brienne, the lady greeting the passers-by from her sedan-chair, was courted for her entertainments and unmercifully ridiculed behind her back. It must be admitted, however, that the Marquis had been guilty of even worse manners than his sister's guests, for if the gossips at McCormick's could be believed he had once actually brought his own cook to Vice-President Adams's house and caused private dishes to be served to him at his host's table, coolly remarking that he had had some experience with bad dinners in New York and could not afford to repeat it.

Probably none of these distinguished gentlemen would have been recognized by a stranger, but there were faces in the moving throng which were familiar beyond the confines of New York. For instance, almost every Virginian would have been able to identify Cyrus Griffin, the President of Congress, and Lady Christiana, his wife, who were well known in that State; and Thomas Jefferson, lately returned from the court of Versailles, in his red waistcoat and breeches, was quite as familiar to his compatriots as he was to many of the leaders in the city's social whirl. Here, too, the observer could note John Hancock, whose name was writ large on the historic scroll, and Aaron Burr, the Attorney-General, conspicuous for the cordiality with which he was greeted upon every hand, particularly by the ladies, among whom he always found exceptionable favor; and Baron Steuben, the disciplinary genius of Valley Forge, now president of the Society of the Cincinnati; and Colonel John Trumbull, the portrait-painter, who

* Sir John Temple died in New York and was buried in St. Paul's churchyard, where the tablet erected to his memory can be seen to-day.

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Drawn by Harry Fenn

WALL STREET THE CENTRE OF FASHION, 1789

Based on Old Prints and Documents in Lenox Library and New York Historical Society

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had learned his art under Benjamin West; and Commodore Paul Jones, whom society preferred to call the Chevalier. There were many interesting rumors in circulation about the doughty little Commodore in those days, of which the story that he and Captain Landais had had an exciting encounter was on everybody's tongue. Landais was the naval officer who was credited with having displayed more discretion than valor, and more prudence than discretion, in the battle between the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Serapis*. In fact, according to Jones's story, the Frenchman had remained safely out of range during most of that engagement, and when he had at last ventured near enough to be of service he had lost his head and raked the *Bon Homme Richard* instead of his adversary, after which masterly performance he had again sought and held the horizon line until the day was won. Landais denied these charges to his dying day, but a court of inquiry had found him guilty on other grounds, and from that moment the world was scarcely wide enough to hold him and his accuser. Therefore when it was rumored that he had confronted Jones on Water Street and spat upon the sidewalk, declaring, with great delicacy, that his defamer might regard the pavement as his face, there were those who thought the story characteristic of the Frenchman's histrionic instinct, but there were very few who believed that he could have roused his courage to the sticking-point and lived to tell the tale. Nevertheless, somebody must have credited the yarn, for Jones's spirited denial was printed over his own signature in a leading paper,* and the gossips continued to whisper it, glancing apprehensively over their shoulders, for many a long day after. There were others among the passing pedestrians, however, of whom the gossips had a less cautious word. For instance, Mrs. General Knox, decidedly plumper and altogether less romantic-looking than she was at the beginning of the war, when she eloped with Henry Knox (the Boston bookseller, turned artillerist), because her loyalist father would not countenance a rebel son-in-law. But it was not the stout-hearted young bride who accompanied her husband on his perilous campaigns and lightened their hardships and won Washington's regard whom the gossips celebrated, but rather the stout-waisted matron who was the Mrs. Malaprop of their circle and at whose original remarks society twittered, not too politely, behind its well-drilled fans.

It was a fashionably attired company which filled the narrow sidewalks, the blue coats, variously colored waistcoats, and knee breeches of the men combining with the gay silks and satins affected by the women to lend brightness and an air of festivity to the scene. Indeed, some of the men arrayed themselves much more conspicuously than the women; for John Ramage, the Irish miniature-painter, whose studio was on William Street, not far from Wall, was accustomed to join the promenade attired in a scarlet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, a white silk waistcoat embroidered with colored flowers, black satin breeches, with paste knee-buckles, white silk stockings, and a small cocked hat perched on his curled and powdered hair, and contrasted with this gorgeous display the description of the latest Parisian novelty in favor with the fair sex suggests extreme simplicity. This creation consisted of "a perriot and petticoat, both made of the same gray striped silk, trimmed all around with gauze cut in points, in the manner of Herrisons which were made of ribbons or Italian gauze. With this was worn a large gauze handkerchief with four satin stripes round its border, two very broad and the others less, the handkerchief itself being an ell and a half square, and for headdress a plain gauze cap made in the form of those worn by the elders or ancients in the nunneries."* Not all the ladies, however, exhibited such quiet tastes, for here and there were to be seen "celestial blues" and "caracos and petticoats of Indian taffaty" and "perriots with two collars, one yellow and one white"; and "blue satin shoes with rose-colored rosettes," and among the wearers of this brilliant raiment were numbered all the social leaders of their day. Here sauntered Mr. and Mrs. John Watts, the latter better known as Lady Mary (for the élite of the republican court still scrupulously accorded their titles to women

* New York *Packet*, October 29, 1787.

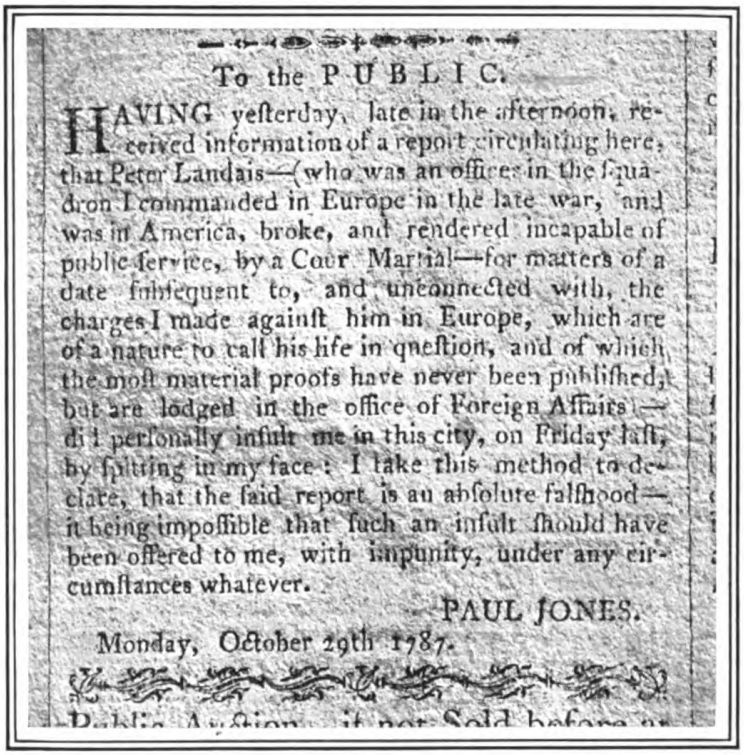
* New York *Gazette*, October 29, 1787.

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of rank), and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury William Duer with his wife, the Lady Kitty of her day; and Colonel and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, and Senator Ralph Izard and his lady, who was Miss de Lancey of New York, and many another couple whose names were widely known.

Indeed, Wall Street might have called the roll of the socially elect from Mrs. John Jay's famous list of guests almost any summer afternoon, and reported all present or accounted for; for many of the most prominent families, such as the Winthrops, the Jaunceys, the Verplancks, and the Ludlows, still lived on the highway, and several of the most distinguished members of Congress, such as Richard Basset, Benjamin Contee, Thomas Sumter, Elias Boudinot, Lambert Cadwallader, and Richard Bland Lee, dated from Mrs. Daubenay's (Dabney's) fashionable boarding-house. In fact, this exclusive establishment made almost every visitor of distinction a temporary resident of Wall Street, and fortunate indeed were those who secured its accommodations, for the Merchants' Coffee House* was no longer in its prime, and Fraunces' Tavern was not a desirable hostelry after its proprietor, Black Sam, assumed charge of the Presidential ménage. There was, however, another refuge for the wayfarer at No 81 (one of the southerly corners of Wall and William), and this private hostelry, which rejoiced in the plebeian name of Huck's, sheltered Daniel Huger, Thomas Tudor Tucker, Edanus Burke, and other Congressional representatives from the South.

From McCormick's hospitable doorstep the visitor could likewise descry the residences of most of the exponents of New York's official life. At the northwest corner of Wall and William streets lived Francis Van Berckel, the minister from Holland; at No. 5, Samuel Otis, the Secretary of State; at No. 8, the Postmaster, William Bedlow; at No. 13, John Lawrence, the first Congressman from New York city, who later became a judge and a United States Senator; at No. 44, General John Lamb, the first Collector of the Port; at No. 52, Richard Varick, the Mayor; at No. 58, Alexander Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury; at No. 60, William Irvin, the Commissioner of Accounts; at No. 64, James Culbertson, the High Constable; while at other points lived the Dennings, the Wilkes, the Pintards, the Edgars, and other prominent New-Yorkers of their day.



To the PUBLIC.

HAVING yesterday, late in the afternoon, received information of a report circulating here, that Peter Landais—(who was an officer in the Squadron I commanded in Europe in the late war, and was in America, broke, and rendered incapable of public service, by a Court Martial—for matters of a date subsequent to, and unconnected with, the charges I made against him in Europe, which are of a nature to call his life in queſtion, and of which the moſt material proofs have never been publiſhed, but are lodged in the office of Foreign Affairs)—did perſonally inſult me in this city, on Friday laſt, by ſpitting in my face: I take this method to declare, that the ſaid report is an abſolute falſhood—it being impoſſible that ſuch an inſult ſhould have been offered to me, with impunity, under any circumſtances whatever.

PAUL JONES.

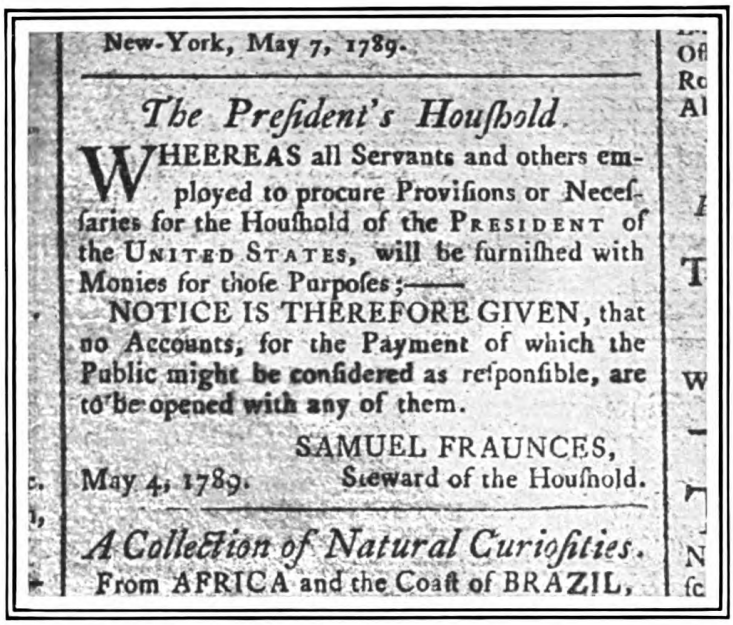
Monday, October 29th 1787.

CARD FROM PAUL JONES PUBLISHED IN "NEW YORK PACKET"
From files of New York Historical Society

* Though this historic hostelry, then known as Bradford's, was passing, it was utilized by the Marine Society, the New York Hospital, the Order of Cincinnati, St. John's Masonic Lodge No. 2, and other notable organizations for their early meetings.

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Such were some of the men and women who lived and moved and had their being in Wall Street, and the visitors who chanced to be present on one of the occasions when Washington attended Congress in his state coach saw the high-



New-York, May 7, 1789.

The Preſident's Houſhold.

WHEEREAS all Servants and others employed to procure Proviſions or Neceſſaries for the Houſhold of the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES, will be furniſhed with Monies for thoſe Purpoſes;——

NOTICE IS THEREFORE GIVEN, that no Accounts, for the Payment of which the Public might be conſidered as reſponſible, are to be opened with any of them.

SAMUEL FRAUNCES,
May 4, 1789. Steward of the Houſhold.

A Collection of Natural Curioſities.

From AFRICA and the Coaſt of BRAZIL,

A WARNING BY WASHINGTON'S STEWARD
From files of New York Historical Society

ceded by uniformed outriders and followed by an accompanying cavalcade, all the local world was there to see.

As a matter of fact, Wall Street saw very little of the President during his official residence in New York. Of course he attended the inauguration ball, which was held on May 7, 1789, at the City Assembly Rooms on Broadway, just around the corner of Wall, where he danced two cotillons and perhaps a minuet, of which event Jefferson has left a description that would do credit to the most imaginative sensation-monger of the modern press. The Executive likewise honored the grand affair at the French Embassy, where those who took part in the quadrilles were attired in gorgeous costumes symbolical of America and France, and the festivities "were at their height at ten o'clock"; but there is very little evidence of his having been present at the other distinguished routs and entertainments of the day.* Nor did he grace the dinners for which Wall Street was famous in the years of its social glory, when many a distinguished company was gathered around its hospitable boards. This was partially due to the death of his mother, which occurred during the year, and his own ill health; but the difficulty of making distinctions was mainly responsible for his absence, and even then one of his letters shows that he and his wife never had an opportunity of dining alone. In fact, he had not been long in town before the necessity of adopting some general rules as to what invitations he would give or accept became apparent, and Hamilton drew a simple plan regulating the Presidential entertainments, re-

way at its best. It was a wonderful creation, that canary-colored Presidential chariot,* with its ornamental crests and its decorations of gilded nymphs and cupids, but Washington doubtless often wished that it was a trifle less conspicuous as he rumbled over the stones of Wall Street to Federal Hall. Indeed, there was probably nothing in his many vexatious official duties which he so thoroughly disliked as making this public exhibition of himself, despite the anti-Federalist sneers at his aristocratic tastes and tendencies. But the general public unquestionably enjoyed the spectacle, and when the ceremonial carriage, with a gorgeous coachman on its throne-like box, and a footman standing behind, and its six horses with their gay trappings and "painted" hoofs, swung into view, pre-

* Part of this historic vehicle was later cut into boxes and sold at a church fair, and the seat and steps turned into garden ornaments by the unimaginative individuals who obtained possession of it.

* There were no less than three dancing-schools in the immediate vicinity of Wall Street at this time.

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ceptions, dinners, visits, etc., which, with very slight modifications, has governed every occupant of the White House to the present day. Thus the etiquette of the Executive Mansion may fairly be said to have originated in Wall Street, where Hamilton and his fair lady were famed for their hospitality.

At their table assembled such men as Jefferson, Knox, Adams, Jay, Madison, and other prominent statesmen, and the sentiments pledged on those occasions were eagerly awaited and variously interpreted, for more than one important event in the history of the nation had its inception at these little dinners in Wall Street.* Indeed, the political leaders usually divulged their policies and platforms through the medium of carefully worded toasts, and not all of them were as plain and pointed as that offered at the dinner of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, which suggested "*A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard-trotting horse, and a long journey for all the enemies of liberty!*" But Hamilton was not the only official noted for entertainments of this sort, for Van Berckel, the minister from Holland, kept open house at the old Marston mansion on the northwest corner of Wall and William, and here all the members of the diplomatic corps with their wives and families were wined and dined informally and in state, and Daniel McCormick's bachelor banquets at No. 39 were justly the talk of the town. Of course there was nothing magnificent or luxurious in these entertainments. New York was still a provincial town of comparatively simple tastes, and there was nowhere any display of wealth. Society depended for its importance upon the personal qualities of its members, and in the heart of the capital there was gathered from all parts of the country a company which gave it a tone and distinction impossible under modern conditions.

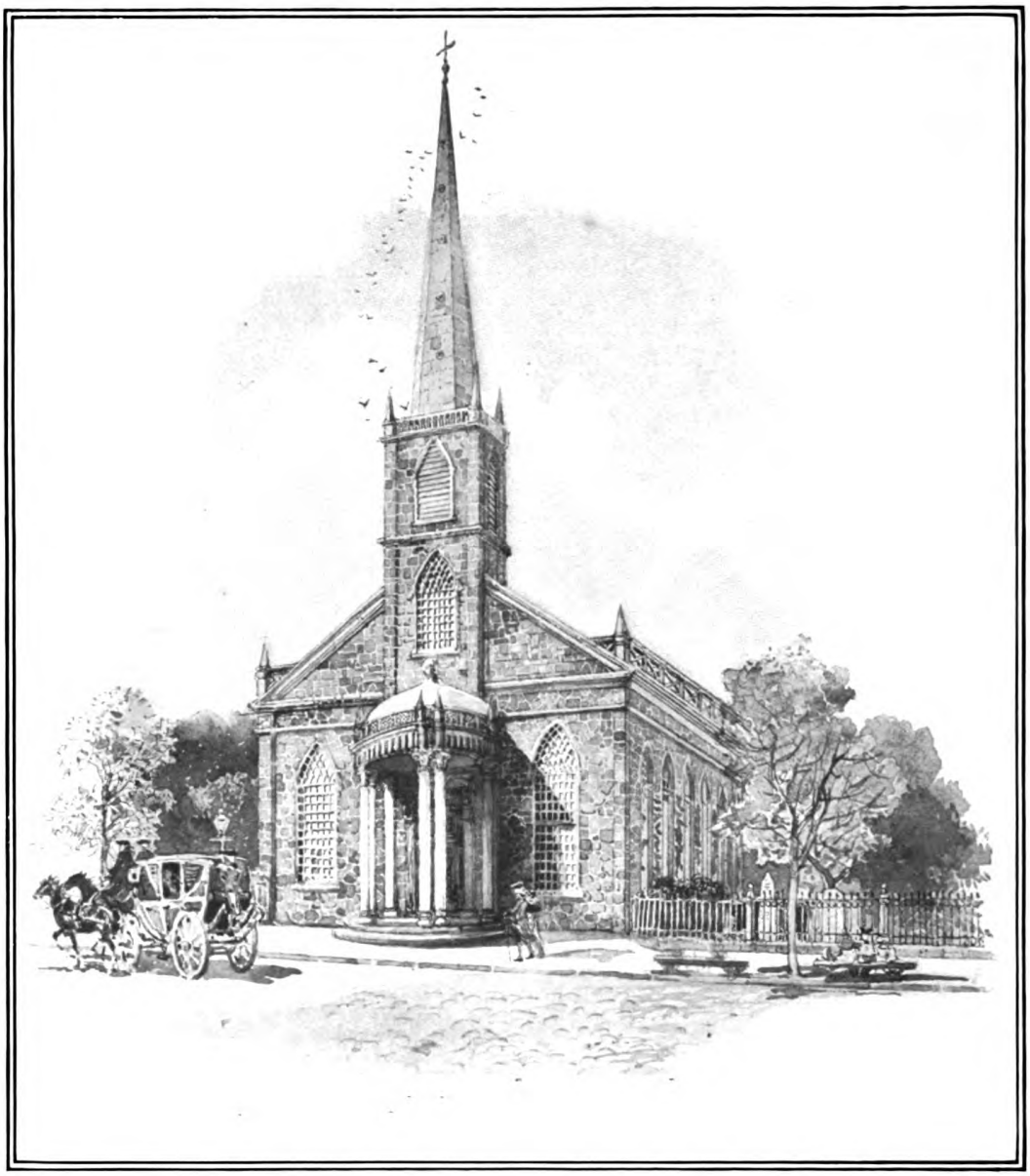
Brilliant as its social record had become, Wall Street had not in the mean time lost anything of its former official dignity and had materially added to its historic laurels. On March 25, 1790, Trinity was duly consecrated, and, with a canopied pew set apart for the President and another specially reserved for the Governor, it bade fair to continue its long tradition as the official place of worship.

Meanwhile within the halls of Congress business of vital importance to the nation had been transacted. On the 7th of April, 1789, a committee was appointed by the Senate to frame a bill for the judicial courts of the United States, and on June 12 of that year Richard Henry Lee reported the measures drawn by Oliver Ellsworth, of Connecticut, which brought into existence the most powerful tribunal known to the history of the law. Indeed, it was on September 24, 1789, in Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, that Washington performed the most important act of his administrative career, for on that day he signed the measure creating the Supreme Court of the United States. Certainly nothing ordained by Congress before or since that day has had so profound an effect upon American history as the creation of that mighty tribunal, and from the little court-house on the other side of Wall Street came two of its first judges—John Jay and Brockholst Livingston.

In February, 1790, another significant event occurred in Federal Hall, for a petition presented by the Quakers praying for the abolition of slavery led to a sharp debate, and the next day the last word of advice which Franklin was destined to offer his countrymen was received in the form of a memorial signed by him as President of the Pennsylvanian Society for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery. The discussion on this subject lasted for more than a month, and even at that early date there were muttered threats of secession in the air. It was not the slavery question, however, which then suggested the dissolution of the Union, but rather Hamilton's policy for the assumption of the State debts, which, to the State-rights men, seemed to foreshadow the extinction of all local sovereignty. So bitter was the feeling against the Federal plan that Hamilton was forced to offer great concessions to carry his point, and the compromise he negotiated disposed of New York as the permanent national capital.

* It was at a dinner at Jefferson's house that the bargain was struck whereby the national capital was located at Washington.

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TRINITY CHURCH (CONSECRATED MARCH 25, 1790)
Taken from the northwest corner of Wall Street

Meanwhile the fates had long been combining to strip the city of its official honors, for an extraordinarily hot summer and a bitter winter had prejudiced all the visiting members of Congress and intensified the local jealousy and resentment of less favored communities, all of whom were vigorously contending for the possession of the prize. Such was the situation when Hamilton made his famous bargain with Jefferson by which the Potomac was selected as the site of the future capital, Philadelphia given a lease of power for ten years, and the national government authorized to assume the debts of the several States. The part of this compromise which divested New York of its official character took the form of an act of Congress which was signed by Washington on July 16, 1790, but Wall Street was privileged to witness one more interesting ceremony before it went into effect.

Late in that month Colonel Marinus

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Willett, who had been in the South negotiating a treaty of peace with the Creek Indians, returned to New York, bringing with him the chief and twenty-eight warriors of the tribe. At every stopping-place on their journey Colonel Willett and his party had been received with great courtesy and hospitality, and on their arrival in New York they were met and welcomed by a new society whose members donned bucktails and otherwise arrayed themselves in full Indian costume, and assuming entire charge of the proceedings, conducted the puzzled redskins to Federal Hall.

Such was the first public appearance of Tammany, organized in 1789 to spread "*the smile of charity, the chain of friendship, and the flame of liberty, and in general whatever may tend to perpetuate the love of freedom or the political advantage of this country.*" None of those worthy objects would seem to have called the society into the field as the self-appointed reception committee to the visiting Creek Indians, but the occasion undoubtedly served to bring the organization into prominence, and under its auspices the proceedings, though smacking somewhat of burlesque, were apparently conducted to every one's satisfaction. Indeed, the Society of the Cincinnati, whose aristocratic pretensions unquestionably called St. Tammany into the field, fraternized with its rival on this occasion, and on July 27, 1790, the President made his last official visit to Wall Street in his ornate coach, with all the trappings of dignity, to sign a treaty with the Indians and pass the pipe of peace.

It was August 12 when Congress adjourned, and on the 30th Washington was conveyed across the North River in the same magnificent barge that had brought him to the city which he was never to see again, and almost with his departure changes were begun in Wall Street which were to give it a new place in a very different phase of history.

Market

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

I WENT to Market yesterday,
  And it is like a Fair
Of everything you like to see;
  But nothing Live is there.
The Pigeons, hanging up to eat,—
And Rabbits, by their little feet!—
  And no one seemed to care.

And there were Fishes out in rows,
  Bright ones of every kind;
And some were Pink, and Silver too;
  But all of them were blind.—
Yes, everything you want to touch:
It would not make you happy, much;—
  But no one seemed to mind.

And oh, I saw a Lovely Deer!—
Only Its eyes were blurred.
And hanging by It, very near,
  A beautiful great Bird;
So I could smooth his feathers through,
And kiss them (very softly) too.—
  And oh, he never stirred!

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The Kingdoms of the Earth

BY ALICE BROWN

THE night express from the north had been held for twenty minutes at the little station among the marshes, and travellers in disarray came drooping out as soon as the solution got headway that there was a wrecked freight up the line, and that the express might be stalled for several hours. John E. Bacheller, millionaire and financier, was among the first to reach the platform. He was a burly man with full face marked by will and the habit of control, iron-gray hair standing up straight from his forehead, and altogether the look of the not entirely wholesome prosperity wrought out through colossal problems solved indoors, in the atmosphere of other like accountants. He had an exact sequence of questions to put, and the most reticent officials answered gladly. When it became apparent that no team could shift him to any branch or even independent line inside a half-day's driving, and that no electric road came within a hopeful radius, he calmed his mind, as he had taught himself to do, to save energy for actual need, and walked up and down the platform observing the scenery—a uniform flatness with a taste of salt. The porter, with whom he had travelled many a trip back and forth between the city and his country house, and who knew the length and heaviness of his pocket, appeared before him ingratiatingly.

"Coffee, Mr. Bacheller?" he insinuated. "Long time to breakfast, sir. Need a cup of coffee, sir, I guess you do."

"Oh!" Bacheller roused himself from his pondering on the business day before him. "That you, Lon? Well, I will have a cup of coffee. But bring it to me here. The air in there's so confounded bad."

So he continued to walk up and down, presently with a coffee cup in hand, and having drunk, he felt slightly heartened for the probable quashing of his plans, if the delay should be prolonged, and strengthened in an underlying determination to get into the city approximately on time, in spite of steam and obstacles. The station was in an assemblage of hayricks on the marsh lined by inlets of dark water. The stacks, at this hour of the morning, looked like colossal mounds—some of them at a distance like elephants or houses—and as Bacheller absently tried to follow their outlines while he thought, he suddenly remembered the marshes as he used to see them by day. For he had been a boy here; he had gone into "the ma'sh" in the early morning with the mowers, and had seen the hay piled on the staddles and, almost breathless with the cleverness of it, had watched the growing of the mounds. In a queer way he was not prepared to face, he was suddenly awake to another state of existence, when he was a child and wondered over childish things. In a turn of his limited pacing back and forth, he came first upon the porter, ready for his empty cup, and then to a man approximately of his own age, thin, with a beaklike nose, bright blue eyes and white hair, and a flush on his clear cheek.

He was talking to the station-master at the moment of confiding to him a large hamper.

"Well," he was saying, "if the express gets through, the accommodation can. I'll leave it. You see it gets aboard."

It was a habit of John E. Bacheller to observe, when his mind had not withdrawn inwardly to its own company to reflect upon combinations of money that make more money, and he glanced at the hamper, wondered if it contained live stock of any sort, and then caught upon the side the name in black letters, "R. Sanderson." He took two steps to the man with the fresh face and white hair and held out his hand.

"How are you, Rufe?" said he.

Rufus looked at him, and responded immediately with a cordial hand of his

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

HE LIFTED THE HAMPER IN BOTH HANDS

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own and a warm, delightful smile. He had the air of a man who thinks so soberly and constantly of the pleasant, the miraculous, that the most surprising incident fails to hurry him by a heart-beat.

"Sho!" said he, in an outburst of the phrasing he affected because his neighbors talked so. "That you? Saw your picture in the New York paper t'other day. How'd you know me? You ain't seen mine."

Bacheller clapped him on the back, found he felt sturdy under the test, and liked him at once as much as he used to when they went fishing and built snow men.

"What you got in there, Rufe?" he inquired, indicating the hamper.

"Why," said Rufus, caressing his chin—a trick he had learned of his farmer friends—"that's flowers. We've got a garden, wife and I. We send 'em up to the city every morning in the season."

"Not—" Bacheller hesitated.

"Why, yes," said Sanderson, with a touch of humor over an unnecessary tactfulness, "to sell. We do it all the season long."

"What's in there?"

"Sweet-williams. Like to see 'em?"

"You don't want to open it?"

"Pshaw! yes, I do. Tie it up again in a minute. Pay you to see 'em. You won't find anything much handsomer if you should go to Persia and pick you out a yard of magic carpeting. Look here!"

He snipped the wire that held the fastening and lifted the cover on exquisitely packed velvet heads and long hardy stems. He lifted the hamper in both hands, as if he were a libation-bearer, and presented it, dewy wet, to Bacheller's nose.

"Smell!" he counselled.

Bacheller put his head into the damp velvet and nosed luxuriously. The fragrance was elusive, but he caught it.

"George!" he uttered, rising.

Sanderson's face overspread with a most perfect satisfaction. He set down the hamper and secured the cover again with a little coil of wire from his pocket.

"I thought you'd kinder like it," he said, quietly. But when it was tight again he rose and put the wire back into his pocket. "Say, John," he said, "you give me your address and I'll express you a basket one of these mornings."

"I'd like 'em first rate," said Bacheller, "but the house is shut up, and my wife ain't there."

"Well, you drop me a line when she gets home, and I'll send a basket along according to the season."

"You see, we're not even in our country house this summer," said Bacheller. "Mary's at a hotel up in the mountains; going to stay there till she sails with Kitty in a week or so. Kitty's her niece, just out of school. Sings pretty well, and nothing to do but Mary must take her over and settle her in Germany somewhere to study." But he spoke absently. He remembered the sweet-williams as he used to see them before they had been supplanted by schemes of color in bedding-out plants. They meant Mary at the centre table with the lamp, in the winters before they got so rich, or Mary stooping over a garden bed in a little front yard, her cheeks hot, her hair disordered, and the gloves she had promised to wear thrown from her in a weeding frenzy.

"Well, she'll be back again," said Rufus, easily. "You just keep me informed, and I'll send her up something, if it ain't till chrysanthemum time."

Then some one in uniform came along and told Bacheller it was decisive that the tracks would hardly be clear for a couple of hours.

"I've got to be in town," said Bacheller, scowling with earnestness. He lived so seriously in his game of pyramid-building that when his way was blocked he had to get over the obstacle, through it or over it, no matter which.

"Must you?" said Rufus, sympathizing. "That's too bad. Well, I hate to leave you, John. But I must get back. Say!" He radiated friendliness with the discovery. "Why don't you come along with me and have a cup of coffee?"

"Oh, I've had coffee."

Bacheller asked an impatient question of another official, who gave him no more encouragement.

"Well, but come and see the place," Rufus was insisting. "Come right along. The wagon's out here. I'll get you back in an hour, if you say so."

"Come on, then. How far do you live?"

Rufus convoyed him round the end

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of the station to a rusty sort of farm wagon and an old roan horse.

"Here's my team," said he. "Jump in. Why, we live 'most four miles out," he explained, when they were established on the gaping cushion. "That's where the garden is. But we bought us a quarter of an acre of marsh not half a mile from here, and I run up a little shanty on it, and that's where I'm going to take you. Pretty's there."

"That your wife?"

"Yes. I don't know why I thought you'd know I named her Pretty. Well, she ain't so pretty as some, she says, but she suits me mighty well."

"Kind of a shooting-box you've built?" inquired Bacheller. The light was coming fast, and the shadowy haystacks began to take on outline. The morning air was good to him. He liked the jogging motion and the smell of the horse.

"Oh no, no, not exactly." Rufus turned a sudden glance round upon the east and flicked at the horse's flank. "Well, the fact is, John, I go there to paint."

"To paint? Paint pictures?"

"Yes. You know I was always possessed to paint. I never got over it."

"You an artist, Rufe?" Bacheller asked it with sudden interest and respect. "I never knew that."

"Well, you wouldn't know it, John," said Sanderson, with a shamefaced air of offering the statement for what it was worth. "I paint every living minute I can get—all the enduring time—but the pictures look like thunder to me. There's the house." It was a bare little oblong, with a meagre veranda on two sides, and the haycocks encompassed it like beneficent guards. "There's a light spot on the piazza. That's Pretty." He seemed to return then to a recognition of Bacheller's enforced halt. "I love to have you come," he said, "love dearly to. But I hate to think you're due up in town and can't get there. What is it, John? Sickness?"

Bacheller laughed out.

"No," he answered, dryly. "It ain't sickness, Rufe—yet. It's business. Maybe some of 'em 'll feel more or less sick before we get through."

"Oh!" said Rufus, slapping the reins, with no perceptible effect. "Well, that's pretty important sometimes."

Bacheller felt a sudden desire to unbosom himself in the face of the still day and the impersonal presence of Sanderson, who was neither a financier, a reporter, nor a politician.

"I came down here to take a hand in a game I saw going on," he said, in an impassive way compact of restrained meanings. "I thought I'd give it another turn. Read the papers, Rufe?"

"Oh yes," said Rufus, "sometimes."

"Well, if I get into the city before ten o'clock, you'll see in to-night's papers that John E. Bacheller's been squeezing the shorts."

"Squeezing the shorts?" repeated Sanderson, in a mystified way. "Oh!" The most acute illumination rewarded him all at once. "Oh!" he cried again. "Stocks!"

"Yes, my boy," said Bacheller, composedly. "Stocks. Maybe they'll tell you Bacheller made half a million. That mightn't be true, or it might be near it. But if they thought Bacheller came down to make the half million, they'd be mighty well mistaken. Bacheller came down because he saw the game and he wanted to be in it. That's all."

Sanderson had stopped the horse in the road opposite the little house on the marsh. Now he turned on his friend a look of almost startled inquiry. Bacheller had on the face he used in business. Iron fortified the lines about his mouth, greed was in his eye—not of money, but of power. Sanderson, not clearly understanding what he saw there, but finding his friendliness insensibly rebuffed by it, shook his head slightly and turned away.

"You get down here," he said, "and I'll go round the causeway with the horse. You pick your steps through the grass. Pretty's right there on the piazza. You tell her who you are."

Bacheller alighted and made his way between ditches to the little house, every minute clearer in the dawn. Pretty was there at the steps, small, tanned, with brown eyes and a frown between them. She seemed too anxious even to wonder who he was.

"Oh," she cried, "why can't he hurry? What kept him so?"

"Why," said Bacheller, liking her im-

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mensely, and speaking with the peculiar gentleness he had for his own womenfolk, "I guess I kept him. We run across each other at the station, and we found we had a good deal to say."

She forgave him, he saw, though the frown still tarried between the smiling eyes.

"Well, he's coming. Leave him right there," she called to Rufus, tethering the horse to a disused staddle in the marsh. "I'll unharness. Hurry up, or it 'll be begun."

"Why, no," said Sanderson, coming up their way and leaping a ditch. "No, it won't be begun. You let the horse be. You've got to see it, too." Then he regarded Bacheller, who looked momentarily alien to the scene, put out a hand, and drew his wife forward. "You made acquaintance?" he asked. "It's John E. Bacheller, Pretty. He's the one I told you I traded off my rabbits to."

"Holy smoke!" said Bacheller. "Why, that happened more'n forty years ago."

"Can't help it," said Rufus. He smiled, but looked wilfully inexorable. "I traded 'em off for a double-bladed knife I didn't need, and the minute you had 'em I wanted 'em back, and I want 'em to this day as much as I did then."

Bacheller stood for a moment struck meditative over the rescued memory.

"I didn't want 'em," said he. "I wonder what I did want. I guess I just hankered after a trade."

Pretty had come back through the house, her face moved by some emotion that seemed the acme of surprise. She might have had ten thousand Christmas trees ready to light up.

"Your easel's out there," she said to Rufus. "Come, Mr. Bacheller, you and I'll stand by."

She had the air of wafting them before her through the house, and Bacheller, obeying, found himself on the veranda at the other side. This fronted the east, where a flush was widening. Sanderson's easel stood a few paces from the steps, an old chair before it. He seemed now to have caught his wife's haste and sense of the importance of the moment, and seated himself there, stuck his thumb through the palette he smeared, and took up a brush she had ready. Then he waited, facing the east. Pretty faced it, too, and Bacheller, after one look at her, also turned to it as if he must. He had to glance back again once or twice, at her face, so absolutely oblivious to him. He thought he had never seen any one so absorbed or so adorned by that intentness. Her breath came faster, and she opened her lips a little to give it free course. The morning wind stirred the little curls on her forehead, brown with a thread of gray in them, and every minute she seemed to grow more eager. It was as if, watching, she called upon something to come forth. Bacheller felt nothing but an extreme curiosity that grew into wonder, and he, too, turned again to the east. The red was deepening there. The water had been sliding into the irregular lagoons that made the marsh a width of charted beauty, and into the ditches cutting it at intervals, and where the red got hold of it, it was like blood, and where the pink lay it was pink. And then there was saffron and a lucent green. And Bacheller became aware that Sanderson had forgotten all about them both and was painting like mad, laying on colors in experimental bars, until, at a point in the slow melting of red into the regnancy of yellow, as if men's blood was being transmuted into gold, his wife bent irresistibly toward him.

"There!" she breathed. "There!"

"Yes! yes!" he said, and painted.

At first it had perhaps seemed to Bacheller that they were waiting for something from the east, but it suddenly became apparent to him that it had come. It was the sunrise they awaited—Sanderson because he wanted to paint it, and Pretty because she wanted her husband to paint it, but both of them for a reason deeper still and inexplicable, as if they had a worship of it. As Bacheller watched, he, too, caught something of their excitement. He was in the face of majesty, the flare of dawn, the great red banners of the sky. He was not whizzing through it in a car while the porter pencilled his order for breakfast and he wondered when the morning papers would be brought aboard. He was in the Presence itself.

It all went on with that swift noiselessness of the dawn, until the sun's line threw a sheen into the creeping marsh

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

SANDERSON HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THEM BOTH

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waters and began to burn out the colors everywhere and the cold upper sky got blue. Then, with the blinding glow in front of him, Sanderson put down his brush and passed a hand across his eyes. He looked round at Bacheller like a man trying to regain himself after an enormous effort, a race to find, a struggle to hold.

"I forgot," he said. "I told you I'd take you back there. Any time you say. I've finished."

Pretty came into the scene, and seemed to reconcile all their wonders.

"Can't you stay to breakfast?" she asked Bacheller, with the gentleness that made requests out of her quiet urgencies.

"Why, yes," he answered, from his wonder at them both and a sudden desire to understand them. "I guess I can."

Rufus had come back from his leap into another state of being. He went off and took the bits out of the horse's mouth, leaving the harness on, and produced some oats. Pretty had whisked a little table out on the shady veranda and called them to coffee and bread and butter. The blue water had flushed in now, and the lagoons were full of it. Bacheller felt the exhilaration of the mounting day. He began to think what a pity it would be when the time came for him to be taken to the train.

"Do you do this often?" he asked Pretty.

She gave him her sweet, serious, upward glance of the eye.

"Oh no!" she said. "Not more than twice a week. We're too busy with the garden. We make a lot out of that, but we do it by tending up. You have to, with a garden."

"Sho!" said Bacheller, in a keen, new interest, because they seemed to him at once rather admirable in their practicality. "Do you actually make a good deal out of a flower garden?"

Sanderson was stretched out, having finished his coffee, his legs on two chairs. He kept an observant eye on the landscape, more lucent now under the mounting sun.

"How much was it last season? Remember, Pretty?"

"Two hundred and eighteen dollars," said Pretty. She sparkled with the exhilaration of it.

"We're quite forehanded people," said Sanderson. He stretched his legs farther in a luxury of muscular ease. "I make shoes a couple of months in the winter, and we're mighty thrifty. We've laid by something. I guess we've got, in all, a matter of three thousand dollars. How much, Pretty?"

"Last time the interest was cast up it was three thousand nine hundred, and seventy-four cents."

"There!" commented Sanderson, in a solemn triumph.

"Sell many pictures?" Bacheller ventured.

Sanderson's legs came down with a thud.

"Why, bless your heart, man," he said, "I don't paint pictures to sell."

"What in thunder do you paint 'em for?"

"Why, to learn how to paint. I ain't learned yet."

Bacheller looked in sudden affection, born partly out of old memories, at the fresh face and whitened hair.

"Well, Rufe," he said, with a caressing sort of good nature, "how long do you s'pose it's going to take you? For a guess, now?"

"Well, John," said Sanderson, "it's a queer thing to say, but I have a kind of a theory I shall begin with it here and go on with it somewhere else."

"Oh!" said Bacheller, bemused.

There was a short whistle from the train, then many calls in succession. Both men started to their feet.

"George!" said Sanderson, "your train's going. Let me get the bits in and we'll see what we can do."

"Oh!" It was a little sigh from Pretty. She walked up to Bacheller, and he thought for a moment that in the earnestness of her request she was about to lay a hand on the lapel of his coat. It made him think of his own Mary getting ready to sail, and he wondered if he should have been an idiot to sail with her. She had asked him. She had laid wifely fingers on his coat and looked at him with dewy eyes, but she professed to understand when he showed her how the market needed him. It was the summer dulness, but he knew a few things to touch it up a little. Meantime, while his mind raced off to all these midway goals, Pretty still looking at him with that lifted glance, and the engine tooting, she had added,—

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"I wish you'd stay!" and Bacheller had answered:

"Much obliged to you. I will."

She put her hands together unaffectedly.

"Goody! goody!" said she. "Rufe, take the bits out. He's going to stay."

Then Rufus, having consigned the horse to a more or less permanent quarter in the shade of the house, came back again, decidedly pleased, Bacheller could see, and the train went shrieking off. The despairing calls seemed to Bacheller like Lon's frantic adjurations to him not to get left, and to conductors and engineer not to leave him, and he smiled a little, and knew Lon would take care of his grip and he should get it another time.

"Now," said Pretty, "what let's play?"

Bacheller wanted nothing but the game of talk. They sat down on the veranda and Pretty brought her sewing, and they continued there, moving once or twice as the shade travelled. The salt got into Bacheller's lungs and blood. He sniffed at it as if it were a bottled exhilaration he had paid high for and must drink up because there was no more exactly like it. The air on his face and the old salt smell within him, he had the boy feeling again. They began talking about the rabbits, and that led to more dramas of that old time. All the while Bacheller was thinking, trying to understand the two in their life that was incomprehensible to him: not so much from its simplicity, because that he had known in his youth, but from their untouched love of it. He liked life, too, he supposed, but there was that in him, not recognized, but warningly alive at the bottom of his activities, that told him he must keep on or the machinery would stop.

"Fetch out your pictures, Rufe," he said at last. "Let's see some of 'em."

"Why, yes," said Sanderson. "They're mostly sketches, though. I come down to get a hack at sunrises chiefly, sunrise and sunset. Why, yes, John, of course you can see 'em."

Bacheller, when they were in line before him, could not in the least tell what he thought of them. Pictures always seemed to him insufficient. A living cow grazing in her home ground was more lively to him than the painted cow, and the sunrise, as he saw it that morning, was a warmer thing than Sanderson's wash of color. These things were hidden from him, but he was conscious that they did bring in some people a good deal of money. He pointed his stubby forefinger at a patch of brown marsh grass with a yellow sky behind it and deep shadows by the stacks.

"How much is that one?" he asked.

Rufus frankly stared at him.

"What for?" he said.

"Oh, to sell!"

"Bless you, John, I don't sell 'em."

"No, but if you made up your mind to it. That—and that—and that—" The finger pointed unerringly. "Those three are what I should pick out. What do you say to a thousand apiece?"

Pretty caught her breath an instant, but Sanderson, with one motion of his long arm, swept the canvases together. He laughed, tenderly perhaps, as at old friendship outdoing itself.

"You don't want 'em, John," he said. "Honest, you don't! They're no good, except to show the Almighty I've worked some and kinder hint to Him He won't be making any mistake if he sets me down before an easel some other time. Pshaw, John! If you bought 'em and put 'em up in your house folks would guy you for it. No! no! Couldn't let you."

Bacheller retreated, patently bewildered. Pretty looked at her husband a little wistfully, as if she had relinquished something she would have liked to put into his hand, and presently got up with her little dutiful air and set out the luncheon they had brought from home that morning in what Bacheller recognized as a butter-box. There were sour-milk biscuits buttered when they were warm and in a delicious state of permeated lusciousness, dried apple pie, very thin, with lemon, and cheese. That was all, save that Pretty made a cup of tea. They sat on the veranda and ate, and talked again, and Bacheller had his second inspiration.

"Say, Rufe," said he, "if you judge your painting ain't up to the mark, I should think you'd like to take a few lessons."

"He does take lessons," said Pretty. "Oh, every summer!"

"Well," said Bacheller, reprovingly, "how short-sighted you are to deny your-

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self a few thousand dollars I shouldn't miss! Shouldn't miss it, I tell you—"

"It's dear of you, Mr. Bacheller," said Pretty. "Just dear! But you see that somehow took care of itself. Mr. Adrian Stone—you know him, he's quite a famous artist—he comes down here through August every year, and we give him his board, and he helps Rufe all he can. It just happened, first. He came to find marshes, and tumbled right into our house, and Rufus and he took a notion to each other. So now he comes every year. It's next Wednesday he's due."

Bacheller felt unreasonably disappointed, and vaguely not so rich as he had thought himself. He grinned a little as he wondered whether it would put him back in his self-recognized niche of potentate if he should give his native town the library it had hinted for.

"Rufe," he said, "when's that afternoon express get along here?"

"There isn't any till seven."

"No, no, I don't mean to the city. I mean up north again. I rather think I'll take back tracks, and have a day or two more with my wife."

"Four ten," said Rufus. "She won't stop unless you flag her."

"Well, then, I guess we'll flag her." Bacheller rose and stretched his great bulk upward. He even put up his arms very high, as if he grasped something out of the air. "Well, Mrs. Sanderson," he said, turning to her where she sat sewing up a rip in the coat Rufus had doffed while he harnessed, "I've had a very enjoyable day. It's about the best day I can remember. When it comes fall—my wife 'll be back then—we must fix up a time and you come up to the city and see us. There'll be something doing—always is,—and you and my wife 'll be cronies right off, I'm pretty sure."

"I'd be pleased to," said Pretty, with that sweet lift of the eyebrows. "Only we don't get very far from home."

When he had said good-by to her, and he and Rufe were on their jogging way to the station, he looked about him with a pang at leaving. He had a great sense of acquisition, as if the day had given him something, and with it this ache of loss. Something was disturbed within him, something warred there. But chiefly he was grateful because he had met his old friend and had rested for a while in the house of life his friend had builded. He laughed out suddenly, in a whimsical way. Rufus looked round at him.

"What is it, John?" he said.

"I'd like to ask you something, Rufe. I suppose you know pretty well how I stand in the business world?"

"Oh, you bet your life!" said Rufe. "You're square as a die, old man. You always were and always will be."

"No! no! I mean, you know I can do pretty much what I like with the market, if I use my gumption and go slow. There's no risk, keeping step with me. Now, what do you say to giving me two thousand of your money and letting me turn it for you? I guess you could do with a little more'n you've got, hey, Rufe?"

Sanderson flicked at the horse and looked straight ahead between the responsive ears. Then he cast Bacheller a dry, sidewise glance. "Squeezing the shorts, John?" he inquired.

John smiled as dryly. "Well," he said, "We don't squeeze the shorts every day."

Again Rufus persuaded the horse and reflected. He had not made up his mind much before they were halting at the little station.

"Well, John," said he, "I'll tell you how it is. We've got it so well fixed, on the whole—three and a half per cent., you know, rolling up, not like greased lightning, but still rolling—and the income from the flowers and my shoemaking, and our good health—well, I guess we'll leave things as they are. But much obliged to *you!* You're all right, John, no mistake."

A moment later they stood together on the platform, and the train was due.

"Say, John, you give me that address," Sanderson bade him suddenly, "your city one. And when your missus gets back send me a card, and I'll express her up a box of flowers."

Bacheller took out his notebook and tore a leaf from it. He stayed an instant, pencil poised. The train was sending up white spirals down the line. Bacheller spoke in a dry, moved voice:

"I guess you needn't wait till fall, Rufe. I've put down my wife's steamer here, and the day. Send us on a box of the red-striped ones you had this morning, both of us. I'm going with her."

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Editor's Easy Chair

THE electric lamps before the theatres, which had all winter long blazoned the attractions within, were in May already beginning to pale their fires, or, if not always this, to syllable other names than those which they had spelt ever since the beginning of the season. In their rearrangement, which studied as decorative effects as the earlier announcements, they intimated the lighter motives of a summer drama, the airier personalities of a comedy or an opera bouffe more suited to a solstice in which the trailing robes of tragedy had "dwindled to their shortest span," and the buoyant fancies of the playwright were rendered in unfettered dance and song. The audience had changed its character with the drama, and the New York playgoer, who is usually from Denver, Omaha, St. Louis, Chicago, Memphis, or at the nearest from the commuting settlements along the different lines of railroad out of the city, was now conjecturably of a more sportive and less critical nature even than his winter predecessor. Always, any sort of New York playgoer "wants to be amused," "wants to have his mind taken off himself," and this is both reasonable and desirable. But it does not make him a New-Yorker, and the taste formed in him by his preferences cannot in strictness be called the New York taste in theatricals. Its expression cannot be called the New York criticism, whether it is printed in the newspapers the morning after the play, or spoken the same night on the way home to the hotel where the playgoer mostly lives. To accept it as such would be to fall into the error of a young English playwright who some months ago imparted to his native press his ultimate discontent with the New York "notices" of a successful piece of his, after he had apparently expected to enjoy them.

We will not go so far as to join him in naming his piece, or proclaiming that it had been played four hundred times in London, and was presently to be played in Paris; to advertise it in these terms was quite his own affair; and we shall confine ourselves, in the field he has opened up, to inquiring whether New York audiences are or are not like the provincial audiences in England, as he says they are. On the whole we are inclined to agree with him that they are, for the reason already intimated that they are so largely provincial with us, and so very little metropolitan. If a real New York audience could, for love or money, be got together in a New York theatre, very likely its spoken and printed criticism of a given play, even of a very light musical comedy, would be of that sustained and penetrating and convincing brilliancy which is said (we are careful not to pretend an immediate knowledge of the fact) to characterize the conversation of our best society, at any of its functions. Such a real New York audience, we are sure, would not be interested in the looks and ways of the several pretty actresses, but would care mainly if not solely for the æsthetics of the piece. The author would be in their minds, his ideal, his artistry, his purpose, just as they are in the minds of a London audience equally intellectual and refined. These real New-Yorkers would wish the piece to be well played, well sung, well danced, but only so as submissively to interpret the dramatist, and not so as merely to display the gifts and graces of the performers. Such real New-Yorkers would not care, we believe, for the knockabout drolleries of the comedians, the personal peculiarities and the studied pertnesses of the comediennes; or if they did it would be to ask themselves whether they were part of the author's intention, and if they decided not, to frown them austerely down, just as real Londoners would. But as it is, in a city like ours, where the New York audiences are practically provincial, it is too true that very

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much the same arts please as make the success of the one-night stands on the road in the depths of the country. Apparently, our theatrical critics are of the same low tastes; and if the young English playwright quotes them correctly, they write down to the level of the talk which goes on among the spectators between the acts and on their way home to their hotels when the play is over. Some of the expressions he quotes from our critics are actually such as we cannot bring ourselves to repeat, and we can well imagine the young English playwright's doing it with loathing; they are clever, they are blithe, they are amusing, but they are frightfully vulgar; and he says no English critic would use them.

Yet it is possible that his innocence had been abused by the press-clippings' bureau, which had sent him only the favorable notices of the cheaper critics. It is barely possible that the better critics, like those who write for our more dignified journals, did not write of his piece at all, and that there were no notices to send him from them. That, if true, was to our disadvantage as well as his; but a critic who wishes to express the judgment of such a real New York audience as we have been trying to imagine, may successfully make his excuses for declining to discuss the merits of a light musical comedy.

The young English playwright takes this sort of drama seriously, and he apparently has the high standard of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in view while he composes his pieces; but the serious critic might not find he had reached their level, and might prefer not to say anything about his work. Still, it is to the playwright's credit that he honors them, and would fain be like them. We ourselves have not seen the piece which has been made hateful to him by its prosperity with our provincial New York playgoers and critics, and we are in no case to say how far he has failed of his ideal, but we wish with all our heart that he had attained it. Nothing is more to be desired than a return to the art of those beautiful masterpieces, as modest and as sweet as Nature herself. The wonder is that having once enjoyed their perfection we should be willing to batten on the garbage which has since been so often given us in the form of musical comedy, or of comic opera, as the reader chooses to call it. One recalls, across the squalor of their successors, the names of those divinely pleasing, humanely whimsical, supremely humorous plays, in which the music ironically mated itself with the tricksy fancies of the song and dialogue, and in strains of tender burlesque carried the dramatist's meaning into those regions where tones speak rather than words. *Pinafore, Patience, Iolanthe, The Yeomen of the Guard, The Pirates of Penzance, Trial by Jury, The Family Sorcerer, The Mikado, The Gondoliers, Ruddygore:* these are not all their dear names, nor the order of their coming, but they will suffice to remind the reader of the joys of the past, and of his loss in now seeing them so seldom or never on the bills of the theatres where the vulgar abominations of the day have the cry in the largest type. What witchery, what caprice, what delicate satire, what kindly drolling they recall in the plays, and in the playing what art, what nature, what decency! Will there ever be their like again?

But if we have them still, why need there be others like them? Why should not they richly suffice, while the world stands, to keep us glad and good? The answer, or one of the answers, seems to be that though the pieces still exist, and will exist as long as the love of humor in literature exists—for they read as well as they play—the actors who once played them seem to be dead, together with the managers who once staged them. It was only last winter that one could have seen almost the lightest and prettiest of them, *The Mikado*—namely, given at an up-town theatre with a brutal insensibility to its qualities, with a gross exaggeration of its points, with especially a clownish misconception of the Lord High Executioner's fascinating character, that ought to have brought tears of rage and shame even from the groundlings: the dense, rich, fat groundlings, who applauded the hideous travesty of the lovely burlesque.

It is something very strange and sad, that degeneration in the arts from a perfected beauty to something less per-

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fect, and so on to perfected ugliness. It is as if our very fallible race could not endure the continuance of a faultless excellence. In its impatience it will have something less excellent in the same kind, and then something as far as possible from excellence in another kind. The poison spreads from the audience to the artist, it infects the very material in which he works, till at last taste, art, skill, and stuff are rotten, all and each. It might appear as if we to whom the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were first sent were a supernal generation worthier than any before or after to enjoy their divine charm; but more probably it was adventitious circumstances which conspired to fit us for our rare delight. Till our time the old-fashioned opera had not been satirized in that vein of tender mockery which runs through the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Women, in their endearing inconsistencies, incoherencies and illogicalities, had not yet become that exquisite delight which they became through the caressing fun of one of the supreme appreciators of them; the indecencies which had so long held the comic stage had gone so far and been so tiresome that it was a fresh and pure enjoyment to see the choral ladies draped to their pretty feet; the mock simplicity of the music, fetching from the far old English sources, was an innocent rapture after the salacious insinuation which allied the strains and words of even such artistic masterpieces as the amusing Offenbach operas. We were very happy, too, in having convenient crazes, like the æsthetic craze, the craze for Japanese things, the craze for outwardly abusing dignities before which we inwardly abased ourselves; and the Gilbert and Sullivan opera availed itself of these prevalent little manias.

But perhaps what made it so universally appreciable to our peculiarly qualified generation was its knowledge of human nature, which never lumbered into pedantry, as it never fumbled in obscenity. How clean it all was, that new pleasure! The airiest fling of the muses who inspired it was blamelessly funny, almost domestic, and at the furthest conjugal. Those beloved masters of our brighter and purer day were of one mind, one æsthetic principle, with the great fictionists of a little earlier than their day who have, like them, been succeeded by a horde of inferiors in both arts. It is true that such of their inferiors as are also degenerates are not as triumphant in the literature which is to be read, as they are in that which is to be seen and heard. The vast, pretty-good mass of mankind like their fiction rather sound, and if a little too raw, certainly never quite rotten. But the stage seems to flourish in another air, an air sometimes so mephitic that it is imaginably like the breath of the Pit.

The degeneration of an art such as we have been lately witnessing in musical comedy seems not so much a wilful error of human nature, a sin against light and knowledge, as the result of a triple illusion which it would not be easy to trace to its source. Which is it that, when an art is perfected, as in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, responsibly imagines that something worse will be better? Is it the new author, who can so easily do something worse? Or is it the manager who believes that the public will prefer something worse? Or is it the public which, seeing what the author and the manager give it, submissively accepts something worse? Or is it a blind conspiracy of all three to wander so widely from the line of beauty as to describe a corkscrew rather than a curve in their course? Here is a very curious and interesting inquiry which we commend to any psychologist able for it. One of the questions involved is whether it is well ever to attain perfection, seeing that a decline from it involves a sort of depravity from which it is so very difficult to pull up. Another question is whether in any endeavor for reform one should not forbear to return quite to that perfection from which the decline has been so depraving. Or to put it concretely, should not our English playwright who, with us, considers the Gilbert and Sullivan æsthetics "the ideal state of affairs," guard himself from absolutely realizing it in his work? Perhaps he can be trusted to do so.

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Editor's Study

THAT must be a fortunate era we have reached, when we are no longer, as Sir Thomas Browne said, "Januses of one face," and that face turned ever to the past. The forward look has so gained upon us that all of our old men who have been really modern find in the imagination of things to come a charm outvying that of retrovision. Our imagination shows more creative power in its prophetic office than when its commerce was with the past, trafficking with memories and memorials.

The charm which holds us lies in what is becoming, in a life unfolding itself and seen in its own light; and for our generation the ever-fresh disclosures have a potent spell, leading us on in new paths. Our imagination does not feed alone upon the enshrined show-bread of memory.

It is not a formless, colorless, or flavorless world which furnishes the rich content of this freshly awakened human sensibility in our time. We are held to the perceptions and impressions of the present, finding such satisfaction in our real sense of these that we do not need to revert to some older bond established by association for a reinforcement of our interest, rather indeed waiting for what is next to come, to heighten the charm. For it is a flowing, ever-changing world. It always was this, but we have become, ourselves, so responsively fluent that the novelty and the surprise no longer escape us; and out of these changes in us has come a new humanity, with novelties and surprises of transcendent interest.

This eagerly waiting attitude of ours does not incline us to visit old crypts and dusty chambers to look upon memorials and effigies; and it does dispose us with genuine psychical hospitality to

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Surely there was some sad lack of imagination betrayed in the former so general habit of looking upon the present as flat and stale simply because it was modern. Rather, with Faust, we should count that moment happy which we bid to stay, and better still—better for our faith in life—when we are willing that any moment, however happy, should pass, sure of the more bountiful sequel. We have become lovers of change, not from the nomadic impulse bred in the desert, and not for the sake of variety so much as for our interest in the variation which forever discloses new values — values which even in that old dark article of death shine so brightly that we are more interested than appalled by what seems to us but a new and vastly more revelatory turn of the shifting curtain.

In dealing with the past the imagination has certain obvious advantages. The selection of material has been made for it, through the survival in human records of what is most impressive, or what has seemed so to former generations in the course and recourse of faithful remembrance. The sifting of time, whether it be just or not, is sure; and the longer it has been going on, the greater majesty has accrued to what it has spared. The sense of actuality is an important factor in the impression, mightily potent in itself, and fixing the personality or the event in time and place and circumstance. The imagination contributes its investment from generation to generation, magnifying the impression, not only making the most of the gigantic figures looming in the actual retrospect, but also availing of the opportunity for invention afforded by the obscurity enveloping what time has eclipsed.

Perhaps even more was won from the darkness than from the light. We are reminded by Professor Horne, in his excellent work on *The Technique of the Novel,* that the oldest stories on record, told six thousand years ago, were crude wonder tales. Our writers of historical fiction study diligently to give verisimilitude to their representations, thus meeting our modern curiosity. But until a very recent period imaginative writers

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in their appeal to a sense of wonder depended more upon what was hidden than upon what was known. Yet the main facts, the argument of the drama, had to be familiarly known in order that there should be any appeal at all. The imagination was thus forced, in any serious work, to deal with the past and to represent it on generally accepted terms. Contemporary doings and manners could be presented only in comedy, and thus only in the most refined period of a civilization. The past alone was profoundly interesting, not as something to be interpreted to find its essential truth, but as an obsession of the mind, a haunting tradition, more familiar to the soul than anything apparent in the light of common day.

It was on this, to us, very unreal ground that the imaginative writer—generally a writer of plays—met his audience, and as to motive and method that audience imposed upon him its own limitations. He followed the line of least resistance even with more facility of descent than the sculptor, the architect, and the painter. Only the poetic tension and obligation saved his art.

But he had, as we have said, obvious advantages in themes ready to his hand, projected boldly in clear outline and deeply lodged in the minds and hearts of men, with skirts of impenetrable darkness from which he could with magic wizardry summon white spirits and black, the human hopes and fears, in a like darkness, responding to these radiant or awe-compelling shapes. Angel and ghost were on his side, as were all myths and symbols, and shrines, and all the prides and dooms of mortal existence. Every trait of what seems to us an unreal scheme became for him a distinct imaginative value. Striking effects were easy. Genius achieved distinction—such distinction as we of to-day can appreciate—through excellence of form, in works which we call classic.

Our imagination is more valiant in that it can forego these advantages; and, as it delights in new disclosures of life and the world and is no longer dependent upon traditionally familiar fancies and associations, it is more essentially and spontaneously creative—is more freely and freshly wonderful both as vision and as faculty. We are more sensible of a world-geist leading us on than of a ghost that haunts us or at least haunted our predecessors. Real wonder has displaced the mystery of shadowland. Our romance is that of discovery.

But, passing from a general view to a consideration of individual experiences, we do not feel sure of emancipation from the lien upon us of our own past, through associations which, tyrannous as they may be, are fondly cherished. Here we are not in the grasp of a dead hand reaching to us from former generations, and it is no ghost that haunts us. The memories of our personal impressions and experiences are different in kind from those passed on to us by tradition or any form of commemoration, in which we participate, while what our individual remembrance binds together is a part of us, our intimate, bitter-sweet treasure. We readily change with the world, taking part in those renascences of the human spirit whereby we break with the past and renounce old fashions, and these involve also radical changes in ourselves, in our dispositions and sensibility. But we cannot repudiate those things in our experience which, however fugitive and evanescent in themselves, are held in fond recollection; and the tenderness with which we cling to them—even to our griefs, being jealous of time's furtive assuagement—helps us to a kindly regard of idolatries which we do not share and to a sympathetic comprehension of a conservatism more tenacious than our own.

In the course of two generations a remarkable change has affected the literary use of the haunting memories of childhood and youth—has indeed almost obliterated their poetic, rhetorical, and sentimental employment so familiar to us in the poems of Byron, Wordsworth, and Tom Hood, in De Quincey's "Confessions" and "Suspiria," in Elia's essays, in Dickens's *David Copperfield*, in Donald G. Mitchell's dreams and reveries, and in the popular songs of seventy years ago following the type of Woodworth's "The Old Oaken Bucket." The extremely individual note in direct or indirect autobiographic reminiscence is not now so distinctive. Writers have either become

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shyer of ridicule for giving importance to even their so distant selves or they have a more delicate reticence concerning what seems to them so intimate and inviolate.

The tendency is more and more to an avoidance of affecting personal circumstance. So far away are we removed from Rousseau and even from Charles Lamb! Tom Hood's poem, "The House where I was Born," was in keeping with the mood of writers of his day, but is remote from ours; and we would find other reasons for the preservation of a tree than that "in youth it sheltered me," as in Morris's appeal to the woodman.

Yet in our private regard the circumstances of our lives kept fresh in our remembrance, whether affecting or trivial, count for very much, and the strangely potent bond of association is established for us even more firmly through habit than through memory, for, while memory may wane, habit strengthens rather than relaxes its hold upon us, and we boldly indulge ourselves in fond surrender to its power, even though it be a weakness in us to yield. Is there any weakness more human or with which our affections are more closely concerned, our souls finding their dwelling-place in familiar things — the familiarity making home? Here memory and habit unite to strengthen the bond of association, which is at the same time an enchainment and an enchantment.

These reflections are freshly impressed upon us by the vast number of letters recently received from our readers in every part of the country imploring us to permanently resume the old cover of our Magazine, which had been used for our June number to mark the fifty-eighth anniversary of the first issue of this periodical. These letters, expressing the old homelike feeling of attachment and loyalty to the Magazine, have deeply touched us, more deeply than we can say, and have quickened in us a responsive sentiment.

We recall the fact that in the first decade of its existence this Magazine went to thousands of new homes in pioneer settlements and Western mining-camps, bringing with it welcome suggestions of the old home and of the old home culture. It enjoyed in Southern towns and plantations the warmest hospitality in generous response to its entertainment. It was then the only American periodical having a general circulation throughout the country, and it was pre-eminently a magazine for the home. Everywhere that old cover, with its bubble-blowing and flower-scattering boys, stood, as the contents did, for the buoyant adventure, free play, and humor of American life, so that it was not a mere chance token, but a significant symbol.

The Magazine itself has been constantly changing to meet the new demands of advancing taste and culture, but in all the variations incident to this evolution it has only more truly and amply developed its original type of entertainment, and that old cover, with the boys blowing bubbles and scattering flowers, so hopelessly entangled with many childish memories, might very well have been uninterruptedly retained, especially as it had itself undergone successive modifications for its æsthetic improvement. It was, not with any intention of finality, but in the natural course of change, set aside, giving place to more attractive and more richly colored vesture, without eliciting any very grave protests from our readers.

If the old cover had been in constant evidence from month to month, it would have been obliviously accepted as a matter of course by those to whom it had been longest familiar and, in the minds of some to whom it had not been endeared by early association, might have suffered something of the contempt bred by familiarity. Even homes are abandoned, by force or chance, in the natural course of change; it is distance from them which gives them over to the spell of memory's enchantment, and revisitation sometimes brings disillusionment. Putting the old cover on our June number was a kind of old-home visitation, and happily it seems to have revived and strengthened instead of deranging an illusion as dear to ourselves as it can be to any of our readers. We venture at least to promise these readers many and frequent returns of the happy occasion.

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Editor's Drawer

The Bishop and Mrs. Allrope

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

BREAKING the silence incident to the absorption of the Judge and the Colonel in a game of chess, and of the Doctor in slumber, but speaking in the assured tone of one who genially contributes his desired quota to an animated general conversation, the Bishop said affably: "Of the many curious experiences which have come to me in the discharge of the multifarious duties of my sacred office, one of the most extraordinary—"

"Check!" said the Colonel.

"—related to a baptism. It occurred—"

"Now you *have* done it!" said the Colonel cheerfully, as the Judge made a hurried move that uncovered his queen. "I've got you again, Judge. Mate in two moves!"

"Bother!" exclaimed the Judge grumpily. "What a fool I am! But with such a row going on—"

"Permit me to call your attention, gentlemen," interrupted the Bishop coldly, "to the fact that I am endeavoring to entertain you by narrating a story that—"

"Permit *me* to call *your* attention, Bishop," interrupted the Judge hotly, "to the fact that your unsolicited venture in irrelevant narrative, at a moment when the most rudimentary perception of even embryotic politeness would have imposed upon any other person a strict silence, has lost me my game! Your intentions, conceivably, are admirable; but had you been actuated by a studied malevolence you could not possibly—"

"Oh cheese it, Judge!" struck in the Doctor. "You've spoiled my nap. Of course getting your usual whacking from the Colonel has put you in a temper—"

"I'm not in a temper," interjected the Judge.

"But that's no reason why you should be



"I AM ENDEAVORING TO ENTERTAIN YOU," INTERRUPTED THE BISHOP

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taking the change out of the Bishop. He's not to blame for it."

"He *is* to blame for it!" retorted the Judge. "If he had not seen fit to distract my attention by beginning one of his inane stories at the very moment—"

"Now let up, Judge! Even one of the Bishop's long-winded yarns is better than having you snapping and snarling this way. If it isn't the Lambeth Palace dinner one, let's have it, Bish. What's it about, anyway?"

"It is about a baptism," replied the Bishop doubtfully. "But of course I have no desire— Really, Judge, I beg that you will accept my sincere apology if my words were inopportune. My unfortunate absent-mindedness causes me at times to be wofully uncognizant of surrounding conditions. I assure you that I keenly regret—"

"My dear Bishop," interrupted the Judge cordially, "do not say another word! My unfortunate irascibility, but too well known to all of you, has carried me on this occasion to lengths of which I am heartily ashamed. I shall listen to your interesting story with a lively enjoyment, and so will the rest of us, I am sure."



"ARE YOU THE MINISTER?"

"Well, it really *is* an interesting story," said the Bishop, brightening; "and the whole thing was as queer as it could be. As I was saying, it occurred shortly after I had taken Orders—while I was assistant at St. Jude's, you know." The Bishop paused for a moment, and then meditatively continued: "Speaking from my own early experience, gentlemen, and from my later observation, I say with regret that the treatment accorded to the minor clergy by their immediate superiors is very far from being what it ought to be. The rule seems to be that all the drudgery of parish work shall be thrust upon them, unameliorated by any appreciable share in parochial pleasures and rewards. Since my all-unworthy exaltation to a position of authority I have striven to abate this crying evil, and I am glad to believe that in my diocese the minor clergy—"

"Time!" said the Doctor. "As referee, Bishop, I can't have you jumping all over the ring this way. Let the minor clergy alone, and stick to your baptism—or sit down in your corner and be fanned."

"I beg your collective pardon, gentlemen," said the Bishop, "for my momentary digression—which yet was natural, since I am reminded pointedly of the evil to which I was referring by the characteristic concomitants of the incident that I am about to describe. Had Mrs. Allrope been a person of importance in the parish it is safe to say that her letter would not have been turned over to me by my Rector—as he did turn it over to me—with the curt endorsement that he was leaving town for a few days and that I was to take the matter in charge. Repeated readings of that curious epistle impressed it accurately upon my memory. It ran in these words: 'Mrs. Allrope requests that she may come with her son to be baptized in the church next Thursday morning at half past ten o'clock. You will understand why we don't want to have the baptism in service time. Please answer. Very truly yours, Mrs. Sarah E. Allrope.'

"From this letter I gained my first knowledge that such a person as Mrs. Allrope existed; of the facts concerning her that inferentially were in the possession of my Rector I was wholly ignorant; as she had neglected to give an address to which

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should be sent the reply that she asked for, I was precluded from obtaining by letter or by an interview the information that I desired: of which the most essential matter—left in obscurity by the illiterate wording of her request—was whether the rite of baptism was to be administered to herself or to her son."

"The philological aberrations of the uneducated," observed the Judge reflectively, "constitute one of the most annoying of the many eccentric ambiguities of ignorance. In the discharge of my duties upon the bench I constantly am compelled to intervene in order to elucidate exactness from precisely such tangles of verbal confusion. As a case in point, I may mention—"

"If the apposite, and no doubt interesting, narrative that you are about to begin is of any considerable length, Judge," interrupted the Bishop hastily, "I fear that I shall not have the pleasure of hearing it to a conclusion: and, incidentally—though this, of course, is not a matter of the slightest consequence—the conclusion of my own little story will have to be deferred until another occasion. My watch warns me that I very shortly must leave you—that I may keep an ecclesiastical engagement of such importance as to be unpermissive of delay."

"My dear Bishop, pray pardon my relevant but unseasonable interruption. I beg that you will proceed."

"Yes, drive away, Bish," said the Doctor. "For my part, I don't see that your muddle made much difference. It was up to you to baptize somebody in a fixed place at a fixed time. All you had to do was to be on deck as baptizor, and then put through whoever happened to come along as baptizee.

"How did it all work out? Did Mrs. Allrope show up? And was it she or her baby who wanted to get baptized?"

"To be precisely accurate," replied the Bishop, "it was neither of them—and the interjection of several wholly foreign elements of an additionally complicating nature into what already was a bewildering complexity created a situation so embarrassing that even now I cannot think of it without pain!"

After pausing for a moment and sighing wearily, the Bishop continued: "As you know, gentlemen, St. Jude's—filled as it is with monuments commemorative of the illustrious dead—has many visitors: wherefore I was not surprised by finding several people in the church when I entered it from the vestry, at a little before half past ten on the Thursday, to keep my appointment with Mrs. Allrope. To be exact, five people were present: an elderly man and a youngish woman, who were standing together beside the font at the main entrance; a young man, who was regarding with apparent interest the monument in the north transept commemorative of General Van Opdyke—the hero, as you all will remember, of the Revolutionary battle of Sappokanican Heights; and near this young man, beneath Bishop Cragwood's tablet, a young woman with a baby. Somewhat to my astonishment, this last—whom I not unreasonably conceived to be Mrs. Allrope — turned abruptly toward the young man as I approached her, seemingly spoke a few words to him, placed the baby in his arms, and then hurriedly left the church by the transept door. Inferring, of course, that her absence would be but momentary, I advanced to the young man and said: 'Pending your wife's return—we must hurry a little because of the nearness of the eleven o'clock service—will you kindly give me the facts necessary for record: your names, your address, the date of your infant's birth, and the name by which I am to christen it?'

"To my amazement, the young man replied in tones of great anger: 'That woman isn't my wife. I never laid eyes on her! I won't give you my name and address—and be made a fool of in the newspapers! I don't know when the beastly baby was born—or what its beastly name is! Take it—will you? *I've* nothing to do with it!'

"'But—but,' I asked, 'are not you the lady's husband—Mr. Allrope?'

"The young man's very tempestuous outburst had attracted the attention of the elderly man and the youngish woman standing beside the font, and their curiosity had led them to edge up within hearing distance. To my greatly enhanced amazement—before the quite furious young man could frame a reply to my question—the youngish woman addressed me in these words: 'Who that young fellow is, I don't know. But I do know he's not likely to be anybody's Mr. Allrope. The only Mr. Allrope in this church, I reckon, is my son here—and we're here by appointment to have him baptized. Are you the minister?'

"'Of course I'm not anybody's Mr. Allrope!' the young man burst out savagely. 'And I tell you again I haven't anything to do with this d—d baby! The girl said she'd be back in a minute, and asked me to hold it; and then, before I could stop her, she just shoved it into my arms and bolted! *Will* you take it? If you won't, by Jove I'll wring its neck!'

"'You may think matters a little strange,' Mrs. Allrope went on calmly—quite as though the enraged and most reprehensibly profane young man and the baby had no existence—"about my son, Mr. Allrope here, being older than I am, and about his coming at his age, and me bringing him, to be baptized. That was why I said it hadn't better be in service time—when likely it might have made talk. You see—'

"'If somebody don't take this baby,' broke in the young man with great violence, 'and take it quick—'

"'You see,' continued Mrs. Allrope in an explanatory tone, 'old Mr. Allrope—I don't mean this Mr. Allrope, of course, but this

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Mr. Allrope's father, who was an own cousin of my grandfather's, but younger, and one of the nicest old gentlemen, that is middling old, that ever lived. Well, he and my father were great friends, and this Mr. Allrope was too; and so was this Mr. Allrope's mother, who was a sweet lady, and died ten years ago, so nobody can say that anybody hurried, with blue eyes, and the loveliest gray hair that she always wore high, and that kind hearted—'



THE BISHOP LEFT THE ROOM

"'I say if somebody don't take this brute of a baby this instant,' the young man fairly roared, 'I'll whang it against General Van Opdyke's monument and smash it to smithereens!'"

"Of course, Bishop," observed the Judge thoughtful, "I am confident that the young man's violently expressed evil intention was not realized. But permit me to interrupt your very curious and interesting narrative —only for a moment—that I may point out how exactly its realization would have wrought what I may term an historical nemesis.

"As you all doubtless remember, gentlemen—as you, Colonel, certainly remember—the blot on General Van Opdyke's otherwise honorable and gallant record was his countenancing, after the heroic victory at Sappokanican Heights, an indiscriminate massacre of the Indian contingent that fought on the British side. It is of record that on that lamentable occasion even infants were destroyed ruthlessly; and that his monument should be desecrated by dashing to death against it—"

"I beg your pardon, Judge," interrupted the Colonel stiffly. "Permit me to state that I most emphatically do *not* remember, at least as you have stated it, the incident to which you have referred. I admit that a colorable case on the lines which you have indicated has been preferred by certain envious enemies of General Van Opdyke against that gallant officer. But his vile detractors—"

"Among whom," put in the Judge witheringly, "are all the impartial historians of the period! But of course, Colonel, you army people are bound to stand by each other. No doubt you will enter for that ruffian the plea of military necessity. Permit me to say, sir, that should you have the effrontery to enter that plea in any court over which I presided—"

"Were I in quest of justice, sir," interposed the Colonel sulphurously, "a court over which you presided would be the very last place—"

"Let up, both of you!" exclaimed the Doctor. "And let up right off! Old Van Opdyke is the backest kind of a back number—and killing people was the job he was hired for, anyway. What I want is the rest of the Bishop's story. It's a good one, Bish—better than anything I ever thought you had in you; and you've worked it up to a tangle that's first class. *Did* the young man smash up the baby? And how did Mrs. Allrope square things about her son being older than she was? Give us the jolly finish of—you can see that these two old idiots are ashamed of themselves and are going to keep quiet. Go right on!"

"Pardon me, Judge," said the Colonel. "The Doctor is quite right—I have been over hasty. Do, Bishop, continue."

"Pardon *me*, Colonel," said the Judge. "The over-hastiness has been mine. I beg, Bishop, that you will proceed."

"I regret, gentlemen," the Bishop replied icily, "that the very brief period remaining at my disposal—of the brevity of which you all were cognizant—has been exhausted by what my cloth compels me to describe as the rudely intrusive and most unseemly wrangle in which the Judge and the Colonel have seen fit to engage. In order to keep my appointment—relating, as I have mentioned, to an ecclesiastical matter of importance—I must immediately depart."

So speaking, and coldly bowing, the Bishop left the room.

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Plans for the Future

The Musician

BY LOUISE AYRES GARNETT

I LOVE the smooth piano keys,
They're pleasant, too, to play.
It's fun to go now up, now down,
And hear the things they say.

The basement notes are very cross
And call out, Don't you dare!
The attic notes are scared to death—
The front-door notes don't care.

And when I'm tired of doing that,
I play a real duet.
It's Peter, Peter Something—what
The rest is I forget;

It's very hard and only played
Upon the darkey keys.
I'm glad I'm musical and know
So many things to please.

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Hardly Worth While

ELEANOR was the little daughter of a musician whose first oratorio was to be given at a great musical festival in the city. Eleanor had never been away from home, and her mother thought she would regard the journey to the great city as a special treat. The oratorio was pronounced a great success. But when Eleanor was being put to bed that night, she looked so unhappy that her mother asked her if she had not had a good time. Eleanor looked up tearfully.

"Did you bring me all the way to the city just to hear that thing that's been coming up through the register for the last six months?"

A Matter of Looks

ISAAC had made the sale and received the money. His customer picked up the trousers that he had just purchased and started to leave.

"Won't you throw in a pair of suspenders?" he asked.

"You don't need any," replied the shopkeeper, gruffly.

"It doesn't look well to go without suspenders."

"Vell, of course; but didn't I vant you to buy a coat and vest?"

Important

THERE was an amusing incident in connection with a wedding in Philadelphia in June last. About seven o'clock in the morning of the wedding-day a messenger rang the bell at the home of the bride-elect and handed out a special-delivery letter.

This was addressed to the best man, a Bostonian, who had come to second his best friend in the ceremony, and was, with several others, the guest of the bride's parents.

The best man was still fast asleep; but he was promptly awakened on the supposition that the special-delivery missive must contain something of importance. And it did. On opening the envelope, the recipient was astonished to find a sheet of letter-paper with a large needle, of the sort men always choose when emergency compels them to sew, thrust through it, and a foot of black thread doubled and trailing in a loose tangle down the page. On the letter-paper was this hastily scribbled note:

"Dear Brother,—Mother remembered that there was a button off your dress coat. It is in your waistcoat right-hand pocket. Sew it on."

Later four bridesmaids gleefully assisted in making the repairs, and this telegram was sent to mother:

"Don't worry. Button sewed on."



A Mothers' Meeting

Mrs. Heavythinker reads a paper on "Our Little Ones"

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THE MINISTER. "*When shall we three meet again?*"

What Might Have Been

BY C. P. H.

F. FREDERICK FOULKES was born in town,
And Sarah Smith was born in Boston.
His mother was a Burradge-Brown;
Her family the *Mayflower* crossed on.

Wise Nature from instinctive stores
Secrets of sex to mothers teaches:
Sarah was put in pinafores,
While Frederick was put in breeches.

Her eyes were blue, her hair was flaxen;
Her cheeks were like a pink verbena.
She was the type of early Saxon,
Fair Rosamund or mild Rowena.

Her nature was a gentle one,
As mild as codfish-balls, or honey;
When father made a foolish pun,
She used to laugh and call it funny.

Her fond mamma preferred a school
Possessing up-to-date attractions;
When kindergartens are the rule,
Sarah was just beginning fractions.

So Sarah chose the True and Good,
And satisfied her fond relations—
But Freddy turned from rectitude
To questionable divagations.

His fond mamma was hard to suit;
And thinking Freddy seemed unhealthy,
She sent her darling to a tut-
Or patronized by all the wealthy.

But Fred soon gave his mother cause
To drink of bitter sorrow's cup;
He disbelieved in Santa Claus,
And would not hang his stocking up.

The simple tales of Sunday-school
In earliest youth he would not credit;
Jacob he thought a hopeless fool,
And often publicly he said it.

Solomon's private life, he swore,
Unfitted him to wear the ermine;
And Noah he strongly censured for
Perpetuating all the vermin.

Early a sceptic in his tone,
He soon became a flagrant Arian;
And then—too horrible to own!—
An out-and-out humanitarian.

Of Satan not at all afraid,
He really doubted he existed;
And Sundays, when he *might* have prayed,
He golfed, or country-house-bridge-whisted.

His wealth, when he was twelve years old,
With Crœsus's would stand comparing;
Sarah was just as good as gold—
But Frederick was as good as Baring.

Contrasts of this engaging kind
The happiest marriages beget;
And so a pathos you will find
In learning—that they never met.

For she was wedded to a sub-
Instructor in the Arboretum;
While Fred was wedded to his club,
And, as for girls, would never meet 'em.

Yet circumstances will afford
Their own amends, and all have known some:
Her husband all his life was bored—
While Frederick was merely lonesome.

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The Girl you tell your Secret to

Change

"IN churches for colored people in some parts of the South," recently said an Alabama man, "when a collection is to be taken, the box, instead of being passed from pew to pew, is deposited on a table in front of the pulpit, and the brethren and sisters are exhorted to come forward and place their contributions in it.

"One Sunday evening I was sitting in a rear pew, watching the taking of the offertory, when one of the deacons came to me and politely offered to carry up for me any contribution I might choose to make.

"A twenty-five-cent piece was offered, and with great pomposity the old deacon marched down the aisle with the coin. Suddenly he turned on his heel and started back, while the curious eyes of the congregation all turned to follow him. Arriving within whispering distance of the rear pew, the old man called out in a hoarse tone, audible to every one in the church:

"'I beg yo' pahdon, suh, but does yo' want any change?'"

His Income

A Southern Congressman who formerly practised law in Mississippi tells of an amusing case he once tried in that State. He was then a student in the office of his uncle, a Colonel Martin, who figured in local politics.

The main figure in the trial was a trifling darky named Dick Sutton, arrested at the instance of his wife, who alleged that he contributed nothing to her support and refused to work.

During the examination of Sutton the young lawyer asked:

"Dick, have you any fixed income?"

Sutton was puzzled by the term. Counsel explained that the expression meant a certainty, money paid not for odd jobs, but for steady employment; in other words, a compensation at stated intervals on which one could absolutely rely.

Upon the conclusion of counsel's remarks, the darky's face brightened. "I think I has a fixed income, sah," said he.

"And what is this fixed income?" was the next question.

"Well, sah," answered Dick, with a broad grin in the direction of Colonel Martin, "de Colonel dere allers give me fo' bits an' a sack o' flour on 'lection day!"

A More Fruitful Subject

A KANSAS politician tells of rather a questionable character in a town of that State who died some months ago. It appears that a preacher, to whom the deceased was unknown, was summoned to conduct the funeral services. Not knowing the man, the minister confined himself, of course, to a few general remarks of a solemn nature, to which he added an invitation to those present to say a word or two.

No one, however, moved or spoke; whereupon the minister again invited remarks concerning the deceased. Again his suggestion was received with silence.

Finally, an old farmer who sat in a corner in the rear of the room rose to deliver himself of the following:

"If no one ain't got no remarks to make touchin' the corpse, I would like to offer some observations on the financial situation."

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Painting by Howard Pyle Illustration for "Manasseh"

"I WILL HAVE HIM BETWEEN THESE HANDS"

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The Judgment of the Steerage

BY LEWIS E. MACBRAYNE



THE steamship was entering the inner bay of Naples, under half steam, on a night so wonderful that the waveless sea seemed an unreal thing, and the lamps of the city but fantastic lanterns hung in the half mist ahead. A full moon had not quite lifted itself clear of the smoke of Vesuvius; Capri and Iscia still loomed vaguely behind like great shadows; and the hill of Posilipo, villa crowned and garden wreathed by day, was less of the earth than of heaven, with its firmament of twinkling lights.

The third officer, upon the bridge, to whom had been assigned the duty of signalling the ship's approach, lighted a flaming magnesium torch, and its sudden blaze brought into sharp relief the groups upon the forward decks—the first-cabin passengers, leaning against the rails, with glasses levelled at the mountain or the distant city; and the steerage, crowding the lower deck, and supplementing their conversation with eager gesticulation.

"I'll bet they're glad to get home." It was the voice of a man from Ohio, and he was looking, not at the sea and its intangible sights, but at the throng on the deck below him.

"I expect that they are," replied a clergyman who was resting his elbows upon the rail beside him. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said—"

"Say!" interrupted the man from Ohio. "What do you suppose those people think of the United States now?"

As he spoke there came, from a sailing-boat in the shadowy sea, the music of a guitar, and the sound of a sweet Neapolitan voice singing a song as familiar in Naples as the sunshine itself.

The steerage people broke into a cheer, and two or three men took up the refrain; when suddenly the voice of a boy among them rang out with a ragtime song that at the time was still echoing triumphantly through the United States. It was the wild cry of a lad from an American school, answering the challenge in the song of the land of his fathers.

I walked quietly away from the hearing of the man from Ohio and his ecclesiastical friend. Whether they had heard, as had I, an answer to the question, I did not know. Doubtless with them the problem was one of but passing interest, while it had absorbed me throughout the trip. They had looked upon the lower deck only when amusement failed them on the promenade deck above. I had lived among the steerage and shared their confidences.

And I knew that they were going back to their own shores not to renew their

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BELOW DECKS DURING THE STORM

old life there, but to visit and return again; not to spread abroad stories of failure in the Republic, but to paint their success even greater than it had been—in a word, not to check the tide of emigration, but to let loose new streams to join it.

For there is but one explanation of this flood tide of new settlers now crossing the world's trails and the earth's seas to reach our shores, and it is this: It is the judgment of the steerage that the United States is a place worth striving or struggling or starving to reach. And against this judgment nothing short of actual exclusion can prevail.

As I look back upon it now, I realize that only an unflinching desire to gain the steerage point of view kept me among them for the first two days. Then the sun came up again out of the sea and shone in God's clear sky, and the decks no longer ran dripping wet, or groaned under the lash of the storm and the moans of those too ill to seek their iron beds in the hold below.

Let the sea be calm throughout a trip, and the steerage will make merry like the villagers of a Tuscan hamlet in harvest time; but death itself has been known to ride on the wings of the storm, and at best there are suffering and abject misery. Yet the "third deck" asks neither pity nor sympathy at such a time. It is better treated upon the high seas than upon the highways, and better understood. Also, it takes a deep satisfaction in the fact that it is going somewhere.

Life held very simple problems in those days of the storm. Below deck there was common indifference or common misery, in degree proportionate to the temperament or sea-unworthiness of the occupants of the hundreds of iron beds. Above deck there was better air, but it came laden with salty spray that was often the forerunner of a madcap wave.

With the sun came other conditions, however. The hatches were thrown open to the pure air; the decks were washed and dried clean; and the food came piping hot, always inspected by the Italian commissioner after it had passed the critical eye of the chief steward of the ship. And the people of the steerage swarmed up from below, and wherever they sat themselves down, there were set up their household gods—bottles, tins, bags containing their travelling kits—there to establish a settlement and an ownership until the steamer should arrive in port.

The Capinoto family established themselves beside the companionway leading to the women's quarters. Capinoto was a rotund little man who wore overalls that reached well up to his neck, and he had a good-natured wife and five babies. He had been a fruit dealer in a New England city. The Garibaldi family—I always questioned that name—took a position on the corresponding side of the deck. There were six small children there, with two women and one husband. The women were sisters, who had followed their husbands to America several years before. And they were returning with-

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out one of the men, because he had deserted his wife and three little ones.

These were types of other families of Italians who settled under the lee of the life-boats or among the idle hoisting machinery; and then there were groups of men like the Greeks, who kept well in the stern; the Arabians, who had been refused admission by the immigration inspectors; and many, many single men, like Antonio Ricco and the English tramp.

All of these—there were more than three hundred in all—were upon the aft deck, for the forward steerage deck was reserved for the Azore Islanders. And the Portuguese were so distinct in their tastes that the ship served them food prepared by their own cooks, gave them long tables to eat it from; and we never saw their women lying upon the deck, or, indeed, often apart from the men of their families when upon the deck.

Between these two decks ran the long, dark passages that were filled with such marvellous recesses. One never could tell



WHEN THE SUN CAME THEY SWARMED UP FROM BELOW

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OUR COMMON MEAL ON THE ITALIAN DECK

when a door might yield and disclose a cook-room, with its steaming kettles and odorous pans; or the butcher's shop, with its carcasses of mutton and beef; or an officer's cabin, decked with its "things from home"; or a glimpse of the first-cabin men and women going down to their dinner, wearing such clothes as the steerage hopes some day to wear.

When, from their own deck, these first-cabin people looked down upon us, seated upon our wine kegs, or in groups of four about our common meal on the Italian deck, did they realize, I wonder, that they were affording us as much enter-

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tainment as we gave them; that we were not, indeed, the immigrants of a few years ago, but could understand the English tongue now, and had more measure of worldly wealth than our old clothing denoted? In truth, we passed the joke upon our deck when the clergyman appeared upon the second-cabin deck every morning to smoke his pipe beyond the sight of the women of his faith. We worked our way forward when the man from Ohio appeared above us; for he talked in a big and hearty voice, and everlastingly boasted of his country to whomever would listen. We watched flirtations on the after promenade deck, that grew in interest every day; we observed the manners of men who were rumored to be very rich—in a word, we got nearer to life in its several phases than we were accustomed to do on land, and enjoyed the nearness hugely.

But we were not dependent upon the upper decks for our comedies or our tragedies. On the third day out three stowaways were discovered among us, and consigned to the stokers' gang; and one of them protesting, we saw a free fight, in which the stowaway was arrested and put in irons. Then came the robbing of the Garibaldi family, which I must relate somewhat in detail.

They had lived in the United States for ten years, and in that time had managed to save the sum of $590 above their passage money back to Italy. Unlike the majority of the families on board, they were going over to their native land with the intention of remaining there, and it was their purpose to buy a place in the country and return to the soil. The husband, a stupid but faithful man, had entrusted the money to the safekeeping of his wife, and she had placed it in a belt worn about her waist. During the storm she had been very ill, and when finally she was brought upon the deck for fresh air the belt no longer fitted her, and so slipped off. Beyond the fact that the money was missing nothing was ever known. Stewards and officers alike sought to find some trace of it; but had the poor woman dropped her purse in a crowded alley it could not have been more completely lost to sight.

There was something deeply pathetic in the manner in which the loss affected the Garibaldi family. The woman lay prone upon the deck all day, with glazed eyes and unkempt hair, until the babe at her side cried for nourishment. She never looked at her husband; but he, slow-minded though he was, never reproached her, but sat beside her, sometimes with a great hand stroking her head. What his dream of a home-coming to some vine-clad village had been I do not know; but I could never forget the fact that he was taking back not only his own, but the deserted woman with her three children, and that their hopes were now cast with his.

While there was deep sympathy for them, the judgment of the steerage upon the incident was critical, and condemned the man. Hadn't he learned a thing in the ten years, or did he think, after all, that his wife was safer than the American banks? Probably a sailor had stolen the money; if so, he would be found out; but certainly it was inviting robbery not to carry so much money in the form of a draft.



GARIBALDI

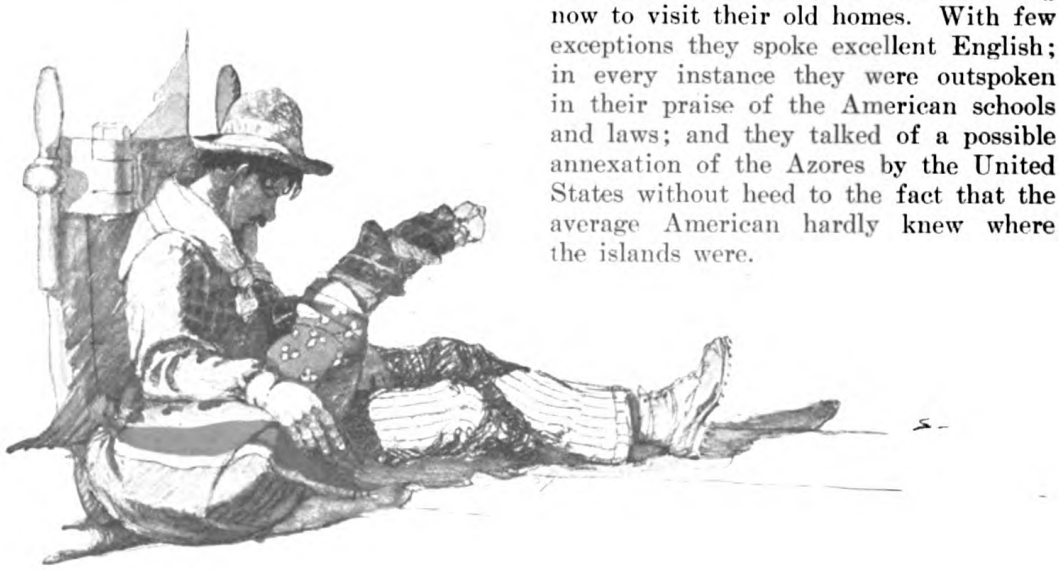
But the efforts of both the captain and the commissioner were unavailing in their search for the money; and when they had given it up, a man came down from the second-cabin deck one day, talked with Garibaldi and his wife for half an hour, and offered to pay their passage back to the United States. Did they wish to go? Garibaldi raised his honest eyes from the deck and replied that he would go. Then he set a dish of risotto before his wife, and she ate.

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The incident brought to my attention a most significant type, for the man who had come down from the second cabin had crossed as an emigrant but a few years before, and was now able to visit his old home during his annual holidays. He was a native of a village just beyond Rome, had risen from a day laborer to a master mason, and, like many of his countrymen, was a lover of good music. During the tour of the Mascagni Opera Company in the United States he had expended seventy-two dollars in tickets for himself and family, and he related many instances of Italian laborers who patronized grand opera two and three times a week during the season, and who were familiar with all the great compositions. Speaking of his personal experiences as an emigrant, he told me that he had learned more concerning Rome from American books than he had ever known while living in the suburbs of the capital; and upon his first visit to his old parents he had taken them to see the catacombs and other sights about Rome that had quite amazed the venerable couple.

There was a Portuguese woman upon the forward deck who excited quite as much interest there as the Garibaldi family had received upon the Italian deck. She was going back to Fayal with her babe—going back to the Azores, so it was whispered, to die. Do you know Fayal? The birds sing there all day; the flowers bloom there for long months; men and women grow very old before they die. She had left her island home for the harsher climate of New England Thousands of her people had emigrated before her; thousands more must go before Portugal arouses her ancient possessions from the sleep of the middle centuries. All about her on the deck were happy islanders who had succeeded in the New World; who were returning with their citizenship papers, to laugh at the Portuguese military laws; who would remain at St. Michael or Pico or Horta until the winter months had passed, when they would sail for the United States again. She alone had failed, and was going back to die; and by day and by night her eyes scught to pierce the sky line ahead, and she never looked back to the West.

I remember a woman in a Polish colony who was pointed out to me once upon a time as having lost three children by accident in one day. She was the only person who had achieved distinction in the block. So it was on the steerage decks; for normal lives excited no comment, and successful ones no enmity. Only upon close acquaintance did I learn from the men a story that seldom varied. They had run away from the islands and taken ship for America years before, to escape service in the army; they had worked hard and prospered there in some degree, and they were returning now to visit their old homes. With few exceptions they spoke excellent English; in every instance they were outspoken in their praise of the American schools and laws; and they talked of a possible annexation of the Azores by the United States without heed to the fact that the average American hardly knew where the islands were.



WITH GUITAR CAREFULLY WRAPPED IN GAY-COLORED HANDKERCHIEFS

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EVENING ON THE ITALIAN DECK

The first man among them who became my friend was returning after an absence of eleven years, and had crossed the country from California, where he worked for two dollars a day. In the Azores his wages had been the equivalent of twenty-five cents a day; but even then it had been ambition and the fear of the army rather than poverty that had driven him across the seas. He was carrying with him enough money to pay for the passage of his parents and his brothers if they would return to California with him. "And if they do not care to leave the island, I will return second class, for I have become accustomed to better things," he said.

The men of the Portuguese deck I could know, but, unlike the Italians, their women were guarded even from their own nationality, and they were more often below deck than upon it. Devoted to their families, faithful to their husbands, it was not difficult to discern in them an overlooked but a most promising class of future Americans.

Here, as upon the aft deck, the men would sit and talk after the evening meal had been served; and the things they said are not to be here set down, lest the number of pages should make a book. Oh, the judgment of the third class; of the sordid, struggling, primitive mass of men who constitute the foundation upon which the walls of state are reared! I have heard it when the sun was going down, and there was some glory even upon the littered deck. I have heard it in the starlight, with the wild song of the Greeks still ringing in my ears. If you who sit in the high places of kings could have but one night upon an inverted wine-cask, to hear the frank but brutal judgment of your reign, the time were indeed well spent.

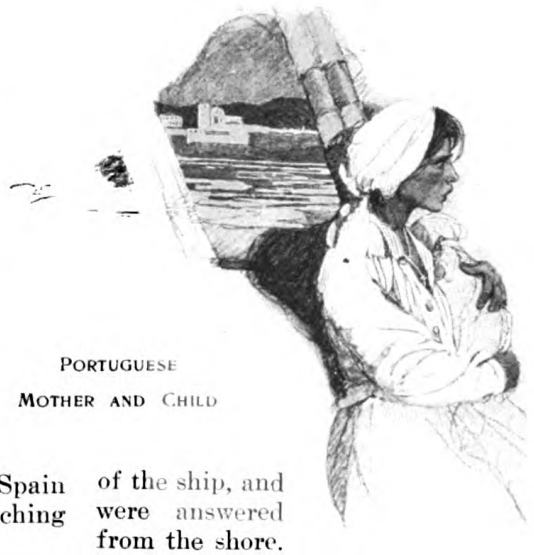


AN IMPROMPTU

What does Manuel Hoye care for the King of Portugal? He, Manuel, had a shop in Ponta Delgada once, and the King visited the city. There is not much money there, but the people spent all they had in the celebration, and six months later Manuel failed. "And if I had succeeded, the government would have increased my taxes," he told me. "So I went to America. I opened a little store in Massachu-

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setts, and began to succeed. Now what happened? I was thought better of. People said he will succeed and make good. They seemed to think I would make a good American if I got along all right. Merchants offered to sell me goods, and to give me my own time to pay. I myself am no fool. I have read and done some thinking in my time. In the United States all things are great and strong. You do not feel the government, but it is there. If it makes you pay, it gives you something for it. It never grasps to get your pennies. That is why the governments of Portugal and Spain are so little. They are always reaching for your small coins."



PORTUGUESE MOTHER AND CHILD

From the first-cabin deck that day I heard the American from Ohio boasting again of his country. "By thunder!" he said to the Italian commissioner, "I'll bet you your new Campanilay won't reach half way up to one of our skyscrapers, and if it does it won't have an elevator."

Once upon a time I wrote ironically concerning the American of this type whom one meets abroad. Now, however, I can see his commercial value as an advertiser. I cannot prevent the Ohio man from praising his own mighty, growing land. But neither can the King of Portugal, nor the Sultan of Turkey, nor the monarchs of a dozen other realms stifle a single curse uttered against them in the steerage of the world. What does it matter to-day? Nothing. But what it may matter to-morrow the history of a score of wrecked kingdoms will tell.

We reached Ponta Delgada, our landing port in the Azore Islands, at nine o'clock on a night when the sea vibrated in the light of a half-moon, and the white houses of the city stood out as though they had been painted afresh for our coming. From the shore there came an odor of flowers, inexpressibly sweet, and the Portuguese drank it in eagerly as they crowded the lee rail, while a strange murmur came from them. Who, indeed, can ever forget the sweet breath of these favored isles of the lost Atlantis; these gardens of the fabled golden Hesperides!

Signal lights burned on the bridge of the ship, and were answered from the shore. The mellow bell in an ancient church of the city began to sound the hour.

In the throng of faces that were turned to the shore I could see two that stood out like Pisan marble in the whiteness of the moonlight. They were the consumptive woman and her diminutive babe. She had dressed it, not in the yellow clothes beloved by the islanders, but in white.

"There is the street where my father lives, over by the cemetery," said an excited voice behind her. The white walls of the cemetery stood out like a great sepulchre.

A pilot hailed the captain from somewhere in the water below. "Good night, Meester Captain," he said, by way of salutation; "you can come ashore in the morning."

"Why not to-night?" roared the captain from the bridge.

"It's nine o'clock, and the doctor of the port has gone to bed," replied the voice.

"If you can send word to my house, tell my wife I'm all right," shouted a man on the Portuguese deck. "I haven't seen her in three years." But he forgot in his excitement to tell his wife's name, and the pilot-boat put about for the shore.

So there was no going off the ship that night, and the forward deck was soon cleared. But when I left it the moon-

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light still showed the white face of the consumptive mother and her silent babe; and the night air was sweet with the breath of the oleanders.

We saw the Portuguese go ashore in the morning, in a whole fleet of native boats; and with them went a wonderful assortment of American merchandise and toys, carried with as much pride as we Americans show when we are returning from abroad with rugs of Eastern weave and kettles of hammered bronze or brass. Then the ship steamed on for the Mediterranean and Italy beyond, and the third-cabin passengers were given the freedom of both lower decks.

And I went back, for five days, to the first cabin; back to men and women of my own caste; to decks swept clean and protected from the sun; to a spotless stateroom adjacent to a tub bath; and to fresh linen—oh, what an abundance of fresh linen! I would lay me down amid this luxury at night and listen to the soft breathing of the engines, and I would fall asleep to dream, not of the refined faces that had made the dinner hour so delightful, but of such absurd people as the English tramp or my friend Antonio.

There were globe-trotters to be found in the smoking-room of the first cabin any night, men who had the leisure and the means to travel wherever they desired; but the English tramp had twice the charm for me, because, while he had the leisure, his means were of his own devising; yet he was quite as much of a globe-trotter as were any of them, and saw, I will wager, quite as much.

I came across him first on the day when the stowaways were discovered, and his remarks upon the art of stowing away were so savory of experience that I was not surprised to learn from him later that he had shipped at a very trifling expense, paid to an interpreter in the American port.

"About three hout of hevery four as stows goes below stokin', which is 'ell, as I sees it," he had said to me. "I never stoked but oncd, an' that was me first blyme trip from Liverpool. I'm on me wye to the Horient now, for the fever's in me bones, but I'm not strong on these dagoes aboard."



WE SAW THE PORTUGUESE GO ASHORE

He was an undersized little chap, with blue eyes and light hair, and he had beaten his way around the world twice. He knew every ship that sails from Liverpool or Naples—and they are many; had the under gossip of the trading ships on both sides of Africa; was familiar with the English posts along China; had been arrested a dozen times as a vagabond, but had never, so he swore with unction, been convicted of a crime "as you would call one." Concerning his early history I learned nothing beyond the fact that he could neither read nor write, and that his business had been "tendin' 'osses"; but he told me stories beside which the yarns of the first-cabin smoking-room were flat and lifeless.

My mind had gone back to Antonio Ricco of the lower deck in like manner when the clergyman had discussed with me, before retiring one night, "The Education of the Masses." The masses did not attend his aristocratic church, and his data had been largely second hand, or altogether theoretical.

"As to American schools I have this



PONTA DELGADA

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to say," Antonio had told me one night in the steerage. "When I came to America it was three years ago, and I was looking for work. I went into a harness shop and found it very hard. I went into a candy factory in Cambridge, and the boss he told me I'd better go to the evening schools. So when my father and young brother came over I could talk good English, like now. Well,



DRAWING NEARER TO THE CITY OF GOLDEN LIGHTS

my father he saw it, and he said to my young brother, 'You go to the American school or I'll lick you all the time.' Yes, sir, my father said that; and my brother went."

Yes, Antonio and many another on the Italian deck had told me something of the education of the masses, and it was almost always the story of the free evening schools; that or the schools for the children. Whether they had heard of the equality of men published in the Declaration of Independence mattered not. They had found an equality in the public schools, if not for themselves, then for their children, and they had caught the spirit if not the letter of the tradition that all men were created equal.

So I remained away from the steerage for five days in order that the contrast might be the greater upon my return, yet never, as I have said, quite driving the people of the third deck from my mind; and then I returned one day when the sun had popped out of a rippling sea into an unmistakable Italian sky, and the lower decks were swarming with life. Not a word of English was heard in the general conversation now, which was pitched high, and often broken with snatches of Neapolitan song.

"I've seen a blooming A-rab change his clothes and wear a sheet when we 'ove hoff Gib," said the English tramp to me. "Now these dagoes knows they're almost 'ome."

Antonio also made his way to me through the litter of women and children upon the deck, and we started out on a tour of inspection together. The deck had taken on the appearance of a street in Naples, and over where the Capinoto family lived the ridiculous little fat man in the overalls with the high front was busy arranging and rearranging his babies as though they were fruits for display upon his stand in America. He polished their ruddy faces while they beamed upon him out of their black eyes; and he in turn beamed happily upon the whole ship.

I recalled how a woman of the upper deck had discussed the problems of the poor with a college professor of sociology. "The poor can never be lifted up as a class while they marry so young and raise such large families," she had said to him.

I wondered whether her theory would stand as well down here if confronted by this man and his family, and what would happen if she sought to discuss it with the women of the steerage. In my innocence I had endeavored to sympathize with Mrs. Garibaldi upon the number of her children, and she had replied, looking at me curiously: "But what can we do? God has so many souls in heaven to be born to us, and it is not for us to complain."

That was indeed a memorable night when Antonio took me about the steerage again, with the dancing, warm green sea outside, and a fragrant smell of coffee on the aft deck. We followed it to where half a sack of brown berries was being roasted in a heated cylinder, turned by a

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man whose motions suggested a familiarity with the process of roasting peanuts; and we sat down with the English tramp, while he enlightened me in various matters of cooking; and we celebrated by buying a bit of chicken for ten cents and some real English plum pudding for five — all from the first-cabin chef,—and we dined sumptuously, all under the spell of that fragrant roasting coffee.

The hush did not come over the ship until the sun had gone down and we had sighted the first islands of the Bay of Naples. The towering rock of Gibraltar, the hills of Spain, and the mountains of Africa, these had been welcome sights as showing our course, but what were they to these far-famed portals of the bay now spread before us!

In the calm of that half-lighted night, as the ship drew nearer to the city of golden lights ahead, I heard a woman's soft voice from the upper deck saying: "Beautiful, beautiful. What a wondrous world God has made!"

And the voice of a woman in the steerage said to her son: "Lo, there, Luigi. It is not a cloud; it is the smoke above Vesuvio, and our village is just beyond."

"Are there electric cars there?" asked the boy.

"No; but fruits, most wonderful fruits," replied the mother.

"I don't know anybody there," said the boy.

"But the fruits will all be ripe," the mother replied.

The steamship drew nearer to the city; her signals had been answered; the pilot had come aboard to take her to anchorage. She was an old ship, and many, many times she had sailed from the port with her decks swarming with emigrants bound for the Western land. Was she bringing back as good as she had taken away?

"It's a great country," said Antonio, at my elbow.

"Italy? Yes, a beautiful country," I replied.

"I was thinking of the United States," said Antonio.



The Wind in the Poplars

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

WIND, O wind in the poplar trees
Drowsily swinging, swaying,
What say you to the child on my knees,
What, O wind, are you saying?
"I say to the weary children, 'Rest,'
The same say I to birds in the nest."

Wind, wise wind from the evening star
Murmuring low, O brother,
Tell where the sleeping children are?
What say you to the mother?
"I say to the mother, 'Do not weep.
God holds thy child, though it wake or sleep.'"

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His Soul to Keep

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

"HAS the carrier come?"

"Yes."

"And gone?"

"Some time ago."

"No letters?"

"Only a few bills, or receipts. I put them on his desk."

"Nothing for me? You are sure?"

"Quite sure."

The figure on the bed turned its face to the wall. The figure in the cap and apron dropped upon the patient a glance more professional than personal—one of the sort which drives the sick to a mutiny none the less pronounced because helpless and hopeless.

There were moments when Mrs. Glessner could cheerfully have flung boiling hot water bags at Miss Peck, not without the spectral wish that the rubber might burst. There were others when she regarded the nurse with a grateful glow that could almost be called affectionate, and checked herself in the act of conversation verging on the confidential. She vibrated between the emotional extremes of a monotonous but well cared for invalid life.

Now the face upon the pillow—it was an attractive face, not marred by any of the corrosive disorders—flung itself over suddenly, and a pair of delicately rounded arms rose out of lace elbow-sleeves and shot straight into the air with a gesture which Miss Peck knew well.

"Is the door open?"

"Yes."

"Is the hall door open?"

"Yes."

"Are *all* the doors open so we could hear the telephone?"

"Every one."

"So *I* could hear it?"

"I don't see how you could help it."

"You are sure there has not been any message?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Would you mind going down and asking the Central if we have missed any call?"

"I will go as soon as I have attended to a few things."

"Would you mind going now?"

"I suppose not.—No, I will go."

. . . "There wasn't any message, was there?"

"Not any."

"Do you think it's too late for any, to-night?"

"He never calls up after ten o'clock. He don't want to spoil your night."

"He is very thoughtful of me," said Mrs. Glessner.

The nurse made no reply.

The patient watched her with a furtive interest. Miss Peck was a small person. She had a profile like a squirrel's; her mouth was kind and weak; her eyes were bright and experienced. She had the shrill American voice; it filled the ear and brain. Miss Peck's had become the chief society of a naturally vivacious but sensitive, now too sensitive, woman. The fatal human repugnance to solitude fed, however sparingly, upon the nurse. The invalid had gone so far as to wish that she could love Miss Peck.

Melicent Glessner had not yielded easily to her fate. In fighting phrase, she had "died hard." Even yet she was not bedridden; not perhaps so much from force of heroism as from personal fastidiousness. She was a vigorous hater (good lovers are apt to be), and had battled with her doom all the way down, abhorring the evidences of descent in the curving lines of strength. She loved health, youth, beauty, admiration, tenderness, love; she had known them all. She liked action, eagerness, social attrition, the incidents of the hour; the natural human impulses were strong in her; she craved the wine of joy, and used to think that she was born to drink it. There was not a hypochondriac nerve in her; she had rung to the tuning-fork of hope as long as any

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string of her responded to the key. She was not particularly patient, and did her share of complaining, as any hearty, undisciplined creature will; but she was not ill-natured, nor sour in the flavor. She was not what we call a religious woman, although she had been taught, when she was a child, to respect a type of faith which in maturity she had not cultivated. In a word, she was no saint; only a woman—a very woman—smitten by the sword of suffering which lays the soul and body low. She had been stabbed through and through, but she had not perished. For years she had cherished a pugnacious instinct of recovery. When the knowledge of the facts was made known to her, by one of the physicians who will not tell professional lies, she had fought fiercely with the truth, and then accepted it as she had defied it—altogether. At first she used to speak of it to her husband; it was not easy not to share such a great thing with some human creature who loved her; but she had long since given that up. It was her first lesson in the grammar of self-conquest, of which the well know so little and the sick must learn so much.

"I see it now. It was a kind of rudeness," she said aloud to the only consciousness that she could address upon so intimate a topic. This, plainly, was not Miss Peck's. Then what? Had the atmosphere intelligence? The rose tint on the four walls of her silent room—had it sentience? Did the stars hear, on winter nights when the shade was lifted for them to look coldly through? Had the frosty moon a soul? Did the brutal wind experience sympathy? Could the picture of one's dead mother smiling underneath the Leonardo's Christ above the mirror answer when one cried out? By degrees, very quietly but very plainly, it had become apparent to the denied woman that *something* answered;—not always, not explicitly, but sometimes, and in some way. She had begun to be aware of a soft encroachment upon the reserve of her loneliness; a movement of spirit towards her own. She did not go so far as to call it an interchange of intelligence; she was chiefly conscious of it as a delicate blender of feeling blurring the outlines of her solitude.

This, in Harris Glessner's necessary and altogether pardonable absences from her, was mainly unrelieved. When he was at home he was attentive to his wife, whom he had rapturously loved, and whom he still cherished when he could. When he was serving his country at the capital his opportunities to make poor Mele's lot easier to bear were, of course, limited by his civic obligations. He had accepted his nomination reluctantly; she had urged him, and her physician had permitted him to do so. Mele was young, and might live for twenty years. Glessner purposed to return to his law practice in a year or so. Meantime she could make a home with him in Washington for the winter. But she shook her head.

"We tried that last year. How long did I stay? Six weeks? I can't undergo another earthquake just now. I'm not quite so well able." This was so obviously true that the matter had dropped.

"Try it," she had said,—"try it for one session. If I find that I take it hard—if I grow worse—"

"If you grow worse, you sha'n't have to take it at all," he vowed, eagerly. He ran home as often as he could; usually every week. He wrote. He telephoned. Between committees he thought of her a good deal. But she—she thought of him all the time and in all the ways that a deprived and lonely and idle woman can think of a well and overworked man.

That, in a sense, was the worst of it—her terrible power of concentration upon the man whom she had happened to love and marry. This, if a fault, was a wholly feminine one, belonging to the class of wifely traits which might be supposed to appeal to a man, but seldom do. At the beginning of her illness she had followed her temperament, and had encroached upon his with the *naïveté* of one who is inexperienced in suffering. She had exacted and exhausted; she had claimed and accepted. She had fed upon his sympathy and had assumed his presence; she took his devotion—for he had given her no inconsiderable amount of it—as a matter of course, and it was a long time before it occurred to her that a too dependent sick woman may bring a man more discipline than happiness.

Melicent possessed one quality which, when the eternal two enter the caves of disillusion, is more valuable than beauty,

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charm, or intellect: she had good sense. This enabled her, after a time, to readjust the attitude of her expectations. Her life was like her electric fan—whirring feverishly, now at a lower, now at a higher pace, but always fixed to its base; never getting anywhere; always hearing its own outcries, by which it worried or wearied the listener. Sometimes, on a hot August night when the current was turned on at the power house afresh, at one o'clock in the morning, it would seem to her as if her soul must rush out on the gusts of the artificial wind and wander through space, a disconnected, freed, but unappeased identity, clamoring for what it could not have, obedient as machinery, but perhaps—who knew?—as rebellious at the secret of its being. She felt a curious kinship with the helpless thing.

Now it was February, and the heavy fan stood silent upon its firm shelf on the other side of the bed. Melicent glanced at it compassionately.

"You cannot even complain," she thought.

She had experienced several years of captivity before it came to her knowledge that escape from her fate was possible. At first all her thoughts swung towards life. She expected—in fact, she commanded—recovery; she pushed her way towards all the remedial doors, and when she found one locked, clamored at another. Her mind dwelt upon health, on healing, on salvation. Afterwards, as the long disabled do, she rebounded, and hated that which she had so passionately and vainly sought. She weighed her lot and flung it from her with a healthy contempt which no well person is sound enough to understand.

She began to believe that she wished to die. She was quite sincere in this conviction, and when she learned at last that her preference might be gratified at any unknown time she was surprised to find that the news gave her so little pleasure. That it should be in the nature of her malady to bring the clockwork of life to a sharp stop without warning seemed, somehow, bad manners. A sheriff or an executioner had more courtesy. Death, it appeared, felt under no obligations to show any. One might live ten years, or as many minutes; five years, or five seconds. What of it? Now that her heart's desire had become practicable, what was there so tragic in the fact? She was perplexed to find that her instinct leaped against her conviction in the direction of life. Life! . . . Mere life . . . plain, commonplace life . . . that which it had been so easy to condemn and habitual to hate! Life . . . hard life, denied, disabled, forbidden of hope, and captive to that dejection which only the long afflicted can distinguish from despair . . . cruel life . . . torn by the beasts of suffering, refused the angels of healing . . . just life!

She stood astonished before the windows of revelation. The natural vigor of her soul arose and opened them. After all, in face of everything, did she crave the despised and rejected thing that she had trampled? Did she *want* to live?

She had never been what we call a morbid person, and it was a curious fact that her chief danger of becoming such arrived by the way of her healthiest impulse. In the very splendid sanity of her revolt against death she began to experience such a fear of it as she had never known or imagined.

It was not so much to the incident of dying that she objected—this had for a long time presented itself to her rather as a circumstance than an event—but to the prospective abruptness of the circumstance. She had dreamed of death as a friend, or even a lover. Now she was face to face with a highwayman or assassin. Had she coughed or ached her life away, decently and in order, by a conventional process, she was sure that she should have welcomed a release which now began to assume all the hues and contours of alarm.

Melicent was by nature sincere, and she acknowledged to herself that the ambush of death occupied the foreground of her thoughts, but no method of avoiding the fact occurred to her.

None at least occurred to her by any philosophy of life that she had known—or Harris Glessner, either, for that matter. They had both been people of the world—the live, visible world, throbbing with pleasures and ambitions, silken with luxuries, clamorous of joy, vocal with self, the well world (until she had been smitten), and this is to

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"I AM NOT BRAVE. I AM WORN OUT"

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say the supreme word of it. They had been the children of good fortune, pampered and arrogant of personal and mutual happiness.

Now it seemed there were other worlds. Pain, denial, desolation, despair —these strange planets, which had appeared upon her unprepared astronomy in their order, preceded the gentle movement into its appointed place of that other which is called the world of the unseen. Persons who lack certain of the finer forms of development do not use the adjectives defining them; and she, who had no religious life, did not use its terms. She did not say to herself that the star which was slowly revolving into the map of her sad skies was the world of spiritual things. She did not call it so, because she did not know enough to name it. Rather she felt it to be so before she knew it. For a time she rested mistily in her feeling, as creation rests in nebulosity before form occurs. When does it occur? Did chaos recognize the moment when construction stood apparent? Who, though he watch the night out, can capture the instant of dawn? Who sees when the breathing, blushing torch of perfume and of color ceases to be a bud and is a rose?

There came at last an hour when Melicent perceived that her rose was afire, her dawn abloom, her chaotic world an ordered cosmos, swinging out of haunted darkness into solemn light.

It was a snowy night, and the wind was wild. The knuckles of the storm knocked upon the windows eagerly, as if an organism without called upon that within. Melicent had been less strong than usual, and breathed with difficulty. She had been thinking all day about her husband—God knew why—uneasily. All her thoughts and feeling returned upon herself, baffled and beaten, like homing pigeons that could not be induced to fly unless they were carried to a distance by force.

It was never possible afterwards for her to explain the manner of her soul when it became suddenly but very quietly apparent to her that it communicated with Soul beyond itself. Out of the storm, cleaving the dark, the wings of intelligence, emotion, power, replied to her; and she perceived for the first time in her own consciousness that there was such a fact as human prayer.

She struggled against her pillows and sat erect, stretching out her beautiful arms.

"God!" she cried. "Great God!"

She sank back, panting. Her ignorance of the world of spirit—its supernal heights, its sacred depths — overwhelmed her with a sudden shame.

"I do not know the language," she said. "I am an uneducated person."

She got up and groped to the window, trying to fling it wide; but the sleet had frozen, and she could not stir the sash. She dropped upon the cushioned seat below and laid her face upon the sill. The room seemed as small as asphyxiation. Only the night, the storm, the skies, immensity, were large enough to hold the mighty impulse which enveloped her.

"Thou Unseen!" she said aloud, "I am a prisoner of the body. I cannot break my bars. My fetters are sore upon me. I suffer more than anybody knows . . . it is making a coward of me. I bear it very badly. I am not brave. I am worn out. I hate my life—oh, I loathe my life—and yet I have this inconsistency . . . I cannot understand it in myself . . . I am afraid to die. Is that not contemptible? Nobody understands it . . . no well person . . . how could they? No, nor any of the people who die slowly . . . in their beds, persons they love holding their hands, because you know when it will be. But not to know . . . never to know . . . any minute —and every little thing that happens lessening the chances . . . and not to be a religious person, either. I used to have such a happy life. I was well, and the world was gay, like tulips in the grass. I went to dinners, I loved my husband. I enjoyed myself. I did not expect to be like this . . . not to suffer this way . . . not to be crushed out as you'd step on a crawling creature . . . just the motion of some awful Foot . . ."

She sank from the cushion to the floor and reached for her bell, but withdrew her shaking hand.

"I won't," she thought. "I will *not* have Sarah Peck around . . . not just now . . . not if I do die!"

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Her emotion and her will duelled together, and for the first time the agitation which had almost overpowered her went down before the stronger force. She lay where she was till she could crawl; and then, crawling, reached her bed. That first acute, coherent prayer went nigh to being her last.

"It is plain," she said, "I cannot even pray like other people. . . . One must have more strength . . . and then I do not say things in the proper way."

With her indomitable good sense she added,

"A person cannot be expected to kill herself praying."

Now, while she lay there, smiling whimsically, for she had the saving quality of humor when suffering gave it half a chance, there came to her something which she had not recalled for who knew how long? It took the form of a sensation, as the acutest memory often will, and she leaned against a substance soft and warm. She perceived suddenly that it was her mother's knee. Above her a still face brooded and melted; it had the unfathomable tenderness that only mothers' faces are deep enough to know. She was a little girl, and she said her prayers as she had been taught, before she went to bed.

"Now I lay me down to sleep . . ."

Melicent smiled. Too weak for emotion—even for the sacred emotion that may save one's soul alive,—forced to the parsimonious economy of feeling by which the sick are bound, she turned upon her tumbled pillow and her lips moved.

"Won't this do?" they said.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

Miss Peck came running up.

"He is at the wire," she cried. "He called for you. He said not to disturb you, unless— Good Lord! I should say so! Put your two feet back upon that bed!—No. Not a livin' step, on my diploma! Here. I'll open the window for you. Can you hold on a minute till I ring him off?"

The nurse bent to the broken whispers that struggled from the pillow. "My dear love to him—and I have something to say to him . . . I will write. Miss Peck? Miss Peck! Be sure and *thank* Mr. Glessner for taking the trouble to call me up to-night. If I had been a little stronger—"

But Miss Peck, at the long-distance wire, was wrestling with the powers and principalities of the storm.

"It cut us off," she said, discontentedly, when she hurried back.

Drama, like the kingdom of heaven, is within, not without.

It is the human spirit rather than the human incident that stands for energy and the thrill of life. It would not be easy to explain to the lover of a cheap stage or of a decadent novel the intensity of thought and feeling which now accelerated the existence of this invalid woman. She came into the spiritual inheritance with a quiet excitement which the passing of many days did not wear down. Your enthusiasm or mine may rush like a toreador into the arena of a startling world. Hers fed upon the reality and the history of a prayer.

She wrote her husband when she had thought it well over, and tried to explain to him something of the novelty of that which had befallen her. She was surprised that she found this so hard to do, chiefly for lack of a common vocabulary; for she perceived from her own experience that he would not readily know what she was talking about. She did not see her way to make the subject interesting to him, and Melicent was not stupid. She never wrote him a dull letter. Now she observed that she must use a foreign tongue to her politician. Nevertheless, she wrote. He had planned to come home for a Sunday, but the bill before the Ways and Means, then occupying the attention of the country, needed him. He was detained, and regretfully telephoned to say so. She had not seen him for nearly three weeks: this was the longest separation of their lives. Glessner had not yet allowed his career to remove his wife from the foreground to the perspective of life.

Meanwhile she continued to pray as she continued to breathe. That outgoing of the spirit to the "not herself" which existed beyond her personal lot had become to her a strange necessity, like a

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narcotic to the sleepless; yet she exercised her newly discovered energy with a restraint which would have commanded the respect of the coldest scoffer. Since that first rapturous break into the world of spiritual power she had never wasted her strength in superfluous emotion.

Each night she quietly gathered up the burden of the day into the words her mother taught her, and she made no effort to think or feel beyond them. When she laid her down to sleep she prayed the Lord her soul to keep, and that was the end of the matter. It could not be said that her fear of death was extinguished, but that it was superseded by something which she felt more keenly: the conscious effort to remove it by a newly attained faculty. Miss Peck's experienced eyes observed her patient with a studious perplexity. Sarah Peck perceived that she had to deal with something which was not taught in the hospitals. She wondered if the omission were in the surgical line.

"Has the carrier come?"

"Yes."

"And gone?"

"Oh yes."

"No letter to-day?"

"You had one yesterday."

"I know. I had reasons . . . something especial. Is the door open?"

"Oh yes."

"All the doors open between me and the telephone?"

"Just as usual; every one."

"You are sure there hasn't been any call?"

"Oh yes—sure. It ain't forty-eight hours since you had one. I never knew a man telephone his wife so much. It must cost a sight—all those long-distance tolls. . . . Ain't feeling quite so well, are you?"

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Glessner. "I had not thought . . . perhaps not. One has something else to think of than how one feels. . . . Would you go and ask the Central—no, never mind. Miss Peck? I don't want to hurt your feelings. But I think I should like to be alone for a little while."

"Here's your bell," said Sarah Peck, averting the profile of a grieved squirrel. She went away, but remained within hearing of her patient, on the couch in the hall.

Melicent lay still and looked about her room, as if the familiar details of it might reduce the force of some emotion whose current startled her. The pearl-white roses on her table were fresh (Harris had ordered them to come every other day); the velvet below them, beneath a mist of Mexican embroidery blurred into the rose tint of the walls; her magazines, with leaves uncut, disregarded her; her mother's Bible which Miss Peck had hunted up for her lay on the foot of the lace-draped bed; her mother's picture, with the Leonardo's Christ above it, had the manner of observing her. The large brass fan on its shelf stood stolidly but resentful, as if it would have crashed something to atoms if it could move; or perhaps it would have spun disdainfully and whirled into space, whence electric fires spring, and where they cannot be imprisoned to the whims of man.

The night was as sultry as it was still; a warm fog was crawling from some unexplained, one was almost tempted to say some unexperienced point of the compass, and the lungs of the air were paralyzed.

Mrs. Glessner panted upon the bed, but she had the unconsciousness of her personal discomfort which mental exaltation may give to physical suffering. She was drawn into the upper ether of a strange and mighty moment through which she seemed to herself to be swept like an indirigible air-ship, moving at the will of winds upon whose nature or force she could not count.

With motionless body, with closed eyes, she stirred and saw. A half a thousand miles away from her dim room, from her gray life, from Sarah Peck and the electric fan, she moved about the throbbing city where she had not set her foot for now six years. Those few poignant weeks of last winter scarcely counted, except as one of the nightmares in the dream of her troubled life.

Then, borne from her private car, by way of the easiest automobile in Washington, to her rooms, she had remained there until the experiment, disastrous for the invalid, and hardly less so for the husband, ended in a demonstrated failure.

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Without a protest from any source, she had been taken back to her New England country home. She had not left it since.

Now, as she crossed the smooth pavement of the brilliant streets, curious old Bible words occurred to her: "I sought him whom my soul loveth . . . but I found him not. . . . I said, 'I will rise now . . . and seek him.'" She experienced no difficulty in finding his apartment, to which she was drawn by hidden currents as unseen but as effective as the wires which interlaced and lighted the house. Should love be less ingenious than electricity? She asked herself the question for the first time, smiling as she did so at the conceit.

His doors opened to her without ring or knock, and she crossed the vestibule to his parlor. There was a portière, of the sort common to hotel suites, a heavy, vulgar thing; it was of a dark color, maroon or Indian red. She stood half behind it, clinging to its plush folds, and—now for the first time conscious of fear lest she should be discovered, but made quickly aware that she was not—she gazed into the room.

Three men sat at a walnut centre-table. The table was littered with papers and cigar ashes. The room was purple with smoke. Out of its spiral coils the figures and faces of the men evolved. One presented an indifferent appearance — she could not have told herself anything about him except that his hair had once been red. The other was a heavy man with a furtive eye; his face was broad and blunt; his hands were more intelligent than the rest of his physique, and one of them played with a pencil. With the other he snapped the corners of envelopes sedulously, as if he were setting a paper trap. The third man was Harris Glessner. He was the only one of the three who was not smoking; he seemed to have laid aside his cigar to think better without it.

Melicent made an instinctive movement to go in and speak to her husband; she longed to put a hand upon his shoulder, an arm about his neck, but found that this was impossible; advance she could not, for whatever reason; but stood swaying, checked and forbidden, clinging to the portière. She knew little of politics (she had sometimes asked him to explain that mystery, but Harris had replied that he did not like to talk shop with her), and she knew less of law; but she made out soon enough to understand that which smote her sick and still. He who sat making paper traps was proposing to Harris a monstrous thing: he was offering her husband—*her* husband—an opportunity of the questionable sort that approaches a man in a man's world; it had to do, she perceived, with his vote, or with his influence, with one of the sacred charges which the people confide to the brains and principles that they choose to represent them.

She was shocked to perceive that her husband did not receive the proposition as the insult that it was. Inscrutably silent, he sat with level eyes that scarcely saw the man who played with the envelopes. Glessner's cigar gleamed between his fingers; the strong lines about his mouth seemed to weaken as she watched; he was sunken in a pit of speculation or indecision.

The man who was talking snatched up a fresh envelope and twisted it into a curious form like that of the old-fashioned fly-traps which our mothers used to make, and suddenly tossed it aside. The envelope unfolded slowly from its unnatural shape, and revealed itself to the wife's eyes quite plainly; it was one that had been addressed in her husband's handwriting—and it was addressed to herself. As it was slipping over into the waste-basket, Harris put out his clean, white hand and reclaimed it; he put it in his pocket—gently, she thought; but still he did not speak. His silence distressed her; it seemed to her to imply a moral vacillation of which in her clinical world she had never dreamed that he could be capable, and she cried out:

"Harris! Harris! *Dear* Harris!" three times to him, piteously.

The cry caught her back again to her own room, to her own bed. There she lay, agitated beyond any agitation that she had ever known. Her quivering lips stirred. Self went out of her like a burden thrown a thousand miles down to lighten and quicken flight. She could no more have asked any personal comfort of the Almighty Heart than she could have sprung into a life-boat and left Har-

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ris on deck of a drowning ship. All her being leaped to the side of his, and stood as if it would protect him, or perish with him.

But Melicent was now very tired and weak; she found it impossible to exercise her newly discovered spiritual faculties; these evaded her, as the spiritual will, from sheer physical inadequacy; she could not pray; she could not pray for her husband in any manner adjusted to the emergency in which, whether rightly or wrongly, she felt him to be. No words worthy of his need or her distress subjected themselves to her will. In utter weariness and discouragement she crept into those her mother taught her, as she had crept upon her mother's lap. Something other than her will wrought upon the prayer of her childhood this significant and beautiful revision:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord *his* soul to keep."

She slept little and brokenly, but towards morning floated into uneasy rest. The winter dawn was later than usual, for the fog was still solid, and rose like a wall between the windows and the world. Melicent's consciousness began where it left off in the night, and she found herself repeating words that grew from those with which she prayed herself asleep as rhyme grows to mating rhyme:

"Be near to bless him when I wake,
I pray the Lord for his dear sake."

Her mind was quite clear and strong, and moved without delirium or delusion in the direction whence her heart propelled it. She thought of her husband—she thought of him without respite,—but all her vigor was now in her mind and heart. Her body had become suddenly and unaccountably weak. This fact she did not notice; or if she did, she gave no sign. She never permitted herself to be what is called "sick abed," but lay upon the outside of it, beneath her rose-pink puff. Miss Peck observed her, not without anxiety.

"I sent for the doctor," she said. "Just our luck—he's gone off; out of town somewhere. You'll have to let me call one the others."

But Mrs. Glessner shook her head. She was paying the least possible attention to anything the nurse was saying, and this Miss Peck perceived.

"'Tain't a good day," she suggested, consolingly. "You might as well be a mouse in a glass bell. There ain't any air *to* breathe. There! I believe I'll turn your fan on."

The patient did not answer, and Miss Peck switched the fan first to its gentlest, then to its fiercest speed. The room was gray, although the shades were flung to the top: the fog pressed up against the windows like the depths of a motionless sea which had arisen silently in the night and engulfed the house. The two women looked into it and up through it like divers from some unfathomable submarine depth. Miss Peck went to the window, and returned uneasily to the bed. The hand which crept to the patient's pulse was pushed away, not without some vigor.

"I don't want to be bothered about my pulse," said Mrs. Glessner; "I have things to think of." She lay staring steadily into the fog.

The fan was whirling wildly, fixed to its base, unable to escape. Melicent felt as if it were trying to whirl off into space, and that it would drag her with it if it could. The sound of it was half articulate, wholly uncanny, and filled the world.

Miss Peck stepped softly out into the hall, but a voice from the bed detained her.

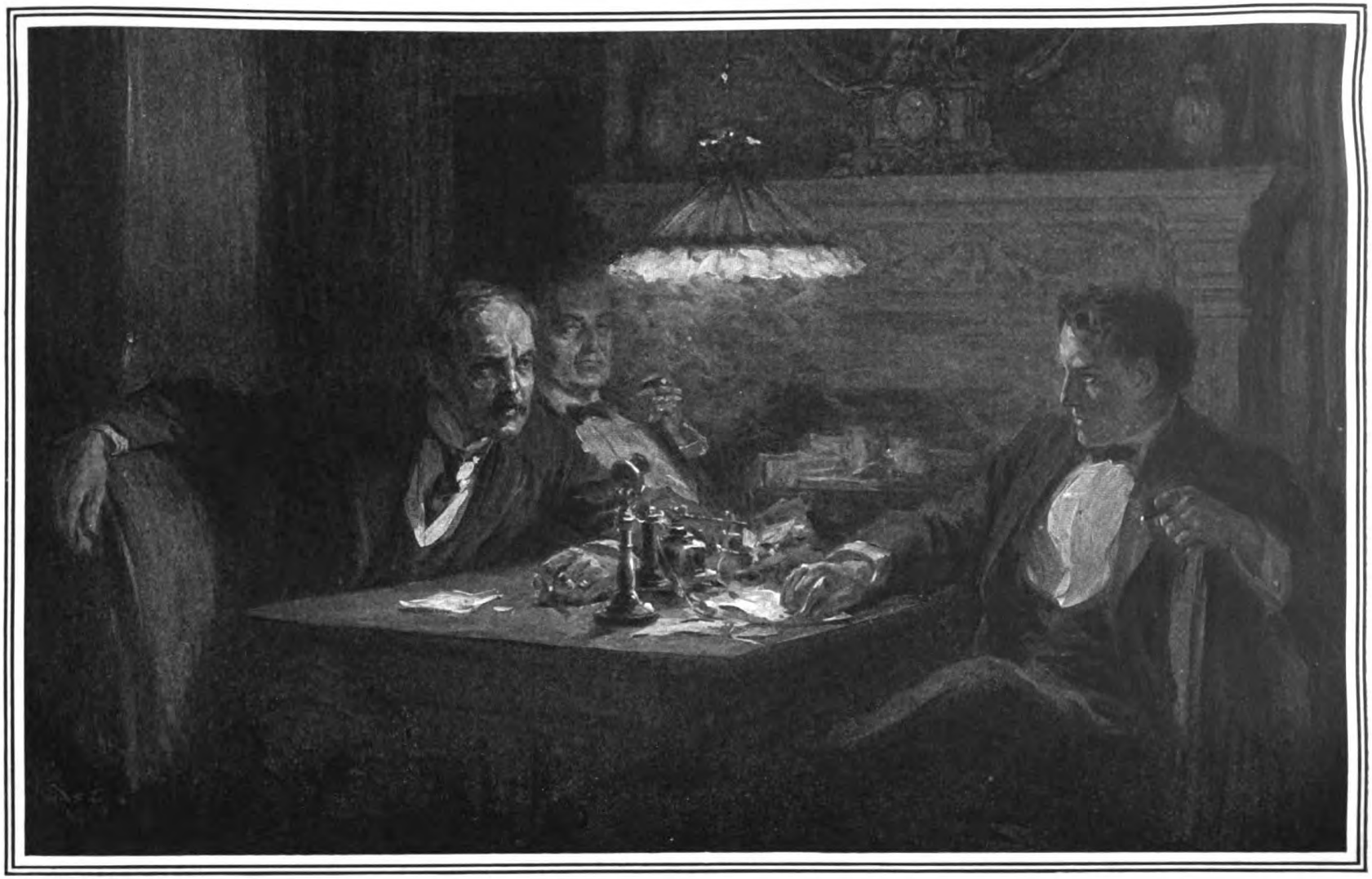
"Miss Peck, you will not telephone—not yet. Wait a while. I am not as sick as you think. I don't wish Mr. Glessner disturbed—not yet."

"Very well," said Miss Peck, soothingly. "I s'pose you'll let me go down and heat your beef tea, won't you? There's no objection to *that,* is there? I am going, anyhow."

She slid down-stairs and went to the telephone as straight as she could go. She had taken the precaution to shut the doors.

Sarah Peck sat at the telephone with an inspired obstinacy upon her face. The squirrel in her profile seemed to come out and crack a hard nut. She was an experienced telephoner, and the wire carried her piercing American voice very distinctly through the windless, resonant fog. "There!" she said, when, after the necessary delay of the long-distance message, she hung up the receiver, "I'm not going to be ordered around by any patient.

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Drawn by W. D Stevens

HE WAS OFFERING AN OPPORTUNITY OF THE SORT THAT APPROACHES A MAN IN A MAN'S WORLD

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She ain't fit to judge, God help her.—I don't s'pose God has much to do with it," she added, with the natural materialism of her profession. "It's husbands are the Almighty, most cases, as far as I can see."

Sarah Peck came back with her beef tea.

"You've been telephoning," said Mrs. Glessner. "I know it as well as if I had heard you."

"Well, yes," said Sarah Peck, "I did. I telephoned to my gentleman friend. I had something important to say to him, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"I didn't know you *had* a gentleman friend," observed the patient, with a spark of feminine wickedness. "He never came here to see you, did he?"

"I don't allow him to come when I am on cases," returned Miss Peck, primly.

The fog, as it thickened, changed its nature, as fogs do; the wall had toppled into the ocean; the sea crinkled into a sponge—a huge, unwieldy, pitiless sponge, held at the face and pressed down hard. Melicent found herself putting out her hands and trying to push it away. As the day crawled on, and Mrs. Glessner's condition did not improve, Miss Peck took this nut, too, into her own teeth and cracked it. She sent for the foreign doctor, who left drugs which the patient refused, and went away. After his visit, Miss Peck applied herself to the long-distance wire again, but failed to connect her number with that of anybody's gentleman friend, and returned to her post up-stairs. The patient slept, or seemed to sleep, and the rage of the electric fan filled the room.

Now, in truth Melicent was not sleeping; she was feeling; she might have said that she was praying, except that, as we have noticed, she was still unused to the terminology, and the religious phrase did not readily occur to her. All day her emotion outran her strength, but all day it ran the old, beautiful, self-effacing road of a wife's love. She seemed to have lost the occult power, or the telepathic gift—call it what you will—of the previous evening, and no longer with mind or eye could she follow the image of her husband. Nothing was left her; by no way could she project herself towards him, except in the simple words which had got possession of her. She rang the changes upon them in the fluctuations of her strength. Whether she had enough of it left to take her through the day or the night was a matter which had ceased to occupy her thoughts. She did not concern herself whether she should live or die; she concerned herself with him.

"'I pray the Lord for his dear sake—'

"For his dear sake—

"'I pray the Lord his soul to keep.'"

It might be said that her being had now no articulation beyond these gentle outcries. As the night drew on, Miss Peck noticed that her lips moved, and stooped to catch some wish or sign of suffering from her. The nurse was embarrassed to find that the patient was praying. The staff had not taught the training-school what to do for such a symptom. Sarah Peck wished that she could have recorded on her chart the fluctuations of a condition which made a patient look like that; but she missed them, obviously. She felt that this was the fault of the electric fan, which raved like thwarted love or an escaping soul about the room. All night the fan disturbed itself—now madly, now patiently—but all night it had the energy of a purpose, as if it would achieve God knew what, or perish He knew how. Melicent heard it plainly, and it did not seem to trouble her. She felt herself whirling on with it, spinning into spaces unseen, acquiring powers unknown, growing one with the mysterious forces of nature, which went upon their awful errands, and returned when these were done. She felt as solitary as if she had been cast out into ether, the only thing that had no orbit, and so went seeking one with all its being. Now the fan itself seemed to have taken the words from her too weak lips, and to repeat them in the strange, half-querulous tones of the ever-living and all-demanding elements:

"I pray the Lord . . .
I pray the Lord his soul to keep."

In the morning she was no better; perhaps, as she tried to assure Miss Peck, no worse. She experienced unusual need of sleep, and drifted into it again, almost as soon as she awoke.

The day was vivid when she turned upon her pillow and fully found herself.

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For once she had not been able to get into her pretty gowns and play that she was not sick abed, but lay still beneath the rose puff in her white nightdress with its lace elbow sleeves, her long hair braided in two bright braids, and her sweet, gray profile set towards the window.

There was no fog. Walls and seas and smothering sponges had melted and were not. The sun was shining joyously. A dart of it had stabbed through the lace curtain and reached the wall above the mirror, where it seemed to pierce like a golden nail and support the pictures of her mother and the great Christ: these regarded her smiling, she thought.

It did not occur to her for a few moments that some one was holding her hand. Plainly it could not be Sarah Peck, and she had not thought of herself as sick enough for the doctor to do that. She turned and took a leisurely look, and across the lenses of her eyes there passed the image of her husband sitting still and pale beside the bed.

"I am having that strange experience again," she thought. "It is not Harris; it is the vision of Harris. It will pass—as the other passed. I will hold it as long as I can. . . . *Dear* Harris!" she said aloud.

But then she perceived that it was not his vision; it was not the wraith of his body, nor of her own, that met in that long, warm, silent hand-clasp, too intimate at first to be broken by any words. She saw that he was trying not to startle her, as he had been cautioned, so she spoke before he dared to, quite as if he had been there every day.

"Why, dear," she said, "good morning!"

She was surprised to find that he could not answer. The emotion in his face did not arouse her own, because she was too weak to feel any. But it drew them together by quiet, invisible currents. He stooped, and their lips found each other. She did not feel able to lift herself from the pillow, but lay observing him gently: his strong head, sparsely dashed with gray, his experienced, kind, gray eyes alert and worldly, but luminous with the consciousness of her. The lines about his mouth were all strong now; it shut with a tender resolution.

She had half forgotten how massive his shoulders were. He had the firm attitudes of the successful man. One of his white, authoritative hands sank into the down of the rose-pink silk above her body as if to make sure that he had not lost her. The other held her own cold fingers. These were growing slowly warm within his vital grasp.

Miss Peck appeared in the doorway with warning eyes, and went away.

"Mele," said Glessner, "we must not talk—not yet."

"How long are you going to stay?" asked Melicent.

"Oh, any length of time. Until you get well."

"Isn't that rather a large proposition?"

"I don't care how large.—Why didn't you send for me before?"

"I didn't send for you at all. You see, I was so busy."

"Busy?"

"Busy thinking," she said, dreamily. She reached for his free hand, and disengaging hers from the other, made him understand that he should place it on the pillow, so that she could turn her cheek upon it, and in that nest of love and warmth she rested with a divine content. He sat beside her, scarcely stirring.

As the day deepened, she strengthened. He perceived that whatever her burden was it would now harm her less to share it than to wear it, and when he saw that she was determined to speak he did not gainsay her, but bent and listened; guardedly, she thought—not without the pickets in his handsome eyes.

Her gaze traversed his familiar lineaments; it was as if she sought a new road across the map of him. Suddenly her pathological existence seemed to her so small a matter beside his vigorous and powerful one that her courage fell, and what she had purposed to say failed her altogether; so she plunged into the last words she had meant to utter:

"Harris, what did those two men want of you?"

Glessner stared upon her.

"Night before last—that foggy night. It was at your hotel. One of them had red hair. The other—I hate the other. They were trying to persuade you to something. It was something you thought you ought not to do."

"Do you often have bad dreams of this sort, Mele?" asked Glessner, in the

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOUR CAREER?"

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soothing tones of an alienist. But Mele disregarded him without the tolerance of a smile.

"*Ought* you to have done it?" she persisted.

The guards in the politician's eyes retreated; they were replaced by a species of superstitious discomfort.

"Probably not," he parleyed, "if one had red hair, and since you hate the other—" He tried to laugh it off, but still sat staring. Mele caught her feeble breath.

"Did you do it?" she demanded.

"If you could possibly explain yourself—" he urged. Then his manner veered abruptly, and he seemed to weigh and measure what she had been saying. She followed this change of posture as quickly as it occurred.

"He made fly-traps out of envelopes at your table," she suggested, in a matter of fact tone.

"She has been delirious," thought Glessner. But he did not say so. He only sat beside her, staring still.

"*Did* you do it?" she repeated.

"No, thank God!" said Glessner, in a ringing voice. "No—and I never will!"

"No," reiterated Mele, comfortably. "Of course you never will. You *couldn't*, could you?"

"Oh, look here!" cried the Congressman, "I won't take what I don't deserve—not from you. How does a man know what he could or couldn't do? He is the equivalent of his temptation, or he is not. How is he to know whether he is, or isn't, till the thing gets a mathematical form? Suppose a fellow finds a weak spot in himself—a rotten one, if you say so—pretty late in life, when he had thought he was safe—like that! And then, just like that! too, he thinks—he thought—Mele, Mele! I thought of *you*."

"I know," nodded Mele. "The envelope was addressed to me. You took it away from him. It reminded you."

But Glessner did not seem to hear her; he hurried, trembling, along.

"Anyhow, I didn't, and here I am. And here you are—alive. I'll never leave you again!"

"Oh yes, you will," smiled Mele. "What would your constituents say?"

"Hang my contituents!"

"Poor things!" said Mele, mischievously. "They didn't mean any harm—when they elected you."

But he could not smile, and did not try.

"I'll be good to you," he gulped.

"You always *have* been good to me!" protested Mele. "You are the kindest man I ever knew. And thoughtful—look at those roses!"

She pointed a frail finger at the pearl-white buds. He caught the finger to his lips, and then her hand, her wrist, her arm.

"I'll get out of it as soon as I can. I'll come back to law—and you."

"What will become of the country?" inquired Mele. "What will become of your career?"

"Hang my career!" exploded the politician.

"Dear," said Mele, ruefully, "I've been such a drag on you, shut in here—always ailing—never able to do things for you like other men's wives. Not even to stay in Washington the way other women do, never to order your house, can't entertain your friends—just shrivelling here with Sarah Peck—and an electric fan—to ask the Lord for your dear sake—"

"Mele," said the Congressman, in an undertone, "if women only knew! But they don't, the best of them. There isn't a well, surface-loving woman in the land who could have done the kind of thing for me you have, you brave girl! You patient, sensitive, thinking, *feeling* creature! . . . What has got into your letters lately? You never wrote any like them before. I won't pretend I understood them, but sentences from them got between me and the bill. I was answering one that night when—but never mind that any more. Why, Mele, what is Washington? What is political society? A house of cards, Blaine called it. Suppose you could have been there, playing the old stupid game? Do you believe you could have—well, I don't, that's all. You haven't the least idea what *character* does for a fellow; then there's the way of loving him. There's an assorted lot of ways, and yours, Mele,—*yours* . . . Oh, you shall get well!" he cried, lovishly. "I will make you so happy you will have to get well. Mele, Mele, Mele!" he entreated her.

Mele lifted a shining, inscrutable smile. She put up her hand to his cheek.

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THE "STUMP" OF ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH AGAINST THE SKY

The Mother of the American Athens

BY W. D. HOWELLS

IT was fit that on our way to Boston we should pause in passing through Cambridge. That was quite as we should have done at home, and I can only wish now that we had paused longer, though every moment that kept us from Boston, if it had been anywhere but in England, would have been a loss. There, it was all gain, and all joy, the gay September 24th that we went this divine journey. My companion was that companionable archæologist who had guided my steps in search of the American origins in London, and who was now to help me follow the Pilgrim Fathers over the ground where they sojourned when they were only the Pilgrim Sons. At divers places on the way, after we left London, he pointed out some scene associated with American saints or heroes. We traversed the region that George William Curtis's people came from, hard by Roxburgh, and Eliot's, the Apostle to the Indians; again we skirted the Ralph Waldo Emerson country, with its big market town of Bishop's Stortford; and beyond Ely, where we stopped for the Cathedral and a luncheon, not unworthy of it, at the station, he startled me from a pleasant drowse I had fallen into in our railway carriage, with the cry: "There! That is where Captain John Smith was born." "Where? Where?" I implored too late, looking round the compartment everywhere. "Back where those chickens were."

That was the nearest I came to seeing one of the most famous Virginian origins. But you cannot see everything in England; there are too many things; and if the truth must be known I cared more for the natural features than the historical facts of the landscape. The country was flat, and a raw green, as it should be in that raw air, under that dun sky, with sheep hardily biting the short,

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tough pasturage under the imbrowning oaks and elms, and the olive-graying willows, beside the full, still streams scarce wetter than the ground they dreamed through.

We did not reach Boston until six o'clock, when the day was already waning, and the Stump of St. Botolph's Church stood dim against the sky. It was a long drive through the suburban streets from the station to the hotel, which we found full, and which with its crazy floors touched the fancy as full of something besides guests. But it was well for us so, because across the market-place, which forms the chief public square of Boston, was a far better hotel, where we were welcomed to the old-fashioned ideal of the English inn, such as I did not so nearly realize anywhere else. The ideal was a little impaired by the electric light in our bedrooms, but it was not a very brilliant electric light, and there was a damp cold in the corridors which allowed no doubt of its genuineness. In the dining-room, which was also the reading-room, there was an admirable image of a fire in the grate, and a prevailing warmth and brightness which cheered the heart of exile. When we presently had dinner, specialized for us by certain differences from that of two other travellers, there seemed nothing more to ask, except the conversation of our companions, and this we duly had, quite as if we were four wayfarers met there in a book. One of these gentlemen proved a solicitor from Bath, and that made me feel more at home, knowing and loving Bath as I did. It did not matter that in trying for some mutual acquaintance there we failed; our good-will was everything; and the solicitor was intelligent and agreeable. The other gentleman, tall, dark, of urbane stateliness, was something more, in the touch of Oriental suavity which, more than his nose, betrayed him; and it appeared, in delightful suggestion of the old-time commercial intimacy of the Dutch and English coasts, that he was from Holland, and next morning at breakfast he developed a large valise, which I now think held samples. If he was a Dutch Jew, he was probably a Spanish Jew by descent, and what will the difficult reader have more, in the materials for his romance? Did we gather about the grate after we had done dinner, and each tell the story of his life, or at least the most remarkable thing that had ever happened to him?

I cannot say, but I remember that my friend and I, in my instant hunger for Boston, which was greater than my hunger for dinner, set forth while the meal was preparing, and visited the Church of St. Botolph. To reach it we had to pass through the greater length of the market-place, one of the most picturesque in England, and the worthy ancestress of Faneuil Hall and Quincy market-places, which are the most picturesque in America. At one side of its triangle is the birthplace and dwelling of Jean Ingelow, and at the point nearest the church is the statue of Herbert Ingram, the less famous, but more locally recognized Bostonian, who founded the *Illustrated London News* with the money he made by the invention and sale of Old Parr's Pills. He was thrice sent to Parliament from his native town, and he related it to America, after two centuries, by drowning in Lake Michigan. "R. N.," the otherwise anonymous author of a very intelligent and agreeable "Handbook of Boston," relates that in his first canvass for Parliament Ingram was opposed by a gentleman who, when he asked the voices of the voters, after the old English fashion, was told by four of them in succession that they were promised "to their cousin Ingram," and who thereupon declared that if he had known Ingram "was cousin to the whole town" he would never have stood against him. Like the Bostonians of Massachusetts, the Bostonians of Lincolnshire were in fact closely knit together by ties of kinship, owing, "R. N." believes, to the isolation of Boston before the draining of its fens, and not to their conviction that there were no outsiders worthy to mate with them.

The house where the martyrologist John Fox first saw the light was replaced long ago by a famous old inn, pulled down in its turn; but the many and many Americans who visit Boston may still visit the house where Jean Ingelow was born. Whether they may see more than the outside of it I do not know from experiment or even inquiry. "R.

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N." will say nothing of her but that she was born, and that her father was a banker; perhaps he thinks that she has spoken sufficiently for herself.

The air of the market-place, as we crossed to the church, was of a pleasant, coolish bleakness, and the Witham was coldly washing under the wall which keeps St. Botolph from it. In the dimness we could have only a conjecture of the church's outward beauty, and of the grandeur of the tower climbing into the evening, where it has hailed so many myriads of moving ships, and beckoned them to safety. But within, where it was already night, the church was cheerfully luminous with Welsbach lights, which showed it all wreathed and garlanded for a harvest festival, begun the day before, and to be concluded now with some fit religious observance. The blossoms and leaves were a little wilted and withered, but the fruits and vegetables were there in sturdy endurance, and together they swathed the pulpit from which John Cotton used to preach, and all but hid its structure from view, like flowers of rhetoric softening some hard doctrine.

Apparently, however, Cotton's doctrine was not anywise too hard, or even hard enough, for such "a factious people, who were imbued with the Puritan spirit," as he found in Boston, when he was first elected vicar of St. Botolph's; and it was not till Archbishop Laud's ecclesiastical tyrannies began that he came to see "the Sin of Conformity" and to preach resistance. His conflict with the authorities went so far that exile to another Boston in another hemisphere became his only hope. Or, as Lord Dorset intimated, "if he had been guilty of drunkenness, uncleanness, or any lesser fault, he could have obtained his pardon, but as he was guilty of Puritanism, and Non-conformity, the crime was nonpardonable; and therefore he advised him to flee for his safety."

The Cotton Chapel, so called, was restored mainly with moneys received from Cotton's posterity, lineal or lateral, in his city of refuge overseas, and "the corbels that support the timbered ceiling are carved with the arms of certain of the early colonists of New England." Edward Everett, one of Cotton's descendants, wrote the dedicatory inscription in Latin, which "R. N." has Englished in verse, and I am the more scrupulous to quote it, because, as I must own with my usual reluctant honesty, I quite missed seeing the Cotton Chapel.

That here John Cotton's memory may survive
Where for so long he labored when alive,
In James's reign and Charles's, ere it ceased—
A grave, skilled, learned, earnest parish-priest:
Till from the strife that tossed the Church of God
He in a new world sought a new abode,
To a new England, a new Boston came,
(That took, to honor him, that reverend name)
Fed the first flock of Christ that gathered there—
Till death deprived it of its shepherd's care—
There well resolved all doubts of mind perplext,
Whether with cares of this world or the next:
Two centuries five lustra from the year
That saw the exile leave his labors here,
His family, his townsmen, with delight—
(Whom to the task their English kin invite)—
To the fair fane he served so well of yore,
His name, in two worlds honored, thus restore,
This chapel renovate, this tablet place,
In this, the year of man's recovered Grace,
1855.

I missed most of the other memorable things in the church that night, but I saw fleetingly some of the beautiful tombs for which it is famous; the effigies of the dead lay in their niches, quietly, as if already tucked away for the night, in the secular sleep of the dust beneath. The tombs were more famous than they, and more beautiful, if the faces of some were true likenesses, but after so many centuries one ought not to require even women to be pretty.

We had not begun to have enough of Boston yet, and after dinner we went a long walk up the Witham, away from the parapet before the church, under which its deep tides are always washing to and fro. In the dimness, after we had got a little to the outskirts of the town, there seemed shipyards along the river's course, but at one place there was a large building brilliantly lighted, which from certain effects at the windows we decided to be a printing-office on the scale of those in and near our own Bos-

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ton. What was our shame and grief the next morning to find it was a cigar factory, and to learn that cigar and cigarette making was almost the chief industry of the mother Boston. There are really two large tobacco factories there running overtime, and always advertising for more women and girls to do their work; and in our Boston, not so long ago, smoking in the street was forbidden! Such are the ironies of life.

What the shipyards had turned into by daylight, I do not now remember. The Witham had turned into a long, deep gash, cut down into the clay twenty feet from the level of the flood tides. We crossed on a penny ferry which the current pushed over in the manner of the earliest ferries, near the tobacco factory, and came back into the heart of the town through streets of low stone houses, with few buildings of note to dignify their course. Small craft lay along the steep muddy shores, and at one place a little excursion steamer was waiting for the tide to come in and float it for the fulfilment of its promise of sailing at ten o'clock. We idly longed to make its voyage with it, and if the chance were offering now, I certainly should not forego it as I did then. But when you are in a foreign place, no matter how much you have travelled and how well you know that it will not offer soon again, you reject the most smiling chance because you think you can take it any time.

The morning was soft and warm, with a sun shining amiably on the rather commonplace old town. I had risen betimes that I might go and get a Spanish melon for my breakfast, but at eight o'clock I found the fruiterer's locked and barred against me. I lingered and hungered for the melons which I saw in his window, and then I tried other fruiterers, but none of them were stirring yet. I reflected how different it would have been in our own Boston; and if it had not been for the market people coming into the square and beginning to dress their stalls with vegetables, and fish, and native fruits, such as hard pears and knotty apples, I do not know how ill I might have come away thinking of that idle mother Boston. In other squares there were cattle for sale later, and fish, but I cannot in even my present leniency claim that the markets were open at the hour which the genteeler commerce of the place found so indiscreet. They were irregular spaces of a form in keeping with the general shambling and shapeless character of the town, which, once for all, I must own was not an impressive place.

The best thing in it, and the thing you are always coming back to, is the beautiful church, to which we paid a second visit early in the forenoon. We found it where we left it the night before, lifting its tower from the brink of the Witham, and looking far out over the flat land to a sea no flatter. The land seems indeed, like so much English coast, merely the sea come ashore, and turned into fens for the greater convenience of the fishermen, whom, with the deeper sea sailors, we saw about the town, lounging through the crooked streets, and hanging bare-armed upon the parapets of the bridges. Now we found the church had about its foot a population of Bostonians for whom under their flat gravestones it had been chiming the quarters from its mellow-throated bells, while the Bostonians on our side had been hustling for liberty, and money, and culture, and all the good things of this world, and getting them in a measure that would astonish their namesakes. Within the church we saw again the beautiful tombs of the night before, and others like them, and again we saw the pulpit of Jean Cotton, which we could make out a little better than at first, because its garlands were a little more withered and shrunken away. But better than either we realized the perfection of the church interior as a whole, so ample, so simple, such a comfortable and just sufficient eye-full.

From other interests in St. Botolph's you somehow keep always, or finally, coming to the Stump, as the tower is called somewhat in the humor of our Boston. It is not so fair within as without; that could not be in the nature of things; and yet the interior of the tower has a claim upon the spectator's wonder, if not his admiration, which, so far as I know, the interior of no other tower has. It is all treated as a loftier room of the church, and its ceiling, a

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THE WORTHY ANCESTRESS OF FANEUIL HALL AND QUINCY MARKET-PLACES

hundred and fifty feet from the ground, is elaborately and allegorically groined. The work was done when the whole church was restored about half a century ago, and has not the claim of mediæval whim upon the fancy. Not so much pleasure as he might wish mingles with the marvel of the beholder, who carries a crick in the neck away from the sight, and yet once, but not more, in a way, it is worth while to have had the sight. Certainly this treatment of the tower is unique; there is nothing to compare with it in Boston, Massachusetts, and cannot be even when the interior of the Old South is groined.

When we came out of the church, we found the weather amusing itself as usual in England, raining with wind, then blowing without rain, and presently, but by no means decisively, sunning without either wind or rain. The conditions were favorable to a further exploration of the town, which seemed to have a passion for old cannon, and for sticking them about in all sorts of odd nooks and corners. We found one smaller piece over a gateway, which we were forbidden by a sign-board to enter on pain of prosecution for trespassing. There was nothing else to prevent our entering, and we went in, to find ourselves in an alley with nothing but a Gypsy van in it. Nothing but a Gypsy van! As if that were not the potentiality of all manner of wild romance! Whether the alley belonged to Gypsies, or the Gypsies had trespassed by leaving their van in it, I shall now probably never know, but I commend the inquiry to any reader of mine whom these pages shall inspire to repeat our pilgrimage.

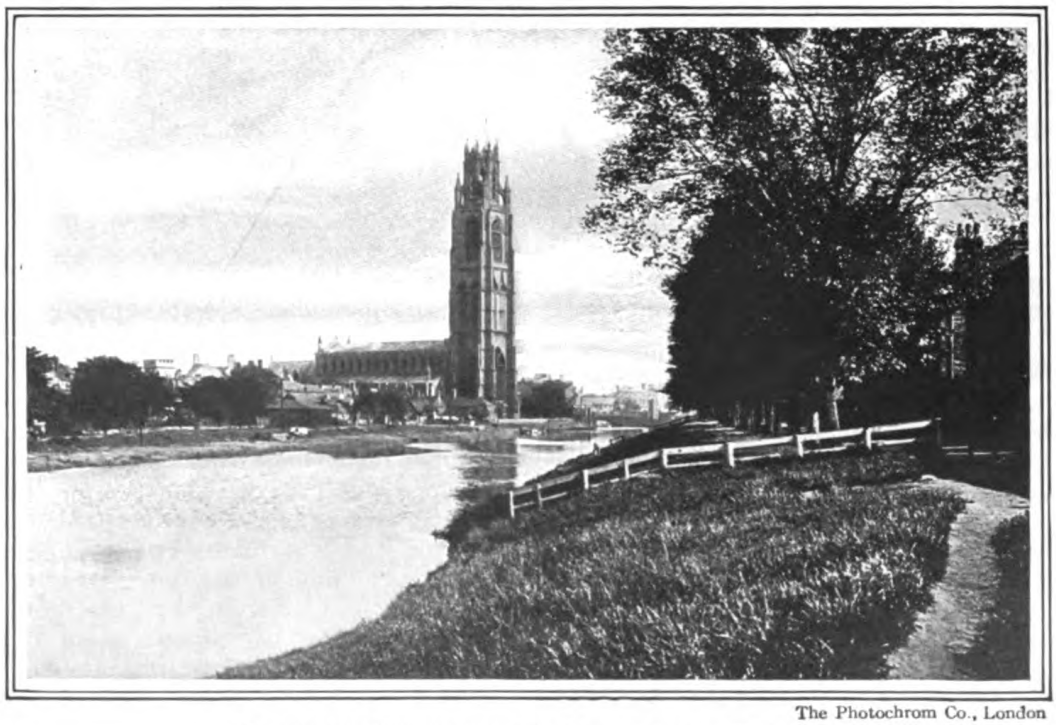
There was no great token of genteel life in Boston, so far as we saw it, but perhaps we did not look in the right places. There were good shops, but not fine or large ones, and I am able to report of the intellectual status that there are three weekly newspapers, but no dailies, which could not be the case in any American town of fourteen thousand people. Concerning society, I can only say that in our wanderings we came at one point on a vast, high-walled, iron-gated garden, which looked as if it might have society beyond it, but not being positively forbidden we did not penetrate it. We did indeed visit the ancient grammar-school, one of those foundations which in England were meant originally

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for the poor deserving of scholarship, but which have nearly all lapsed to the more deserving rich, careful of the contamination of the lower classes. Being out of term the school was closed to its pupils, but we found a contractor there removing the old stoves and putting in a system of hot-water heating, which he said was better fitted to resist the cold of the Boston winters. He was not a very conversable man, but so much we screwed out of him, with the added fact that the tuition of that school was no longer free. It came to some five guineas a year, no great sum, but perhaps sufficient to keep the school, with the other influences, select enough for the patronage to which it had fallen. It was a pleasant place, with a playground before it, which in the course of generations there must have been a good deal of schoolboy fun got out of.

There remained for us now only the Guildhall to visit, and we had left that to the last because it was the thing that had mostly brought us to Boston. It was the scene of the trial and imprisonment of those poor people of the region roundabout who were trying to escape from their "dread lord," James the First, and were arrested for this crime, and brought to answer for it before the magistrates of the town. Their dread lord had then lately met some ministers of their faith at Hampton Court, and there browbeaten, if not beaten, them in argument, so that he was in no humor to let these people, who afterwards became the Pilgrim Fathers, get away to Holland, where there was no dread lord, or at least none of King James's thinking.

But no words can be so good to tell of all this as the words of Governor Bradford in his "Historie of Plymouth Plantation," where he says that "ther was a large companie of them purposed to get passage at Boston in Lincoln-shire, and for that end had hired a shipe wholy to them selves, & made agreement with the maister to be ready at a certaine day, and take them and their goods in, at a conveniente place, wher they accordingly would all attende in readines. So after long waiting, & large expences, though he kepte not day with them, yet he came at length & tooke them in, in the night. But when he had them & their goods abord, he betrayed them, haveing before hand complotted with the serchers & other officers so to doe; who



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LIFTING ITS TOWER FROM THE BRINK OF THE WITHAM

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tooke them, and put them into open boats, & ther rifled and ransaked them, searching them to their shirts for money, yea even the women furder then became modestie; and then caried them back into the towne, & made them a spectakle & wonder to the multitude, which came flocking on all sides to behould them. Being thus first, by the catchpoule officer, rifled, & stripte of their money, books, and much other goods, they were presented to the magistrates, and messengers sente to informe the lords of the Counsell of them; and so they were comited to ward. Indeed the magistrats used them courteously, and shewed them what favour they could; but could not deliver them till order came from the Counsell-table. But the issue was that after a months imprisonmente, the greatest parte were dismiste, & sent to the places from whence they came; but 7. of the principall were still kept in prison, and bound over to the Assises."

My excellent "R. N." of the "Handbook of Boston" is anxious to have his reader, as I in turn am anxious to have mine, distinguish between these future Pilgrim Fathers and the gentlemen and scholars who later founded Boston in Massachusetts Bay, and called its name after that of the town they had dwelt in or often visited before they left the handsome keeping of the gentler life of Lincolnshire. Such were Richard Bellingham, Edmund Quincy, Thomas Leverett, John Cotton, Samuel Whiting, and others, known to our colonial and national history. Not even Bradford or Brewster, afterwards dignified figures in Plymouth colony, were of the humble band, men, women, and children, that the officers of Boston took from their vessel. "Pathetic but splendid figures," my brave "R. N." calls them, and he tells how after a month's jail, they were "sent home broken men, to endure the scoffs of their neighbors and the rigors of ecclesiastical discipline."

The dungeons which remain to witness of their hardships in Boston are of thick-walled, iron-grated stone, and the captives were fed on bread and water within smell of the roasting and broiling of the Guildhall kitchens immediately beside them. I will not conjecture with "R. N." that they were put there "by a refinement of cruelty," so that they might suffer the more in that vicinage. "The magistrates" who had "used them courteously and showed them what favour they could," would not have willed that; but perhaps "the Counsell-table" did; and it was certainly a hardship that the dungeons and the kitchens were so close together, as any man may see at this day. Neither the dungeons nor the kitchens are any longer used; the spits and grates are rusted where the fires blazed, and the cells where the Pilgrims suffered are now full of large earthen jars. For no other or better reason, the large open spaces of the basement outside of them were scattered about with agricultural implements, ploughs, harrows, and the like. It was the belief of my companion, founded on I know not what fact, that the hall in which the Pilgrims were tried, was a large upper chamber which we found occupied by a boys' school. The door stood partly ajar, and we could see the master within walking up and down before some twenty boys, as if waiting for one of them to answer some question he had put them. Perhaps it was a question of local history, for none of them seemed able to answer it; presently when a boy came out on some errand, and we stopped him, and asked him where it was the Pilgrims had been tried, he did not know, and apparently he had never heard of the Pilgrims. He was a very nice-looking boy, and otherwise not unintelligent; certainly he was well-mannered, as nice-looking English boys are apt to be with their elders; perhaps he had heard too much of the Pilgrims, and had purposely forgotten them. This might very well have happened in a place like Boston where such hordes of Americans are coming every year, and asking so many hard questions concerning an incident of local history not wholly creditable to the place. He could justly have said that the same or worse might have happened to the Pilgrims anywhere else in England, under the dread lord there then was, and in fact something of the same hardship did befall them afterwards at the place a little northeast of Boston, which we were now to visit for their piteous sake.

"The nexte spring after," as Bradford continues the narrative of their sorrows,

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KITCHENS IN THE ANCIENT GUILDHALL

"ther was another attempte made by some of these & others, to get over at an other place. And so it fell out, that they light of a Dutchman at Hull, having a ship of his owne belonging to Zealand; they made agreemente with him, and acquainted him with their condition, hoping to find more faithfullnes in him, then in the former of their owne nation. He bad them not fear, for he would doe well enough. He was by appointment to take them in betweene Grimsbe & Hull, where was a large comone a good way distante from any towne. Now against the prefixed time, the women & children, with the goods, were sent to the place in a small barke, which they had hired for that end; and the men were to meete them by land. But it so fell out, that they were ther a day before the shipe came, and the sea being rough, and the women very sicke, prevailed with the seamen to put into a creeke hardby, wher they lay on ground at lowwater. The nexte morning the shipe came, but they were fast, & could not stir till aboute noone. In the mean time, the shipe maister, perceiveing how the matter was, sente his boate to be getting the men abord whom he saw ready, walking aboute the shore. But after the first boat full was gott abord, & she was ready to goe for more, the Mr. espied a greate company, both horse & foote, with bills, & gunes, & other weapons; for the countrie was raised to take them. The Dutch-man seeing this swore his countries oath, 'sacremente,' and having the wind faire, waiged his Ancor, hoysed sayles, & away. But the poore men which were gott abord, were in great distress for their wives and children, which they saw thus to be taken, and were left destitute of their helps; and them selves also, not having a cloath to shifte them with, more then they had on their baks, & some scarce a peney aboute them, all they had being abord the barke. It drew tears from their eyes, and any thing they had they would have given to have been a shore againe; but all in vaine, ther was no remedy, they must thus sadly part. The rest of the men there were in greatest danger, made shift to escape away before the troope could surprise them: those only staying

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that best might, to be assistante unto the women. But pitifull it was to see the heavie case of these poore women in this distress: what weeping & crying on every side, some for their husbands, that were carried away in the ship as is before related; others not knowing what should become of them, & their little ones; others again melted in teares, seeing their poore little ones hanging aboute them, crying for feare, and quaking with could. Being thus aprehanded, they hurried from one place to another, and from one justice to another, till in the ende they knew not what to doe with them; for to imprison so many women & innocent children for no other cause (many of them) but that they must goe with their husbands, seemed to be unreasonable and all would crie out of them; and to send them home againe was as difficult, for they aleged, as the trueth was, they had no homes to goe to, for they had either sould, or otherwise disposed of their houses & livings. To be shorte, after they had been thus turmoyled a good while, and conveyed from one constable to another, they were glad to be ridd of them in the end upon any termes: for all were wearied & tired with them. Though in the mean time they (poore soules) indured miserie enough; and thus in the end necessitie forste a way for them."

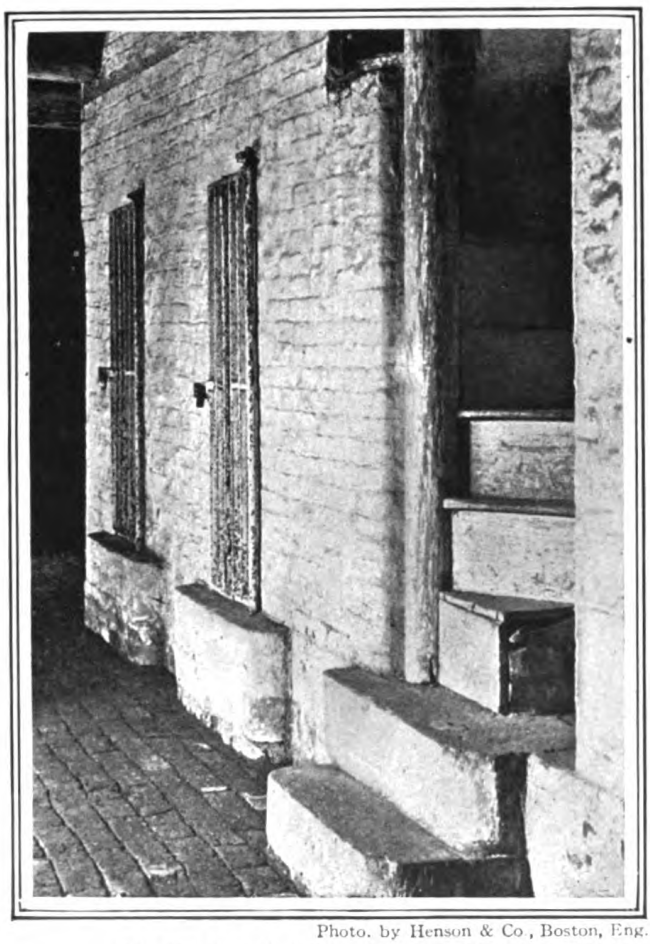


Photo. by Henson & Co., Boston, Eng.

THE CELLS WHERE THE PILGRIMS SUFFERED

If there is any more touching incident in the history of man's inhumanity to man, I do not know it, or cannot now recall it; and it was to visit the scene of it near "Grimsbe," or Great Grimsby, as it is now called, that we set out, after viewing their prison in Boston, over wide plains, with flights of windmills alighted on them everywhere. Here and there one seemed to have had its wings clipped, and we were told by a brighter young fellow than we often had for a travelling companion that this was because steam had been put into it as a motive power more constant than wind, even on that wind-swept coast. There seems to have been nothing else, so far as my note-book witnesses, to take up our thoughts in the short run to Great Grimsby, and for all I know now I may have drowsed by many chicken-yards marking the birthplace of our discoverers and founders. We got to Great Grimsby in time for a very lamentable lunch in a hostelry near the station, kept, I think, for such "poore people" as the Pilgrims were, with stomachs not easily turned by smeary marble table-tops with a smeary maid having to take their orders, and her ineffective napkin in her hand. The honesty as well as the poverty of the place was attested, when, returning to recover

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a forgotten umbrella, we were met at the door by this good girl, who had left her bar to fetch it in anticipation of all question.

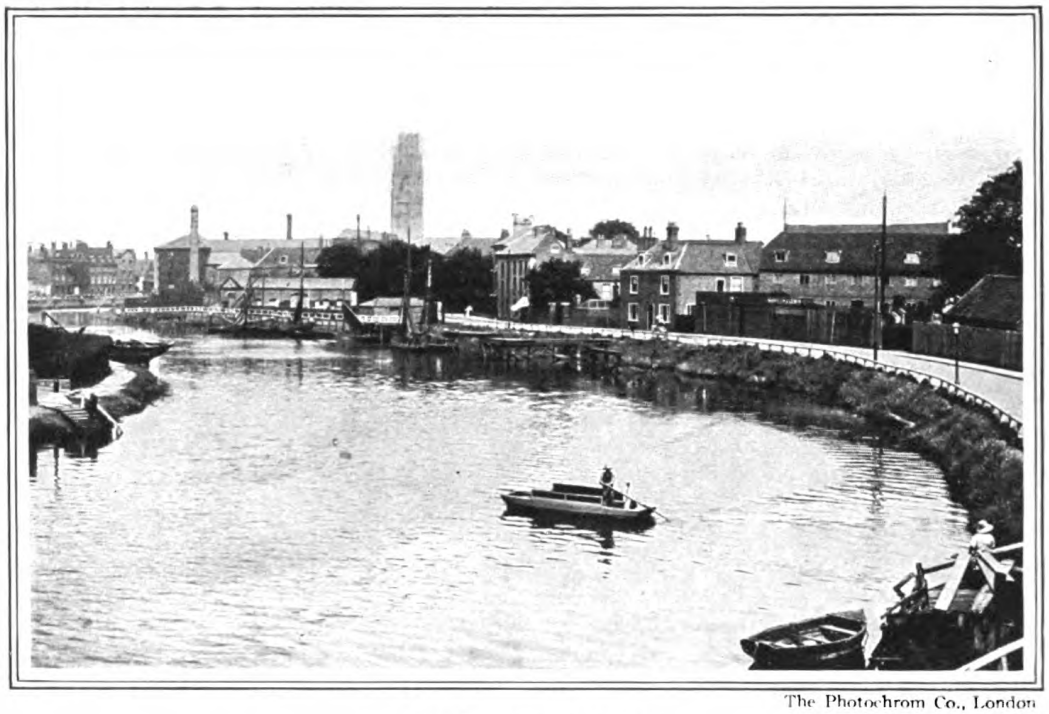
At Great Grimsby, it seemed, there was no vehicle but a very exceptional kind of cab,—looking like a herdic turned wrongside fore, and unable to orient itself aright,—available for the long drive to that "large comone a good way distante from any towne," which we were to make, if we wished to visit the scene of the Pilgrims' sufferings in their second attempt to escape from their dread lord. In this strange equipage, therefore, we set out, and nine long miles we drove through a country which seemed to rise with increasing surprise at us and our turnout on each inquiry we made for the way from chance passers. Just beyond the suburbs of the town we entered the region of a vast, evil smell which we verified as that of the decaying fish spread upon the fields, for a fertilizer after they had missed their market in that great fishing centre. Otherwise the landscape was much the ordinary English landscape of the flatter parts, but wilder and rougher than in the south or west, and constantly growing more so as we drove on and on. Our cabman kept a good courage, as long as the highway showed signs of much travel, but when it began to falter away into a country road, he must have lost faith in our sanity, though he kept an effect of the conventional respect for his nominal betters which English cabmen never part with except in a dispute about fares and distances. We stayed him as well as we could with some grapes and pears, which we found we did not want after our lunch, and which we handed him up through his little trap-door, but a plaintive quaver grew into his voice, and he let his horse lag in the misgiving which it probably shared with him. Nothing of signal interest occurred in our progress except at one point, near a Methodist chapel, where we caught sight of a gayly painted blue van, lettered over with many texts and mottoes, which my friend explained as one of the vans itinerantly used by extreme Protestants of the Anne Askew persuasion to prevent the spread of Romanism in England.

The signs of travel had not only ceased, but a little in front of us the way was barred by a gate, and beyond this gate there was nothing but a sort of savage pasture, with many red and brown cattle in it, gathered questioningly about the barrier, or lifting their heads indifferently from the grass. Just before we reached the gate we passed a peasant's cottage, where he was sociably getting in his winter's coal, and he and his wife and children, and the carter, all leaned upon whatever supports they found next them, and stared at the extraordinary apparition of two, I hope, personable strangers driving in a hansom of extreme type into a cow pasture. But we were not going to give ourselves away to their too probable ignorance by asking if that were the place where the Pilgrims who founded New England were first stopped from going to Holland.

My friend dismounted, and opened the gate, and we drove in among the cattle, and after they had satisfied a peaceful curiosity concerning us, they went about their business of eating grass, and we strayed over "the large comone," and tried to imagine its looks nearly three hundred years before. They could not have been very different; the place could hardly have been much wilder, and there was the "creeke hardby wher they lay," the hapless women and children, in their boat "at lowwater," while the evening came on, no doubt, just as it was doing with us, the weather clearing, and the sunset glassy and cold. Off yonder away across the solitary moor was the course of the Humber, marked for us by the trail of a steamer's smoke through the fringes of trees, and for them by the sail of the Dutchman, who when he saw next day, that "great company, both horse and foote, with bills and gunes, and other weapons," coming to harry those poor people, "swore his countries oath, 'saeremente,' and having the wind faire, waiged his ancor, hoysed sailes, and away," leaving those desolate women and their little ones lamenting.

On our way back we stopped at a little country church, so peaceful, so very peaceful, in the evening light, where it stood, withdrawn from the highway, Norman and Gothic without, and within all so sweet and bare and clean, that we could not believe in the old ec-

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The Photochrom Co., London

THE RIVER AT EVENING

clesiasticism which persecuted the Puritans into the exile whither they carried the persecuting spirit with them. A pretty child, a little girl, opened the churchyard gate and held it for us to pass, and her gentleness made me the more question the history of those dreadful days in the past. When I saw a young lady, in the modern dress which I had so often lost my heart to at Church Parade in Hyde Park, going up a leafy lane, toward the vicarage, from having been for tennis and afternoon tea at some pleasant home in the neighborhood, I denied the atrocious facts altogether. She had such a very charming hat on.

The suburbs of Great Grimsby, after you reach them through that zone of bad smell, are rather attractive, and you get into long clean streets of small stone houses, like those of Plymouth or Southampton, and presently you reach the Humber, which is full of the steamers and sail, both fishing and deep sea, of the prosperous port, with great booms of sawlogs from Norway, half filling the channel, and with a fringe of tall chimneys from the sawmills along the shores. Great Grimsby is not only the centre of a vast distributing trade in coal and lumber, but of a still vaster trade in fish. It cuts one's pride, if one has believed that Gloucester, Massachusetts, is the greatest fishing port in the world, to learn that Grimsby, with a hundred more fishing sail, is only "*one* of the principal fishing ports" of the United Kingdom. What can one do against those brutal British statistics? We think our towns grow like weeds, but London seems to grow half such a weed as Chicago in a single night.

After we were got well into the town, we found ourselves part of an immense bicycle parade, with bicyclers of both sexes on their wheels, in masks and costumes, Pierrots, and Clowns, and Harlequins and Columbines, in a competition for the prettiest and fanciest dress.

When we came to start from the station on our run to London, we reflected that there were a great many of these bicyclers, and that they would probably crowd us in our third-class compartment. So, as we had bought an excellent supper in baskets, such as they send you on the trains everywhere in England, and wished to eat it in quiet, we sought out the guard who was lurking near for the purpose, and bribed him to shut us into that compartment, and not let any one else

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in. There we remained in darkness, with our curtains drawn, and when, near train-time, the bicyclers began to swarm about the carriages, we heard them demanding admittance to our compartment from our faithful guard, if that is the right way to call him. He turned them away with soft answers, answers so very soft that we could not make out what he said, but he seemed to be inviting them into other compartments, which he doubtless pretended were better. The murmurs would die away, and then rise again, and from time to time we knew that a baffled bicycler was pulling at our door, or vainly bumping against it. We listened with our hearts in our mouths; but no one got in, and the train started, and we opened our baskets and began to eat and to drink, like two aristocrats or plutocrats. What made our inhuman behavior worse was that we were really nothing of the kind, but both professed friends of the common people. The story might show that when it comes to a question of selfishness men are all alike ready to profit by the unjust conditions. However, it must be remembered that those people were only bicyclers. If we could have conceived of them as masses we should have known them for brothers, and let them in, probably.

The Haunted Palace

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

THE cuckoo calls adown the green arcade
  Where sunshafts fall aslant between the leaves;
He knows the haunted palace in the glade,
  The white pavilion with the shadowy eaves.

There grows the orchard with the golden fruit,
  Whose old trees stand knee-deep in flowering grass,
Where hands invisible play an unseen lute,
  And the still moat gleams gray as ancient glass.

Sweet echoes, strayed from other days and lands,
  Sigh through the chambers when the sun is low;
White wood-doves—or a glimpse of waved white hands?—
  By the deep casements dimly glance and go.

The golden silence of the leafy glade
  Now and again seems stirred by some faint air;
Where green leaves glimmer 'twixt the sun and shade
  Pale glints of gold betray a dryad's hair.

Haunt of sweet sounds and sweeter silences,
  Would that at last my wandering feet might win
To your calm threshold bowered in forest trees,
  Pass the wide door once more and enter in.

The cuckoo calls me down the green arcade
  Still singing of the way I used to know,
The path that leads to the enchanted glade
  Peopled with dreams that died long years ago.

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"By-an'-by" Brown of Blunder Cove

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

"BY-AN'-BY" BROWN he was called at Blunder Cove. And as "By-an'-by" Brown he was known within its fishing radius—Grave Head to Blow-me-down Billy. Momentarily, on the wet night of his landing, he had been "Mister" Brown; then—just "By-an'-by" Brown.

There was no secret about the baby. Young Brown was a bachelor of the outports: even so, there was still no secret about the baby. Nonsense! It was not "By-an'-by's." It never had been. Name? Tweak. Given name? She. What! Well, then, *It!* Age? Recent——somewheres 'long about midsummer. Blunder Cove was amazed, but, being used to sudden peril, to misfortune, and strange chances, was not incredulous. Blunder Cove was sympathetic: so sympathetic, indeed, so quick to minister and to assist, that "By-an'-by" Brown, aged fifteen, having taken but transient shelter for the child, remained to rear it, forever proposing, however, to proceed—by and by. So there they were, "By-an'-by" Brown and the baby! And the baby was not "By-an'-by's." Everybody knew it—even the baby: perhaps best of all.

"By-an'-by" Brown had adopted the baby at Back Yard Bight of the Labrador. There had been nothing else to do. It was quite out of the question, whatever the proprieties, whatever the requirements of babies and the inadequacy of bachelors—it was quite out of the question for "By-an'-by" Brown, being a bachelor of tender years and perceptions, to abandon even a baby at Back Yard Bight of the Labrador, having first assisted at the interment of the mother and then instantly lost trace of the delinquent father. The monstrous expedient had not even occurred to him; he made a hasty bundle of the baby and took flight for more populous neighborhoods, commanding advice, refuge, and infinitely more valuable assistance from the impoverished settlements by the way. And thereafter he remembered the bleak and lonely reaches of Back Yard Bight as a stretch of coast where he had been considerably alarmed.

It had been a wet night when "By-an'-by" Brown and the baby put into Blunder Cove—wind in the east; the sea in a tumble: a wet night, and late of it. All the windows were black; and the paths of the place—a waterside maze in the lee of great hills—were knee-deep in a flood of darkness. "By-an'-by" Brown was downcast: this because of his years. He was a lad of fifteen. Fifteen, mark you!—a gigantic fifteen: a wise and competent fifteen, too, having for seven years fended for itself in the turf huts of the Labrador and the forecastles of the lower coasts. But still, for the moment, he was downcast by the burden upon his youth. So he knocked diffidently at the first kitchen door; and presently he stood abashed in a burst of warm light from within.

Shelter? Oh, ay! T' be sure. But (in quick and resentful suspicion):

"B'y," Aunt Phœbe Luff demanded, "what ye got in them ileskins? Pups?"

"By-an'-by" Brown observed that there were embers in the kitchen stove; that steam was faintly rising from the spout of the kettle.

"Baby," said he.

Aunt Phœbe jumped. "What!" cried she.

"Jus' a baby," said "By-an'-by" Brown.

"*Well!*—you give that there baby here."

"I'll be glad t', ma'm," said young "By-an'-by" Brown, in childish tenderness, still withholding the bundle from the woman's extended arms, "but not for keeps."

"For keeps!" Aunt Phœbe snorted.

"No, ma'm; not for keeps. I'm 'low-

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Drawn by George Harding

BLUNDER COVE WAS SYMPATHETIC

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in' t' fetch it up myself," said "By-an'-by" Brown, "by an' by."

"Dunderhead!" Aunt Phœbe whispered, softly.

And "By-an'-by Brown, familiar with the exigency, obediently went in.

Then there were lights in the cottages of Blunder Cove—instantly, it seemed. And company—and tea and hard bread and chatter—in Skipper Tom Luff's little white kitchen. A roaring fire in the stove; a kettle that sang and chuckled and danced, glad once more to be engaged in the real business of life. So was the cradle—glad to be useful again, though its activity had been but for an hour suspended. It went to work in a businesslike way, with never a creak, in response to the gentle toe of "By-an'-by" Brown's top-boot. There was an inquisition, too, through which "By-an'-by" Brown crooned to the baby, "Hush-aby!" and absently answered, "Uh-huh!" and "By an' by!" as placid as could be. Concerning past troubles: Oh, they was—yesterday. And of future difficulties: Well, they was—by an' by. "Hushaby!" and "By an' by!" So they gave him a new name—"By-an'-by" Brown—because he was of those whose past is forgot in yesterday and whose future is no more inimical than—well, jus' by an' by.

"By-an'-by" Brown o' Blunder Cove—paddle-punt fishin' the Blow-me-down grounds. . . .

It had not been for keeps. "By-an'-by" Brown resisted in a fashion so resolute that no encroachment upon his rights was accomplished by Aunt Phœbe Luff. He had wandered too long alone to be willing to yield up a property in hearts, once he possessed it. And Blunder Cove approved. The logic was simple: "*If* By-an'-by Brown took the child t' raise, why, then, nobody else would *have* t'." The proceeding was never regarded as extraordinary. Nobody said, "How queer!" It was looked upon merely as a commendably philanthropic undertaking on the part of "By-an'-by" Brown; the accident of his sex and situation had nothing to do with the problem. Thus, when Aunt Phœbe's fostering care was no longer imperative, "By-an'-by" Brown said *Now* for the first time in his life, and departed with the baby. By that time, of course, there was an establishment: a whitewashed cottage by the waterside, a stage, a flake, a punt—all the achievement of "By-an'-By's" own hands. A new account, too: this on the ledger of Wull and Company, trading the French Shore with the *Always Loaded*, putting in off and on.

"By-an'-by's" baby began to grow perceptibly. "By-an'-by" just kept on growing: 'lowin' t' stop, sometime—by an' by. It happened—by an' by. This was when he was two-and-twenty; by which time, according to enthusiastic observers from a more knowing and appreciative world, he was Magnificent. The splendor consisted, it was said, in bulk, muscle, and the like; somewhat, too, perhaps, in poise and glance; but Blunder Cove knew that these external and relatively insignificant aspects were transcended by the spiritual graces which "By-an'-by" Brown displayed. He was religious; but it must be added that he was amiable. A great, tender, devoted dog, "By-an'-by" Brown. This must be said for him: that if he by-an'-byed the unpleasant necessities into a future too distant to be troublesome, he by-an'-byed the appearance of evil to the same far exile.

After all, it may be a virtue to practise the art of by-an'-bying.

As for the baby at this period, the age of seven years, the least said the less conspicuous the failure to say anything adequate. Language was never before so helplessly mocked. It may be ventured, however, to prove the poverty of words, that dispassionately viewed through the eyes of "By-an'-by" Brown she was angelic. "Jus' a wee li'l mite of a angel!" said he. Of course, this is not altogether original, nor is it specific; but it satisfied "By-an'-by" Brown's idea of perfection. A slim little slip of a maid of the roguishly sly and dimpled sort; a maid of delicate fashioning, exquisite of feature—a maid of impulsive affections. Exact in everything; and exacting, too—in a captivating way. And herein was propagated the germ of disquietude for "By-an'-by" Brown, promising, indeed (fostered by the folly of procrastination), a more tragic develop-

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ment. "By-an'-by's" baby was used to saying, "You *told* me so." Also, "But you *promised.*" The particular difficulty confronting "By-an'-by" Brown was the baby's insistent curiosity, not inconsistent with the age of seven, concerning the whereabouts of her father and the time and manner of his return.

Brown had piqued it into being, just by saying—"By an' by!"

"Ay," says she; "but *when* will he be comin' back?"

"Why," he answered, bewildered—"by an' by!"

It was a familiar evasion. The maid frowned. "Is you sure?" she demanded, sceptically.

"Ye bet ye!" he was prompt to reply, feeling bound, now, to convince her, whatever came of it; "he'll be comin' back—by an' by."

"Well, then," said the maid, relieved, "I s'pose so."

Brown had never disclosed the brutal delinquency of Long Bill Tweak. Not to the maid, because he could not wound her; not to Blunder Cove, because he would not shame her. The revelation must be made, of course; but not now—by an' by. The maid knew that her mother was dead beyond recall—no mystery was ever made of that; and there ended the childish wish and wonder concerning that poor woman. But her father? Here was an inviting mystery. No, he was not what you might call dead—jus' sort o' gone away. Would he ever come back? Oh, *sure!* no need o' frettin' about that; *he'd* be back—by an' by. Had "By-an'-by" Brown said *Never,* the problem would have been disposed of, once and for all; the fretting over with, once and for all. But what he said was this uncourageous and specious by an' by. So the maid waited in interested speculation, then impatiently. For she was used to saying, "You *told* me so." Also, "But then you *promised.*"

As by an' by overhauled by an' by in the days of "By-an'-by" Brown, and as the ultimate by an' by became imminent, "By-an'-by" Brown was ever more disquieted.

"But," says the maid, "by an' by is never."

"Oh my, no!" he protested.

She tapped the tip of his nose with a long little forefinger, and emphasized every word with a stouter tap. "Yes—it—is!" said she.

"Not *never,*" cried "By-an'-by" Brown.

"Then," says she, "is it to-morrow?"

Brown violently shook his head.

"Is it nex' week?"

"Goodness, no!"

"Well," she insisted—and she took "By-an'-by's" face between her palms and drew it close to search his eyes—"is it nex' year?"

"Maybe."

She touched the tip of her white little nose to the sunburnt tip of his. "But *is* it?" she persisted.

"Uh-huh," said "By-an'-by" Brown, recklessly, quite overcome, committing himself beyond redemption; "nex' year."

And "By-an'-by's" baby remembered.

Next year began, of course, with the first day of January. And a day with wind and snow it was! Through the interval of three months preceding, Brown had observed the approach of this veritable by an' by with rising alarm. And on New-year's day, why, there it was: by an' by come at last! "By-an'-by" Brown, though twenty-two, was frightened. No wonder! Hitherto his life had not been perturbed by insoluble bewilderments. But how to produce Long Bill Tweak from the mist into which he had vanished at Back Yard Bight of the Labrador seven years ago? It was beyond him. Who could call Bill Tweak from seven years of time and the very waste places of space? Not "By-an'-by" Brown, who could only ponder and sigh and scratch his curly head. And here was the maid, used to saying, as maids of seven will, "But you *told* me so!" and, "You *promised!*" So "By-an'-by" Brown was downcast as never before; but, before the day was spent, he conceived that the unforeseen might yet fortuitously issue in the salvation of himself and the baby.

"Maybe," thought he—"by an' by!"

As January progressed, the maid grew more eager and still more confident. He *promised,* thinks she; also, He *told* me so. There were times, as the terrified Brown observed, when this eagerness so possessed the child that she trembled in a fashion to make him shiver. She

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would start from her chair by the stove when a knock came late o' windy nights on the kitchen door; she would stare up the frozen harbor to the tickle by day—peep through the curtains, interrupt her housewifely duties to keep watch at the window.

"Anyhow, he *will* come," says she, quite confidently, "by an' by."

"Uh-huh!" Brown must respond.

What was a shadow upon the gentle spirit of "By-an'-by" Brown was the sunlight of certain expectation irradiating "By-an'-by's" baby. But the maid fell ill. Nobody knew why. Suspicion dwelt like a skeleton with "By-an'-by" Brown; but this he did not divulge to Blunder Cove. Nothin' much the matter along o' she, said the Cove; jus' a little spell o' somethin' or other. It was a childish indisposition, perhaps—but come with fever and pallor and a poignant restlessness. "By-an'-by" Brown had never before known how like to a black cloud the future of a man might be. At any rate, she must be put to bed; whereupon, of course, "By-an'-by" Brown indefinitely put off going to bed, having rather stand watch, he said. It was presently a question at Blunder Cove: who was the more wan and pitiable, "By-an'-by's" baby, being sick, or "By-an'-by," being anxious? And there was no cure anywhere to be had—no cure for either. "By-an'-by" Brown conceived that the appearance of Long Bill Tweak would instantly work a miracle upon the maid. But where was Bill Tweak? There was no magic at hand to accomplish the feat of summoning a scamp from Nowhere!

One windy night "By-an'-by" Brown sat with the child to comfort her. "I 'low," he drawled, "that you wisht a wonderful sight that your father was here."

"Uh-*huh!*" the maid exclaimed.

Brown sighed. "I s'pose," he muttered.

"Is he comin'?" she demanded.

"Oh—by an' by!"

"I wisht 'twas *now*," said she. "That I does!"

Brown listened to the wind. It was blowing high and bitterly: a winter wind with snow from the northeast. "By-an'-by" was troubled.

"I 'low," said he, hopelessly, "that you'll love un a sight, won't ye?—when he comes?"

"Ye bet ye!" the maid answered.

"More 'n ye love—some folks?"

"A lot," said she.

Brown was troubled. He heard the kitchen stove snore in its familiar way, the kettle bubble, the old wind assault the cottage he had builded for the baby; and he remembered recent years—and was troubled.

"Will ye love un more," he asked, anxiously, turning his face from the child, "than ye loves me?"

She hesitated.

"Ye won't, will ye?" he implored.

"'Twill be different," said she.

"Will it?" he asked, rather vacantly.

"Ye see," she explained, "he'll be my *father*."

"Then," suggested "By-an'-by," "ye'll be goin' away along o' he?—when he comes?"

"Oh my, no!"

"Ye'll not? Ye'll stay along o' me?"

"Why, ye see," she began, bewildered, "I'll—why, o' course, I'll— Oh," she complained, "what ye ask me *that* for?"

"Jus' couldn't *help* it," said "By-an'-by," humbly.

The maid began to cry.

"Don't!" pleaded "By-an'-by" Brown. "Jus' can't *stand* it. I'll do anything if ye'll on'y stop cryin'. Ye can *have* your father. Ye needn't love me no more. Ye can go away along o' he. An' he'll be comin' soon, too. Ye'll see if he don't. Jus' by an' by—by an' by!"

"'Tis never," the maid sobbed.

"No, no! By an' by is soon. Why," cried "By-an'-by" Brown, perceiving that this intelligence stopped the child's tears, "by an' by is—wonderful soon."

"To-morrow?"

"Well, no; but—"

"'Tis never!" she wailed.

"'Tis nex' week!" cried "By-an'-by" Brown. . . .

When the dawn of Monday morning confronted "By-an'-by" Brown, he was appalled. Here was a desperately momentous situation: by an' by must be faced—at last. Where was Long Bill Tweak? Nobody knew. How could Long Bill Tweak be fetched from Nowhere? Brown scratched his head. But

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Long Bill Tweak *must* be fetched; for here was the maid, chirpin' about the kitchen—turned out early, ecod! t' clean house against her father's coming. Cured? Ay, that she was—the mouse! "By-an'-by" Brown dared not contemplate her collapse at midnight of Saturday. But chance intervened. On Tuesday morning Long Bill Tweak made Blunder Cove on the way from Lancy Loop to St. Johns to join the sealing fleet in the spring of the year. Long Bill Tweak in the flesh! It was still blowing high; he had come out of the snow—a shadow in the white mist, rounding the tickle rocks, observed from all the windows of Blunder Cove, but changing to Long Bill Tweak himself, ill-kempt, surly, gruff-voiced, vicious-eyed, at the kitchen door of "By-an'-by" Brown's cottage.

Long Bill Tweak begged the maid, with a bristle-whiskered twitch—a scowl, mistakenly delivered as a smile—for leave to lie the night in that place.

The maid was afraid with a fear she had not known before. "We're 'lowin' for company," she objected.

"Come in!" "By-an'-by" called from the kitchen.

The maid fled in a fright to the inner room, and closed the door upon herself; but Long Bill Tweak swaggered in.

"Tweak!" gasped "By-an'-by" Brown.

"Brown!" growled Long Bill Tweak.

There was the silence of uttermost amazement; but, presently, with a jerk, Tweak indicated the door through which "By-an'-by's" baby had fled.

"It?" he whispered.

Brown nodded.

"'Low I'll be goin' on," said Long Bill Tweak, making for the windy day.

"Ye'll go," answered "By-an'-by" Brown, quietly, interposing his great body, "when ye're let; not afore."

Long Bill Tweak contented himself with the hospitality of "By-an'-by" Brown. . . .

That night, when Brown had talked with the maid's father for a long, long time by the kitchen stove, the maid being then turned in, he softly opened the bedroom door and entered, closing it absent-mindedly behind him, dwelling the while, in deep distress, upon the agreement he had wrested by threat and purchase from Long Bill Tweak. The maid was still awake because of terror; she was glad, indeed, to have caught sight of "By-an'-by" Brown's broad, kindly young countenance in the beam of light from the kitchen, though downcast, and she snuggled deeper into the blankets, not afraid any more. "By-an'-by" touched a match to the candle wick with a great hand that trembled. He lingered over the simple act—loath to come nearer to the evil necessity of the time. For Long Bill Tweak was persuaded now to be fatherly to the child; and "By-an'-by" Brown must yield her, according to her wish. He sat for a time on the edge of the little bed, clinging to the maid's hand; and he thought, in his gentle way, that it was a very small, very dear hand, and that he would wish to touch it often, when he could not.

Presently Brown sighed; then, taking heart, he joined issue with his trouble.

"I 'low," he began, "that you wisht your father was here."

The maid did.

"I 'low," he pursued, "that you wisht he was here this very minute."

That the maid did!

"I 'low," said "By-an'-by," softly, lifting the child's hand to his lips, "that you wisht the man in the kitchen was him."

"No," the maid answered, sharply.

"Ye doesn't?"

"Ye bet ye—no!" said she.

"Eh?" gasped the bewildered Brown.

The maid sat upright and stiff in bed. "Oh my!" she demanded, in alarm, "he *isn't*, is he?"

"No," said "By-an'-by" Brown.

"Sure?"

"Isn't I jus' *tol'* ye so?" he answered, beaming.

Long Bill Tweak followed the night into the shades of forgotten time. . . .

Came Wednesday upon "By-an'-by" Brown in a way to make the heart jump. Midnight of Saturday was now fairly over the horizon of his adventurous sea. Wednesday! Came Thursday—prompt to the minute. Days of bewildered inaction! And now the cottage was shipshape to the darkest corners of its closets. Shipshape as a wise and knowing

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maid of seven, used to housewifely occupations, could make it, which was as shipshape as shipshape could be, though you may not believe it. There was no more for the maid to do but sit with folded hands and confidently expectant gaze to await the advent of her happiness. Thursday morning, and "By-an'-by" Brown had not mastered his bearings. Three days more: Thursday, Friday, Saturday. It occurred, then, to "By-an'-by" Brown — at precisely ten o'clock of Friday morning—that his hope lay in Jim Turley of Candlestick Cove, an obliging man. They jus' *had* t' be a father, didn't they? But they *wasn't* no father no more. Well, then, ecod! *make* one. Had t' be a father, *some*how, didn't they? And—well—there was Jim Turley o' Candlestick Cove. He'd answer. Why not Jim Turley o' Candlestick Cove, an obligin' man, known t' be such from Mother Burke t' the Cape Norman Light? He'd 'blige a shipmate in a mess like this, ecod! You see if he didn't!

Brown made ready for Candlestick Cove.

"But," the maid objected, "what is I t' do if father comes afore night?"

"Ah!" drawled "By-an'-by," blankly.

"Eh?" she repeated.

"Why, o' course," he answered, with a large and immediate access of interest, drawing the armchair near the stove, "you jus' set un there t' warm his feet."

"An' if he doesn't know me?" she protested.

"Oh, sure," "By-an'-by" affirmed, "the ol' man 'll know *you,* never fear. You jus' give un a cup o' tea an' say I'll be back afore dark."

"Well," the maid agreed, dubiously.

"I'll be off," said Brown, in a flush of embarrassment, "when I fetches the wood t' keep your father cozy. He'll be thirsty an' cold, when he comes. Ye'll take good care of un, won't ye?"

"Ye bet ye!"

"Mind ye get them there ol' feet warm. An' jus' you fair pour the tea into un. He's used t' his share o' tea, ye bet! *I* knows un."

And so, "By-an'-by" Brown, travelling swiftly over the hills, came hopefully to Jim Turley of Candlestick Cove, an obliging man, whilst the maid kept watch at the window of the Blunder Cove cottage. And Jim Turley was a most obligin' man. 'Blige? Why, sure! *I'll* 'blige ye! There was no service difficult or obnoxious to the selfish sons of men that Jim Turley would not perform for other folk—if only he might 'blige. Ye jus' go ast Jim Turley; *he'll* 'blige ye. And Jim Turley would with delight: for Jim had a passion for 'bligin'—assiduously seeking opportunities, even to the point of intrusion. Beaming Jim Turley o' Candlestick Cove—poor, shiftless, optimistic, serene, well-beloved Jim Turley, forever cheerfully sprawling in the meshes of his own difficulties! Lean Jim Turley—forgetful of his interests in a fairly divine satisfaction with compassing the joy and welfare of his fellows! I shall never forget him: his round, flaring smile, rippling under his bushy whiskers, a perpetual delight, come any fortune; his mild, unselfconscious, sympathetic blue eyes, looking out upon the world in amazement, perhaps, but yet in kind and eager inquiry concerning the affairs of other folk; his blithe "Yo-ho!" at labor, and "Easy does it!" Jim Turley o' Candlestick Cove—an' obligin' man!

"In trouble?" he asked of "By-an'-by" Brown, instantly concerned.

"Not 'xactly trouble," answered "By-an'-by."

"Sort o' bothered?"

"Well, no," drawled "By-an'-by" Brown; "but I got t' have a father by Satu'day night."

"For yerself?" Jim mildly inquired.

"For the maid," said "By-an'-by" Brown; "an' I was 'lowin'," he added, frankly, "that you might 'blige her."

"Well, now!" Jim Turley exclaimed, "I'd like t' wonderful well; but ye see," he objected, faintly, "bein' a ol' bachelor, I isn't s'posed t'—"

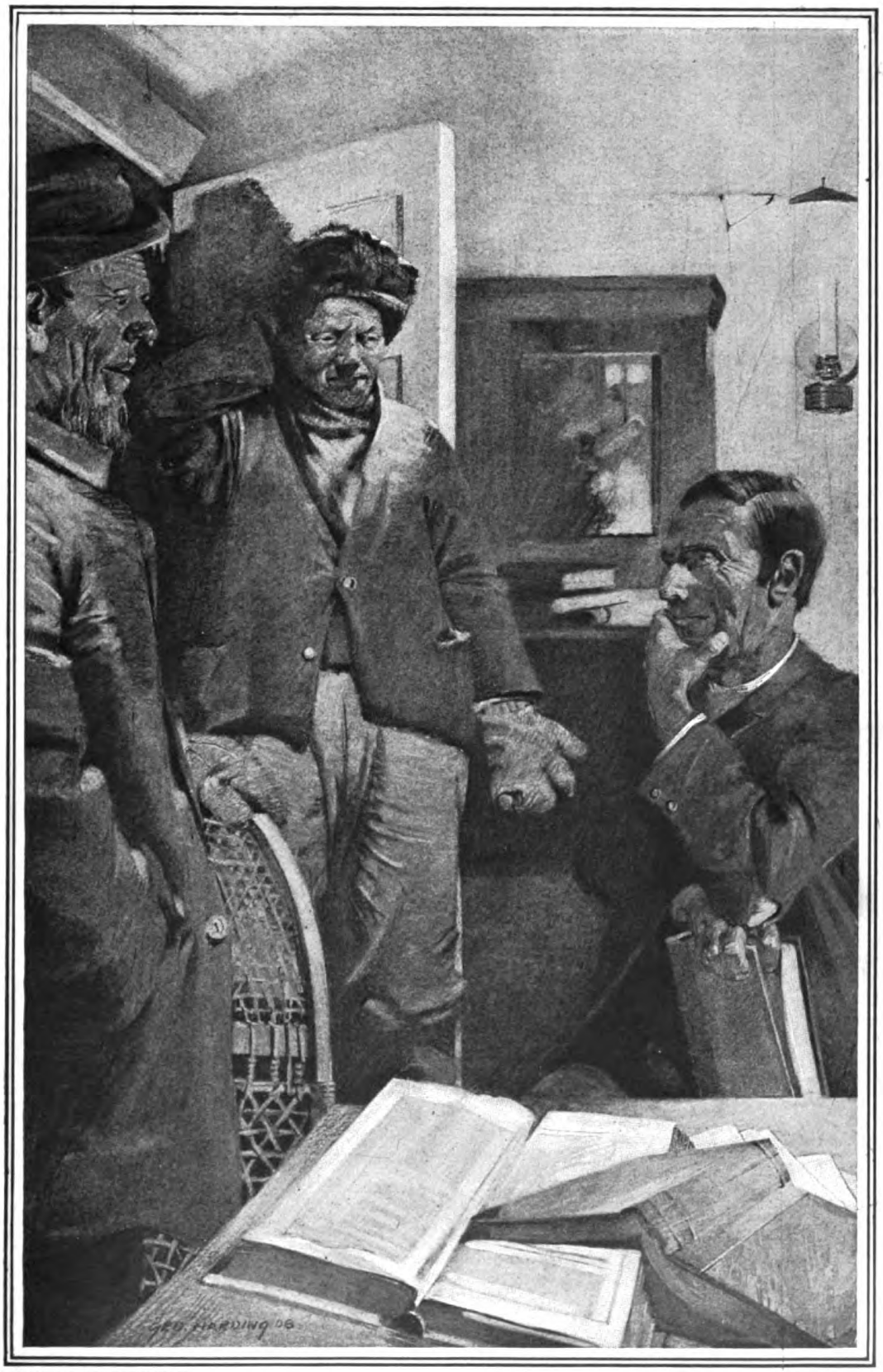
"Anyhow," "By-an'-by" Brown broke in, "I jus' got t' have a father by Satu'day night."

"An' I'm a religious man, an'—"

"No objection t' religion," Brown protested. "I'm strong on religion m'self. Jus' as soon have a religious father as not. Sooner. Now," he pleaded, "they isn't nobody else in the world t' 'blige me."

"No," Jim Turley agreed, in distress; "no—I 'low not."

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Drawn by George Harding

THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO GET HIM OUT OF THE MESS

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"An' I jus' *got*," declared Brown, "t' have a father by Satu'day night."

"Course you is!" cried Jim Turley, instantly siding with the woebegone. "Jus' got t'!"

"Well?"

"Oh, well, pshaw!" said Jim Turley, "*I'll* 'blige ye!"

The which he did, but with misgiving: arriving at Blunder Cove after dark of Saturday, unobserved by the maid, whose white little nose was stuck to the frosty window-pane, whose eyes searched the gloom gathered over the tickle rocks, whose ears were engaged with the tick-tock of the impassive clock. No, he was not observed, however keen the lookout; for he came sneaking in by Tumble Gully, 'cordin' t' sailin' orders, to join "By-an'-by" Brown in the lee of the meeting-house under Anxiety Hill, where the conspiracy was to be perfected, in the light of recent developments, and whence the sally was to be made. He was in a shiver of nervousness; so, too, "By-an'-by" Brown. It was the moment of inaction when conspirators must forever be the prey of doubt and dread. They were determined, grim; they were most grave—but they were still afraid. And Jim Turley's conscience would not leave him be. A religious man, Jim Turley! On the way from Candlestick Cove he had whipped the perverse thing into subjection, like a sinner; but here, in the lee of the meeting-house by Anxiety Hill, with a winter's night fallen like a cold cloud from perdition, conscience was risen again to prod him.

An obligin' man, Jim Turley, but still a religious man—knowing his master.

"I got qualms," said he.

"Stummick?" Brown demanded in alarm.

"This here thing," Jim Turley protested, "isn't a religious thing to do."

"Maybe not," replied "By-an'-by" Brown, doggedly; "but I promised the maid a father by Satu'day night, an' I got t' have un."

"'Twould ease my mind a lot," Jim Turley pleaded, "t' ask the parson. Come, now!"

"By an' by," said "By-an'-by" Brown.

"No," Jim Turley insisted; "now."

The parson laughed; then laughed again, with his head thrown back and his mouth fallen open very wide. Presently, though, he turned grave, and eyed "By-an'-by" Brown in a questioning, anxious way, as though seeking to discover in how far the big man's happiness might be chanced; whereupon he laughed once more, quite reassured. He was a pompous bit of a parson, this, used to commanding the conduct of Blunder Cove; to controlling its affairs; to shaping the destinies of its folk with a free, bold hand—being in this both wise and most generously concerned, so that the folk profited more than they knew. And now, with "By-an'-by" Brown and the maid on his hands, to say nothing of poor Jim Turley, he did not hesitate; there was nothing for it, thinks he, but to get "By-an'-by" Brown out of the mess, whatever came of it, and to arrange a future from which all by-an'-bying must be eliminated. A new start, thinks he, and the by-an'-by habit would work no further injury. So he sat "By-an'-by" Brown and Jim Turley by the kitchen stove, without a word of explanation, and, still condescending no hint of his purpose, but bidding them both sit tight to their chairs, went out upon his business, which, as may easily be surmised, was with the maid.

"Bein' a religious man," said Jim Turley, solemnly, "he'll mend it."

When the parson came back there was nothing left, indeed, for the maid to learn, or, at least, nothing within her comprehension, which was quite sufficient to her need. "By-an'-by" Brown was sent home, with a kindly God-bless-ye! and an injunction of the most severe description to have done with by-an'-bying. He stumbled into his own kitchen in a shamefaced way, prepared, like a mischievous lad, to be scolded until his big ears burned and his scalp tingled; and he was a long, long time about hanging up his cap and coat and taking off his shoes, never once glancing toward the maid, who sat silent beyond the kitchen stove. And then, when by no further subterfuge could he prolong his immunity, he turned boldly in her direction, patiently and humbly to accept the inevitable correction, a promise to do better already fashioned upon his

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tongue. And there she sat, beyond the glowing stove, grinning in a way to show her white little teeth. Tears? Maybe, but only traces—whereby her eyes shone all the brighter. And "By-an'-by" Brown, reproaching himself bitterly, sat down, and began to trace strange pictures on the floor with the big toe of his gray-socked foot, while the kettle and the clock and the fire sang the old chorus of comfort and cheer.

"Ah-ha!" says "By-an'-by's" baby, "*I* found you out!"

The big man's big toe got all at once furiously interested in its artistic occupation.

"Uh-huh!" she repeated, threateningly, "I found *you* out."

"Did ye?" "By-an'-by" softly asked.

The maid came on tiptoe from behind the stove, and made an arrangement of "By-an'-by" Brown's long legs convenient for straddling; and having then settled herself on his knees, she tipped up his face and fetched her own so close that he could not dodge her eyes, but must look in, whatever came of it; and then—to the reviving delight of "By-an'-by" Brown—she tapped his nose with a long little forefinger, emphasizing every word with a stouter tap, saying:

"Yes—I—did!"

"Uh-huh!" he chuckled.

"An'," said she, "I don't *want* no father."

"Ye don't?" he cried, incredulous.

"Because," she declared, "I'm 'lowin' t' take care o' *you*—an' *marry* you."

"Ye is?" he gasped.

"Ye bet ye, b'y," said "By-an'-by's" baby—"by an' by!"

Then they hugged each other hard.

The Recognition

BY MARY LORD

AND who art thou, gray-visaged one,
With care upon thy brow?
I may not stop to speak with thee,
I seek my Fair Life now.

And who art thou, so weary-eyed,
Canst thou be one I know?
Drag thou no longer by my side,
My steps would swifter go!

Ah! who art thou, so sad, so dumb,
Who neither smile nor sing?
Thy shadow falls before my steps
And darkens everything.

Begone, begone, nor hinder me!
My Fair Life bids me run!
I seek for joy and happiness,
I love the light, the sun!

What dost thou murmur in my ear?
Thou art Life,—sayest thou?
Thou art my Life, gray-visaged one,
Thou art my Fair Life,—*thou?*

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As to Certain Comparisons

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Emeritus Professor of English, Yale University

AMONG the pieces which made up the *Phœnixiana* of Captain Derby —whose too early death deprived America of one of her most original humorists—was one entitled "A New System of English Grammar." It seems never to have attracted much attention; but though there are in the volume containing it articles more broadly amusing, there are none in which wit and wisdom are more fully blended. After the lapse of years the exact words and the particular illustrations employed escape me in part; but the line of reasoning adopted will not vary materially from what is about to be given.

The great object, according to the humorist, which man should hold before himself is not merely to tell the truth, but to tell the exact truth. But in his efforts to reach this ideal he is handicapped by his language. That unfortunately lacks the requisite precision. Especially is this true in the case of the adjective. We have in that only three degrees of comparison. But it is evident that this limited number can never represent adequately the many essential differences in the nature of the objects described. Still less can they express the widely varying shades of feeling about these objects which exist in the mind of either speaker or writer. As if this were not enough, the words employed in any given case convey to one man ideas dissimilar to those conveyed to another, if not indeed absolutely distinct. Hence arise ambiguity, misunderstanding, and all the frightful charges of misrepresentation which do so much to disturb the peace of society. This is not necessarily the fault of the men themselves; it is due to the imperfection of the language. As a consequence of it the speaker suffers in the estimation of the hearer, and the hearer who repeats the words which he supposes he has heard suffers in the estimation of him who has uttered them.

To make this point perfectly clear to the common mind the author resorted to one of the most commonplace of incidents. You walk out some pleasant morning and say to the friend you meet that it is a very fine day. "A very fine day," he replies, in full agreement with you. But later in the week you meet him again, and though the morning is sufficiently pleasant, it is totally unlike the one on which the previous interchange of views about the weather had taken place. You nevertheless feel yourself justified in repeating the remark made on that occasion. To this he again obligingly assents. Manifestly all such general observations lack definiteness even when they do not lead to confusion. It is obvious that one day cannot have had the precise degree of pleasantness which belongs to another, and that in consequence the epithet employed does not apply unqualifiedly to either. The result is that an unsatisfactory if not actually false impression is given in each case of the actual fact.

There is still one further hindrance in the way of attaining the ideal held in view. The adjective applied to the weather does not convey to either colloquist the precise state of mind of the other. The feeling about it would differ with the mental attitude of the speaker or of the one spoken to. What would strike one man as a perfectly fine day would not seem to another strictly entitled to commendation so high. Yet both resort to the same formula. The poverty of language with its consequent lack of precision gives no opportunity for the expression of the varying shades of thought or feeling on the part of the two speakers. Everything about the weather is accordingly left vague in any report of it which can be made to a third person.

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Take another familiar illustration. A lady is spoken of as beautiful, or as very beautiful, or as perfectly beautiful. To him who has never met her these are really no descriptions at all. He, let us hope, has seen scores of beautiful women; but he has never found any two of them equally beautiful. Consequently no adequate idea of the woman eulogized is given. To the student of the exact sciences these vague generalities of expression are peculiarly painful. He wants to know things, not as they seem to be, but just as they are; and the inability to bring about this result is a constant source of annoyance. Nor is it any consolation to him, who unites the desire of exactness with an ardent love of truth for its own sake, to be told that this same insufficiency on the part of the adjective is far from being confined to his own tongue; that, in fact, it exists in all.

This defect of language the humorist—or, as I prefer to call him here, the satirist—proposed to remedy by having all descriptions and epithets marked on a sufficient scale of comparison—not the beggarly three to which we are now limited, but to a number large enough to indicate every variation of character in the object under consideration and every possible degree of human conception in regard to its nature. The lowest conceivable amount of any human quality consistent with its being at all would be indicated by *one*. Its maximum would be represented by *one hundred*. Here, then, would be a wide range between the perfection of the idea expressed by the one number and its bare existence merely implied by the other, as well as the feelings of the speaker about it, in which all shades of thought and feeling would be fittingly represented. By prefixing to each epithet a figure between one and one hundred the precise truth in regard to it, as it appears to him uttering it, would be conveyed to him hearing it. For example, you are asked about your health. Instead of replying pretty well, tolerably well, very well, or some other ambiguous expression, you would say, bearing in mind that one hundred indicates perfect health, I am 15, or 50, or 75, or 90 well, or any other number, as the case may be. By this means the inquirer learns definitely what he wants to know. He has not been put off with formulas of speech whose general applicability to different conditions of bodily health conveys nothing precise to the mind. The moment this method of expression comes into general use we shall speedily become exact, mathematical, truth-telling in the highest degree.

How well the rule would work can be best illustrated by the narrative of a simple incident of news communicated by a man to his friend in some such words as these:

"On a 76 fine morning I was 55 slowly walking down the 33 clean avenue, when I chanced to meet the 22 young and 85 charming Miss Smith about whom you ask. We at once exchanged the 91 usual meteorological observations. 'It is a 76 beautiful day,' I remarked. 'Indeed, it is a 95 beautiful day,' she replied, 'and I am 97 glad to have met you, for it is a 99 long time since I have seen you.' I felt 77 flattered by words like these coming from a 79 lovely girl, but proceeded to make the 71 usual inquiries about her health, for I knew that on that point you had been 89 anxious. She told me in reply that it had been 78 poor, but she was 100 glad to say that it was now 87 good."

There is no need to go further. Such a communication does more than impart the mere facts in the case. It lets us into the exact thoughts and feelings of the two parties in the interview. It will be observed too that by this method not only individual character but masculine and feminine characteristics will be indicated. For instance, the generally much higher numbers used by the young lady will convey to the keenly observant mind a delicate suggestion of the feminine addiction to superlatives. Accordingly, by this improved method of designating the actual feelings we acquire hitherto unsuspected means of knowing accurately what our fellow men seek to say, while giving to the knowledge we impart a certainty which it has never hitherto possessed.

The irony contained in the idea underlying this essay is manifest to all; but to the student of language much more manifest is its wisdom. It brings out in sharp relief the fundamental error of one of those rules which are constantly dan-

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gled before the eyes of inexperienced writers. This is that certain adjectives are incapable of comparison. They represent an absolute quality which cannot be exceeded. This has been proclaimed over and over again since the middle of the eighteenth century. All during the latter half of it the doctrine was constantly preached. As a single illustration out of many, the *Critical Review* of October, 1780, took the pains to inform us that adjectives which have in themselves a superlative signification do not admit of a comparative or superlative form superadded. Consequently the Lord was made to speak ungrammatically when He told His disciples that "whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all." As an offset to the attack on the language of the Bible the infidel Hume was censured for having described a quarrel as having "become so universal." These expressions, the *Review* magisterially declared, "are ungrammatical."

Many are the adjectives which have at times been brought under the operation of this rule. The choice of examples, indeed, has been determined largely by the state of mind of the grammarian. But the victims most commonly selected are *chief, complete, infinite, perfect,* and *universal.* There seems, indeed, no reason in the nature of things why these particular adjectives should be singled out to be refused their share in the blessings of comparison. A strict application of the rule would deprive of the privilege a number so much larger that it may justly be called large in itself. Not merely individual adjectives, but whole classes of them would disappear. If, for instance, the ending *full* was made to denote what it properly means, the absolute completeness of all the qualities implied in the words to which it is affixed, and in a similar way the ending *less* their absolute negation, out must go comparison of that numerous list of terms which are formed by the addition of these two suffixes. We should all have to be equally hopeful or hopeless; in no two of us would there be any variation of feeling denoted by our use of either word. But there is further no small share of the most common adjectives in the speech which would also be shorn of their power of denoting comparison. Were the rule enforced rigidly, most of us would find a good deal of difficulty in talking at all. What, for instance, can be truer than true, falser than false, safer than safe, correcter than correct, sincerer than sincere, emptier than empty, straighter than straight, sounder than sound, exacter than exact, diviner than divine? It would be easy to go on enumerating scores of other words which the users of language are in the habit of comparing without thought of the exhibition of linguistic frailty which they are displaying.

But even the very small list given above indicates that there must be a fallacy lurking somewhere in this rule so confidently proclaimed as obligatory. The error, in fact, has already been specified. It is the notion that there exists a certain absolute quality denoted by the adjective beyond which it is impossible to go and up to which it is necessary to ascend before the word itself can be used with propriety. Now no language has ever possessed or ever can possess words carrying any such mathematical preciseness of meaning. In any and every adjective there are implied different shades of the quality which characterizes it. These will vary both with the meaning of the speaker or writer and with the understanding of the hearer or reader. When one in conversation with another calls a third person "good," there is no well defined abstract quality termed "goodness" which each has in his mind. A like statement can be made of almost any other epithet employed in every-day life. It is this recognized lack of definiteness in ordinary speech that leads to the creation of scientific terminology. In that the exact meaning is imposed upon the word. It is restricted to the expression of one idea and of but one idea. He who is made acquainted with that knows, with sufficient nearness at least, precisely what is sought to be conveyed; whereas a common word would be understood differently by different men, if not misunderstood altogether. Accordingly, the botanist does not tell you that a leaf is smooth or rough; he says it is glabrous or hirsute. He says it because these same words, while not presenting exactly the same idea to two different minds, convey

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nevertheless a conception of the nature and extent of the smoothness or roughness of the object described accurate enough to prevent any misunderstanding of the actual fact.

The use of language would indeed be practically impossible were we not to concede that there exist gradations of meaning in the meaning of words which abstractly considered imply absolute theoretical completeness. Evidence may be called convincing. What more can you ask? Yet we all know that some evidence is more convincing than other, though each may be entitled to the epithet. There are as many grades of convincement as there are grades of conviction. But as illustrations drawn from material objects are much more easily comprehended than conceptions purely intellectual, let us take as an example the adjective *full*. Is there involved in that word some idea of a quality which has reached a completeness so absolute that it can suffer neither the slightest increase nor diminution? When we say a glass is full of water, do we mean that not a drop can be added without causing it to run over? Now in actual life, so far from thinking of such a theoretically perfect condition of things, very few have ever seen it even as a matter of experiment, and no one so speaks of it. All the words of this class represent an ideal conception which practically never exists in reality. In the instance just cited each one of a dozen men might properly describe his glass as full of water. Each glass would have a different quantity from that contained in any other, and yet an observer called upon to report would be justified in speaking of them all as full. He could also say that some of them are fuller than others, and that some one of them is the fullest of all.

In the same way we recognize that there are grades of perfection. When Shakespeare tells us that "silence is the perfectest herald of joy," we all comprehend the fact that there may be many perfect heralds of joy, and yet some of them may be more perfect than others. The rule, in truth, breaks down the moment we test it on the side of our intelligence. On the side of good usage it fares just as badly. The slightest examination of the works of the great writers reveals the hostility on this point which prevails between them and the advocates of this restricted employment of the superlative. Take the case of this same word *perfect*, already mentioned. Certainly if any adjective ought to be deemed incapable of comparison, this one has a fair claim to the distinction. Let us see how the classic authors feel about it. "Custom," wrote Bacon in his essay on that subject, "is most perfect when it beginneth in young years." In his fifty-first sonnet Shakespeare speaks of desire being made "of perfectest love." Milton represents Satan in tempting Eve as declaring that having tasted of the forbidden fruit he had attained "life more perfect." The stern grammarian may perhaps insist that the English of the arch-fiend is of no more authority than his theological views. But, unfortunately for the contention, the poet, when speaking in his own person, exhibits a perverse disposition to specify various grades of the noun *perfection* as well as to compare the adjective *perfect*. In his Tetrachordon he contrasts "grievous observance of wedlock" with divorce, and attributes to the latter "most perfection." In his Apology for Smectymnuus he gives vent to his peculiar prejudices by describing man as "the perfecter sex." "What," he observes in another book, "is more or less perfect we dispute not, but what is sin or no sin." In such methods of expression he is not in the slightest degree singular. "Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses," is the beginning of one of Addison's most noted essays. Macaulay, who not unfrequently qualified the noun *perfection* by the phrase "the highest," speaks, in his review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*, of the Greeks of the middle ages as being "still able to read the most perfect of human compositions." Very few of us need to be told that the preamble to the Constitution of the United States gives as a reason for the creation of that instrument that it was done "in order to form a more perfect union." The truth is that the moment we examine the writings of the classic authorities in our speech we find that they agree in comparing the words which we are told are incapable of comparison.

There is nothing peculiar to English

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in this usage. It is found in the most cultivated tongues both ancient and modern, and in the writings of the great authors who make the study of these tongues desirable. It needs, for illustration, nothing more than the consultation of an ordinary Latin dictionary to discover that the Romans were as much in the habit of employing this method of expression as are the English. There it will be found that one of the titles of honor given to the later emperors was the superlative *perfectissimus*. Or take the practice of Cicero, so generally regarded as the consummate authority upon usage in the language in which he wrote. In one place, for instance, he speaks of the kind of eloquence which is most to be approved, and to which nothing can be added, as *summum et perfectissimum* —that is, "the highest and most perfect." It may, however, be a consolation to the purist to learn that the ancient grammarians found the same fault with the usage as do the modern, displayed the same ignorance of the conditions which had brought it into being, and had their remonstrances treated with the same indifference. Servius in his commentary upon Virgil tells us that *perfectus* cannot have a comparative *perfectior,* though great writers like Cicero, Horace, and even so celebrated a critic of language as Quintilian, employed it without hesitation.

But at this point one important caution is needed. It is liberty which is contended for, not license. There is not perhaps a single classic author in our tongue who has not employed the superlative of some or all the adjectives specified as not entitled to comparison. But he has employed it sparingly. The usage in question is subject to the general law governing intensives. Its effectiveness depends upon its infrequency. Of this none are so well aware as are the great masters of speech. Hence they are not inclined to lug in superlatives of any sort uselessly or at random. Such are almost invariably introduced by them either to indicate a subtle distinction which is felt to exist in matters theoretically of the same grade or to impart added force to expression. They are therefore employed sparingly because the conditions which make their use desirable do not often occur.

But the mistake must not be made of regarding the superlative form as necessarily carrying with it always the ordinary superlative meaning. There is a somewhat jocose illustration of this misapprehension which has frequently been called upon to do service in the way of suggesting the existence of error where it does not exist at all. A man in writing to a woman begins by addressing her, for example, as "my dearest Mary." "So you have a number of dear Marys," exclaims the objector given to hypercriticism. Now it really does not follow that the particular Mary, so addressed, is one of a number of persons with the same Christian name, or that she is the dearest of them all. The cavil is due to lack of comprehension of the nature of the superlative. That has two distinct functions. One of these is to express the highest possible degree of the idea or quality indicated by the positive; the other is simply to denote a particularly high grade of that idea or quality. In most cases this latter usage is indicated by prefixing to the simple adjective the adverb *very;* but the superlative form is also not unfrequently employed. Accordingly, while "my dearest friend," found at the beginning of a letter, may mean that the person so addressed is the dearest of the writer's friends, it ordinarily means no more than that he is one of those specially dear. In Latin a similar usage exists of the superlative *carissimus* of the adjective *carus,* having this same signification. The comparative degree discharges likewise this double function. It is occasionally equivalent to the positive accompanied by *too.* "Entire affection hateth nicer hands" is said of Prince Arthur in his rescue of the Redcross Knight from the filth of the noisome dungeon—that is to say, that perfect love disdains hands too nice, too fastidious to do the mean and often disagreeable duties which love is at times required to perform. Spenser, it may be added, is distinctly addicted to this use of the comparative, though it can hardly be called common in our tongue.

There is still another rule regarding the superlative which has the distinction of being pretty regularly enjoined by those who write about usage and very

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regularly disregarded by those whose writings constitute authority for usage. It, like the one first mentioned, has been steadily proclaimed since the middle of the eighteenth century. A fairly satisfactory idea of it and of the ordinary assertions about it can be found in a treatise of the small poet and smaller philosopher, James Beattie, whose later years were largely saddened by persistent dwelling upon the degeneracy and decay which in his opinion was overtaking English speech. He assured us that it was highly improper to say "the tallest of the two." We must restrict ourselves to the comparative and say, "the taller of the two." This is a rule constantly in the mouth of that class of verbal critics who disdain to have conclusions agreeable to their beliefs disturbed by the intrusion of disagreeable fact. Space is not sufficient to consider here this injunction upon its abstract merits. All that is necessary to say of it is that the practice of using the superlative of two objects compared is one which the best writers are unanimous in following. They are indeed in the habit of employing both degrees in such cases; but it is safe to assert that where with them the comparative is found once, the superlative is found at least twice. It would be easy to fill pages with examples of this latter usage drawn from the great authors belonging to our literature. Here we purposely limit ourselves to that specially restricted field in which the duality is rendered almost obtrusive by the introduction of the word *two*. This necessarily throws out of consideration the far more numerous instances in which the construction is not reinforced by the numeral, as, for instance, in Tennyson's "Princess," where inquiry as to the merits of Lady Blanche and of Lady Psyche as tutors is put in the words, "Which is the prettiest, best-natured?" or in Browning's "Colombe's Birthday," where Valence asks, "Is love or vanity the best?" But without entering this larger field a satisfactory number of examples can be supplied out of the much more limited one, and taken from a body of authors who represent various periods of our literature and various sorts as well as grades of intellectual achievement.

We could go back to the fourteenth century at least; but let us begin with Spenser. In coming to the help of Sir Guyon, Prince Arthur is represented as fighting with his single spear

> Against two foes of so exceeding might,
> The least of which was match for any knight.

"'Twas never merry world," says one of Shakespeare's characters, "since of two usuries the merriest was put down." Milton declares that the double duties of love in married life are that it should join itself to what is good and acceptable and should turn aside from what is disagreeable and displeasing. "Of the two," is his comment, "the latter is the strongest." "Which is the most tolerable of the two?" writes Richardson in *Sir Charles Grandison*, and in his *Amelia* Fielding observes, "Of two evils choose the least." In the account of his journey to the Western Islands, Dr. Johnson described the contest that was wont to go on between "two powerful lairds" in the Highlands as having been regularly decided by force, "and right attended the strongest." In her novel of *Emma*, Jane Austen described the heroine as "the youngest of two daughters of a most affectionate, indulgent father." In the tale of the "Governor and the Notary," contained in his volume entitled *The Alhambra*, Irving remarks that "the smallest of two neighboring potentates is always the most captious about his dignity." In *Contarini Fleming*, Disraeli speaks of one of the characters as being "the least foolish of the two." In Thackeray's *Dennis Duval* the hero observes of one of the Weston brothers that he "was the most good-natured of the two." In his *Kidnapped*, Stevenson, in mentioning two courses of conduct which had been followed, describes one of them as "the worst of the two." One might go on almost indefinitely in furnishing examples of this usage from authors of every rank in English literature. But there is a limit to the patience of readers and to the space wrung from editors. Nothing further need be said than that the so-called rule forbidding the employment of the superlative in the comparison of two things or persons is merely a figment of grammarians and not a fact of good usage.

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Manasseh

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

WHEN they brought the news to Manasseh, where he lay on his bed in the inner shop, a spasm grasped him for a moment and shook him, and the rabbi who told the tale, standing over him in pity, thought he would swoon. But the crippled man threw off his hand and mastered his weakness. A light was burning on a high shelf in the room, and shining on the bed standing among the curious litter of Manasseh's stock in trade; and in its gleam the rabbi and the others saw the thin face harden and draw to the shape of iron purpose.

"To-morrow?" asked Manasseh. "You are sure it is to-morrow?"

"Quite sure," the rabbi answered. "Ten of them were doomed this afternoon, and the gallows is building now. Raphael was sentenced first."

Manasseh lifted on his elbow and looked round on them, the little group of wise Jews who worked for the Cause in that fevered Russian town. Behind the leather screen from Kordofan that masked the inner door his women were rustling and whispering; the men who had come with the tale, their keen, mobile faces looking out from their furs, stood waiting around his bed. Their shadows lay here and there on the wonderful goods—the swords and ivories—of the shop.

"This is a time to move with speed," said Manasseh at last. "Pack me up and fetch a sleigh. The hours are short enough."

"You are going to the Governor?" asked the rabbi.

"Not I," answered Manasseh. "I am going to the Old Man. Why do you ask questions? Is this a time to babble, with the rope rove in which my son is to choke out his life?"

While he stormed at them, shrill and harsh, they were busy about him. His old wife came in, and helped, working swiftly in silence, while the tears ran down her poor, ugly face. Miriam, his daughter, helped. The rabbi and the rest bore a hand—it was a desperate business to get this paralytic moved,—while one ran out for a swift sleigh and brought it back to the door of the shop.

He scolded all the while, till they bore him out, a helpless bundle of furs and wrappings. Levi, the son of Reuben, a gaunt, black-browed stripling, mounted his seat and received him from the rest, holding him in his place with an arm around his middle, the more tenderly because from within the door Miriam was looking on. Then the sleigh started, and the group on the pavement, anxious and still, was left behind.

The spirit of murder was abroad; those narrow ways were as dangerous as a battle-field. It was like moving in the ghastly lanes of a nightmare; for over them the night was serene and the air was brisk with frost, and underfoot the snow hushed the sound of their passage. The buildings were gaunt in the darkness, overlooking them with a grave significance. They felt as if the world had been set like a stage for some great tragedy.

But nothing miscarried. They swung out of the narrows of the Jewish quarter and skated athwart the lighted boulevards, and thence, by a plain route, to the house they sought. Levi, who had heard tell of it—in whispers and inaccurately—looked up with quick curiosity at the mean shop before which they stopped. It stood in a street of lesser commerce, of dealers in vegetables and cheap clothes; its shuttered front was without distinction or dignity.

"It is here?" he asked, with some disappointment.

"It is here," answered Manasseh. "Get down and knock, you fool."

Levi knocked, and knocked again; no light showed in any window. But there was a sound of footsteps within, and he

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heard the clatter of bolts being drawn, and presently the door opened. A man thrust his head out.

"Who are you?" he asked. "What do you want here?"

Manasseh spoke from the sleigh, with an accent of bitterest anger.

"I am Manasseh!" he cried. "Let it suffice. Come and help this other fool to carry me in."

"Manasseh!" The name was evidently known, for the man came forward at once. He looked shrewdly at the istvostchik who drove, but that person had been well chosen. He made a certain sign with his open hand, a sufficient signal of answer to the other's unspoken question.

"Good!" said the man, briefly, and he and Levi carried the cripple indoors.

They went cautiously through the darkness of the shop and into a dimly lighted passage beyond. Here the floor was bare below, and the plaster of the walls was damp and stained. The place seemed rotten with unthrifty poverty; at the end of the passage a stairway descended, as though to the cellars.

"It is down there," said the man, and they carried Manasseh down. At the bottom of the stairs a door stopped them—a door of wood and iron. Levi supported the cripple while the guide unlocked this, and then they conveyed him in.

The young man started with wonder as he entered and saw the apartment to which they had come, in the cellars of that grimy house. The Jew is the true dramatist of life, for he excels in dénouement, and here was the conclusion to which the dirt and meanness had been the studied preparation. It was a big room, windowless, hung with rugs; the glow of them, their soft purity of color, their tenderness of hue, gave the place a something more luxurious than any elaboration of magnificence. The carpet was saffron yellow, and the divan that ran round the chamber was bright with colored cushions.

"He will come presently," said the man, as they laid Manasseh on the divan, and he left them there.

As Levi finished propping the cripple in the cushions, the rugs were parted before a hidden door, and Levi, looking up sharply, knew that he stood at last in the presence of that nameless and secret source of energies, the Old Man of Russia. The big youth stared at him with parted lips, intensely subject to the man's splendid presence. His great head drooped forward as though in aggression; a white beard covered his breast; and there was a manner, an expression, in the brooding Eastern face as though what was reverend and benevolent there was a piece of culture, an alien fashion, like the courtesy of an enemy. He was clad in a black gown from the neck to the ground, so that as he advanced he seemed to glide without effort—a compelling symbol, the Jew implicit.

"Ah, Manasseh?" he said, in a tone of question, and Levi saw, almost with a shock, that the huddled paralytic gave him back a glance as keen as his own.

"Yes," said the cripple. "You have heard about my son?"

The Old Man nodded.

A tinge of color lit the thin cheek of the cripple; his face sharpened restlessly.

"I cannot have him hanged," he said. "There must be no mistake. If it costs money, I have the money. But he is not to die."

"I see," said the Old Man. His voice was deliberate and very clear, even in its undertones, but it had a note that set one watching.

"I see," he repeated, and his keen eyes rested on the face of Manasseh. "I was not in doubt that you would seek a reward for service, sooner or later, Manasseh. I have expected it."

Manasseh, a wan sketch against scarlet pillows, sneered.

"I am not here to gain praise or approval," he retorted. "I want my son, my boy Raphael, who is sitting in his prison, listening to the hours racing by. I will make a bargain for him, if you like; but I will have him."

"H'm! you will make a bargain?" The Old Man's brows drew down and he considered. He waved a hand to Levi, who brought him a chair, and he sat down before Manasseh. The two regarded one another with that wary hostility which animates the real commerce. Levi, standing by, felt his pulses quicken, as if he were watching two dread forces give battle.

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Painting by Howard Pyle

IN AN INSTANT THOSE LONG FINGERS CLOSED ON THE GOVERNOR

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"It is not the moment for us to move," said the Old Man at last. "The work is not ripe. You know that?"

"But those who guard my son?" queried Manasseh. "Is there no weak point there? Can he not be brought back to my house—if one took minted gold to them in a cart?"

"No," said the Old Man. It seemed that the answer was sufficient, but after a pause he added, "They are Cossacks from the Caucasus."

Manasseh nodded. "But the hangman?" he queried.

"No," said the Old Man again. "Twice I have bought the hangman, but now they hang them in the morning and do not cut them down till night."

Manasseh scowled. "Curse them!" he said. He remained for a moment as though at a loss, while the Old Man watched him.

"There is the Governor," said Manasseh at length, almost casually. "And perhaps a bargain is possible."

"It is possible," admitted the other.

"Well, then," cried Manasseh, "you must make the bargain with him."

The Old Man raised his great head. He had the air of one who acquiesces, yet Levi, watching the pair, knew that the real struggle was but now at hand.

"If it must be, it must be," said the Old Man. "He has been here for terms before. He will be glad to make them now."

"Well, let him be glad," snapped the cripple.

"He will be glad," answered the Old Man, gravely. "The sorrow of Israel always rejoices the enemies of Israel. Your joy and his will be great, Manasseh—perhaps the joy of Raphael, your son, will be great too. Yet if he rejoice in this, I would not have him for a son of mine."

There was something ominous in his voice, and old Manasseh's eyes narrowed to slits, but he did not answer.

The Old Man turned and began to walk the room with his hands clasped behind him.

"The merchant knows the worth of his wares," he said, slowly. "Yours is a good son, Manasseh?"

"Yes," said Manasseh. "He is all my heart and life."

The Old Man sighed. "Well, then," he said,—and Levi saw the glint of his sidelong eyes as he spoke—"you must have him."

"Pouff!" Manasseh snorted. "You make me chill with fear," he said, "for I know the last word is not yet said. What a cursed business is this being a Jew, that we traffic in subtlety while graves are being dug! Man, man, say what you mean to say, and let me know what horror is at the back of it all. What are the terms you must make with the Governor?"

"Ah!" The Old Man came back to his chair, and again he fronted the cripple. "Listen," he said. "The Governor knows that he is doomed, and walks in terror. His masters drive him to harry us, and he knows that one day we will kill him. He does *not* know that he will fall with others, governors and princes, for a sign; and he has sought me in the hope that I would give him his life. If I will hold off the knife and the bomb, he will suppress the Black Hundred. I sent him empty away."

"Go on," said Manasseh.

"Now, he will give anything for that—that I make his life sure. And he will take no other price," said the Old Man. "And that is what I cannot give him."

"Why?" said Manasseh, eagerly.

"I will tell you this much only," said the other. "You know that our policies reach far; that they have a thousand branches, a million relationships? Yes, you know that well. At this moment we draw them together; action is brewing. Already the money supplies are drying up for Russia. And a life-and-death treaty with any representative of power clogs the wheels; just now it arrests the whole fabric."

Manasseh's face was gray; the breath came from him in a rattle.

"If I gain your son," said the Old Man, "I give Israel in exchange."

He spoke slowly, and there was even some pity in his expression; but with it the shrewd eye was bright as ever. He knew his man.

"Raphael must hang," he said. "But there is no need for the Governor to live."

Levi, fascinated and aghast, closed his eyes, not to see the stricken grief of the

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cripple; and there was an interval of choking silence.

Manasseh broke it. He began to stammer in sonorous Hebrew the first words of the prayer for the dying, but stopped.

"One thing, then, you will grant me," he gasped. "I will kill the Governor—I, Manasseh. I will have him between these hands"—he thrust forth from his wrappings his two long horny hands, hooked and quivering,—"his death shall be my doing. You hear me! This I will have."

His voice ran up to a shriek as he finished. The Old Man, aloof, immune from emotion, looked at him sharply.

"Even that," he said, "you must forego unless—"

"Unless?" croaked the cripple.

"Unless you are able," said the Old Man. "You are a cripple; there must be no bungling."

Manasseh uttered a splutter of barren laughter. "If I am able!" he cried. "Because my legs curl up under me, do you think these hands are feeble? Look!" he said. He fumbled about his body and brought out a ruble. The Old Man's lip curled, but Manasseh took the coin between his fingers and broke it across.

"Feeble," said he. "Give me his throat, once, in the fork of my hand and I will tear it out of him."

"It is well," said the Old Man, indifferently. "I give you the Governor."

So Levi took Manasseh home.

The feast of the city's saint fell on a Monday; it was then the duty of the Governor to attend the celebration in the cathedral. He was a thin, dark man, petulant and devoid of a sense of proportion, and ridden hard by an active imagination. Of late he had walked in fear of assassination; day and night were populous with threats. Twice he had gone secretly to the chief of the Jewish organization to try to buy safety, and it had not availed. Each time he had come away baffled, and haunted by the power and assurance of that serene Old Man who heard him in silence and answered with a single no. As he stepped from his carriage at the church steps, the beggars who were assembled there for his yearly largesse saw how he looked round him ere he entered the building. They knew what he feared to see. To them, bedded in the slime of life, there trickled the truth that those above them never heard. The dreadful beggars of a Russian town, the blind, the crazed, the leprous, are the confidants and the judges of all.

They waited on the steps while the service within proceeded. The boom of the priest's voice, the cadence of the choir, came out to them, remote and mellow, and they scratched themselves patiently. Each one was sure of an alms to-day; it was as much a part of the feast as anything else. The soldiers of the Governor's escort, drawn up in the roadway, looked at them enviously.

Presently the service was over, and the Governor came out, carrying in his hand the bag of small silver which was the due of the beggars. The clamor of the beggars sprang up at once, and they blessed him vociferously as he moved among them, bestowing his gifts. It only took a few minutes, and he was about to leave, when from the end of the portico a strong, high voice called to him.

"Alms for the paralytic!" it cried. "Is the paralytic to have nothing?"

The Governor turned: on this day he must leave none unnoticed. He saw now that there was a mattress between two pillars and a man on it. With a smile he went up the steps again.

"I had not seen you, brother," he said. "Here is your gift."

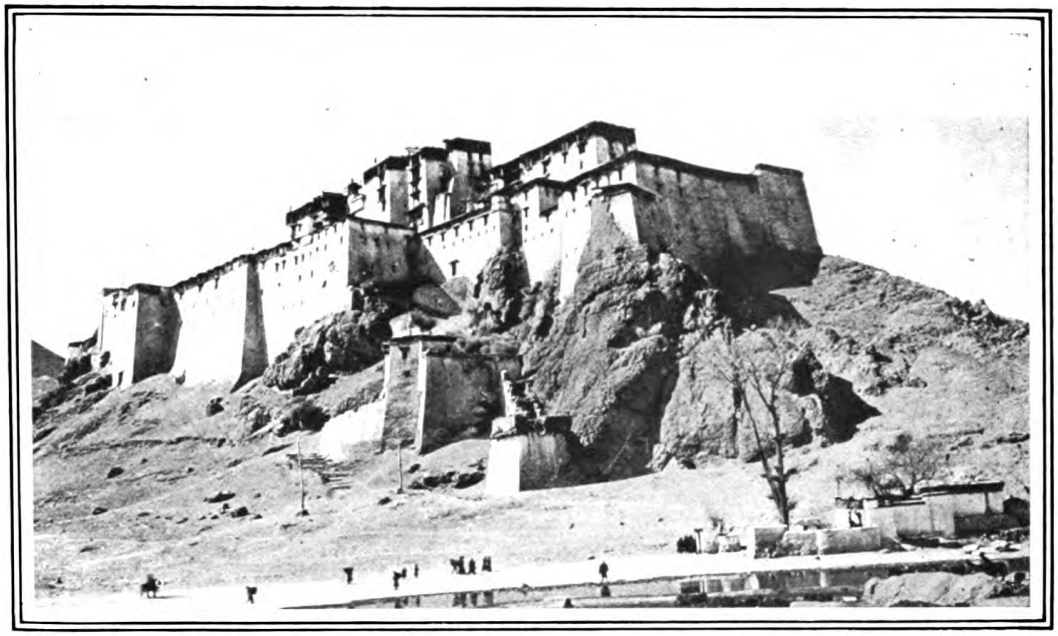
The cripple's hand lay on the pavement: his keen eyes looked the Governor in the face.

"Put it in my hand," he said, and the Governor bent to do so. It looked from below as though he were talking to the beggar.

But as he lowered his head, Manasseh raised his hand, and in an instant those long fingers closed on the Governor's throat. They gripped like steel, and the cripple, drawing his other hand from under his blanket, ran the thin blade of a little knife under the Governor's ear. He died with no struggle. It was only when the blood began to trickle briskly down the steps that the soldiers knew something was wrong.

That night the Jews swept the streets with rifles; but Manasseh was already gone the way of his son.

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THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE AT SHIGATSE

My Discoveries in Tibet

BY DR. SVEN HEDIN

Victorian Memorial Medal, R.G.S., and the Karl Ritter Medal, Berlin Geographical Society

OF Lake Manasarowar, on whose shores we spent a month after my discovery of the two-thousand-mile-long chain of mountains (described in the August number of this Magazine) a book could be written. The eight monasteries alone would take up several chapters. But the briefest account will have to suffice for the present. Neither shall I have time to recount some of our many dangerous adventures on this journey round about Rakastal (Tibetan: Lagang Tso). Perpetual southwest storms rage on this lake, whose depths vary like its coasts, and it was on this account that I was only able to carry out three soundings, each full of danger. A truly picturesque journey was the one we made to a rock island popping out of the lake. We had a fair wind out there, and started for the lee shore, but had I known what a sea there was off the island I should never have gone there with the boat. On landing we all three took a refreshing bath, as the boat was literally thrown up on the rocky edge of the shore. It was out of the question to attempt to get back to the camp, and we had to pass the chilly night as best we could without extra clothing or provisions.

One of my most remarkable experiences of this journey, which was already so full of experiences and adventures, was our wandering round the holy Kailas, or Kang Rimpoche, as the Tibetans call that mountain. The Hindus are convinced that Siva lives in his paradise on the top of it, and only occasionally do the gods descend to the banks of the Manasarowar to adopt the form of a white swan and to swim across its silvery depths. Kailas is regarded as especially holy by the Tibetans, being reputed to be the domicile of "the higher gods, placed star-like beyond the realms of space." From the Kham mountains on the extreme east, from Naktsong and Amdo, from the

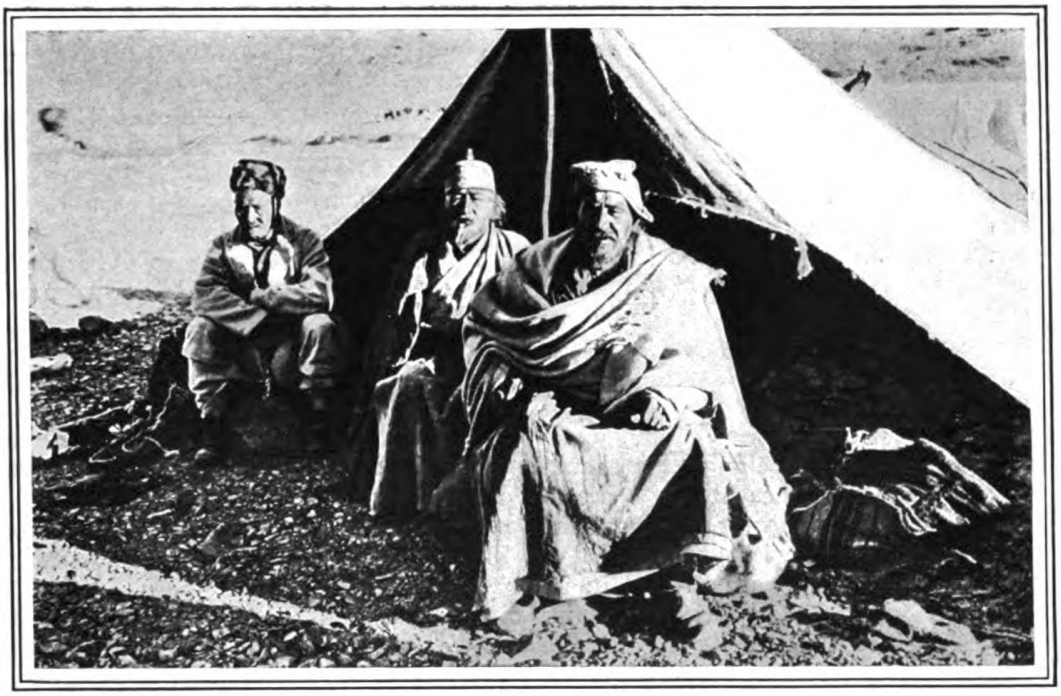
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black tents which like spots on the hide of a panther spread out in the desolate valleys of Tibet, and from Ladak in the far western mountains, thousands of pilgrims come yearly on foot and, deeply meditating, slowly wander the four miles round this the holiest of all the mountains of the earth. I too wandered round Kang Rimpoche by the pilgrim's route. I saw their dusky train, of all ages and sexes, men with wives and children, old people who, before they died, were desirous of winning this last favor, tatterdemalions, cutthroats who had some sin to do penance for, priests and nomads, a perpetual multicolored stream of people passing along the gravel-strewn road leading to the realms of eternal light and consolation far beyond the valley of death. Often the old folks' hope is deceived, death coming to claim them before their goal is attained. I saw one old man who had recently terminated his earthly wanderings and whose body lay stiff and cold between granite blocks by the wayside. All the religious duties, all the superstitious hocus-pocus the pilgrims have to go through, I will not touch upon now. That must be a new chapter, full of mysticism; nor will I describe the temples, which, like precious stones set in a ring, are studded along the pilgrims' path round the mountain. I can well understand that the Tibetans considered Kang Rimpoche as a holy sanctuary, for in its very shape the mountain bears a striking likeness to a *tjorten*, one of those monuments round the temples which have been erected to the memory of deceased Great Lamas, and it also recalls the Tashi Lama's tomb in Tashi Lhumpo, covered with silver, gold, and jewels.

It took us three days to do the four miles round the mountain. Personally I rode most of the way, but my four men from Ladaki, who are also lamaists, went on foot and fulfilled to the letter an orthodox pilgrim's duties. Once we passed two young lamas from Kham on the road. They did not walk like ordinary pilgrims, but literally measured off the distance with their own bodies. Lying down full length on the ground, they would join their hands over their heads and read a prayer, then make a mark on the road, arise, join their hands together again over their heads, and muttering a prayer, take a few steps forward to the mark, to fall full length once again and repeat the entire ceremony all the way round the mountain. Performed in this manner by "prostration" the journey took twenty days. The two lamas we saw had only done about half the distance, and they contemplated doing the whole journey twice. *One* such journey is worth thirty ordinary journeys on foot. I asked them what they expected to gain by it, and they replied that after death they would sit in the seats of the gods of Kang Rimpoche and in their presence for eternity. They had spent a whole year on the journey from Kham, and their home was situated several months' journey beyond Lhasa. One of them was to return there after having completed his duty as pilgrim. The other—he was barely twenty years old—was to pass the remainder of his earthly life in a dark grotto on the banks of the Upper Tsangpo.

Few forms of self-mortification are of such value as this life spent in the dark, this absolute separation from the world, from one's fellow men and the light of the sun. In Linga-gunpa I obtained much valuable information regarding this curious custom. In the prayer grotto at that place—a little stone hut at the foot of a cliff—was then a lama who had already been immured for three years. No one knew him, no one knew whence he came nor what his name was, and even were one to know his name it was forbidden to mention it before human beings. But they told me that the day he went into the grotto he was followed in most solemn procession by all the red monks of the monastery, and when all the ceremonies prescribed in the holy books had been gone through, the narrow entrance into the grotto had been closed up again. We were standing outside it. I asked the head lama whether he could hear us talk. He replied, "Oh no, he can neither hear nor see; he is sunk night and day in profound meditation." "How do you know that he is alive?" "The food [*tsamba*] which is passed in to him once a day through an underground passage is eaten up by the morning; but should we find the dish untouched one morning, then we should understand that he had died." A stream flows through

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LADAK CHIEFS WHO ACCOMPANIED US IN NORTHERN TIBET

the cave in the daytime; by this means he gets water.

How wonderful! For days and weeks I could not drive the picture of this lama out of my mind. Never to hear a human voice, never get a glimpse of the sun, never to see the difference between night and day, only to know of the approach of winter by the lowering of the temperature. I pictured to myself the day when he was entombed in the cave. He sat there alone and watched them fill up the opening with blocks of stone—the light growing continually less, till finally only a tiny little hole was left. Through this he took his last farewell of the sun, and when that too was finally closed up he remained in complete and utter darkness. Since that time three years had now elapsed. In another temple, like Linga absolutely unknown by Europeans, a lama had lived immured in this manner for sixty-nine years! And I heard of many other similar experiences full of enchanting mysticism. Their idea is as follows: What is a short earthly life in the dark to an eternity in the broad light? The sojourn in the dark is only a preparation for that which is to follow. Cut off from the outer world and its temptations, never for a moment disturbed by the outer light, alone the year through, the meditating lama seeks for the answer to the riddle of life—and of death. When he first goes into the dark he knows that he will never leave the grotto until his shrivelled body is carried out by other monks—perhaps a new generation, those who followed him in silent procession to his cave being long since dead. And during all these years, even though it be a man's whole lifetime, no one may visit him but death. To the outer world he is dead, dead from the moment he is entombed in the cave. For his friends and acquaintances he exists no more. And yet he is still alive in there—had not one man survived for sixty-nine years? He longs to be delivered from life, but still must sit and wait, for decade after decade, it may be, until at last death comes and stretches forth both hands to him and leads him out of the dark amid "a burst of psalm from the eternal choir."

Like all lamas, from the Tashi Lama downwards, the recluse must die in a sitting position. But as he is alone and will probably become senseless before the

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actual moment of death, a small wooden frame is introduced into the cave at the same time as himself, into which he can creep so soon as he feels death approaching. This will prevent him from falling forwards or to one side, and he will be found in the same holy position in which Buddha is depicted in all the thousands upon thousands of portraits of him we find scattered throughout the temples of Tibet. How should I who have come here to study the geography of the land have either time or ability to attempt to fathom the mysteries of Lamaism or to solve the maze of their highly complicated religious teaching? I should certainly have been incapable of succeeding in any way whatsoever, and leave the science of religion without a shade of jealousy to those who are learned in its mysteries. But at all events I have visited and described thirty-one temples in Tibet—described the different halls of their temples and holies of holies, their most important idols; and what is quite new, have hundreds of sketches of interiors and exteriors of these temples. I have collected material for a most detailed account of the daily life of the lamas, their studies, their classes, their daily services in the temples, and their feasts. Everywhere I was received with friendly hospitality; even in a nunnery no opposition was offered to my visit. All through Tibet the life of these monks has appealed to me and filled me with delight beyond anything I can say. Everything is so picturesque, so unusual, and so rich in color. Why does not some painter come out here instead of sitting at home painting cows and farmyards?

But the most delightful thing in all Tibet is the church music. Fresh young voices, softened by thick dark draperies along the front of an open gallery, pour forth their wonderful hymns, full of peace and love and longing. Betweenwhiles you hear the rumbling thunder of the bassoon and the rhythmical clash of the cymbals, then the flutes with their shrill melodies, and the rolling drums which echo through the high halls of the temples. But the singing is by far the most beautiful—it carries one up and away from the troubles of this earth.

Perhaps what I saw of greatest interest was in Tashi Lhumpo—the great feasts; the doctors' disputations in the presence of the Tashi Lama; processions of hundreds of nuns, who, bareheaded and with their hair cut short like men, would go in a long procession up to the holy Labrang to receive the Tashi Lama's blessing; the dance of devils, and all those other dances which are danced, to keep off evil spirits; the daily lessons when the Kandjut's massive writings were read in a sort of singing tone by masses of lamas in gold mantles, sitting on divans between red columns and hanging, many-



OUR COOLIES AWAITING THE START ACROSS THE ICE

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LADAKIES CROSSING THE ICE ON A SOUNDING EXPEDITION

hued temple banners, while the gilded gods, faintly lit up by oil lamps, looked down smiling upon them.

These monasteries and their life are very much alike all over Tibet, and for that matter all over the rest of the world of the Lamaists—and yet how unlike one another are these different temples! I never tired of them, as I always found something new. Lagang has undoubtedly the finest temple hall. One steps in out of the dazzling sunlight and has only to rest a moment in order to get accustomed to the dark. From a lofty opening in the roof the daylight creeps in, faint and pale. From between a double row of columns hangs a perfect forest of temple banners, sacrificial ribbons, and other draperies. On the sides are the drums and other instruments, and against the walls are red and gold bookshelves, carved and varnished, bearing the gigantic volumes of Kandjut and other holy books. Against the far wall, facing the entrance, is the place for the portrait of the gods, and on long narrow tables set out in front of them are the sacrificial offerings, prepared in brass dishes burnished until they shine like the reddest gold. Between them burn oil lamps, vainly endeavoring to conquer the gloom, and from the burning sticks of incense pale blue spirals of smoke mount towards the roof and vanish in a thin cloud of vapor. In the hall there prevails a mystic twilight,—everything is so full of an overpowering mystery, all is so still, so quiet, that one hardly dares to whisper; I could sit there on a divan by the hour and just dream away the time. How often while there did I not think of Uspenski Sabor in Moscow?—and in reality Lamaism is the Catholicism of Buddhism. From time to time the monks creep around, barefoot, bareheaded, and wearing their red Roman togas: they fill the sacrificial dishes with water and *tsamba,* they snuff the smoking wicks of the butter lamps and put the incense sticks straight, and have a thousand and one things to do in the service of the gods. Silently they draw near to us, and, using a peacock's feather, sprinkle with holy water out of a silver vessel those of my men from Ladak who are with me.

This is only a slight hint of all the wonderful things we saw in Tibetan temples, a few rough notes from memory, for I cannot manage to turn over my journal; nor can I speak of the wonderful cloister town of Tashi-gembe with all its temples and halls, filled with gold and silver gods, and its hall of knights with its old armaments, breastplates, masks, halberds, and battle-axes hanging in tasteful array on the columns. Neither have I time to describe a magnificent mass we attended for the repose of the soul of a head lama of the first magnitude, a *rimpoche,* eighty years of age, who duly died in a sitting posture with burning lights in his hand.

All these strange pictures rush through

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LADAKIES ASSEMBLING FOR THEIR EVENING MEAL

my memory in a whirl of variegated color, a carnival of masks and gold-embroidered clothes, rolling drums and playing flutes, clashing cymbals and red and gold banners on high poles, novices bearing on their shoulders long brass-bound copper bassoons, and innumerable lamas, the priesthood of Tibet, in their red dress, offering their greetings and their service to the gods. Tibet is essentially a religious land. There is no end to the temples, which are generally built on the top of some picturesque mountain, from whose rocky sides their stone walls painted in white and red would seem to have sprung, and from whose roof one can always enjoy the most perfect view over the valleys, rivers, and lakes which lie spread out beneath, as though one were looking down on a map.

It is as I have said—sanctuaries are to be found everywhere, on every pass; even the smallest tracks have their *kla,* a pyramid of stones surrounded by several of smaller size. In these posts are planted, and strings running from the one to the other bear a host of smaller banners, each covered with the holiest of prayer inscriptions: "*on mane padme hum.*" On the cliffs of the roadside red and white cubical *tjortens* have been erected, all covered with rags, *kadako,* and other sacrificial offerings. Moreover, one often finds hewn in the polished face of the granite cliffs, worn smooth by the wind and the weather, huge statues of Buddha, and on the smooth rock one sees in giant letters the eternal formula, "*on mane padme hum,*" the six syllables each of which contains an ocean of deep, unfathomable meaning, and which collectively open the way to a higher and happier form of existence. We ride past *maneringmos* nearly daily—those stone walls parallel with the road, often one hundred metres long and densely covered with figures, in which with inimitable and untiring patience has been wrought the wonder-working formula, "*on mane padme hum.*" These *manes* are often picturesque in the highest degree. At either end is a small cubical tower with a niche, in the dimness of which the wayfarer may see a small figure of a god, frequently a work of great artistic workmanship. On these innumerable altars are often also laid out masses of yak skulls and skulls of wild sheep and antelopes. On the horns and the sun-

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bleached skull of the yak you will see engraven the eternal formula, and the letters filled in with red or one of the other sacred colors. On every house-top in the towns and villages a perfect forest of small poles with strings of banners are arranged, and as the banners are of the brightest and loudest of colors they remind one of carnival confetti.

At every point where highways cross the Tsangpo and other rivers and where ferries supply the caravans such flag-poles and heaps of *kla* are set up.

In each caravan at least one of the men and probably several have praying-sticks in their hands. With the help of a weight it is wound round the handle of the axle and stuffed full of strips of paper, on each of which the holy formula is printed thousands upon thousands of times. The whole day long, no matter how long the journey may last, the faithful whirls his praying-machine and at the same time mumbles in a singsong voice, "*on mane padme hum.*"

On leaving Shigatse we were followed by an escort of Chinese and Tibetans. The former carried with them a portable temple with an altar table for the gods and a narrow table for dishes, lamps, and incense-burners. The interior of their temple tent was really very decorative, with its golden gods gleaming through the haze of smoke—the lamps shaded by steam. And in the evening they sang, the voices accompanied by drums and cymbals.

Thus into the Tibetan's life is woven a succession of religious duties. When he rides past a heap of sacrificial stones he adds a stone to it; when he passes a *mane* stone he never forgets to leave it on the right-hand side, otherwise he cannot have its prayers in his favor; when he passes one of the holy mountains he does not neglect to fall flat and touch the ground with his forehead, and when he is loading up his yak he mumbles his eternal "*on mane padme hum.*" These words ring in my ears continually; I hear them when I lie down to rest and when I get up, and not even in the most desolate country can I get free from them; for even my men from Ladak sing them. They belong to Tibet, these words; I cannot imagine the barren plains without them; they are as closely associated with the country as is the hum of bees with a beehive—as the roar of the west wind and the daily storms.

The spiritual meaning and the object of all these flagpoles, stone heaps, etc., is really to keep the powers of evil at bay, to render the journey over a high pass lucky, to protect the traveller crossing a river from drowning, to keep



AN IMPROVISED SLEIGH USED IN CROSSING LAKE NGANGTSE-TSO

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RIDERS COSTUMED FOR THE NEW-YEAR'S GAMES AT SHIGATSE

the evil spirits of the air from your dwelling, and in the desert to protect the wayfarer from robbers and attack by wolves. They therefore play the same rôle in the open air as the four spiritual kings in the temple. For it must be mentioned that there is not a temple in Tibet the walls of whose outer halls are not decorated with paintings of these four potentates, often executed with great skill and in screaming Oriental colors. They are armed with clubs, swords, and other weapons, while their faces are contorted in the most diabolical and terrifying manner; their hair is a perfect forest of red serpents, and sheets of flame burst from their sides; the object being to frighten away evil spirits, who would otherwise find their way into the halls of the temple and disturb the peace of the gods.

It would be most interesting to insert into a map of the whole Lamaistic world the great highroads used by pilgrims on their journeys. In the far north one would find numerous ways meeting—like the spokes of a wheel—in the temple of Da-Kuren Majdaris in Urga. But the radii would be even denser around the most famous of all the lama sanctuaries, Lhasa. They are somewhat scarcer round Tashi Lhumpo, for but few people yield the palm of sanctity to the Tashi Lama when there is question of his brother, the Dalai Lama. We should find many ways meeting in Kang Rimpoche—the holy Kailas,—and between these stars of first magnitude the map would show a number of minor stars, from the heart of each and all of which comes a call to the faithful—a call in some measure akin to the warning in Isaiah (xxxiii, 20): "Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities: thine eyes shall see Jerusalem. . . ."

From the tent encampments of the Kalmuks on the Volga, from the land of the Tunguses in the north, from the river valleys of the Buriats in East Siberia, from the Mongolian grass steppes, from the regions of the Himalayas: Ladak, Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan, and from the countries on the borders of Sechuan and Yunnan — from all the unknown world of Lamaism the whole year round pilgrims are coming to the holy places of Tibet. And throughout half Asia one hears in a sort of undercurrent to the life and wanderings of men the eternal "*on mane padme hum*"—a phrase of

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a greater frequency than any *Pater noster* or *Ave Maria*.

But Lamaism, like Catholicism, has also its shady side. I will not refer to that now. Peter's pence flourish in Tashi Lhumpo as well as in Rome, and it is well not to travel without money or gifts. Priests dole out holiness for coin, and the rich dwell in the choicest rooms of the cloisters. Many temples are rich, owning large properties and herds.

High up in Chang-tang we met the first lamas of the brotherhood of wandering monks, who throughout their lives wander from end to end of the Lamaist world, not only in Tibet, but far out into foreign lands, living the while on alms. Sometimes they collected together in groups and performed religious dances and songs in front of my tent, with rattles, gongs, wands, and minstrelsy. Sometimes we even met wandering nuns soliciting alms. They traverse incredible distances on foot and beg their way from tent to tent. In those districts of Tibet lying fairly low on either side of the great rivers, where the land is cultivated and gardens surround the villages, one can often see women, alone or in pairs, going about amongst the houses, showing a large painting, supported on poles, about whose religious subject they sing, not infrequently in clear, resonant voices.

And finally let me mention yet another group of faithful and even more egoistical servants of the religion. I refer to the hermits, those holy men who are independent of all temples or cloisters, and spend their lives in lonely grottos, living on the alms given to them by neighboring nomads. I saw one such grotto on a perpendicular cliff over one hundred and sixty feet from the ground. A pitch-black path led sheer up to it inside the mountain. The hermit had already lived there three years without seeing a fellow human being, but his cave was open towards the valley and the sun streamed into it. He was considered very holy, and two brothers and two nuns from Nepal considered it a great honor to live in a cave beneath his and attend to his material wants. Both women were remarkable for their wild picturesque beauty, but the moment mention was made of a photographic camera they vanished into the dim heart of the mountain. I only managed to see the hermit through a crack in the floor of his cave and heard him mumbling his lengthy prayers. What an extraordinary world of superstition and bigotry! Volumes have been written about it ever since the time when the Capuchin and Jesuit monks first visited Tibet. For the future I shall only describe what I saw with my own eyes—things of which I possess some few proofs, apart from my memory.

In Diri-pu-gunpa, due north of the summit of Kailas from which the peculiar Tetrahedron showed itself like a white spectre between two dark granite cliffs, I broke off to seek for the source of the Indus. But I first had to go down and see how the caravan was getting on, for we had also political difficulties to wrestle with, and I wished to be sure that the men were not getting up to some fatal mischief.

I managed to obtain permission from the authorities in Barkha to make a détour to the north with five men and six horses. It proved a most remarkable flying trip, at once instructive and adventurous in the highest degree, and through an absolutely unknown land. And one night we camped beside the spot where the source of the Indus flows out of the mountain, a spot called by the Tibetans Singi-kabap—*i. e.*, "the mouth out of which the Indus comes forth." This spot is holy in their eyes: piles of stones and cairns are erected there; on a stone platform a well-carved idol was placed, and I was heathen enough to take it with me. To augment the good fortune of that day my huntsman Tundup shot an *Ovis ammon*, with great twisted horns, quite near the source of the Indus.

Perhaps you can picture to yourselves with what feelings of deep gratitude and joy I stood here and watched the source of the Indus flow out from the bosom of the mountain. I stood and watched this unpretentious brook tumbling down the valleys, and thought of the various vicissitudes it would experience before finally in a perpetual crescendo of song it ended by rushing out in a burst of music between cliffs into the ocean, where the steamers in Karachi are lying, loading

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and unloading their goods. I thought of its restless journey through Tibet, through Ladak and Baltistan, past Skardu, where apricot trees grow on the banks and hang over the water, through Dardistan and Kuhistan, past Peshawar, and over the plains of the western Punjab, to lose itself finally in the salt ocean, the Nirvana and eternal resting-place of all rivers. I stood and wondered over Alexander of Macedonia, who, crossing the Indus twenty-two hundred years ago, had a distant notion where its source was to be found, and I rejoiced in the consciousness of being the first European to set foot at the source of the Indus. In spite of all the difficulties which highly placed personages attempted to put in my way, even higher powers had accorded me the triumph of discovering the source of both the Brahmaputra and the Indus, the origin of both these world-famous rivers, which like the nippers of a crab enclose the mightiest chain of mountains in the world, the Himalayas. Their initial streams are fed by the heavens, and their mighty masses of water pour down in torrents to the lowlands, bringing life and nourishment to half a hundred million children of men. Up here the temples stand silent and white on its shores, in India pagodas and mosques reflect themselves in her waters; up here in Tibet wolves, antelopes, and wild sheep roam along both rivers, down there in the lowlands the eyes of the tiger and leopard glisten like red-hot coal within the jungle that lies on their border. I fancied myself standing and listening to the lapping of the waters of time, to the murmurings of countless human destinies and innumerable generations, which were born, which lived, and which died on the banks of these rivers; and not without pride, although in humble gratitude, I realized I was the first white man to set foot on the source of the Indus and Brahmaputra since the day Noah came out of the ark.

From the source of the Indus I continued my journey northeast right up to the thirty-second degree of latitude through quite unknown country and without any official escort whatsoever. Even had they looked for us we should not have been easy to find, for it is about a five days' march through trackless country between the villages of tents. A quantity of interesting information was collected here as to the cotton trade carried on with Indians and Ladaks. Finally I turned west-southwest direct to Gartok, which was reached on September 26, and where I found all well with the head caravan. It was half a year to a day of my leaving Shigatse.

The map I constructed during the expedition up to the present time includes 765 sheets, nearly every one representing hitherto unknown land. Notes take up 4900 pages, 60 astronomical points have been ascertained, 990 specimens of mineral have been collected, and many hundred drawings of panoramas made; for at every camping-place and even often between camps I drew in everything to be seen in the landscape in order to be able to give a faithful picture of its general character. As material for illustration I have further several hundred photographs and over five hundred pen drawings. A meteorological journal has been kept without a break from the beginning, and observations taken three times a day. Although this journey has not lasted two years, its geographical results are richer and more important than those obtained during the whole of my last journey (1899-1902), and are richer than those accruing from any other journey hitherto taken in Tibet. In Tibet proper I have now spent fifteen months, although the British government attempted to prevent my entering the country and obliged me to make that long northerly détour, whilst the Chinese and Tibetan governments did their utmost to drive me out.

Our minister in Tokio, Mr. Wallenberg, during his visit to Peking, did everything he could at the cost of much time and trouble to persuade the leading men of China to give me liberty in Tibet, but both he and the Japanese legation in Peking, who most amiably attempted to speak on my behalf, were met with an absolute refusal. In a word, during all my career I never found myself in such a political imbroglio, and the most wonderful part is that everything went off as well as it did.

Finally, to add a few words about the earth's surface in Tibet, I will say that the material we have now in our posses-

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sion affords a sufficiently clear and concise exposition of the orographical constitution of the country, with its five great mountain chains: Kwen-lun, Arka-tagh, Kara-korum, Nin-Chen Tangla, and the Himalayas, together with the innumerable smaller, more or less broken chains between them, a world of mountain roads, to a great extent running west and east, with a strong divergence in the latter direction. With the assistance of all the calculations of height collected, we could easily discover the average height of the plateaux and of the mountain passes. I ascertained the exact height of all passes, lakes, river fords, and camps during my journeys by boiling-thermometers and three aneroids. It is of especial interest to note the enormous rise of the ground north of the Brahmaputra, where one first expected a comparatively flat plateau. Further, having found the sources of all the great rivers, we could draw out the boundaries of the central district having no outlet to the ocean, and calculate its area.

The source of the Hwang-ho was discovered by Prjevalski, the northern arm of the Yangtse-Kiang by Wellby, and the southern by Rockhill; the sources of the Indo-Chinese rivers are also known, although parts of their courses (the Yangtse-Kiang's and the middle Brahmaputra's in particular) have never been thoroughly explored. The geologists of the future will find in this part of the world a perfect Eldorado of the most magnificent, most difficult, and most alluring problems.

As regards the political point of view Tibet is marching towards a new epoch. Things looked black for a while when the English forced their way into the country three years ago, but of that exploit hardly an echo is to be heard today. The Chinese dragon has fixed his claws on the country with a greater energy than ever before in the two or three hundred years during which the lamas have recognized the Son of Heaven as their protector.

Not so long ago China paid the second third of the war indemnity to England, and after the last has been paid (1908),* the English will have to clear out of the Chumbi valley, which really from a geographical point of view belongs to India. Afterwards it will cost several decades and millions of pounds to regain the prestige which is now totally lost in Tibet. The Chinese have reaped all the advantages of Younghusband's mission, and a future "mission" of the same sort will come to mean, not a military promenade across the Himalayas, but war with China.

For me personally the policy of the Liberal cabinet in London has been of great advantage. Though an attempt was made to hinder my journey, I have maintained my position for fifteen months in Tibet. For a time, indeed, the authorities were kind enough to close the whole frontier of India and Tibet in order to give me a unique opportunity to collect all the valuable discoveries I have now made.

Unconsciously and for no conceivable reason I was protected from every sort of competition, and what that means to an "explorer" in an unknown land it is impossible to tell. My friends in India were prevented by loyalty to their home government from doing what they would have wished to further my plans, but I know that their keenest sympathy follows me on my journey. And yet it would not astonish me if there were those amongst the younger generation of Englishmen in India, who long to distinguish themselves and go out to meet strange destinies and adventures, who complain bitterly that *they,* for purely political reasons, are shut out from Tibet, whilst *I,* a Swede, can wander round the country, free as any young wild ass.

But enough for this time. Winter is waiting outside my tent with a temperature that already sinks to 24.8 degrees. Merchants from Lhasa, who were here for the yearly market, are breaking up their homes daily, and one hears their horses' bells jingling in the cold air.

The two Garpons, or Viceroys of western Tibet, will presently betake themselves to warmer climes, and the nomads are scattering to the four quarters of the globe. Wild geese are seeking a more hospitable neighborhood.

Gartok is becoming a desert, and I and my fellows are also ready to break up camp.

* The last portion of the indemnity has now been paid, and the Chumbi valley evacuated by the British troops.

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Strayed Souls

BY GEORG SCHOCK

THE woman walked in darkness.

She had reached the village, and the open country lay behind her,—gray sky, field undulating beyond field, mysterious at that hour, and the wind making pleasant noises in the grass. It was lighter back there; night and its silence had already folded in the little dead town. Bars and oblongs of yellow light lay on the ground before the windows, and no foot disturbed the leaves that drifted on the road. The wind and the woman were companions. It was a soft, autumnal wind, bringing from invisible gardens the cloverlike sweetness of phlox. It also propelled a crumpled paper, and that white thing, forlornly dancing, made the night seem darker, the woman more alone.

She passed the blacksmith shop, which was the first building at that end of the village, and the cross-road leading to the schoolhouse. This brought her to the tavern, where a lamp in the porch shone into the eyes of the horses tied at the hitching-bar. It was not much of an illumination, but here it looked quite worldly and gay, and there were merry sounds besides. Some one in the bar-room was narrating with a deep voice and many gutturals. He paused; a stamp, an approving shout, a great chorus of laughter followed. The single voice resumed.

"I wonder who makes them laugh so?" said the woman, aloud; but she would not have turned her head to see.

She was passive. She did not notice the weather, or which windows were lighted; she did not think of what she had done that day, or whether she was on good terms with herself or not. She was merely out for a walk. Any fancy might take possession of her.

Suddenly, as if he came out of the wind-stirred dark, there appeared in her idle mind a cheerful boy with his lips puckered to whistle.

"Christian Ruh," she identified him, wondering. "What makes me think of Christian Ruh?"

He had her now: she continued to think of him; and as she was an unsought woman, who had begun life by admiring this boy, she gave him a little nimbus.

"How big he seemed when he went away! He was fifteen then; I was five.

"He was always singing and whistling. I liked to hear him come along the road after I had gone to bed. Sometimes he woke me with his whistling.

"When he played the parlor organ on Sunday afternoons in summer I would sit on the step to listen. I thought the playing angels made such music.

"There was a sad commotion when he went away to school. I peeped through our fence to watch him start. He was solemn. He got into the carriage with his father and drove off down the road, and that was the last I saw of him.

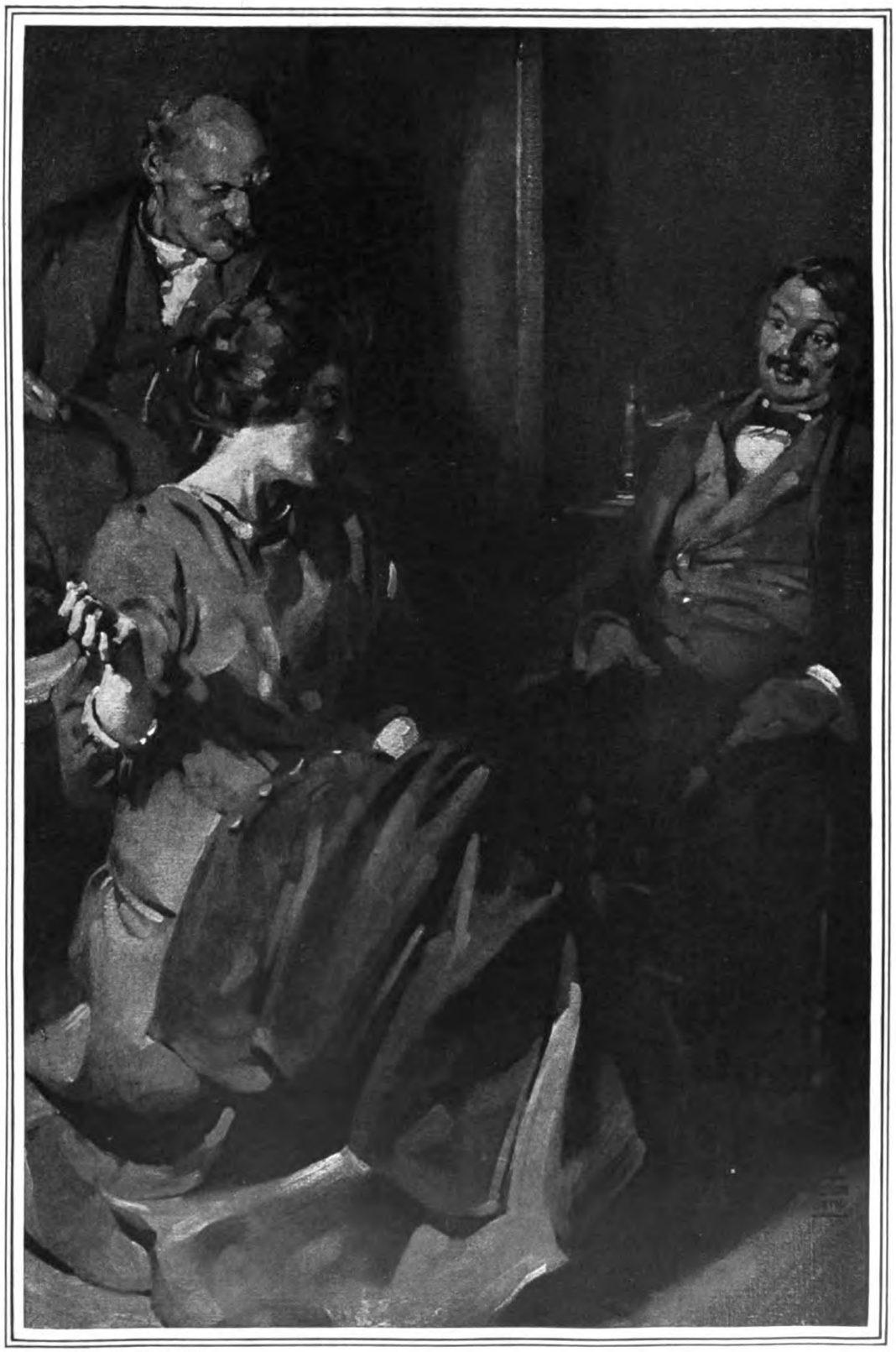
"He was a nice boy. I wonder what has become of him?"

By this time she had reached his house, which was opposite her own, and although she saw it many times in a day, she stopped, affected by the mournful look of a home that is a home no more. The soft darkness of the garden was white-spotted by many petunias, run wild and tangling over the path, and she gathered a few through the picket fence, and held their sweet, wrinkled faces against her face.

"It is a pity for that place," she reflected. "It must be miserable inside,—damp and dusty and cold."

She left the memory of Christian Ruh in his garden and went her way home. By contrast with the very large horse-chestnut tree drooping nearly to the ground before it the narrow house appeared even smaller than it was. The window, without blind or curtain, framed an interior which would have inspired a Dutch artist to paint "The Tailor's

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Drawn by H. E. Townsend

HE SAT SILENT, ENORMOUS, ALTOGETHER AT HIS EASE

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Shop." The grayish-yellow light of the unshaded lamp failed to scatter the streaks of sooty shadow, which looked nearly as tangible as the bolts of cloth on the shelves and the patches scattered on the floor. Cross-legged on a table sat a lean gray man, with white socks wrinkled over his ankles and a crescent-shaped pincushion tied around his waist. His cold fingers, through which the blood did not circulate well, were speckled with needle-pricks, and his eyes followed his sparkling needle with an intentness not quite human. He did not raise his head when the woman came in; only his eyelids lifted, and his eyes made two more sparkling points. "That coat has waited long enough for you, Bellamira," he said, sourly.

She took off her shawl and sat down to work, with a remark on the coolness of the night, which he did not notice.

"I walked a mile down the road and met no one," she continued, with patient pleasantness.

He remained silent.

"But there are many teams at the hotel, and a crowd within, and how they laugh!"

"The thorns crackle under the pot."

Neither of them said another word, and the needles moved. Bellamira, with the black cloth lying over her lap, was so silent, so dark, that she seemed like an incarnation of darkness and silence. Her sallow face was gray under the eyes; bands of gray ran up from her forehead and temples into the dull black of her hair.

In the same chair she sat every evening and sewed. She had done so for fourteen years. Her thoughts did not vary much, for there was nothing to cause new ones. Nothing changed except the weather: that chair commanded no vistas. She was thirty years old.

Her father was always there, cross-legged and greenish, like an idol carved from jade. No one could have told what his thoughts were. He was one of the many patient workers with thread, whose prototypes are the Fates themselves. He worked, ate, and slept; so he had always lived, and all the rest of his life was arranged for; he would work and eat and sleep so much. Often he had horrible nightmares, which were his only excitement. It would have been ridiculous to think of loving him; in his presence Love seemed a silly tale; yet he was Bellamira's one idea of a father. She expected nothing but to live on with him. Hers was the peculiar loneliness of the only child, who has not even the sympathy of the dead to remember.

However, he was there, and she needed him, for she hated to be alone. The rooms which were so dull by day at evening became frightful. When she had a light she saw the shadows crawl; when she opened a door, there was the lurking, pouncing dark behind it. And it seemed to be almost always dark in that house.

She was used to it all, she acquiesced; but she said to herself as she worked at the coat, "I wish I could think about something new."

And after an hour's silence something did happen. Steps approached outside,—they sounded cheerful. They ceased, and she was impelled to look through the window into the horse-chestnut tree. Against that background of shrivelling leaves, yellowed by the lamplight, appeared an observant face. The skin was pale, and peppered with a few days' beard; the greenish eyes were moist; a short, shapeless mustache moved oddly as the prominent lips twisted in a smile. All the outlines, once dignified, were distorted by layers of fat, that folded into the neck and cushioned the high forehead.

There was a knock, and the sweet wind rushed in around a man who nearly filled the door frame.

"How are you both?" he asked. "I thought I must come in to greet you, Mr. Haak, and Bellamira." His harsh voice was genial, and his German had an exaggerated accent which contrasted oddly with certain inflections not German.

Old Haak did not lay down his work: he looked hostile.

"You don't know me, I see," said the stranger. "No, of course you would not know me. No one does." But Bellamira gave her hand joyfully.

"When I passed the hotel to-night I heard your voice, and I did not recognize it, but it made me think of you," said she. "How did you know me, Christian Ruh?"

"Oh, I inquired where to look for lit-

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tle Bellamira Haak," he replied, with an inflection of gallantry. "You remember me, then? I am more changed than you."

"So you are Christian Ruh, come back?" said the old man.

"I am indeed. And how are you? How are you, Bellamira?"

"We are well," her father answered for her.

"I am glad to hear it." He paused for a return inquiry, but none came: the host stitched. "I see you are busy,"

"I have made no complaint."

"The town does not change," said the stranger, with polite flexibility. "I see but four new houses, and a hitching-post, and in one garden a plaster boy with flowers growing in his basket. It is pleasant to come back and find nothing changed.

Bellamira began to answer, but old Haak ran a look like a steel bar between them. "Go on with your work," he said.

Christian's mustache twitched, and he raised his thick hand to it with an urbane gesture. "It is an unusually cool night," he remarked.

"So my daughter informed me."

"Ah?" His eyes twinkled; he sat silent, enormous, altogether at his ease; his rough brown clothes attracted the mournful light; he looked festive, especially to Bellamira.

"I am sure that all your friends are most glad to see you back," she said.

He glanced at her rather gratefully, but her father cut in again: "And how does the music-playing go? For many years no one in town or township could tell me how it went with Christian Ruh."

"I thank you; music is a good business. It is a pity you did not take it up yourself; you might have made money at it; or if you had had a son he might have done so. Permit me," he added to Bellamira, who had dropped a spool.

"Oh! And where have you been?"

"I believe I do not tell you that. Perhaps you are not acquainted with those places. Or perhaps you would not think well of them, and then I should feel so cast down." He dismissed the subject with a suave movement of that thick hand, and a ring flashed on his little finger. "I want some work done, if you will be so kind. This suit needs pressing, and another also."

"I have much work."

"There is no hurry. When you are ready," said Christian, as if he were teasing a child.

"I have too much work."

"I am sorry to hear that. You must take good care of yourself." He felt for his purse.

"And I should have to charge extra. You pull a suit all out of shape."

"Be so kind, dear sir, as to accept this," said Christian, laying down a note with flourishing courtesy. "Oh no, I could pay no less—to so old and kind a friend. I shall bring the clothes. Be sure not to inconvenience yourself. I am gratified indeed to see old Haak again. You are just as you were when I was a boy here,—no difference. It is a delightful thing to come home and find old friends so pleased to see me, wanderer though I be. Good night."

He went to the door, moving gracefully for so heavy a man. Bellamira followed him, and when he was outside he shook hands with her again. "Now we are neighbors once more," he said. "Good night."

In a moment she heard his whistle. That was a wonderful sound.

Then his door closed; but it did not shut out her thoughts, which followed him so gladly that that night she was indifferent to the darkness. The next day her father was away,—this alone made a great occasion,—and she was free to think of what she pleased without interruption, so she recalled Christian's heavy eyelids and his voice and the slight moisture of his hand. About five o'clock she sat on the back porch, watching the red sunset over her vegetable garden, where the shadows of the many-shaped leaves were already vague, and when he appeared he was hardly more real to her than he had been all day.

He inquired for her father, asked leave to sit, and deposited the garments he had brought, which were made of beautiful black cloth, and elaborately braided and buttoned.

"This is what I like," he said, settling himself.

He looked tranquil, turned a little away from her and contemplating the red sky. Bulky as he was, his was a distinguished presence; he had an air, he made ameni-

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ties necessary. Bellamira left him to his sunset.

After a while he remarked: "It is twenty-five years since I went away, and in that time I have been back but once. That was fifteen years ago, when my mother and father died, within two days of each other. Where were you then?"

"At school. I remember when my mother wrote me that news," she answered, softly, sympathizing with his memory.

"It is strange how I have been kept away. When I went I was to come back for a vacation in three months. Who would have thought that all those years would pass? How I used to recall our house and the other houses scattered along the road, and every tree, and think, 'Now they are doing this or that at home.' So it goes. And how has the time gone with you, Bellamira?"

"I went to school here, and then my mother sent me away to school for two years. When I was seventeen she died. I have been here since."

"And what do you do in a day?"

"I cook the meals, I keep the house clean, I help my father sew."

"Is that all?"

"I work in the garden, sometimes I read, or take a walk, or go to see one of the neighbors. I go to church on Sunday."

"Is that all?"

"There is nothing else. The young people leave as soon as they can. On the farms there are young people, but here every one is so old. They were here when you went away; their children are gone. But I had to stay with my father. So we all grow a little older and a little older, and some day there will be nothing left."

"You had to stay," Christian repeated, looking at her. She was very quiet, with her hands laid one upon the other in her lap; she seemed to be wistfully questioning the allotment of things.

"She knows how unhappy she is," he thought.

"Long ago—when I was young—I used to expect," she said.

"I should say that you were tenacious of life, Bellamira."

The sky faded until only one thin red streak remained; the greens in the garden were submerged by a deadly gray, and a light mist rose. It was an intimate hour.

"Will you eat with me to-night?" she asked.

He consented, and she went to prepare for this festival with a smiling heart. Intending a pleasure for him in every dish, she garnished the eggs and cooked the ham with care, and cut the bread nicely; she used her mother's best china with the raised pink flowers, which had been brought by wagon from Philadelphia. Not for a minute did she cease to be aware of him, though she did not once turn her head toward the place where he sat humming a foreign-sounding song. It was much to have him opposite to her at the table. He ate as if he enjoyed her food. She did not eat much, for this was more than a meal,—rather it was the Arab's covenant of bread and salt.

They spoke only now and then, like people who are aware of abundant time before them. "When he has eaten he will go," Bellamira was dreading. "The clothes you brought look like a uniform," she said. "Have you been a soldier?"

"Not at all. I have never been anything but a musician. I wore those when I belonged to a big band, that played all over the country,—the finest thing I ever played with."

"Do you belong to it now?"

"I grew too fat," he said, and at this evasion his mustache drew up in a grimacing smile until his dog-teeth showed. "When I was with them," he expanded, "I had a solo three or four times a week. There was my name on the programme: 'Solo,—Signor Ruh.' And always encores. That was my top notch. Often I played the Serenade of Schubert. Then, after a while, when I presented myself upon the stage, the leader did not admire me. He thought me too gross a bird to sing, and so I am not on the programme now. No; I have returned to my nest. Excuse me; I am a fatuous fellow. Some time I will play to you," he finished, gently.

"And have you played in many places?"

He frowned like a man concealing a pain. "In many places."

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"What do you play?"

"The piano, the violin a little, the banjo, the tambourine;" his lip lifted again. "The cornet is my instrument." His manner was slightly elaborated; it dismissed the subject.

"Will you not come to see my flowers?" she hastened to say, and he smiled at her tone, which besought.

She lighted him up the stairs, opened a door and stood aside, holding the lamp, which cast one long beam before her. Christian entered a special atmosphere, tepid and sweet, and felt himself surrounded by live things. The room was like a grove of arbutilon bushes and fuchsias hung with red bells. Begonias supported upon incredible stems, apparently composed of wire and wine-colored wool, their shield-shaped leaves and fine, coral-red flowers. Cacti, jointed or globular or fingerlike, bristled with thorns, and looked as if they would writhe and disclose ugly eyes. Bellamira, still holding up the light, stood beside a wax-plant taller than herself, of which each blossom had a red star in it and was full of honey: there were whole constellations of such stars. All these strange live things with shining or hairy surfaces appeared the products of a consummate and most artificial art: they seemed to have been cunningly wrought and lacquered. From among the shadows they protruded, glowing.

Christian took a deep breath of the heavily sweet air. "Your friends are beautiful," he said.

He walked about, bending his large white face over one plant and another, and Bellamira's eyes rested on each one as he inspected it. "In showing me these she makes me a confidence," he thought. "What for a woman is this? Shut up with herself in the fuzzy room below, she breathes through day after day, and lives her brackish life beside that father. —Bellamira," he said, his voice inviting, "why are your flowers all red?"

"Others are so tame."

"What do you want most?"

"A red satin gown to wear."

Then he saw a notable sight. She tilted back her head; her face appeared foreshortened; her lips parted; her eyes were as if she had raised nictitating lids, they were so steady, bright, and amber clear. Bellamira, thinking her own thoughts, was changed, perhaps into the likeness of some luxurious ancestress who could experience and evoke much. She did not speak: she looked wanton.

"Bellamira Haak!" exclaimed Christian. He paused a moment. "Bellamira, a too-gay lady in an old comedy; Haak, a bird of prey. With such a name,—and all your flowers red,—what do you here?"

She spoke next: "See what is happening. My cereus blooms for one night only, and to-night it blooms."

She showed him a reptilian plant, broad, thick, and spiny, upon which was one large bud with many rose-colored sepals. It was beginning to open; already the creamy-white interior and the exquisite stamens were exposed, and its odor made the air languid.

They watched it, sitting side by side and often silent. Farther and farther the feathery petals expanded: it became perfect: it hovered like the soul of the plant above the body. For this one night it was alive and marvellous.

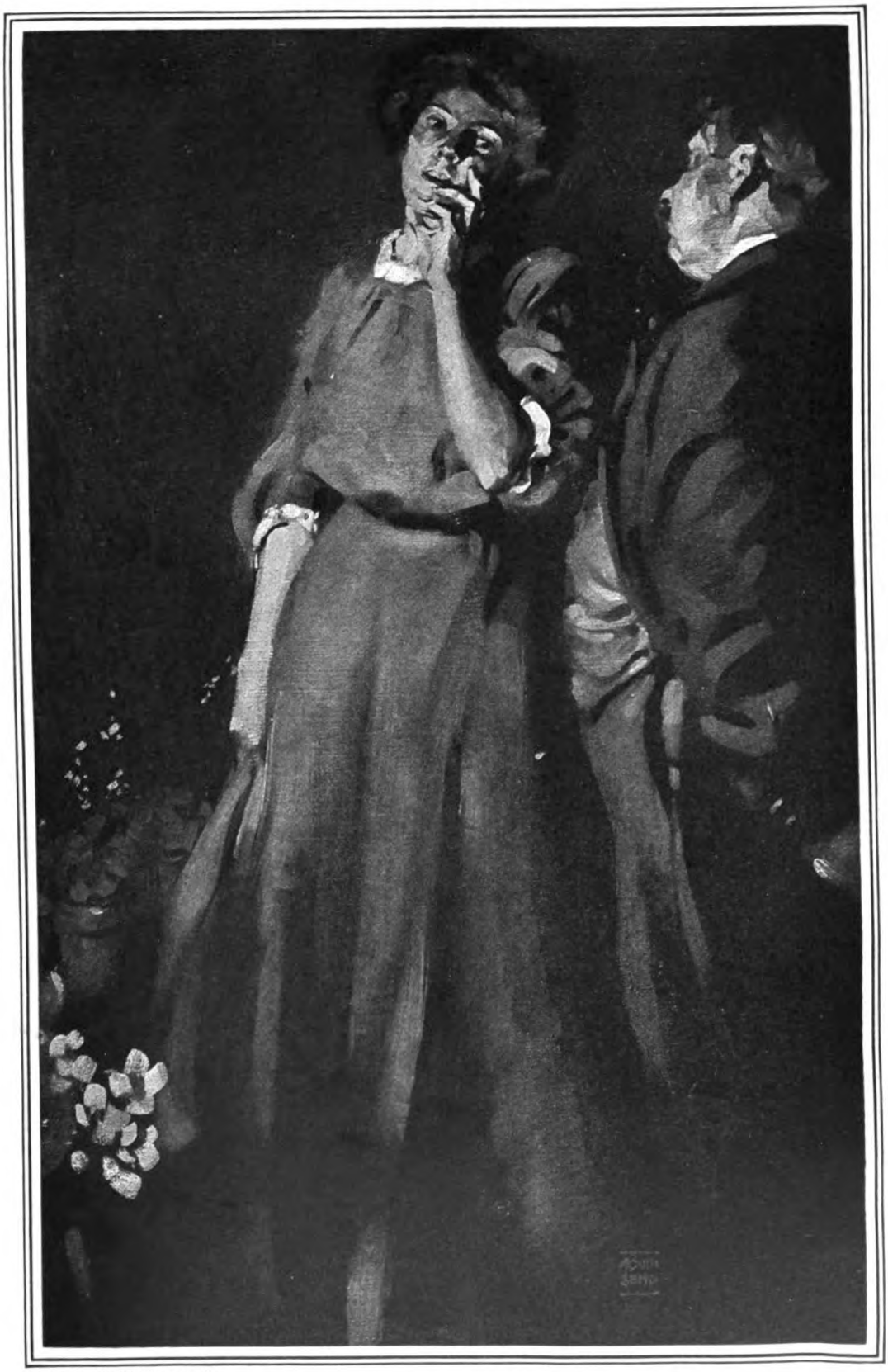
Once Christian said: "See the ugly stalk it must grow from! And does it miss its tropical forest?" He also said, "It is well that you and I see this together," and again, "Often shall I look across at night and think that you are here, among these flowers."

Though he had been gone a long time, she was still sitting by the cereus when old Haak came home. He returned so late rather than sleep in a strange bed: he did not like strange things. Even new feelings disturbed him; so he was much disturbed during the next few days, and his profile at the window looked more bilious than ever, but it was some time before he spoke. He did not like words.

Bellamira expressed herself silently, by one decisive act: she bought two new dresses. One was black, for Sunday wear; for the other she had no excuse. It was not satin, but soft wool, and it was a beautiful red. How her days were changed! Working on this red and watching for Christian, she was no longer acquiescent. The very color of her silk defied, and old Haak looked, not at her, but at it, with cold, sparkling eyes.

He deferred working on the braided

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Drawn by H. E. Townsend

BELLAMIRA, THINKING HER OWN THOUGHT, WAS CHANGED

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clothes, and did not answer when she reminded him of them. Then they disappeared overnight, and he replied to her: "You went early to bed. I did the job, and I myself took them to their owner. You looked for him to fetch them, *net?*" he continued, in his neutral voice.

She did not deny it.

"And how foolish are you! It is down to the tavern that this fellow goes, to sit in the barroom, the centre of a crowd of loafers, and make them laugh and shout. I hear that the bar does a business as if it were election-time, and the boss says that he would like to hire Crist Ruh to stay here, so much custom does he bring. But I, it seems, should rather hire him to go. Since he came you grow thin; instead of working for good money in my shop you spend what you already have, and also waste time on that most foolish red; and it is little work that you do, even at that, so often must you turn your head to see if he goes out or in."

Bellamira was so accustomed to her father that she remained indifferent.

"Be careful of what you expect. You know nothing about this fellow."

"Oh, I expect nothing, from him or from any one. We eat to work and work to eat, and time goes on. That is all I look for." She clasped her hands behind her head in an insolent gesture, and a long piece of red cloth, which she was holding, fluttered up like a little defiant flag.

"You must learn that it is so in life," said the old man. "You should have learned this already, as you are thirty years old. To-night you go to a party, *net?* You walk to get there, two miles, and two miles back. You think you see him there. Well, make your own bed, and as you make it so will you lie. I have no more to say."

There was no more to say; and that night as she arranged her hair in a new way the glass repeated this accusation. Her face seemed to be worn fine and bright, and something over-ardent shone through it,—something which matched the new red gown. No one had ever seen her like this, and she desired that Christian should see her. Not even to herself did she make demands upon him; as yet her fancy was not bold; but she felt a need to occupy his thoughts. Old Haak had gone to bed contemptuously early, and she subdued herself in a shawl and started all alone. No one had asked to take her; no one expected Bellamira Haak at parties. Yet the two miles were short, she did not feel the ruts, and from far away she could see lights streaming from the festive house.

The young hostess herself opened the door. She was a plump girl, with round spectacles, and at sight of Bellamira her eyes also grew quite round. The wrinkle of anxious hospitality bisected her forehead: she had just left the parlor, which was cold. In the large heater with nickel ornaments the fire was too new to have accomplished much, and the bright colors of the carpet and plush furniture made the air seem colder; even the lambrequins had a frosty look. Here depression and constraint prevailed. The young men, with shining hair and boots, remained near the wall; the girls, in the middle of the room, pretended that they were accustomed to their new winter dresses, and that they did not feel through the backs of their necks the gaze of admirers. Remarks were made in whispers or unnaturally loud, for any one might encounter a dead silence. These were rigorous moments.

"I heard that Crist Ruh was coming," said a hopeless voice, and the host replied, "He comes, but you need not look for him until he is ready," with the pride of one who has secured a distinguishing guest.

Upon this scene of abortive festivity Bellamira was about to enter when Christian arrived. He opened the parlor door for her, and the light concentrated upon her gorgeous color and upon his brown clothes. The company stared at her: him they greeted with a demonstration. The girls looked interested, several of them particularly so; the men shouted salutations. Bellamira, seated in a plush chair, was much observed but not approached. Christian was immediately surrounded; his harsh voice dominated the chorus; he was escorted to the organ, and respectful silence attended him while he took his seat.

In a moment, amid laughter, the young men were seizing the girls and rushing

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them to their places,—with that music there was no time to waste in formulas of request. They gathered into two long lines, men and girls opposite, and Christian, looking over his shoulder, thought of certain Greek friezes and admired the bright eyes and lips.

"What shall be done with the drunken sailor?"

sang the crowd.

The host, at the head of his line, advanced to his partner with a gliding step and whirled her around.

"Put him in a boat and sail him over. Sometimes drunk and sometimes sober."

The next young man advanced, and the next; finally the whole line glided forward together, and the room was filled with bright figures, whirling, embraced by black ones. The music became fantastic. There were little cries of laughter, stamping of feet, and men swung their partners off the floor and let them go reluctantly.

Every guest was engaged in this primitive dance except Christian at the organ and Bellamira, who sat in her plush chair, looking on and smiling, like a queen.

Suddenly he began to whistle, and one man after another joined in. Accompanied by the stamping feet, this whistling had a barbaric charm; it might have been the expression of an even simpler folk dancing around their camp fires. Christian's hands left the keyboard. He rose, whistling, crossed the floor in perfect time, held out his arms to Bellamira, who flowed into them, and guided her down the room. Instead of the simple movement of the other couples, he waltzed, with the special grace of certain heavy men. Bellamira had danced at school, and she was apt: in a moment her flexible body was in accord with his. She laughed up at him, and the tips of her teeth showed. The whole room was laughing.

It was warm enough now. Time was forgotten, marked only by the beating feet and the change from game to game. The hostess lost her anxious look; the host abandoned his responsibilities and continually sought the girl of his choice. Dramatic groups filled the room: even the fire was merry. The many voices, trained to church singing, now were used for play. These hard-working young people were in a very ecstasy of play; many of them were ardently in love. Four marriages were made that night, and one was broken.

It was a gay background for Christian and for Bellamira.

His voice remained the dominant note. There was not a girl whose eyes did not seek him, but his elaborate manner was impersonal; he raised hopes and passed on. Four times—they were counted—he distinguished Bellamira, and one of the older men said to him: "You show a fine taste, Crist; you instruct us all. Now that you bring my attention to her, I should not know where to look for such another woman."

There were many who looked for no other. Bellamira was beset; the havoc which she made that night became legendary; she drew these country men. Her red was continually surrounded by attendant black, and she selected from candidates. She danced, she joined in every game. The queen, having left her throne, was more a queen than ever.

While a college youth was begging her to be his partner she was taken away in the midst of a sentence, and the disappointed lad went out of the room and home. He had a long way to go, and the night air felt cool on his hot head.

A big-bodied, rich young farmer took her from this boy. Later, he held her hand hard and led her into the hall, and when he had her there he said, "Bellamira, will you marry me?"

She stared at him. "That is a fine new idea."

"It is. I have known you many years. We went to school together. But I think I never saw you before you went dancing down the room with Crist Ruh."

"You are already promised." She named the girl.

"That matters nothing. Will you marry me?"

"Nä, *du Schelm!*"

"Bellamira, what has this Christian Ruh done to you?"

She jerked away her hand and hurried back to the company.

When the cake and wine were passed there were many to serve her, and Christian and the new admirer approached at

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the same time, carrying glasses. Two friends of Christian's made amiable way for him. Not so the ardent man. He pretended not to see where he was going, and jostled the other so hard that the brown coat dripped with wine.

A sort of thrill went through the room as Christian, turning dark red, moved as if to throw his own glass into the sullen face. Then he spoke:

"So these are the proper manners here. Ah, yes! I have been so long away that I am out of the fashion. I also must learn those pleasant tricks." He presented his glass to Bellamira, and she drank. His rough mustache drew up, twitching. "Sponge off that wine!" he ordered, in a furious voice.

The other man looked as if he would growl. "Not likely."

"Sponge off that wine! With your coat."

They were the centre of a large circle, but Christian's opponent did not find a friendly face; his own sister scowled at him; the host looked black. He glanced at Bellamira, who was radiantly indifferent.

Three or four voices cried: "I give Crist right." "Do as he tells you." Then the hostess, her anxious wrinkle deeper than ever, pushed her way to the front. "Let him take his handkerchief to it, Crist," she said.

"The lady asks me to let you sponge it with your handkerchief," said Christian.

He sponged it. He scrubbed so hard that his rubs were a battery, and as he knelt before Christian, in a ridiculous imitation of worship, his ears and the back of his neck grew red. The hostess's voice broke the excited silence: "Your handkerchief cannot be much worse off, George. I think you may as well take the spots off the carpet."

He did this too, amid laughter from every one except Bellamira, who still looked as if it were a pleasant spectacle.

Yet he did not go. He hung about the door, watching his magnet, and later he came back to her. She was talking to Christian and another man, but even in their presence he whispered: "I have told my other girl there is no more between us. Now what have you to say?"

His breath caught as she raised her exultant eyes. "Oh, speak of it to-morrow," she replied, aloud and lightly.

Soon she was gone. A sybaritical desire possessed her to terminate the evening, not to wait for it to pass; so she escaped from the room and left the hilarious house behind, and the windows tossed after her their bars of light. Wrapped in her shawl, she went along soberly, just as she had come that way, but she carried her revelling spirit with her; she floated still upon that admiration; she felt as if she were still dancing. When Christian caught up she was not surprised; it was but another joy, and any joy might come to-night.

"There is great excitement about your disappearance." His tone was a little teasing. "Your sulky man looks for you everywhere."

He said this with the impulse to deride another man's weakness, when he was uncomfortably conscious of his own. Yet he felt vainglorious. This elated woman was his discovery; she attracted him the more because he had made her, and because she was the admired of other men. Both of them found the two miles too short to go strolling together through the soft starless night: they lingered at her door.

Here it was so dark that they could not see each other's flushed faces; they only felt their nearness in that intimate solitude.

"To-morrow is Sunday," said he. "You need not sew. Meet me on the road about three, and we shall take a walk in the woods, and I shall play for you the Serenade of Schubert."

There was a silence.

"So you had a good time for once, little Bellamira?"

His harsh voice caressed; so did the use of her name, and the "little," for she was not little. His hand groped for hers,—his lips found hers,—she perceived his breath, which smelt of wine.

They were brought sharply back. From the dark house behind them came a frightful cry, a yell of rage and agony. Christian followed Bellamira. Wasting not a word nor a step, she made for matches and a candle and they dashed up-stairs. He found himself in Haak's bedroom, and the old man, with bristling hair and purple face, was struggling in

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his bed, making bestial noises, and pounding the pillows with his fists. He was revolting: that her creation could be like this degraded Nature. Bellamira seized him by the shoulders and shook him. "Father! father! father!" she called, louder and louder. He struck her hard in the face with his wicked fist, but she continued to shake him and to scream, until his eyes became human and he sank down, pitiable, his noises changed to a regular moan.

She gave him a careful look, put her hand to her cheek, and took up the candle calmly.

Christian exclaimed.

"He does that often. It is only nightmare. Sometimes he is much harder to waken."

She walked toward him with the light: to hold the light for him seemed to be her office. Her indifference made him realize how accustomed she was to ugly moments, and it occurred to him that at no time during this night had she been perturbed,—not by the sensuous gayety of the evening, nor by the brazen wooing, nor by his kiss. And here again, with those red garments, those amber eyes, that purple mark upon the cheek, he saw the woman of the cactus-room. He saw her soul exposed,—her shabby, luckless, avid soul. The sensitive man felt pity and some horror.

"I shall come to-morrow," she said, lighting him to the door, "and you will play for me your Serenade of Schubert."

He agreed, without cordiality, but she counted the hours which must go by. Her hopes were glorious, and Christian was in all of them. He was the magician who had placed her on the summit of her past dark days, from which she looked to a new and far horizon: and the perspectives did not trouble her. "It is such a short time since he came," she said to herself, with wonder. As she walked the road to meet him, advancing through rapid alternations of sunlight and shadow under the browning trees, the new buoyancy of her step, the new spirit in her eyes, were in sharp contrast with the sombre coloring, the black gown, and the significant mark upon the cheek.

Christian was ahead of her, carrying a leather case, and she considered how to attract his attention, for she wanted him to see her coming. Presently he turned and did see her. The ugly last impression of the night was still so powerful that he had started early, intending to have this meeting over; and he was glad to get her into the woods, where he could walk ahead, breaking a way noisily through the dry undergrowth. The woods were bounded by a stream, upon whose ripples a quiet like that of the sky had descended. There he placed her, on a flat rock, warm with limpid autumn sunshine; and as he stood he cast a shadow all over her.

The silence and the flowing water exerted upon her their spell of peace. Her voice was dreamy as she said, "It is deep here."

"Yes, and a soft bottom. Once when I was a boy I spent an hour diving for a dropped shoe, but the mud had covered it. Here is something which I brought to show you—a photograph of the band in which I played."

She studied the faces, of many nationalities, and the unknown instruments, attracted by the strangeness of those shapes and of those faces, some of which had a wild look, some bristled like her cacti. When she had distinguished Christian, she handled the cardboard gently. He saw that she was wistful.

"Now," said he, "I play the Serenade of Schubert."

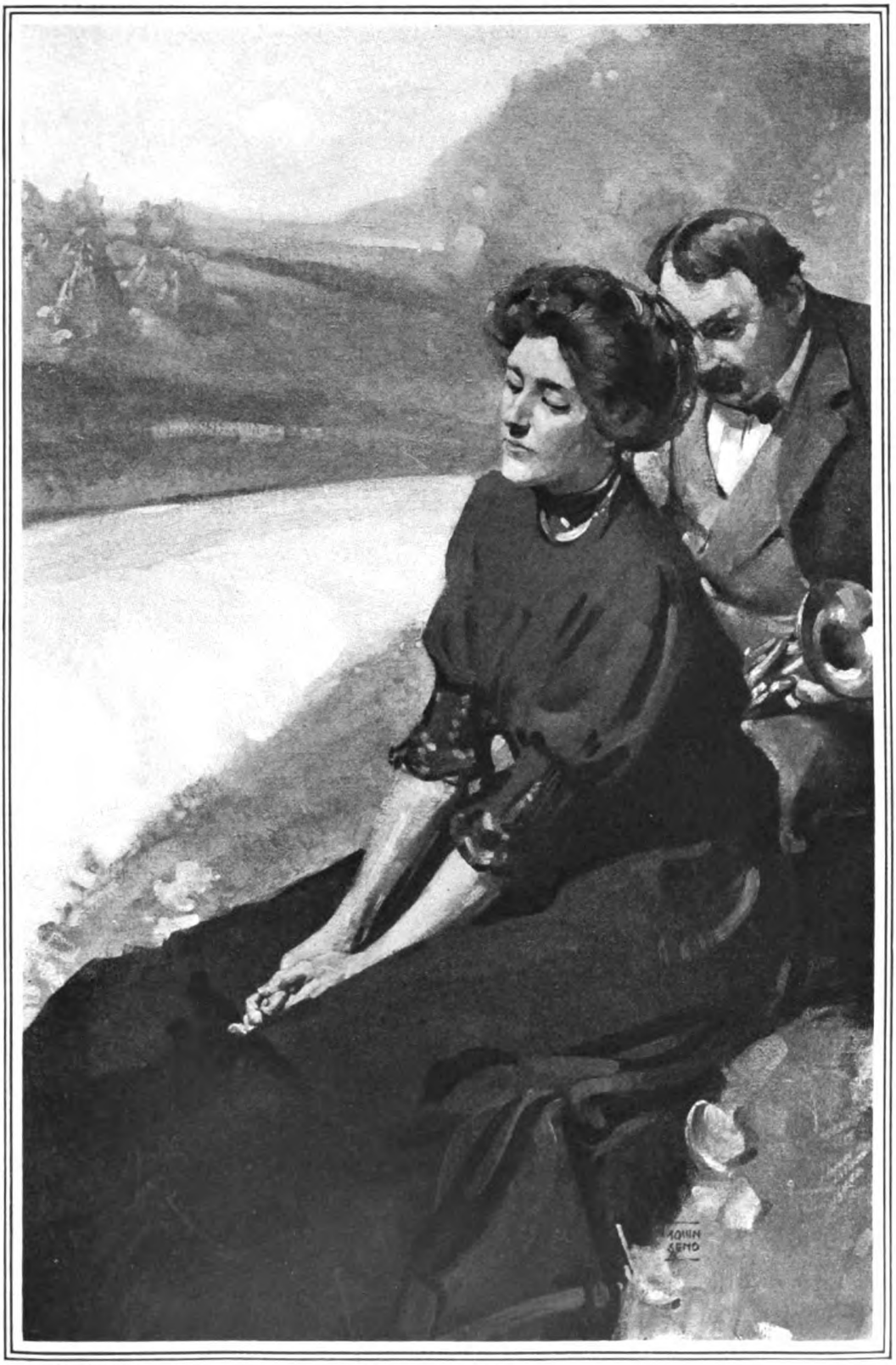
From the black case he produced a cornet, slender and flaring like a convolvulus, upon whose satiny surface the sunbeams blazed. He walked away a few rods, stopped, and Bellamira saw him cast a loathing glance at his own body. Then he assumed the cornetist's graceful attitude. He changed; his figure corrected itself; he appeared a lively and gallant man who is at his best on show.

He began to play.

His thick fingers danced, his face reddened, and a deep crease appeared upon his chin. The cornet obeyed and expressed him. The lovely melody soothed, allured, floated over the water and mingled with the sunshine. He played "like the playing angels."

When it was done and he had come back to her, himself a little moved, she looked at the thick mouth which had produced that music, and at the masterly hand: she did not see that the face was

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Drawn by H. E. Townsend

"AND I STAY HERE, WHERE I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN, AND SEW, AND SEW"

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coarse and lined, nor the imperfections of the hand. With this man she had eaten and drunk and danced, and he had made music for her. How much of life was this! Her blood moved rapidly, her heart applauded.

Christian saw too much. As he cut short her thanks and let himself down beside her, he thought: "I must put an end to this.—See that chipmunk," he said, "corpulent as I, with long-napped brown clothes like mine. He is well prepared for winter, and it is a good thing, for the winter will soon be here. The leaves grow thin. And when the short cold days come what will you do?"

"Work hard on winter coats,—while the wind blows."

"I too must work. To-morrow I go away from here."

Looking up, he observed the appearance of nictitating lids dropped over those predatory amber eyes, which still stared, intent, behind them.

He made haste to look away, to the shocks of corn which marched along a field on the other side of the water. He had pitied this woman for her servitude to her father; now he saw her like that father, both deformed products of monotony; and remembering her cactus friends, he found them monstrous.

"To-morrow you go!" she said. "When will you come again?"

He had an angry sensation of claims upon him. "Hard to tell."

"And I stay here, where I have always been, and sew and sew and sew!"

This pressure seemed to him barbarous. "Wherever one may be, life is like this."

"So says my father. Now you say it also."

"It is the truth. With plenty to eat and a place to sleep you are well off, Bellamira."

"Formerly I also could live on that. Now,—how shall I crawl back into my box?"

With growing sympathy he watched her fierce and miserable face, and at something he perceived there his muscles made ready. He saw it reach the point of action. Then, with quickness past the power of the eye to follow, her arm shot out, snatched at the cornet, and darted up to throw. He caught her wrist as quietly as if he were plucking fruit. It was rigid.

"To bury my cornet in the mud would do you no good," he said, with a sympathetic inflection.

Her arm was drawn down gently, her fingers loosened of themselves, and he put her rival away from her. As she continued to turn her face to him, with a withered look, he felt himself possessed by rage, at her and for her,—she was able to sway him as much as this. So his mockery was inclusive when he answered, as though there had been no interruption: "Oh, you must be grateful! So we are taught!"

She braced immediately, and her thin smile excited him still more. "That is right; smile," he said, ferociously. "It is true that you have bad luck; I also. We were consummately unlucky to be born in this dead place. We were defeated before we came into the world; our powers ache within us, never have we breathed our proper air. We are lost. Our souls have strayed into unwholesome places. Look at me,—caught in my big, ugly body. You too are caught; this life has caught you, you are caged. And yet we should know how to live. I think that we might be great people."

"We must *smile?*"

"Yes, yes! Laugh at the world,—as all the world has laughed at me—the toads!"

Slowly his distorted countenance quieted, became pale again. He smoothed his mustache with his finger. She too was quiet now.

After a while he said: "I have something for you. I have made music, which is called 'Bellamira.'"

He hoisted himself up and played,—strange music, thrilling but not sweet, fitted as it seemed to the shawm and psaltery. It rose to the autumnal treetops, — it grew discordant, — slower,—there was a violent passage,—he ceased to play.

"Thanks," she said, tranquilly. "Will you not finish it?"

"It is not finished. I know not yet what shall be the end of 'Bellamira.'"

"Will you play it when you are away?"

"I shall play it, yes."

"I thank you indeed, and in the winter-time I shall think that you play my music. I must go now. I bid you good-by."

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She would not allow him to go with her. "Good-by, good-by," she repeated, "and thank you." She drew her hand from his moist one, and smiled at him, and went away smiling, and he heard her rustling through the dry leaves until she had left him far behind. She was so like a black shadow that it seemed unnatural that she should be heard.

She walked rather fast, with a mechanical gait and expression, meeting no one until she reached the village. There a tramp came up the cross-road and begged of her. He was able-bodied, dirty, and had a vicious face, all of which her slow look perceived.

"Could you have a good time on six dollars and a quarter?" she asked. "Yes? Come, then."

The man followed, with so many emotions appearing in his face that he was ludicrous, until she met him at her door and put her notes and silver into his uncouth hand. "I give you this to enjoy because you are—a wanderer," she said; and the tramp departed, deeply interested. He guessed that it was all she had.

Somehow, without her knowing that she did it, the evening work was done. Then the red gown warmed her, and she sought the cactus-room like a native element, stirring by her entrance the thick, earth-scented air. From her seat by the window she looked across the way to Christian's light. The lamp was serving him: she could see his shadow on the blind.

It moved often, for he was preparing to depart. In the middle of the musty room, where the bed was unmade and burnt matches were lying about, stood his open trunk, with the cornet-case respectfully alone on one side, and on the other a pile of belongings—garments, music, brushes, shabby books in several languages. Christian was adding to the heap, and talking to himself, after the habit of a lonely man.

"So to-morrow I go. Because this woman thinks too much of me. Always turned off, Christian Ruh,—Christian Rest!"

Bellamira watched his shadow as he made a circuit of the room. "I believe there is no more to go in," he observed. Then, kneeling by the trunk and beginning to stuff it with his collection: "Now, I go back. I play wherever one will give me for my playing a little money, which I cannot keep,—at cheap hotels and in vaudeville orchestras—where have I not played? Ah!" he snarled. He heard the water against the bow of a river steamer where three shabby men made music for shabby passengers, and one, a great fat man, laid down his cornet and held out his hat for money. He tasted the rank smoke and smelt the wines in a basement café full of men young and old and of young women, where a pale-faced fat man flung jokes about and beat a tambourine. These memories were new,—they bit.

He sat back on his heels, huge and grotesque, like a sculptured monster.

"If I had been born elsewhere! Of other parents! If I could afford to be a gentleman,—could practise the arts of life! But no. The world is not so simple. *This* is what I am. And I am too old." He rose, his shadow crossed the blind, he stood before the mirror. A smiling, savage face looked back, bald on the temples and with a pendulous chin. "Ah, *neveu de Rameau!* Fat Crist Ruh! Mountebank!" he railed. "*Foulensar! Afeldicher Honsworsht!*" Then he grinned again. "And so I stand, unashamed before myself, and soliloquize nobly into the mirror. And I have so many virtues,—unfortunately not marketable!"

He turned away, picked up the case and opened it, and began to play the melancholy and exciting air which he had made.

"That is good," he said, when he could go no farther. "To her I owe it, and I thank her; and she is pitiable; but—but— Ah, who am I to be fastidious? And now,—what will be the end of 'Bellamira'?"

He played again. The music reached her where she sat among her morbid flowers and watched his shadow.

She guessed that he was preparing to return into the world; and he had said that all the world laughed at him. She divined that his life was sadder than her own. "He goes to-morrow," she thought. "I shall see him no more.

"This time last night I was making ready. Though I should have last night over again, what would it be without him?"

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The thought of her suitor presented itself, but she allowed it to slip languidly away. "What do I care for that loud-voiced man?"

"I expect nothing. I can change nothing. It cannot he helped. It cannot be helped."

Suddenly she felt the dark. She was afraid, and moved closer to the window, closer to the light. With her eyes upon it she said to herself: "I am no worse off than I was. I have lived for years and years. Can I not still live?"

The light protected her. "But it will soon go out," she thought. She began to be afraid of seeing it go out; she stared at it. And then a new thing came upon her: she felt the passage of time,—time that brings nothing and makes one old and makes one die. She saw it going on and on and on,—herself, older and older, watching it. Her agonized mind held all her life at once, what was past, what was to come, and she was in terror,—of time that would make her old, that would make his light go out,—of darkness that would cover her at last.

"He said that he would look across and think of me among my flowers. Now he is here: soon he will look across no more. While he thinks of me I have a little life in his mind: when he forgets me, that life will die.

"It must soon go out," she repeated. Perhaps it were easier to go to meet that darkness, to take refuge there.

Her thoughts stumbled. "I baked yesterday. The house is clean. I am clean and dressed."

She went out and through the house, and returned with a coiled object in her hand. Christian's shadow passed and repassed.

Along one side of the room a row of hooks for dresses was fixed to the wall. She tested one, standing on a chair, and hung over it what she had brought. Then she made a visit to the flowers. She touched them, smelt them, caressed the cereus with her hands, until she found its one new woolly bud, and broke it off and laid it on the earth.

Once more to the window! Christian had raised his blind; she could see him plainly.

"When he is gone he will find an end for it, and he will play my music, 'Bellamira,'" she said aloud.

Feeling her way back through the room, she mounted the chair again, and her arms moved as if she put a scarf around her neck. She kept her eyes upon the light.

Soon it went out.

Old Haak, on his way home, saw the last flicker. Then he saw Christian come out, and did not answer his good-evening; but he had to answer the ardent man who at that moment rode up and demanded to see Bellamira. Irritated by the calm inspection of Christian across the way, and by this new intruder whom he did not invite to enter, he pounded on the door; then he grudgingly took his key from his pocket and went in.

"Bellamira! Bellamira!" he called. "Why did you not come?" He went from room to room calling, but no one answered, for he was alone in the house.



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The Art of Sargeant Kendall

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

IT was Tintoretto who hung up a sign where he could see it continually—"The Drawing of Michelangelo; the Coloring of Titian." He felt himself to be of the Titan breed—he proved to be the last of it,—and, with an audacity characteristic of those spacious times, was determined to be two giants in one.

In our less spectacular period of art, when pre-eminence of stature has given way to averages, and intimacy has replaced magnificence, a corresponding article of faith has inspired Sargeant Kendall. Stated negatively, he would not tie himself up either to the advocates of form as the chief expression of beauty, or to those who, often at the expense of form, extol the superiority of color. His ambition was to encompass the fascinations of both; and; as befits a man who is alive to the modern spirit, to combine with them the expressiveness that is to be discovered in the varying qualities of lighted atmosphere.

With a view to realizing this extremely comprehensive motive he has been willing to wait as well as work; deliberately laying to one side some parts of his intention while he developed another, and having the courage meanwhile to confront the certainty of being misunderstood. Thus he has puzzled his admirers, who are not in his confidence, by an apparent disregard of atmospheric environment; at other times by a grittiness of technique that seemed to suggest that he had little or no feeling for color. Meanwhile he was concentrating all his energies upon mastering form. With no less interest in the other qualities of a picture, he was convinced that this was the fundamental one, upon which hereafter he would be able to build as he should desire, but for the lack of which nothing would compensate.

There is in this an echo of his first teacher, Thomas Eakins, whose comprehension and rendering of form have not been surpassed by any American painter. The ultimate aim, however, for color and atmospheric expression Kendall could scarcely have derived from this source. For Eakins's preoccupation with form has been inspired, one may believe, as much by a scientific as an æsthetic interest. Indeed, rather more by the former, some of his pictures would suggest: by the fascination of interpreting to the eye the perfection of the mechanism, embedded in the human figure. To him the action and movement of the latter has been a subject rather of investigation than of æsthetic appreciation: a completely logical exposition of cause and effect, ascertained by dissection of the corpus and by study of the living model. Consequently, when he surveys his subject it is with much of the penetration and not a little of the impersonality of an X-ray. The result is a record of compelling realism; full of character, but absolutely devoid of sentiment; and frequently also of any æsthetic persuasiveness.

His influence, therefore, upon Kendall, while it must have given direction and fibre to his pupil's study, by no means compassed the needs of the latter's temperament. For what there may be of the scientist in Kendall,—and there is a good deal, as there always must be in your true artist,—leading him to continual analysis and experimenting, is regulated by an exceedingly keen susceptibility to æsthetic impressions.

While his preoccupation with form might seem to suggest that his point of view is academic, there is nothing academic in his feeling for form. It is the natural beauty of the living figure, and not any abstract perfection to which its lines may be corrected, that attracts him. Indeed, there is in him a good deal of the spirit of the Italian Prim-

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A FAIRY TALE

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itives, with its naïve acceptance of the truth of nature, its wistful and tender sentiment. Among his early works is the cast of a head—for he is a sculptor as well as a painter—modelled shortly after the conclusion of his studies in the Ecole des Beaux Arts and under Olivier Merson. The subject is a Breton peasant girl; a rather long and narrow face with large features, high cheek-bones, and deeply set eyes, the scanty hair enclosed in a tight-fitting cap that makes one very conscious of the bony structure of the skull. Without any beauty in the ordinary acceptation of the term, it is, however, exceedingly beautiful in its æsthetic and spiritual suggestion. The type is a product of in-breeding, of long familiarity with the severities of existence, and of a concentrated personal religiousness. Behind her closed eyes one may imagine a capacity for seeing visions. She is of the family of the Jeanne d'Arcs. Expression seems to be exhaled from every part of this small head, due to the extreme sensitiveness of the modelling. An infinity of minute facets, tenderly touched into the surface, cover the strong, firm understructure with a nebulous tissue of light and shade, through which glimmers the silent intensity of the girl's soul. Or is it the eager intense soul of the artist who fashioned her?



BRETON PEASANT GIRL

For, whether her face was really so, or this is how the spirit of the artist saw it, it is equally a revelation of his own soul; of the conception of beauty that in the freshness of his youth he set himself to fathom. The head is still a thing that he cherishes, as one does the purest recollections of our soul life; and, if I mistake not, is still characteristic of what his mature convictions aim at. So let me examine it a little closer.

I spoke a moment ago of Kendall's spiritual relationship to the Italian Primitives; but in this head there is to be traced an older, wider relationship. It is Greek in its suggestion; and more than that, it has a place in that long gallery which stretches back through Egypt into Oriental art.

It is Greek in feeling; not because it represents an abstract physical perfection—the standard by which Greek art is apt to be too narrowly considered,—but because it approximates to a perfection of equilibrium between the physical and spiritual, poised on that slender edge that separates the concrete from the abstract. For the immense triumph of Greek art was that it discovered a language in terms of which what humanity calls the real and actual could be expressed with reference to the unsubstantial, purely spiritual conception. Nor was the language hieratic and conventional. It was a natural, living one, in which the idea did not supersede reality, but reality itself was sublimated. Form was made to yield its own distillation of the volatile, intangible conception. Greek art, so understood, was naturalistic; only the natural suggestion is conveyed by symbol; the particular is interpreted in terms of the universal.

So with this head. It is so naturalistic that it was refused admission to the Salon on the suspicion of being a cast from the life. It seems strange that it should have been thus misjudged, since its technique is of a very personal kind. No mechanically obtained cast could

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BEATRICE

exhibit the quality of expression and the unity of feeling that characterize this head. For the naturalism, as I have already hinted, has been improved with a spirituality of naïve intensity, that is only saved from poignancy by its exquisite placidity. It is in the last respect that it partakes of the Oriental feeling. The expression is so refined of personal consciousness as to seem to suggest Nirvana.

I accept it as a clue to the motive which still operates in the artist's works. In the first place he seems to aim at a reconciliation of the natural and the spiritual; he would seek, not to twist form into a colorless perfection, but to ennoble its nature by making it interpret spirit. Accordingly, in the second place, he chooses form that is as purely and freshly natural as possible, that it may be the more malleable to the lightest suggestion of the spiritual. Thirdly, the spirituality that he would express, while it emanates from some particular personality, is realized by him in its relation to the impersonal and universal.

So far, I am sure, he has most nearly approached his ideal in the two beautiful nude studies of a child, especially in the one with the figure standing—the "Narcissa." The child is at that lovely period of early development when, without any less of softness, the chubbiness

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THE NASTURTIUM FLOWER—L'ALLEGRO

of flesh has become flattened into smooth planes, and roundness of contour has been replaced by straight, clean lines, firm as a reed and as supple; bending and vibrating to the slightest breath of feeling. It is the period when the form is as nearly as possible impersonal; its expression, as nearly as can be, purely abstract. Thus the absence of emphasis in the surfaces and lines invites the most subtle and sensitive drawing and modelling, which in turn can be made a vehicle for the most rarefied quality of feeling.

In both expression and construction Kendall has made a most satisfying use of his opportunity. I cannot recall any oil-painting of the nude in American art that approaches this one in purity of draughtsmanship or exquisiteness of feeling. And yet in general character the picture is so frankly natural. This, to me, is a very large part of its charm. It has its roots in life, it is a flowerage of life, informed with the fragrance and the spontaneity of nature. For this reason it is also essentially of the modern spirit, which has little use for old-time conventionalizations and yet is growing very tired of mere impressionism. It demands a suggestion of the artlessness of nature, but equally that the latter shall be restrained within the choice limits of a work of art. For it has begun to resent the unbridled exploitation of personal mannerisms. That was well enough in the schoolboy days, as it were, of neo-impressionism; when, so long as the painter would shake himself free from academic shackles, his own vagaries might pass for cleverness. But, I think, I am voicing the feelings of a good many thoughtful students, not alone of painting, but of the other arts, when I say that the pyrotechnic and the slapdash, which is often sloppy and at best grotesque and brutal, has about spent its usefulness and come near to outliving its welcome; and that a maturer taste craves for what is choicely disciplined in method and subtly per-

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THE NASTURTIUM FLOWER—IL PENSEROSO

vasive in æsthetic suggestion. In fact, that through the purifying influences of Oriental art we are approaching to-day nearer to the immediate source of our own art, the Greek ideal, than at any period of the Christian era. And it is because I seem to find this motive influencing the career of Sargeant Kendall that I find his work so profoundly interesting.

For those who have not seen this "Narcissa," let me say that the photograph seriously misinterprets the original in one important particular. It breaks up the mirrored part into a variety of detail, rather disturbing to the serenity of the composition, whereas in the original the scattering effect is unified by the grayish-blue atmosphere that lowers all the color values of the reflection. Thus the actual composition presents an arrangement of four masses: the blue sofa, very broadly and simply treated; the scarcely less simple arabesque of the wall; the synthetic complexity of the reflection in the mirror; and the figure itself, which is at once extremely subtle and emphatically simple. The girdle of ribbon is the green of young apple leaves, while the flesh tints combine the whiteness of a shell with the delicate pink of its pearly lining. For the rest, the coloring has the subtle melody of a Japanese print. The lighting, it will be observed, is evenly distributed over the figure, the modelling of which is attained by the rendering of the values of light, reflected from the various planes. The only accent of light is secured by the reflection from the mirror, which illuminates the nearer contours of the figure. Thus the picture represents a happy union of Caucasian and Japanese technique. In its large masses of reflected color values it recalls the Japanese, or, for that matter, Giotto, father of modern Caucasian painting; while the Caucasian tendency to excessive modelling of form is modified here in accordance with the practice of modern impres-

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sionism. For the treatment of the child's figure, while it satisfies one's sense of something real to sight and touch, is sufficiently flat to prevent the fact of form from being obtrusive. In the sum total of the impression received, it is not the obviousness of form that is enforced, but to our æsthetic and spiritual imagination is suggested the expression inherent in the form.

This point at which Kendall has arrived is logically related to the head of the Breton girl, representing the pictorial interpretation of what he was then striving for in the plastic. During the interval appeared a succession of pictures, in which there sometimes seemed to be more of the sculptor's than the painter's feeling. The reason is that for the time being he was determined to let nothing distract him from achieving the significance of the tactile qualities, that appeal to the imagination through a suggested sense of touch. For touching perhaps, even more than seeing, assures one of the realities of form. At any rate it is the earlier instinct of recognition, exhibited even in the baby. And in our maturity it begets a livelier realization. We see a Japanese *inro* in a glass case, and long to have it in our hands that our sight sense of its beauty may be heightened by the feel of its texture; and, as our own fingers caress the surfaces, we can more intimately conjure up the fond skill of the hands that fashioned it. Actually to apply the tactile test is impossible in a picture; but the artist may so powerfully affect us with the impression of bulk and texture as to stimulate our imagination with a suggestion of the actual joy of touch.

To arrive at this has been a leading motive throughout Kendall's career. Whether by deliberate intention or by intuition I do not know, and it matters very little. Probably he was following an intuition, in support of which he gradually established a sufficient intellectual reason. For this, one may argue, is the process of generation in all art. Intuition in its highest and fullest sense is distinctively a feminine quality; and it is the excess of the feminine element in the make-up of a man that distinguishes him from his fellows as an artist. By submitting it to the processes of reasoning, by discovering for its exercise a *raison d'être* founded upon intellectual motives, he fructifies it by the masculine that is in him, so that it comes to birth in a work of art. But its processes of germination, development, and bringing forth correspond to the operations of maternity; and the artist is in a high sense much more the mother than the father of his child of art.

It is interesting to note the gradual steps of evolution by which the combination of qualities that so happily distinguishes these recent nudes was reached. All through his career Kendall's work has been the product of deeply realized feeling; but each successive stage in the development of its expression has been marked by a distinct act of intellectual procreation. We have dwelt upon his determination to master the possibilities of form as form. Having done so, he turned his attention to color, and for a time seemed to view it also as possessing plastic qualities. I recall a picture of many years ago, in which one or more figures were seated in the open air on a lawn, backed by trees. The greens of the grass and foliage were noticeably insistent, and their reflections strongly dyed the draperies and flesh tones of the figures. In fact, not only were the greens incorporated into the modelling of the figures, but their own masses, as I remember them, had a suggestion of hardness and solidity that was plastic in its character. The intent was, no doubt, to realize the drawing and construction of the underlying forms, namely, the ground and trees; but the effect was to suggest that the color penetrated below the surfaces and dyed the structure of the forms through and through, as if blocks of various tones of green had been built into the composition. There was, as I recall the picture, a yellow sky, which also partook of solid character. It suggested light, but no pervasiveness of atmosphere.

Then there followed, in 1901, the exceedingly original and beautiful composition of "A Fairy Tale"—the mother seated at the foot of a young apple tree, looking up at a child, perched in the fork of the boughs. Here the grass was of a vivid yellow, and its reflections

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THREE PORTRAITS

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AN INTERLUDE

touched into particular brightness certain portions of the figures. Once more the lineal pattern and the plastic solidity of the figures and natural surroundings were very strongly emphasized, while the feeling of atmosphere was hardly perceptible.

I wonder whether a clue to the cause of the hardness and sharpness of color in this phase of Kendall's work may not be found if we compare the effects that are mose readily produced by Lumière's color photographic plates. They have been on the market for nearly a year; and, while certain pictures made by them show that the artist can use the medium to produce most beautiful color harmonies, luminous with atmosphere, the process will, if it is left, as it were, to its own devices, reach some very hard and harsh conclusions. It represents the various masses of local color in blocks, and exaggerates the effects of reflection; the reason, of course, being that the camera's eye is at once more active to impressions and more concentrated in its vision than our own eyes.

May it not be—I hazard the suggestion—that Kendall's eye is abnormally sensitive? That, by nature, his eye receives an ultra-vivid impression of the actinic properties of separate colors; and that the effects of their relations to one another come to him first of all, not as a natural way of seeing, but as the product of an intellectually comprehended sense of artistic propriety. However this may be, we find in the next phase of his development an apparent intention to control the color effects by means of simplification and unification. An example, such as "Three Portraits," exhibits this deliberate step in the direction of color synthesis. Scarcely yet, however, as I recall the picture, is the synthesis attempted by means of atmospheric *enveloppe*. The simplification

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is attained by a general flattening of all the planes; the unification, by a closer rendering of the variety of values in the white gowns; while both are assisted by a prevailing purpose to substitute the pervasiveness of suggestion for the emphasis of facts.

Then follows the still more simplified treatment of "Beatrice" and "An Interlude," in which the technique still more spontaneously interprets the feeling, and the feeling itself is at once more embracing and more subtle. Thus, after these deliberate steps of self-refusal, if I may so call them, for they represent a severe disciplining of natural tendencies in favor of a sustained ideal, Kendall has reached in these recent nude pictures an equilibrium of artistic means. From the point of view of pure form, as schemes of expressional color design, and in their sufficiency of atmospheric quality, they present an *ensemble,* as choice as it is harmonious. Moreover, these pictures prove that no whit of the freshness and purity of sentiment with which years ago he set out to be an artist has been lost in the process of evolution. With ideals unimpaired, Kendall finds himself to-day the master of a self-evolved technique, eminently congenial to their interpretation.

He is of his age, which, whatever its material exploits may be, is in the phases of its spirit not spectacular, but intimate, not grandiloquent, but subtle—scientific even in the play of its imagination and in its highest cravings of the soul. Within the choice garden that pictorial art is contributing to the expression of this spirit, Sargeant Kendall occupies a nook that he has made his own. It does not attract you from afar by exuberance and splendor; but, when discovered, holds you rooted to the spot by the choiceness of its perfume.

Wales

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

OH, little country of my heart,
Lying so far beyond the sea,
Far from my land of birth apart,
And yet so near in thought to me!

Before I saw you with my eyes
My spirit knew your valleys fair,
Watered by turf-brown streams that rise
Upon your mountains wild and bare.

Your mountains beautiful and wild
Where still the fairy people dwell,
While I was but a little child
In mystic dreams I knew them well.

For of your race a banished part
Pines like a prisoned bird in me,
Oh, little country of my heart,
Lying so far beyond the sea!

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The Greatness of Mr. Watherstone

BY R. E. VERNÈDE

AMONG the ladies who conducted historic salons, husbands would appear to have been an inconspicuous feature. Indeed, one might justly say that these drawing-rooms of history were held almost without regard to their presumably legal owners. They do not seem to have mattered—the husbands. But then history is a queer art. It selects, it glosses, it even—if convenience demands it—forgets. That inconspicuousness of husbands may have been—probably was—their own fault. Equally, however, the radiant ladies who by their wit and their power of attracting thinkers have come down to us in triumph through the centuries may at times have been—in fact were—a little free. In some cases they must have caused the tongue of gossip to wag.

In modern days such a state of things would be painful indeed; nor would Mrs. Watherstone have been anything but shocked at the idea of wanting Mr. Watherstone to be inconspicuous in that sense. Culture in Mrs. Watherstone coincided with virtue. If it had conflicted, she would certainly have deserted culture. There was no need to. She was essentially a respecter of the moral laws. Besides, Mr. Watherstone was in many ways unimpeachable. Of his amiability, for example, there could be no doubt; and if at times Mrs. Watherstone found it ridiculous to have as husband a man whom nothing seemed to put out of temper, she did not complain. The sound practical sense which, unvaunted and perhaps even to some extent concealed, underlay her fine intellectuality prevented her from complaining. She recognized that amiability is an asset in the home. Indeed, she had married Mr. Watherstone for this asset. She had never blindly loved him. The absurdly demonstrative passion which he had shown at the time of his wooing she had not at any time reciprocated. If she had ever liked it (and perhaps to begin with she had liked it slightly), it was because passion had made Mr. Watherstone rather more picturesque than he was by nature. On his serene surface it had produced waves. But one gets tired of waves—waves produced by mere passion. To the spiritual eye—and Mrs. Watherstone had a very spiritual eye—passion cannot redeem a man from being commonplace, since it is itself only the commonplace in commotion. If Mrs. Watherstone disliked the commonplace, still more did she dislike commotion.

Mr. Watherstone therefore showed very little of it nowadays. Not for years had his wife seen his equanimity disturbed. His ardor had become a simple satisfactory devotion. He beamed where he had burned. Though his pride in his wife was as indubitable as ever, it expressed itself now merely in watchful attentions, in a natural deference, in that pleased smile with which—his stout body balanced on the edge of a Chippendale chair—he would listen to Mrs. Watherstone when, in her salon, she spoke of things æsthetical, metaphysical, mystical, to the circle of her friends.

So far his attitude was harmless enough.

The thing that did irk Mrs. Watherstone—the thing of which she had at times to complain—was that, though he had learned to submit to the quiet influences which made of her (and his) house an intellectual centre of which any man might be proud; though he had learned, in fact, to sit beamingly on the edge of an artistically constructed chair, on the occasion of his wife's at homes, Mr. Watherstone had not learned to assist at them, or to become even in outward semblance a part of them. He sat, he smiled, he listened (or appeared to listen) to the discussions, but he remained somehow aloof—absurdly stout, absurdly affable, absurdly out of drawing. Union

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HE SO OBVIOUSLY ENJOYED WATCHING HER

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with one of the elect had indeed emphasized, rather than softened, the fact that he was a philistine. Even his silence seemed coarse in the midst of such delicate soul-parleyings as went on in Mrs. Watherstone's salon on the first and third Tuesdays. Some of her friends had made tactful efforts from time to time to draw him into the charmed circle of their talk. He seemed incapable of being drawn. For example, the Rev. Upton James might invite him to give "a plain man's views" on the appeal made to him by the doctrine of Nirvana. Mr. Watherstone would reply: "Ah, you mustn't ask me. I don't understand it." A modest enough answer perhaps, but one which—considering that Mr. James had explained the Buddhistic theory at some length—was humiliatingly tactless. Surely he could have attempted an opinion. Every one at Mrs. Watherstone's conversaziones did not understand everything, but they all gave their opinions except Mr. Watherstone. They had met to enlarge their minds. As Miss Tindal Atkey once remarked, "It is in the clash of minds that great ideas are born." . . . Mr. Watherstone's mind seemed incapable of clashing—whether the controversy arose over "Spirit photography," "the Place of Super-woman," or (Mrs. Bossington's pet subject), "Is there a Hereafter?" Positively Mr. Watherstone had refused to state whether he would prefer to spend the Æons of the Future as a conscious or an unconscious portion of the World Spirit. He was hopeless.

Mrs. Watherstone often wished that she had from the first discouraged her husband from attending her salon. Like the husbands of the historic salon-holders, he would have been much happier away. Unlike them, he would have been quite harmlessly and creditably employed. Conchology was the hobby he had taken up since retiring from an eminently successful business career. Haunting sand-pits and such places, he was in his element. But Mrs. Watherstone never suggested that he should give up coming to her drawing-rooms. For one thing, he so obviously enjoyed watching and listening to her. For another, she was not the sort of woman to hurt her husband's feelings by frankly baring his deficiencies to him, even had she not in a way enjoyed the knowledge that she had in him (foolish as he always looked on the Chippendale chair) an unfailing admirer, whatever her shortage of knowledge might be concerning the particular subject on hand. No other member of the Port Allington Literary and Philosophic Society—as the attendants at her salon were called—had quite so rapt a listener as she. Of course her words went in at one of Mr. Watherstone's ears and out at the other (and now and then, upon reflection, Mrs. Watherstone was not sorry): but the fact of holding some one in thrall for the time being gave her that sense of achievement which is so gratifying to the orator.

It was perhaps this feeling as much as any other which enabled Mrs. Watherstone to bear this affable incubus of a husband. After all, it was only in a passive way that he reflected upon her. He did not demand notice. In moments of high tension he could be overlooked. The profounder the subject, the less really one observed Mr. Watherstone. And he was quite content to be forgotten, and active in handing cake and coffee in the intervals of high debate. Then, when commonplaces became bearable, the guests would politely refer to their host, and Mrs. Watherstone would remark, tolerantly, "Don't you think that Mr. Watherstone is getting stouter?" The answer, as well as the fact, was usually in the affirmative, and Mr. Watherstone would beam the more to hear the great minds relax upon him, and be as pleased as a patted dog. . .

It was the arrival at Port Allington of the Princess Eugénie which for a few bad hours shook Mrs. Watherstone's creed with regard to Mr. Watherstone, and gave Mr. Watherstone the opportunity to re-establish that creed on a basis firmer than ever, and so to exhibit what I have called his greatness. His scientific attainments, whatever they may have been, only enter into the matter in so far as they contributed towards that opportunity.

To begin with, it was on a Tuesday that Mr. Watherstone came to his wife with the Princess's letter.

"My dear," he said, "a lady has just written to me to say she is coming down to Port Allington for a day or two in order to see the Warren and Sandstone Quarry."

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"She wants you to show her over, I suppose," said Mrs. Watherstone. People were in the habit of calling on Mr. Watherstone to show them the local fauna and flora—as Mrs. Watherstone phrased it. They were usually curiously dressed sort of people, dry of speech and without culture.

"Yes," replied Mr. Watherstone, and hesitated. "She is putting up at the Métropole," he added. "I thought perhaps it would be polite if you were to ask her to dinner or something."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Watherstone.

"She's a member of the C. S.," said Mr. Watherstone. The C. S. was one of the dull London clubs to which he contributed dull accounts of shells. Mrs. Watherstone smiled her tolerant smile.

"No doubt," she said. "But who—precisely?"

"Princess Eugénie of Modena," said Mr. Watherstone.

To some people all royalties are famous, but Mrs. Watherstone had more excuse for instantly recognizing this lady's name. Now, perhaps, it is less well known. At that time it stood for all that was brilliant, unexpected, fascinating. No doubt her rank counted for something. But she was a princess whom poets praised as well as courtiers; with whom wise men liked to talk because she knew for herself a world that most of those in her position must pass through ignoring—blinded by their own glitter. Mrs. Watherstone might very well be excused her considerable excitement on hearing this name.

"Princess Eugénie of Modena! Why on earth could you not say so? Of course she must be invited to dinner. I will call on her Highness myself as soon as it is convenient to her. Do you know her? Have you met her before?"

"At the C. S.—yes. She attends meetings pretty regularly."

Mrs. Watherstone expressed surprise.

"But I suppose," she said, "that these great people interest themselves at times in all sorts of fads. No doubt they think it part of their public duty to patronize them."

"Hardly patronizing, is it, my dear?" said Mr. Watherstone, who was apt to be a little obstinate about his hobbies.

"Call it what you like," said Mrs. Watherstone. "But I should hardly think that shells are likely to claim very much of the Princess's attention."

"She's a pretty good conchologist," said Mr. Watherstone, doubtfully.

Mrs. Watherstone was very nearly indignant.

"A pretty good conchologist! Do you know, Mr. Watherstone, that this 'pretty good conchologist,' as you call her, is one of the first of living poetesses, besides being an authority on philosophy and social problems? I should not have supposed that a trifling hobby like yours could have made such a one-sided man of you. I shiver to think what the Princess would say if she could hear you. I can see her smile. I do hope you will not bore her with your shells. I suppose she really does want to see these places?"

"Well," said Mr. Watherstone, rendered quite apologetic, "she says she has come down to see them."

"In that case you must do your best for her. I will drive with you to the Métropole and give her a personal invitation to dinner to-night. Luckily, it is my salon night. No doubt she will be interested. It will be a change from shells at any rate."

"I expect she'll come," said Mr. Watherstone. "She is very pleasant."

The Princess was so pleasant—so gracious, as Mrs. Watherstone preferred to call it—that the latter lady was almost overwhelmed. The invitation to dine was accepted at once—one might almost say with eagerness.

"To know the lady who is Mr. Watherstone's wife will be to me a great honor," the Princess said. She spoke so charmingly with her slightly foreign accent that Mrs. Watherstone scarcely noticed the ludicrous assumption that she was, so to speak, nothing but Mr. Watherstone's wife. "You are very kind—not at all." But the Princess would not hear of that.

"No," she insisted. "The kindness is all in Mr. Watherstone consenting to give me his time, personally showing me these wonders of the country he has made his own. That I shall never forget."

"Oh, I can assure your Highness," said Mrs. Watherstone, "that Mr. Watherstone is only too pleased. He loves an excuse for dawdling round."

The Princess smiled.

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"Now you are sarcastic at me," she said, and while Mrs. Watherstone protested that she would not dream of being so, Mr. Watherstone interrupted by saying that it was time to make a start. The Princess followed him with the smile of a docile child to the carriage she had in waiting (in order, she said, not to waste a moment of his time), while Mrs. Watherstone drove home in hers, wondering if the Princess was, in spite of her delightfully royal and gracious manner, slightly touched in the brain. But at any rate she was coming to dinner. The members of the Port Allington Literary and Philosophic Society must be forewarned in order that no spark of brilliance might be lacking on so great an occasion. A note was despatched to each one of them.

Now, it is possible that Mrs. Watherstone had not realized the Princess's object in coming to Port Allington; or that some instinct of self-defence prompted her to ignore the fact that the Princess had come there in order to avail herself of Mr. Watherstone's guidance—in either case, in her notes to members, Mrs. Watherstone omitted to mention Mr. Watherstone's part in securing the Princess's presence. Consequently they arrived at her house in the evening—the ladies somewhat agitated by their efforts to procure suitable creations for such an entertainment at so short a notice, the gentlemen warm with thinking out topics of conversation calculated to impress a royalty—but all filled to overflowing with sympathy for their hostess, so cruelly handicapped as she must feel herself to be with such a guest and such a husband.

"Of course it would never strike Mr. Watherstone to be called away on business," said Mrs. Bossington to Miss Tindal Atkey, with whom she shared a cab. "Yet it would be the simplest thing to do."

"Men are ever too selfish," said Miss Atkey, who was an authority on the sex and could speak with an impartiality impossible to a married woman. "It will not occur to him, and I suppose the poor Princess will have to be taken in by him and bored the whole of dinner-time."

"If I were Mrs. Watherstone, I should make some other arrangement even at the risk of appearing a little *outrée*," said Mrs. Bossington.

That idea had occurred to Mrs. Watherstone, but a love of the conventions, which coexisted, as sometimes happens, with a soaring mind, had prevented her from carrying it out. Mr. Watherstone led in the Princess and seated her on his right hand. Mrs. Bossington on his left—with the Rev. Upton James beside her—found herself so amazed and overwhelmed by the magic skill with which the Princess set her stout little host talking about all sorts of things which it was impossible he could ever have thought of before—or indeed, as Mrs. Bossington would have supposed, have heard of—that her own previous secret determination to intervene at once and set the conversation on a high plane oozed away, and she heard herself murmuring disjointed answers to the excessively dull remarks of Mr. James, while Mr. Watherstone's beaming smile and dry talk provoked the merry laughter of the Princess.

To Mrs. Bossington and to several other of the literary philosophers the dinner was like a bad dream, from which they only wakened when the drawing-room was reached and they were, so to speak, on their own Parnassian ground, in that rarefied air where no baser mortal can breathe and only the fine spirits are at home. It was while the paper for the night was being read—the subject was "Spiritual Socialism," and Mr. James was the reader—that the grossness of Mr. Watherstone—seated as usual on the edge of his Chippendale chair—became momently more manifest. If one may explain by a simile the effect produced on members by that stout philistine figure beaming on its chair, perhaps the appearance of a bat in a church full of worshippers would serve. Mr. Watherstone did not flutter; he sat tight. But he seemed equally intrusive, uncalled for, disturbing. Everybody felt relieved when the paper, which was well up to Mr. James's average and in parts extremely mystical, came to an end, and the debate began, and fervid souls rushed into the fray of argument. It was as though the organ had pealed out in our imaginary church and diverted attention from the still visible bat. After a little time the Princess, who had given every evidence of listening fascinated to the paper, was invited to speak on the question. She rose gracefully.

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"It has been most interesting to me," she said, in her charming voice, which had, as Mr. James afterwards said, "a royal eloquence" in it. "But on a subject so esoteric I, who have studied little, am fearful to speak. In truth, if I may say so, I am bewildered."

She hesitated, and there was a good deal of applause, Mr. James being particularly gratified. It was her next few words that produced a certain awkwardness. "But that is natural," she went on. "In Mr. Watherstone's house I expected to feel as a child at school. Who would not?"

In the silence that followed, Mr. James had the presence of mind to say, "Hear, hear!" The Princess smiled upon him and continued:

"Being like that child much bewildered, I shall be forgiven if I do not venture on a speech of my own, and I will show myself a wise child, for I will go to the lucid teacher himself and say, 'Please put this into plain words for me.' When Mr. Watherstone has spoken I shall be clearer."

A more unfortunate suggestion could hardly have been made, and every one sympathized with Mrs. Watherstone as Mr. Watherstone, conscious that he was the cynosure of every eye and looking more absurdly stout than usual, responded, briefly:

"It's very good of you, ma'am, but I'm afraid it's above my head a bit."

His smile, affable as usual, was more than Mrs. Watherstone could bear; and though it was her habit to ignore Mr. Watherstone as far as possible on these occasions, she could not resist saying, somewhat sharply,

"Any subject which requires philosophic reflection is apt to be above Mr. Watherstone's head."

"Indeed!" said the Princess. She feigned astonishment so politely (though only to see Mr. Watherstone was to realize the force of his wife's remark) that the situation was saved: especially as Miss Atkey helped to smooth things over by stooping to a truism.

"Of course one cannot," she said, "move easily among high thoughts unless one gives of one's best to the labor."

"And has a best to give," added the Princess.

"Exactly," said Miss Atkey.

"And therefore," said the Princess, "I shall feel forgiven if I do not exhibit my stumbling motions before so many great thinkers."

It was a gracious way of saving an awkward situation, but somehow the debate fell away after this, and the refreshment interval seemed welcome. Nevertheless, it was a disappointment to have missed a speech from so original a thinker as the Princess, and Mrs. Bossington and Miss Atkey, foregathering over lemon ices, discussed Mr. Watherstone—the obvious cause of this *contretemps*—with no particular good-will.

"He becomes too dreadful," said Miss Atkey. "How Mrs. Watherstone can endure it I cannot think. I am sure she feels it very much."

"Oh, she must," said Mrs. Bossington.

They were fortified in this opinion by quite an unusual snappishness in Mrs. Watherstone's manner, as, coming up to the two a few minutes later with the Princess, and catching sight at the same time of Mr. Watherstone dodging after coffee in the distance, she remarked,

"Really, Mr. Watherstone is becoming stouter than ever, don't you think?"

"But he seems very happy," said Mrs. Bossington, sympathetically, as she glanced over towards the happy man, now busy handing cakes, his serene smile crossing the room as usual to fix itself proudly on his wife.

"Yes," said Mrs. Watherstone, unappeased. "Some people never realize their deficiencies." And she went off hurriedly as if afraid that her emotions would overcome her. Mrs. Bossington, to cover her retreat, turned to the Princess. It seemed a good opportunity to apologize—so to speak—on behalf of members for Mr. Watherstone's obtrusiveness. "Poor Mr. Watherstone," she began, "is so very much out of place at our little debates." The Princess, who was eating an ice with a relish and daintiness that fascinated both Mrs. Bossington and Miss Atkey (it was the daintiness that charmed Mrs. Bossington and the relish that fascinated Miss Atkey) did not at once reply. Possibly her mouth was full. Mrs. Bossington continued,

"We are surprised that he bothers to attend so regularly."

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"IS IT THAT YOU GUESSED WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO SAY?"

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"Does he?" said the Princess.

"Invariably," said Mrs. Bossington.

"It is astounding," said the Princess.

Mrs. Bossington was delighted with the great lady's ready appreciation conveyed in such a delightfully ironical way.

"But then, dear Mrs. Watherstone," she explained, "had an idea that he would pick up some of the little pearls that must fall even from mere amateurs like ourselves."

"And he doesn't?" the Princess asked.

"No," said Mrs. Bossington, shaking her head. "I suppose the fact is that thinkers are born, not made."

"I am sure of it," supplemented Miss Atkey. "Mr. Watherstone is most genial, but he could not think if he tried."

"You said?—"

Miss Atkey positively started at the sharpness of the Princess's query. It was so loud, too. Mrs. Watherstone, who had been sought in conversation by Mr. James, turned round at it. So—owing to a lull that happened in the room at the same moment—did several other people. Miss Atkey twittered, uneasily.

"I was saying that the act of thinking is almost impossible to some people."

"So it seems," said the Princess, and her cheeks were suddenly flushed. "But is it possible that Mr. Watherstone is the subject of—"

"Did you address me?"

It was Mr. Watherstone's voice that interrupted the Princess. He must have bounced across the room at the sound of his name, little thinking, as Miss Atkey said later, what they had been saying about him. He wore his most affable smile.

"No, I spoke to this lady," said the Princess. "I was about to say—"

"That you wanted to see my museum! I knew it!" said Mr. Watherstone. "If you will come with me now, I will show it to you."

"Thank you. I think I will first finish what I was about to say," said the Princess, imperiously.

"Oblige me by coming first," said Mr. Watherstone.

"Mr. Watherstone!" said his wife, horrified, but Mr. Watherstone only went on smiling.

"You wish me to?" said the Princess.

"Yes."

Mrs. Bossington, who had been greatly mystified by the whole affair, confessed that she had expected the Princess to fly into a royal fury. Instead of that she got up and went with him extraordinarily meek—giving one the impression (so Miss Atkey declared) that Mr. Watherstone had exercised some unsuspected gift of hypnotism. Miss Atkey was not altogether sorry, for it had seemed for a moment as though the Princess, with a foreigner's lack of reticence, had been going to discuss Mr. Watherstone to his face—a thing Miss Atkey would have shrunk from. Could Miss Atkey have seen the Princess in the museum, she would have been further puzzled. There was a sort of reproachful humility about her as she said,

"I am not accustomed to be commanded quite so rudely."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Watherstone, but not in the tone of an apologist.

"Is it that you guessed what I was about to say?"

"I had an idea."

"And you did not wish me to say it? You did not wish me to tell these provincials that it was monstrous to hear them speak in such terms of you—of you whose work is known to every savant in Europe? Oh—I perceived it from the first—this patronage of imbeciles!" The Princess's voice rose as though she were addressing them. "But I could not believe it. I asked myself, is it possible that there are such people, among whom you live, who see you every day, who yet believe that their brainless chatter about things they do not understand is above your comprehension? Even if they do not know what knowledge is, have they not heard of your work?"

"My particular work," said Mr. Watherstone, uncomfortably, "is naturally known chiefly to scientists. Culture is another thing. It is easier perhaps to chat about."

"Then they do not know of your achievements?"

"Er — no," said Mr. Watherstone. "Not that there is much to tell them, you know."

"Not much? Was Darwin, then, of no account? Oh"—the Princess wrung her hands—"why have you stopped me from telling them what I could have told?"

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Mr. Watherstone remained uncomfortable.

"One does not want one's guests' feelings hurt," he said.

"But there is Mrs. Watherstone—your wife—she too—"

"I am very proud of my wife," put in Mr. Watherstone, shortly.

But the Princess was not to be held.

"She too does not know. She too thinks only that you are—"

"Very stout," said Mr. Watherstone, and beamed once more as though the recollection made him happy. "Madam," he went on, with a dignity that surprised even the Princess, "I think that you are too concerned for my reputation and too little for my feelings. But if you wish to understand—and perhaps it will be best, since you will then not wish to sacrifice me to my greatness—I will explain. When I married, very happily for myself, I was no more than a successful business man. My wife accepted me, knowing me to be no more than that. I have worked since at things more important and had some success. But these things have not happened to be things my wife is interested in. She knows little about them. She has not perhaps a very scientific mind. It is no great loss in a wife. In any case she and these friends of hers, who think most of culture and plume themselves a little on it, have seen me unsympathetic and set me down as dull. It is very natural. I am dull when nonsense is talked, but I am always very happy to sit in the same room as my wife. For that reason and another I would not for anything have her upset in her estimate of me."

"May I ask that other reason?" said the Princess.

"Those who think less," said Mr. Watherstone, "can less afford to reform their opinions. It would only vex her—"

"To know that you were not only stout?"

"Yes," said Mr. Watherstone. "She has been very good to the man she thought only stout. And I love her. . . . Shall we inspect the museum?" he added, a moment later. But this time the Princess was not quite ready.

"One minute, my friend," she said. "I wish to tell you that I will say nothing to them, for you have made me understand. But I will say one thing to you, for I do not think you understand it."

"And what is that?" said Mr. Watherstone, with twinkling eyes.

"That you are greater than any man I have ever met. Yes," said the Princess, as Mr. Watherstone bowed stoutly to the compliment. "And if I could meet another such man, I would not rest content with my present rank."

"No?" said Mr. Watherstone.

"No," said the Princess. "I should ask him to make me a queen. . . ."

When the Princess Eugénie left Port Allington, she had said nothing, as she had promised; and Mr. Watherstone, questioned by his wife as to why he had so rudely carried her off from the salon, apologized profusely. He supposed that his keenness on his museum had blinded him, as usual, to the claims of higher things. The Princess, however, he said, had not seemed to mind. Mrs. Watherstone scolded him less than she might have done, because she had—somehow or other—had a horrid presentiment of what the Princess had been going to say to Miss Atkey. Indeed, for several days the possibility of the Princess's Mr. Watherstone being her husband quite oppressed her, and she watched him gloomily for proofs. Finding none, for Mr. Watherstone was the same as he had ever been—affable, placid, silent on soulful matters—she put the idea away. By the time the society met again she had almost persuaded herself that the Princess's Mr. Watherstone had been only a figment of her own imagination, and that the Princess had not thought anything of him, after all. Just for safety's sake she kept her eye on him while Mrs. Bossington read her paper on "Woman Philosophers." There Mr. Watherstone sat on the edge of his Chippendale chair, smiling his absurd smile, a fish out of water, but serenely unconscious of the fact. In the ensuing debate he took no part, pleading contented ignorance. How could the Princess have seen anything in him? The thing was inconceivable, and by the time the refreshment interval arrived all her worries had gone from Mrs. Watherstone. As naturally as though they had never existed, she found herself a little later saying to Mr. James, "Don't you really think Mr. Watherstone is getting too stout?"

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The Testing of Diana Mallory

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XXI

"WHAT time is the carriage ordered for Mr. Nixon?" asked Markham of his servant.

"Her ladyship, sir, told me to tell the stables 4.20 at Dunscombe."

"Let me hear directly the carriage arrives. And Richard!—go and see if the Dunscombe paper is come, and bring it up."

The footman disappeared. As soon as the door was shut, Markham sank back into his cushions with a stifled groan. He was lying on a sofa in his own sitting-room. A fire burnt in the grate, and Markham's limbs were covered with a rug. Yet it was only the first week of September, and the afternoon was warm and sunny. The neuralgic pain, however, from which he had suffered day and night, since the attack upon him, made him susceptible to the slightest breath of chill.

The footman returned with the newspaper.

"Is her ladyship at home?"

"I think not, sir. I saw her ladyship go out a little while ago with Miss Drake. Is there anything else I can get for you?"

"Make up the fire, please. Put the cigarettes here, and don't come till I ring."

Markham, left alone, lit a cigarette, and fell hungrily upon the paper, his forehead and lips still drawn with pain. The paper contained an account of the stone-throwing at Hartingfield, and of the injury to himself; a full record of the last five or six days of the election, and of the proceedings at the declaration of the poll; a report, moreover, of the "chivalrous and sympathetic references" made by the newly elected Conservative Member to the "dastardly attack" upon his rival, which the "whole of West Brookshire condemns and deplores."

The leading article "condemned" and "deplored," at considerable length, and in good set terms—through two paragraphs. In the third it "could not disguise—from itself or its readers"—that Mr. Markham's defeat by so large a majority had been a strong probability from the first, and had been made a certainty by the appearance, on the eve of the poll, of "the Barrington letter." "No doubt some day Mr. Markham will give his old friends and former constituents in this division the explanations in regard to this letter—taken in connection with his own repeated statements at meetings and in the press—which his personal honor and their long fidelity seem to demand. Meanwhile we can only express to our old Member our best wishes both for his speedy recovery from the effects of a cowardly and disgraceful attack, and for the restoration of a political position which only a few months ago seemed so strong and so full of promise."

Markham put the paper down. He could see the whippersnapper of an editor writing the lines; with a wary eye both to the past and future of the Markham influence in the division. The self-made, shrewd little man had been Oliver's political slave and henchman through two Parliaments; and he had no doubt reflected that neither the Tallyn estates nor the Markham wealth had been wiped out by the hostile majority of last Saturday. At the same time, the state of feeling in the division was too strong; the paper which depended entirely on local support could not risk its very existence by opposing it.

Markham's keen brain spared him nothing. His analysis of his own situation, made at leisure, during the week which had elapsed since the election, had been as pitiless and as acute as that of any opponent could have been. He knew exactly what he had lost and why.

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A majority of twelve hundred, against him, in a constituency where up to the dissolution he had commanded a majority —for him—of more than two thousand. And that at a General Election when his party was sweeping the country!

He had of course resigned his office,—and had received a few civil and sympathetic words from the Premier, words which but for his physical injury, so the recipient of them suspected, might have been a good deal less civil, and less sympathetic. No effort had been made to delay the decision. For a Cabinet Minister, defeated at a by-election, a seat must be found. For a Junior Lord, and a Second Whip, nobody will put themselves out.

He was therefore out of Parliament, and out of office; estranged from multitudes of old friends; his name besmirched by some of the most damaging accusations that can be brought against a man's heart and honor.

He moved irritably among his cushions, trying to arrange them more comfortably. This *infernal* pain!—It was to be hoped Nixon would be able to do more for it than that ass the Dunscombe doctor. Markham thought with resentment of all his futile drugs and expedients. According to the Dunscombe man, the stone had done no vital injury, but had badly bruised one of the lower vertebræ, and jarred the nerves of the spine generally. Local rest,—various applications, and nerve-soothing drugs,—all these had been freely used, and with no result. The pain had been steadily growing worse, and in the last twenty-four hours certain symptoms had appeared, which, when he first noticed them, had roused in Markham a gust of secret terror; and Nixon, a famous specialist in nerve and spinal disease, had been summoned forthwith.

To distract his thoughts, Markham took up the paper again.

What was wrong with the light? He looked at the clock, and read it with some difficulty. Close on four, only,—and the September sun was shining brightly outside. It was his eyes, he supposed, that were not quite normal. Very likely. A nervous shock must of course show itself in a variety of ways. At any rate he found reading difficult, and the paper slid away.

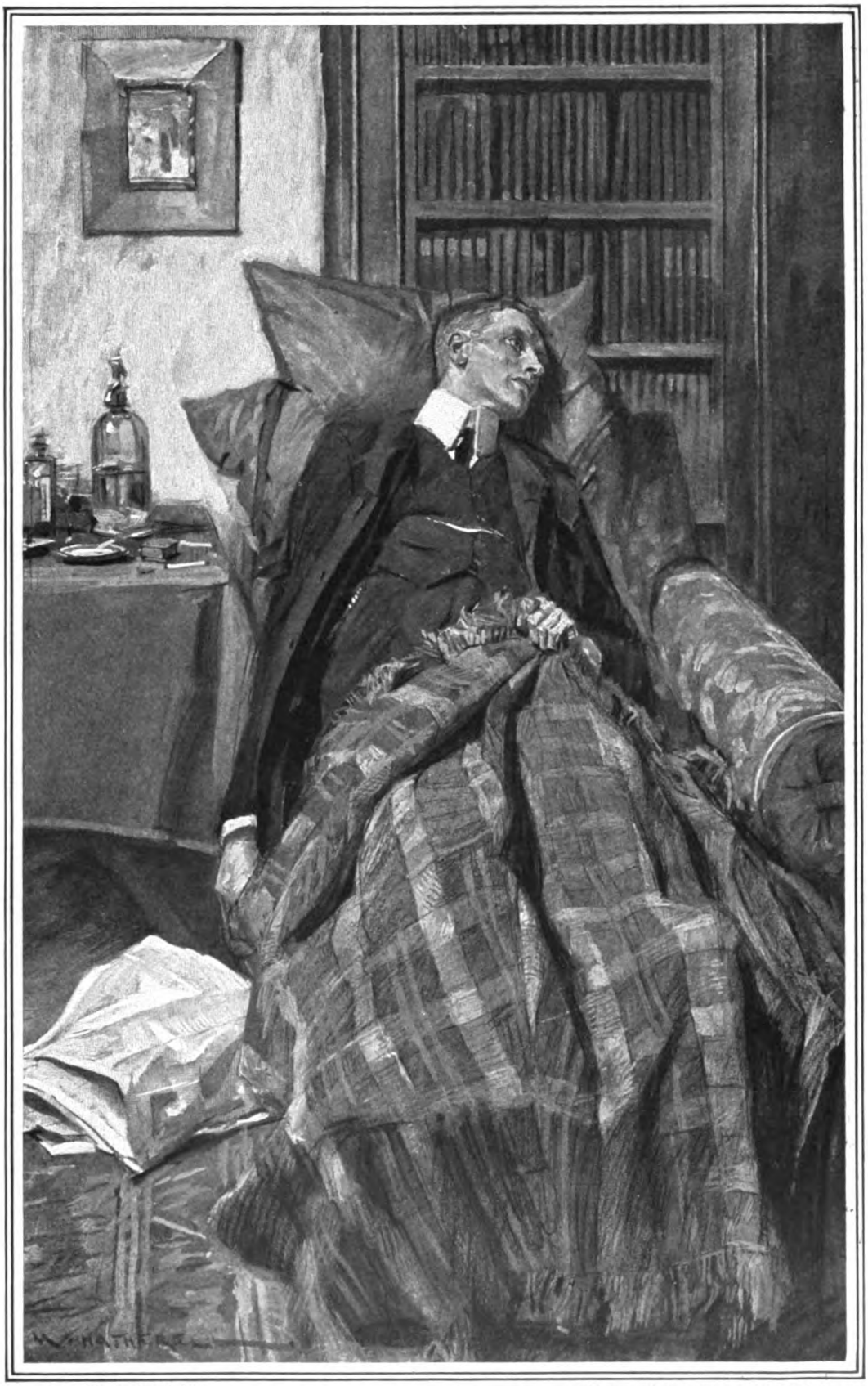
The pain, however, would not let him doze. He looked helplessly round the room, feeling depressed and wretched. Why were his mother and Alicia out so long? They neglected and forgot him. Yet he could but remember that they had both devoted themselves to him in the morning, had read to him, and written for him; and he had not been a very grateful patient. He recalled with bitterness the look of smiling relief with which Alicia had sprung up at the sound of the luncheon bell, dropping the book from which she had been reading aloud; —and the little song he had heard her humming in the corridor as she passed his door on her way down-stairs.

She was in no pain, physical or mental, and she had probably no conception of what he had endured these six days and nights. But one would have thought that mere instinctive sympathy with the man to whom she was secretly engaged—

For they were secretly engaged. It was during one of their early drives, in the canvassing of the first election, that he had lost his head one June afternoon, as they found themselves alone, crossing a beech wood on one of the private roads of the Tallyn estate; the groom having been despatched on a message to a farmhouse. Alicia was in her most daring and provocative mood, tormenting and flattering him by turns; the reflections from her rose-colored parasol dappling her pale skin with warm color; her beautiful ungloved hands and arms, bare to the elbow, teasing the senses of the man beside her. Suddenly he had thrown his arm round her and crushed her to him, kissing the smooth cool face and the dazzling hair. And she had nestled up to him and laughed,—not the least abashed or astonished; so that even then, through his excitement of nerve and pulse, there had struck a renewed and sharp speculation as to her twenty-four hours' engagement to the curate, in the spring of the year; as to the privileges she must have allowed him; and no doubt to others before him.

At that time, it was tacitly understood between them that no engagement could be announced. Alicia was well aware that Brookshire was looking on,—that Brookshire was on the side of Diana Mallory, the forsaken,—and was not at

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

LIFE HAD BROKEN UNDER HIS FEET

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all inclined to forgive either the deserting lover, or the supplanting damsel; so that while she was not loath to sting and mystify Brookshire by whatever small signs of her power over Oliver Markham she could devise; though she queened it beside him on his coach, and took charge with Lady Lucy of his army of women canvassers; though she faced the mob with him at Hartingfield, on the occasion of the first disturbance there in June, and had stood beside him, vindictively triumphant on the day of his first hard-won victory:—she would wear no ring, and she baffled all inquiries, whether of her relations or her girl friends. Her friendship with her cousin Oliver was nobody's concern but her own, she declared; and all they both wanted was to be let alone.

Meanwhile she had been shaken, and a little frightened, by the hostile feeling shown toward her, no less than Oliver, in the first election. She had taken no part in the second, although she had been staying at Tallyn all through it, and was present when Oliver was brought in, half fainting and agonized with pain, after the Hartingfield riot.

Oliver, now, lying with closed eyes on his sofa, lived again through the sensations and impressions of that first hour,—the pain—the arrival of the doctor—the injection of morphia—the blessed relief stealing through his being—and then Alicia's face beside him. Delivered from the obsession of intolerable pain, he had been free to notice with a kind of exultation the tears in the girl's eyes, her pale tremor and silence. Never yet had Alicia wept for *him*,—or anything that concerned him. Never indeed had he seen her weep, in his whole life before. He triumphed in her tears.

Since then, however, their whole relation had insensibly and radically changed; their positions toward each other were reversed. Till the day of his injury and his defeat, Markham had been in truth the wooed, and Alicia the wooer. Now it seemed to him as though, through his physical pain, he were all the time clinging to something that shrank away and resisted him; something that would ultimately elude and escape him.

He knew well that Alicia liked sickness and melancholy no more than he did; and he was perpetually torn between a desire to keep her near him, and a perception that to tie her to his sick-room was in fact the worst of policies.

Sharply — in the silence of the hot room—there rang through his brain the questions—"Do I really care whether she stays or goes?—do I love her?—shall I ever marry her?" Questions that were immediately answered, it seemed, by the rise of a wave of desolate and desperate feeling. He was maimed and ruined; life had broken under his feet. What if he were done forever with love and marriage?

There were still some traces in his veins of the sedative drug which had given him a few hours' sleep during the night. Under its influence a feverish dreaminess overtook him, alive with fancies and images. Ferrier and Diana were among the phantoms that peopled the room. He saw Ferrier come in, stoop over the newspaper on the floor, raise it, and walk toward the fire with it. The figure stood with its back to him; then suddenly it turned, and Markham saw the well known face, intent, kindly, a little frowning, as though in thought, but showing no consciousness of his, Oliver's, presence or plight. He himself wished to speak, but was only aware of useless effort, and some intangible hindrance. Then Ferrier moved on, toward a chest of drawers, that stood beyond the fireplace. He stooped and touched a handle— "No!" cried Oliver, violently— "No,"—he woke with shock and distress, his pulse racing. But the feverish state began again, and dreams with it,—of the House of Commons, the election, the faces in the Hartingfield crowd. Diana was among the crowd—looking on—vaguely beautiful and remote. Yet as he perceived her, a rush of cool air struck on his temples,—he seemed to be walking down a garden,—there was a scent of limes and roses—

"Oliver!" said his mother's voice behind him—"dear Oliver!"

He roused himself to find Lady Lucy bending over him. The pale dismay in her face excited and irritated him.

He turned away from her.

"Is Nixon come?"

"Dearest—he has just arrived. Will you see him at once?"

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"Of course!" he said, angrily. "Why doesn't Richard do as he's told?"

He raised himself into a sitting posture, while Lady Lucy went to the door. A tall man entered, with a bow,—the local doctor behind him. Lady Lucy left her son and the great surgeon together.

Nearly an hour later, Mr. Nixon, waylaid by Lady Lucy, was doing his best to compromise, as doctors must, between consideration for the mother, and truth as to the son. There was, he hoped, no irreparable injury. But the case would be long, painful, trying to everybody concerned. Owing to the mysterious nerve-sympathies of the body, the sight was already affected and would be more so. Complete rest,—certain mechanical applications,—certain drugs,—he ran through his recommendations.

"Avoid morphia, I implore you—" he said, earnestly,—"if you possibly can. Here a man's friends can be of great help to him. Cheer him and distract him in every way you can. I think we shall be able to keep the pain within bounds."

Lady Lucy looked piteously at the speaker.

"And how long?—" she said, trembling.

Mr. Nixon hesitated. "I am afraid I can hardly answer that. The blow was a most unfortunate one. It might have done a worse injury. Your son might be now a paralyzed invalid for life. But the case is very serious, nor is it possible yet to say what all the consequences of the injury may be. I fear the eyes will suffer gravely; though with local reparation, they too should recover. But keep your own courage up—and his. The better his general state, the more chance he has."

A few minutes more, and the brougham had carried him away. Lady Lucy looking after it, from the window of her sitting-room, knew that for her at last what she had been accustomed to describe every Sunday as "the sorrows of this transitory life" had begun. Till now they had been as veiled shapes in a misty distance. She had accepted them with religious submission, as applying to others. Her mind, resentful and astonished, must now admit them—pale messengers of powers unseen and pitiless!—to its own daily experience; must look unprotected, unscreened, into their stern faces.

"John—John!" cried the inner voice of agonized regret. And then—"My boy!—my boy!"

"What did he say?" asked Alicia's voice, beside her.

The sound—the arm thrown round her—were not very welcome to Lady Lucy. Her nature, imperious and jealously independent, under all her sweetness of manner, set itself against pity, especially from her juniors. She composed herself at once.

"He does not give a good account," she said, withdrawing herself gently but decidedly. "It may take a long time before Oliver is quite himself again."

Alicia persisted in a few questions, extracting all the information she could. Then Lady Lucy sat down at her writing-table, and began to arrange some letters. Alicia's presence annoyed her. The truth was that she was not as fond of Alicia as she had once been. These misfortunes, huddling one on another, instead of drawing them together, had in various and subtle ways produced a secret estrangement. To neither the older nor the younger woman could the familiar metaphor have been applied which compares the effects of sorrow or sympathy on fine character to the bruising of fragrant herbs. Ferrier's death, sorely and bitterly lamented though it was, had not made Lady Lucy more lovable. Oliver's misfortune had not—toward Lady Lucy at any rate—liberated in Alicia those hidden tendernesses that may sometimes transmute and glorify natures apparently careless or stubborn, brought eye to eye with pain. Lady Lucy, also, resented her too long exclusion from Alicia's confidence. Like all the rest of the world she believed there was an understanding between Oliver and Alicia. Of course there were reasons for not making anything of the sort public at present. But a mother, she thought, ought to have been told.

"Does Mr. Nixon recommend that Oliver should go abroad for the winter?" asked Alicia, after a pause. She was sitting on the arm of a chair, her slender feet hanging; and the combination

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of her blue linen dress with the fiery gold of her hair reminded Lady Lucy of the evening in the Eaton Square drawing-room, when she had first entertained the idea that Alicia and Oliver might marry. Oliver, standing erect in front of the fire, looking down upon Alicia in her blue tulle—his young vigor and distinction—the carriage of his handsome head:—she was never to see that sight again—never! Her heart fluttered and sank; the prison of life contracted round her.

She answered, rather shortly:

"He made no plan of the kind. Travelling in fact is absolutely forbidden for the present."

"Poor Oliver!" said Alicia, gently, her eyes on the ground.—"How *horrid* it is that I have to go away!"

"You!—when?" Lady Lucy turned sharply to look at the speaker.

"Oh! not till Saturday!—" said Alicia, hastily; "and of course I shall come back again—if you want me." She looked up with a smile.

"Oliver will certainly want you—I don't know whom he could—possibly—want—so much." Lady Lucy spoke the words with slow emphasis.

"Dear old boy!—I know—" murmured Alicia—"I needn't be long away."

"Why must you go at all? I am sure the Treshams — Lady Evelyn — would understand—"

"Oh, I promised so faithfully!" pleaded Alicia, joining her hands. "And then you know I should be able to bring all sorts of gossip back to Oliver, to amuse him."

Lady Lucy pressed her hand to her eyes in a miserable bewilderment. "I suppose it will be an immense party. You told me, I think—that Lady Evelyn had asked Lord Philip Darcy. I should be glad if you would make her understand that neither I, nor Sir James Chide, nor any other old friend of Mr. Ferrier can ever meet that man on friendly terms again." She looked up, her wrinkled cheeks flushed with color,—her aspect threatening and cold.

"Of course!" said Alicia, soothingly. "Hateful man! I too loathe the thought of meeting him. But you know how delicate Evelyn is, and how she has been depending on me to help her. Now oughtn't we to go back to Oliver?" She rose from her chair.

"Mr. Nixon left some directions to which I must attend," said Lady Lucy, turning to her desk. "Will you go and read to him?"

Alicia moved away, but paused as she neared the door.

"What did Mr. Nixon say about Oliver's eyes? He has been suffering from them dreadfully to-day."

"Everything is connected. We can only wait."

"Are you—are you thinking of a nurse?"

"No," said Lady Lucy, decidedly. "His man Richard is an excellent nurse. I shall never leave him—and you say—" she turned pointedly to look at Alicia—"you say you will come back?"

"Of course!—of course I will come back!" cried Alicia. Then stepping up briskly to Lady Lucy, she stooped and kissed her. "And there is you to look after, too!"

Lady Lucy allowed the kiss, but made no reply to the remark. Alicia departed.

She went slowly up the wide oak staircase. How stifling the house was, on this delicious afternoon! Suddenly, in the distance, she heard the sound of guns; a shooting party, no doubt, on the Melford side. Her feet danced under her, and she gave a sigh of longing for the stubbles and the sunny fields, and the companionship of handsome men, of health and vigor as flawless and riotous as her own.

Oliver was lying still with closed eyes when she rejoined him. He made no sign, as she opened the door, and she sank down on a stool beside him, and laid her head against his shoulder.

"Dear Oliver, you must cheer up," she said, softly. "You'll be well soon—quite soon—if you are only patient."

He made no reply.

"Did you like Mr. Nixon?" she asked, in the same caressing voice, gently rubbing her cheek against his arm.

"One doesn't exactly like one's executioner," he said, hoarsely and suddenly, but without opening his eyes.

"Oliver!—dearest!—" She dropped a protesting kiss on the sleeve of his coat.

Silence for a little. Alicia felt as if

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she could hardly breathe in the hot room. Then Oliver raised himself.

"I am going blind!" he said, violently.—"And nothing can be done. Did that man tell my mother that?"

"No, no!—Oliver!—" She threw her arm round him, hastily repeating and softening Nixon's opinion. He sank back on his cushions, gloomily listening,—without assent. Presently he shook his head.

"The stuff that doctors talk when they can do no good, and want to get comfortably out of the house. Alicia!—"

She bent forward startled. "Alicia!—are you going to stick to me?"

His eyes held her.

"Oliver!—what a cruel question!"

"No, it is not cruel." He spoke with a decision which took no account of her caresses. "I ought to give you up—I know that perfectly well. But I tell you frankly I shall have no motive to get well, if you leave me. I think that man told me the truth—I did my best to make him. There *is* a chance of my getting well—the thing is *not* hopeless. If you'll stand by me,—I'll fight through. Will you?" He looked at her with a threatening and painful eagerness.

"Of course I will," she said, promptly.

"Then let us tell my mother to-night that we are engaged? Mind, I am not deceiving you. I would give you up at once, if I were hopelessly ill. I am only asking you to bear a little waiting—and wretchedness—for my sake."

"I will bear anything. Only, dear Oliver,—for your sake—for mine—wait a little longer!—You know what horrible gossip there's been—" she clung to him, murmuring,—"I couldn't bear that anybody should speak or think harshly of you now. It can make no difference to you and me; but two or three months hence, everybody would take it so differently. You know we said in June—six months."

Her voice was coaxing and sweet. He partially withdrew himself from her, however.

"At least you can tell my mother," he said, insisting. "Of course she suspects it all."

"Oh, but, dear Oliver!—" she brought her face nearer to his, and he saw the tears in her eyes—"one's own mother ought to know first of all. Mamma would be so hurt—she would never forgive me. Let me pay this horrid visit—and then go home and tell my people—if you really, really wish it. Afterward of course I shall come back to you—and Cousin Lucy shall know—and at Christmas—everybody."

"What visit? You *are* going to Eastham?—to the Treshams?" It was a cry of incredulous pain.

"How *can* I get out of it, dear Oliver? Evelyn has been *so* ill!—and she's been depending on me—and I owe her so much. You know how good she was to me in the season."

He lifted himself again on his cushions, surveying her ironically—his eyes sunken and weak—his aspect ghastly.

"Well—how long do you mean to stay? Is Lord Philip going to be there?"

"What do I care whether he is or not!"

"You said, you were longing to know him."

"That was before you were ill."

"I don't see any logic in that remark." He lay looking at her. Then suddenly he put out an arm, pulled her down to him feebly and kissed her. But the movement hurt him. He turned away with some broken words, or rather moans, stifled against his pillows.

"Dear, do lie still.—Shall I read to you?"

He shook his head.

"Don't stay with me. I shall be better after dinner."

She rose obediently, touched him caressingly with her hand, drew a light shawl over him,—and stole away.

When she reached her own room, she stood a moment frowning and absorbed, beside the open window. Then some one knocked at her door. It was her maid, who came in carrying a large light box.

Alicia flew towards her.

"From Cosette!—Heavens!—Oh, Benson, quick! Put it down. I'll help you."

The maid obeyed, and ran to the dressing-table for scissors. Cords and tapes were soon cut in the hurry of unpacking, and from the crackling tissue-paper there emerged an evening gown of some fresh snowy stuff, delicately painted and embroidered, which drew from the maid little shrieks of admiration.

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Alicia looked at it more critically.

"The lace is not good enough," she said, twisting her lip; "and I shall make her give me some more embroidery than that, on the bodice—for the money—I can tell her! However, it is pretty—much prettier, isn't it, Benson, than that gown of Lady Evelyn's I took it from? She'll be jealous!"—the girl laughed triumphantly. "Well, now look here, Benson, we're going on Saturday, and I want to look through my gowns. Get them out, and I'll see if there's anything I can send home."

The maid's face fell.

"I packed some of them this morning, miss—in the large American trunk. I thought they'd keep better there than anywhere. It took a lot of time."

"Oh, never mind. You can easily pack them again. I really must go through them."

The maid unwillingly obeyed; and soon the room—bed, sofa, chairs—was covered with costly gowns, for all hours of the day and night; walking dresses, in autumn stuffs and colors, ready for the moors and stubbles; afternoon frocks of an elaborate simplicity, expensively girlish; evening dresses in an amazing variety of hue and fabric; with every possible adjunct in the way of flowers, gloves, belt, that dressmakers and customer could desire.

Alicia looked at it all with glowing cheeks. She reflected that she had really spent the last cheque she had made her father give her, to very great advantage. There were very few people of her acquaintance, girls or married women, who knew how to get as much out of money as she did.

In her mind, she ran over the list of guests, invited to the Eastham party,—as her new friend Lady Evelyn had confided it to her. Nothing could be smarter; but the competition among the women would be terribly keen. "Of course I can't touch duchesses," she thought, laughing to herself;—"or American millionaires. But I shall do!"

And her mind ran forward, in a dream of luxury and delight. She saw herself sitting or strolling in vast rooms, amid admiring groups; mirrors reflected her; she heard the rustle of her gowns, on parquet or marble, the merry sound of her own laughter; other girls threw her the incense of their envy and imitation; and men, fresh and tanned from shooting, breathing the joy of physical life, devoted themselves to her pleasure, or encircled her with homage. Not always chivalrous, or delicate, or properly behaved,—these men, of her imagination! What matter? She loved adventures! And moving like a king among the rest, she saw the thin, travel-beaten, eccentric form of Lord Philip—the hated, adored, pursued; Society's idol and bugbear all in one; Lord Philip, who shunned and disliked women; on whom, nevertheless, the ambitions and desires of some of the loveliest women in England were on that account alone, and at this moment of his political triumph, the more intently and the more greedily fixed.

A flash of excitement ran through her. In Lady Evelyn's letter of that morning, there was a mention of Lord Philip. "I told him you were to be here. He made a note of it; and I do at last believe he won't throw us over as he generally does."

She dressed, still in a reverie, speechless under her maid's hands. Then, as she emerged upon the gallery, looking down upon the ugly hall of Tallyn, she remembered that she had promised to go back after dinner and read to Oliver. Her nature rebelled, in a moral and physical nausea; and it was all she could do to meet Lady Lucy, at their solitary dinner, with her usual good temper.

CHAPTER XXII

SIR JAMES CHIDE was giving tea to a couple of guests at Lytchett Manor. It was a Saturday in late September. The beech trees visible through the drawing-room windows were still untouched, and heavily green; but their transformation was approaching. Soon, steeped in incredible splendors of orange and gold, they would stand upon the leaf-strewn grass, waiting for the night of rain, or the touch of frost, which should at last disrobe them.

"If you imagine, Miss Ettie," said Sir James severely to a young lady beside him, "that I place the smallest faith in any of Bobbie's remarks or protestations—"

The girl addressed smiled into his

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face, undaunted. She was a small elfish creature with a thin face, on the slenderest of necks. But in her queer little countenance a pair of laughing eyes, out of all proportion to the rest of her, for loveliness and effect, gave her and kept her the attention of the world. They lent distinction—fascination even—to a character of simple virtues and girlish innocence.

Bobbie lounged behind her chair, his arms on the back of it. He took Sir James's attack upon him with calm. "Shall I show him the letter of my beastly chairman?" he said, in the girl's ear.

She nodded, and Bobbie drew from his breast pocket a folded sheet of blue paper, and pompously handed it to Sir James.

The letter was from the chairman of a leading bank in Berlin, a man well known in European finance. It was couched in very civil terms and contained the offer, to Mr. Robert Forbes, of a post in the Lindner bank, as an English correspondence clerk, at a salary in marks, which when translated meant about £140 a year.

Sir James read it, and handed it back. "Well, what's the meaning of that?"

"I'm giving up the Foreign Office," said Bobbie, with an engaging openness of manner. "It's not a proper place for a young man. I've learned nothing there but a game we do with Blue-books, and things you throw at the ceiling—where they stick—I'll tell you about it presently. Besides, you see, I must have some money; and it don't grow in the Foreign Office, for people like me. So I went to my uncle, Lord Forestier—"

"Of course!" growled Sir James. "I thought we should come to the uncles before long. Miss Wilson, I desire to warn you against marrying a young man of 'the classes.' They have no morals—but they have always uncles."

Miss Wilson's eyes shot laughter at her *fiancé*. "Go on, Bobbie—and don't make it too long!"

"I decline to be hustled." Bobbie's tone was firm, though urbane. "I repeat—I went to my uncle. And I said to him—like the unemployed—'Find me work—and none of your d—d charity!'"

"Which means, I suppose—that the last time you went to him, you borrowed fifty pounds?" said Sir James.

"I shouldn't dream, sir, of betraying my uncle's affairs. On this occasion—for an uncle—he behaved well. He lectured me for twenty-seven minutes and a half—I had made up my mind beforehand not to let it go over the half hour—and then he came to business. After a year's training and probation in Berlin, he thought he could get me a post in his brother-in-law's place in the City. Awfully warm thing, you know," said Bobbie, complacently; "worth a little trouble. So I told him, kindly, I'd think of it. Ecco!"—he pointed to the letter. "Of course I told my uncle I should permit him to continue my allowance, and in a year I shall be a merchant prince—in the egg; I shall be worth marrying; and I shall allow Ettie two hundred a year for her clothes."

"And Lady Niton?"

Bobbie sat down abruptly; the girl stared at the carpet.

"I don't see the point of your remark," said Bobbie at last, with mildness. "When last I had the honor of hearing of her, Lady Niton was taking the air—or the waters—at Strathpeffer."

"As far as I know," remarked Sir James, "she is staying with the Fentons, five miles off, at this moment."

Bobbie whistled. "Close quarters!" He looked at Miss Ettie Wilson; and she at him. "May I ask whether, as soon as Ettie and I invited ourselves for the day, you asked Lady Niton to come to tea?"

"Not at all. I never play Providence, unless I'm told to do so. Only Miss Mallory is coming to tea."

Bobbie expressed pleasure at the prospect; then his amiable countenance—the face of an "Idle Apprentice," whom no god has the heart to punish—sobered to a real concern, as the association of ideas led him to inquire what the latest news might be of Oliver Markham.

Sir James shook his head; his look clouded. He understood from Lady Lucy that Oliver was no better; the accounts in fact were very bad.

"Did they arrest anybody?" asked Bobbie.

"At Hartingfield? Yes — two lads. But there was not evidence enough to convict. They were both released; and the village gave them an ovation."

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Bobbie hesitated.

"What do you think was the truth about that article?"

Sir James frowned and rose.

"Miss Wilson, come and see my garden. If you don't fall down and worship the peaches on my south wall, I shall not pursue your acquaintance."

It was a Saturday afternoon. Briefs were forgotten. The three strolled down the garden. Sir James in a disreputable shooting coat and cap, his hands deep in his pockets, took the middle of the path —the two lovers on either side. Chide made himself delightful to them. On that Italian journey of which he constantly thought, Ferrier had been amused and cheered all through by Bobbie's nonsense; and the young fellow had loyally felt his death—and shown it. Chide's friendly eye would be on him and his Ettie henceforward.

Five or ten minutes afterward, a brougham drove up to the door of Lytchett, and a small lady emerged. She had rung the bell, and was waiting on the steps, when a pony carriage also turned into the Lytchett avenue and drew near rapidly.

A girl in a shady hat was driving it.

"The very creature!" cried Lady Niton under her breath, smartly tapping her tiny boot with the black cane she carried, and referring apparently to some train of meditation in which she had been just engaged. She waved to her own coachman to be off, and stood awaiting Diana.

"How do you do, Miss Mallory? Are you invited? I'm not."

Diana descended, and they shook hands. They had not met since the evening at Tallyn when Diana in her fresh beauty had been the gleaming princess, and Lady Niton the friendly godmother, of so promising a fairy tale. The old woman looked at her curiously, as they stood in the drawing-room together, while the footman went off to find Sir James. Frail—dark lines under the eyes—a look as of long endurance—a smile that was a mere shield and concealment for the heart beneath,—alack!

And there was no comfort to be got out of calling down fire from heaven on the author of this change,—since it had fallen so abundantly already!

"Sit down; you look tired," said the old lady in her piping, peremptory voice. "Have you been here all the summer?"

"Yes—since June."

"Through the election?"

"Yes." Diana turned her face away. Lady Niton could see the extreme delicacy to which the profile had fined down, the bluish or purple shadows here and there on the white skin. Something glittered in the old woman's eyes. She put out a hand from the queer flounced mantle, made out of an ancient evening dress, in which she was arrayed, and touched Diana's.

"You know—you've heard—about those poor things at Tallyn?"

Diana made a quick movement. Her eyes were on the speaker.

"How is Mr. Markham?"

Lady Niton shook her head. She opened a hand-bag on her wrist, took out a letter, and put on her eye-glasses.

"This is Lucy—arrived this morning. It don't sound well. 'Come when you can, my dear Elizabeth—you will be very welcome. But I do not know how I have the courage to ask you. We are a depressing pair, Oliver and I. Oliver has been in almost constant pain this last week. If it goes on, we must try morphia. But before that, we shall see another doctor. I dread to think of morphia. Once begin it—and what will be the end? I sit here alone a great deal—thinking. How long did that stone take to throw?—a few seconds perhaps? And here is my son—my poor son!—broken and helpless—perhaps for life. We have been trying a secretary to write for him, and read to him, for the blindness increases; but it has not been a success.'"

Diana rose abruptly, and walked to the window, where she stood, motionless—looking out—her back turned to Lady Niton. Her companion glanced at her—lifted her eyebrows—hesitated—and finally put the letter back into her pocket. There was an awkward silence, when Diana, suddenly, returned to Lady Niton's side.

"Where is Miss Drake?" she said, sharply. "Is the marriage put off?"

"Marriage!"—Lady Niton laughed. "Alicia and Oliver? H'm. I don't think we shall hear much more of that!"

"I thought it was settled."

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"Well, as soon as I heard of the accident, and Oliver's condition, I wondered to myself how long that young woman would keep it up. I have no doubt the situation gave her a disturbed night or two. Alicia never can have had the smallest intention of spending her life, or the best years of it, in nursing a sick husband. On the other hand, money is money. So she went off to the Treshams—to see if there was no third course—that's how I read it."

"The Treshams?—a visit?—since the accident?"

"Don't look so astonished, my dear. You don't know the Alicias of this world. But I admit we should be dull without them. There's a girl at the Fentons' who has just come down from the Treshams, and I wouldn't have missed her stories of Alicia for a good deal. She's been setting her cap, it appears, at Lord Philip. However,"—Lady Niton chuckled—"*there*, she met her match."

"But they *are* engaged?" said Diana in bewildered interrogation.

The little lady's laugh ran out—shrill and cracked—like the crow of a bantam.

"She and Lord Philip? Trust Lord Philip!"

"No, I didn't mean that!"

"She and Oliver? I've no doubt Oliver thinks—or thought—they were. What view he takes now, poor fellow, I'm sure I don't know. But I don't somehow think Alicia will be able to carry on the game indefinitely. Lady Lucy is losing patience."

Diana sat in silence. Lady Niton could not exactly decipher her. But she guessed at a conflict between a scrupulous or proud unwillingness to discuss the matter at all, or hear it discussed, and some motive deeper still and more imperative.

"Lady Lucy has been ill too?" Diana inquired at last, in the same voice of constraint.

"Oh, very unwell indeed. A poor broken thing! And there don't seem to be anybody to look after them. Mrs. Fotheringham is about as much good as a broomstick. Every family ought to keep a supply of superfluous girls. They're like the army—useless in peace, and indispensable in war. Ha! here's Sir James."

Both ladies perceived Sir James, coming briskly up the garden path. As she saw him, a thought struck Diana—a thought which concerned Lady Niton. It broke down the tension of her look, and there was the gleam of a smile—sad still, and touching,—in the glance she threw at her companion. She had been asked to tea to meet a couple of guests from London with whose affairs she was well acquainted; and she too thought Sir James had been playing Providence.

Sir James, evidently conscious, saw the raillery in her face, pinched her fingers as she gave him her hand, and Diana, passing him, escaped to the garden, very certain that she should find the couple in question somewhere among its shades.

Lady Niton examined Sir James—looked after Diana.

"Look here!" she said, abruptly; "what's up? You two understand something I don't. Out with it!"

Sir James, who could always blush like a girl, blushed.

"I vow that I am as innocent as a babe unborn!"

"What of?" The tone of the demand was like that of a sword in the drawing.

"I have some guests here to-day."

"Who are they?"

"A young man you know—a young woman you would like to know."

Silence. Lady Niton sat down again.

"Kindly ring the bell," she said, lifting a peremptory hand, "and send for my carriage."

"Let me parley an instant," said Sir James, moving between her and the bell. "Bobbie is just off to Berlin. Won't you say good-by to him?"

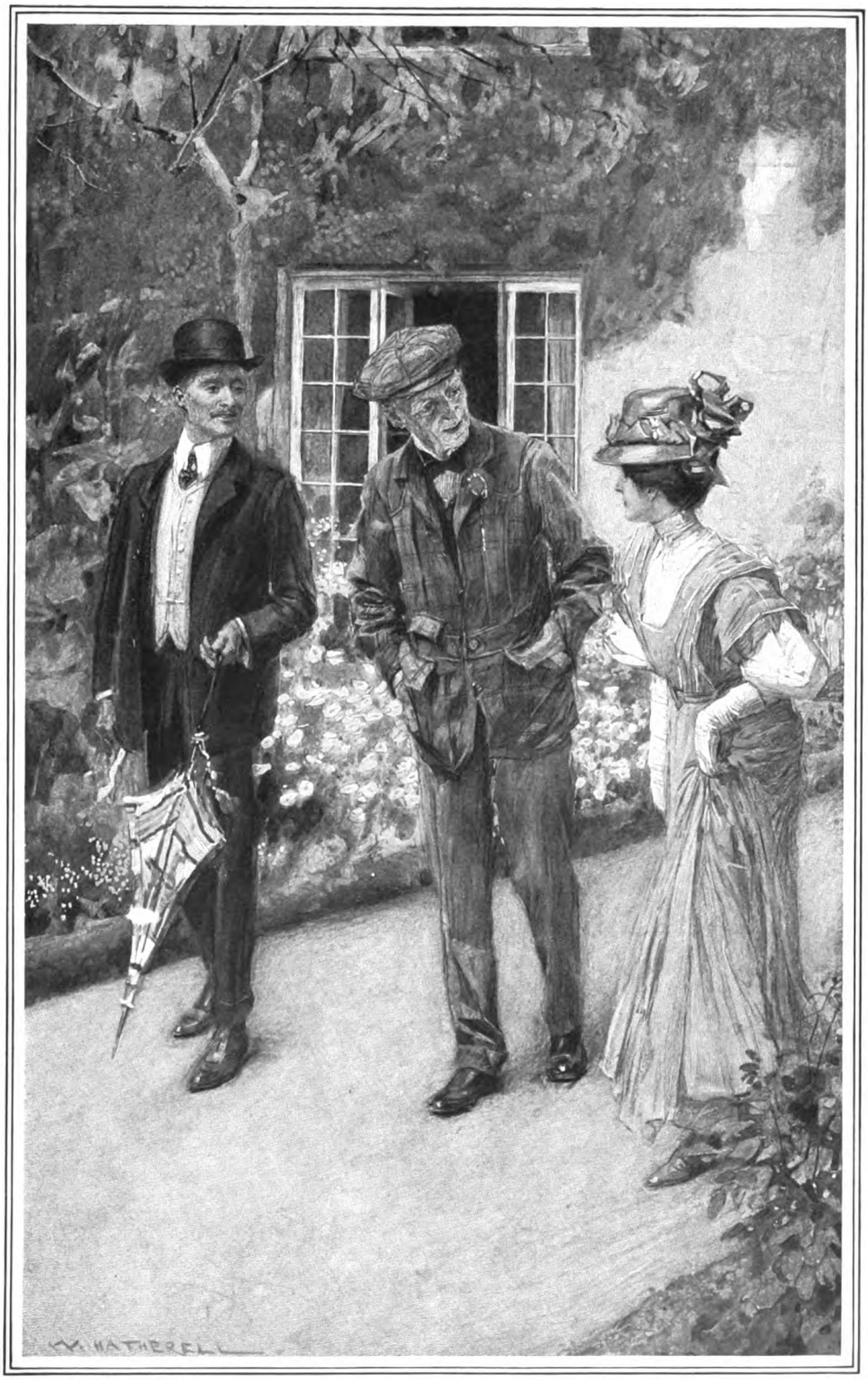
"Mr. Forbes's movements are entirely indifferent to me—ring!" Then, shrill-voiced—and with sudden fury, like a bird ruffling up—"Berlin indeed! More waste—more shirking! He needn't come to me! I won't give him another penny."

"I don't advise you to offer it," said Sir James, with suavity. "Bobbie has got a post in Berlin, through his uncle—and is going off for a twelvemonth, to learn banking."

Lady Niton sat blinking, and speechless. Sir James drew the muslin curtain back from the window.

"There they are, you see—Bobbie—and the Explanation. And if you ask me, I think the Explanation explains."

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

SIR JAMES MADE HIMSELF DELIGHTFUL TO THEM

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Lady Niton put up her gold-rimmed glasses.

"She is not in the least pretty!" she said, with hasty venom, her old hand shaking.

"No, but fetching,—and a good girl. She worships her Bobbie—and she's sending him away for a year."

"I won't allow it!" cried Lady Niton. "He sha'n't go."

Sir James shrugged his shoulders.

"These are domestic brawls—I decline them. Ah!"—he turned to the window, opening it wide. She did not move. He made a signal, and two of the three persons who had just appeared on the lawn came running toward the house. Diana loitered behind.

Lady Niton looked at the two young faces as they reached her side,—the mingling of laughter and anxiety in the girl's, of pride and embarrassment in Bobbie's.

"You sha'n't go to Berlin!" she said to him, vehemently, as she just allowed him to take her hand.

"Dear Lady Niton!—I must."

"You sha'n't!—I tell you! I've got you a place in London—a thousand times better than your fool of an uncle could ever get you. Uncle indeed! Read that letter!" She tossed him one from her bag.

Bobbie read, while Lady Niton stared hard at the girl. Presently Bobbie began to gasp.

"Well, upon my word!"—he put the letter down—"upon my word!" He turned to his sweetheart—"Ettie!—you marry me in a month!—mind that! Hang Berlin! I scorn their mean proposals. London requires me." He drew himself up. "But first"—he looked at Lady Niton, his flushed face twitching a little. "Justice!" he said, peremptorily—"justice on the chief offender."

And walking across to her, he stooped and kissed her. Then he beckoned to Ettie to do the same. Very shyly the girl ventured; very stoically the victim submitted. Whereupon Bobbie subsided, sitting cross-legged on the floor, and a violent quarrel began immediately between him and Lady Niton on the subject of the part of London in which he and Ettie were to live. Fiercely the conflict waxed and waned, while the young girl's soft irrepressible laughter filled up all gaps, and like a rushing stream carried away the detritus—the tempers, and rancors, and scorns,—left by former convulsions.

Meanwhile Diana and Sir James paced the garden. He saw that she was silent and absent-minded, and guessed uneasily at the cause. It was impossible that any woman of her type, who had gone through the experience that she had, should remain unmoved by the accounts now current as to Oliver Markham's state.

As they returned across the lawn to the house, the two lovers came out to meet them. Sir James saw the look with which Diana watched them coming. It seemed to him one of the sweetest, and one of the most piteous, he had ever seen on a human face.

"I shall descend upon you next week," said Lady Niton, abruptly, as Diana made her farewells. "I shall be at Tallyn."

Diana did not reply. The little *fiancée* insisted on the right to take her to her pony carriage, and kissed her tenderly before she let her go. Diana had already become as a sister to her and Bobbie, trusted in their secrets, and advising in their affairs.

Lady Niton, standing by Sir James, looked after her.

"Well, there's only one thing in the world that girl wants; and I suppose nobody in their senses ought to help her to it."

"What do you mean?"

She murmured a few words in his ear.

"Not a bit of it!" said Sir James, violently. "I forbid it. Don't you go and put anything of the sort into her head. The young man I mean her to marry comes back from Nigeria this very day."

"She won't marry him!"

"We shall see."

Diana drove home through lanes suffused with sunset and rich with autumn. There had been much rain through September, and the deluged earth steamed under the return of the sun. Mists were rising from the stubbles, and wrapping the woods in sleep and purple. To her the beauty of it all was of a masque or pageant—seen from a distance across a

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plain, or through a street opening—lovely, and remote. All that was real—all that lived—was the image within the mind; not the great earth show without.

As she passed through the village, she fell in with the Roughsedges; the Doctor with his wide-awake on the back of his head, a book and a bulging umbrella under his arm; Mrs. Roughsedge, in a new shawl, and new bonnet-strings, with a prodigal flutter of side curls beside her ample countenance. Hugh, it appeared, was expected by an evening train. Diana begged that he might be brought up to see her some time in the course of the following afternoon. Then she drove on, and Mrs. Roughsedge was left staring discontentedly at her husband.

"I think she *was* glad, Henry?"

"Think it, my dear—if it does you any good," said the Doctor, cheerfully.

When Diana reached home, night had fallen, a moonlit night, through which all the shapes and even the colors of day were still to be seen or divined, in a softened and pearly mystery. Muriel Colwood was not at home. She had gone to town, on one of her rare absences, to meet some relations. Diana missed her, and yet was conscious that even the watch of those kind eyes would—to-night—have added to the passionate torment of thought.

As she sat there in the drawing-room after her short and solitary meal, her nature bent and trembled under the blowing of those winds of fate, which, like gusts among autumn trees, have tested or strained or despoiled the frail single life since time began; winds of love and pity, of desire and memory, of anguish and of longing.

Only her dog kept her company. Sometimes she rose out of restlessness, and moved about the room, and the dog's eyes would follow her, dumbly dependent. The room was dimly lit; in the mirrors she saw now and then the ghostly passage of some one who seemed herself and not herself. The windows were open to a misty garden, waiting for moonrise; in the house all was silence; only from the distant road and village came voices sometimes of children; or the sounds of a barrel-organ, fragmentary and shrill.

Loneliness ached in her heart,—spoke to her from the future. And five miles away, Oliver too was lonely,—and in pain. *Pain!*—the thought of it, as of something embodied and devilish, clutching and tearing at a man already crushed and helpless—gave her no respite. The tears ran down her cheeks, as she moved to and fro, her hands at her breast.

Yet she was helpless. What could she do? Even if he were free from Alicia; even if he wished to recall her; how could he—maimed and broken—take the steps that could alone bring her to his side? If their engagement had subsisted, horror, catastrophe, the approach of death itself, could have done nothing to part them. Now, how was a man in such a plight to ask from a woman, what yet the woman would pay a universe to give?—And in the face of the man's silence, how could the woman speak?

No!—she began to see her life as the Vicar saw it,—pledged to large causes,—given to drudgeries—necessary, perhaps noble, for which the happy are not meant. This quiet shelter of Beechcote could not be hers much longer. If she was not to go to Oliver, impossible that she could live on in this rose-scented stillness of the old house and garden, surrounded by comfort, tranquillity, beauty, while the agony of the world rang in her ears,—wild voices!—speaking universal, terrible, representative things, yet in tones piteously dear and familiar, close, close to her heart. No—like Marion Vincent—she must take her life in her hands, offering it day by day to this hungry human need, not stopping to think, accepting the first task to her hand, doing it as best she could. Only so could she still her own misery; tame, silence her own grief; grief first and above all for Oliver, grief for her own youth, grief for her parents. She must turn to the poor, in that mood she had in the first instance refused to allow the growth of in herself; the mood of one seeking an opiate, an anæsthetic. The scrubbing of hospital floors; the pacing of dreary streets on mechanical errands; the humblest slavery and routine; things that must be done, and in the doing of them deaden thought:—these were what she turned to, as the only means by which life could be lived.

Oliver!—No hope for him?—at thirty-

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six! His career broken—his ambition defeated. Nothing before him, but the decline of power and joy; nights of barren endurance, separating days empty and tortured; all natural pleasures deadened and destroyed; the dying down of all the hopes and energies that make a man.

She threw herself down beside the open window, burying her face on her knees. Would they never let her go to him?—never let her say to him—"Oliver, take me!—you did love me once—what matters what came between us? That was in another world. Take my life—crush out of it any drop of comfort or of ease it can give you! Cruel, cruel—to refuse! It is mine to give—and yours to spend!"

Juliet Sparling's daughter. There was the great consecrating, liberating fact! What claim had she to the ordinary human joys? What could the ordinary standards and expectations of life demand from her? Nothing!—nothing that could stem this rush of the heart to the beloved,—the forsaken, and suffering, and overshadowed beloved. Her future?—she held it dross,—apart from Oliver. Dear Sir James!—but he must learn to bear it—to admit that she stood alone, and must judge for herself. What possible bliss or reward could there ever be for her, but just this?—to be allowed to watch and suffer with Oliver—to bring him the invention, the patience, the healing divination of her love? And if it were not to be hers, then what remained was to go down into the arena, where all that is ugliest and most piteous in life bleeds and gasps, and throw herself blindly into the fight. Perhaps some heavenly voice might still speak through it; perhaps, beyond its jar, some ineffable reunion might dawn,—

> First a peace out of pain—then a light—
> then thy breast! . . .

She trembled through and through. Restraining herself, she rose, and went to her locked desk, taking from it the closely written journal of her father's life, which had now been for months the companion of her thoughts, and of the many lonely moments in her days and nights. She opened on a passage tragically familiar to her.

"It is an April day. Everything is very still and balmy. The clouds are low, yet suffused with sun. They seem to be tangled among the olives, and all the spring green and flowering fruit trees are like embroidery on a dim yet shining background of haze, silvery and glistening in the sun, blue and purple in the shadows. The peach-trees in the olive garden throw up their pink spray, among the shimmering gray leaf, and beside the gray stone walls. Warm breaths steal to me over the grass, and through the trees; the last brought with it a strong scent of narcissus. A goat tethered to a young tree in the orchard, has reared its front feet against the stem, and is nibbling at the branches. His white back shines amid the light spring shade.

"Far down through the trees I can see the sparkle of the waves,—beyond, the broad plain of blue; and on the headland, a mile away, white foam is dashing.

"It is the typical landscape of the South, and of spring; the landscape, with only differences in detail, of Theocritus or Vergil, or the Greek anthologists, those most delicate singers of nature and the South. From the beginning, it has filled man with the same joy, the same yearning, the same despair.

"In youth and happiness we *are* the spring—the young green—the blossom—the plashing waves. Their life is ours and one with ours.

"But in age and grief? There is no resentment, I think; no anger as though a mourner resented the gayety around him:—but rather a deep and melancholy wonder at the chasm that has now revealed itself between our life and nature. What does the breach mean?—the incurable dissonance and alienation? Are we greater than nature, or less? Is the opposition final, the prophecy of man's ultimate and hopeless defeat at the hands of nature?—or is it, in the Hegelian sense, the mere development of a necessary conflict, leading to a profounder and intenser unity? The old, old questions:—stock possessions of the race,—yet burned anew by life into the blood and brain of the individual.

"I see Diana in the garden with her nurse. She has been running to and fro, playing with the dog, feeding the goat. Now I see her sitting still, her chin on her hands, looking out to sea. She seems to droop; but I am sure she is not tired.

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It is an attitude not very natural to a child, especially to a child so full of physical health and vigor; yet she often falls into it.

"When I see it, I am filled with dread. She knows nothing—yet the cloud seems to be upon her. Does she already ask herself questions — about her father—about this solitary life?

"Juliet was not herself—not in her full sane mind, when I promised her. That I know. But I could no more have refused the promise, than water to her dying lips. One awful evening of fever and hallucination, I had been sitting by her for a long time. Her thoughts, poor sufferer, had been full of *blood,*—it is hard to write it—but there is the truth, —a physical horror of blood,—the blood in which her dress—the dress they took from her, her first night in prison—was once steeped. She saw it everywhere, on her hands, the sheets, the walls; it was a nausea, an agony of brain and flesh; and yet it was of course but a mere symbol and shadow of the manifold agony she had gone through. I will not attempt to describe what I felt,—what the man who knows that his neglect and selfishness drove her the first steps along this infernal road, must feel to his last hour. —But at last we were able—the nurse and I—to soothe her a little. The nightmare lifted—we gave her food,—and the nurse brushed her poor brown hair, and tied round it, loosely, the little black scarf she liked to wear. We lifted her on her pillows, and her white face grew calm, and so lovely,—though, as we thought, very near to death. Her hair, which was cut in prison, had grown again a little—to her neck; and could not help curling. It made her look a child again,—poor piteous child!—so did the little scarf, tied under her chin,—and the tiny proportions to which all her frame had shrunk.

"She lifted her face to mine, as I bent over her, kissed me and asked for you. You were brought, and I took you on my knee, showing you pictures, to keep you quiet. But every other minute almost, your eyes looked away from the book to her,—with that grave considering look, as though a question were behind the look, to which your little brain could not yet give shape. My strange impression was that the question was there—in the mind—fully formed, like the Platonic 'ideas' in heaven; but that, physically, there was no power to make the word-copy that could have alone communicated it to us. Your mother looked at you in return, intently,—quite still. When you began to get restless, I lifted you up to kiss her; you were startled perhaps by the cold of her face, and struggled away. A little color came into her cheeks; she followed you hungrily with her eyes as you were carried off; then she signed to me, and it was my hand that brushed away her tears.

"Immediately afterward, she began to speak, with wonderful will and self-control; and she asked me that till you were grown up and knowledge became inevitable, I should tell you nothing. There was to be no talk of her, no picture of her, no letters. As far as possible, during your childhood and youth, she was to be to you as though she had never existed. What her thought was exactly, she was too feeble to explain; nor was her mind strong enough to envisage all the consequences—to me, as well as to you—of what she proposed. No doubt it tortured her to think of you as growing up under the cloud of her name and fate; and with her natural and tragic impetuosity she asked what she did.

"'One day—there will come some one —who will love her—in spite of me. Then you and he—shall tell her.'

"I pointed out to her that such a course would mean that I must change my name and live abroad. Her eyes assented, with a look of relief. She knew that I had already developed the tastes of the nomad and the sun-worshipper, that I was a student, happy in books and solitude; and I have no doubt that the picture her mind formed at the moment of some such hidden life together, as we have actually led, you and I, since her death, soothed and consoled her. With her intense and poetic imagination, she knew well what had happened to us, as well as to herself.

"So here we are in this hermitage; and except in a few passing perfunctory words, I have never spoken to you of her. Whether what I have done is wise, I cannot tell. I could not help it; and if I had broken my word, remorse would have killed me. I shall not die, however,

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without telling you—if only I have warning enough.

"But supposing there is no warning—then all that I write now, and much else, will be in your hands some day. There are moments when I feel a rush of comfort at the notion that I may never have to watch your face as you hear the story; there are others when the longing to hold you—child as you still are—against my heart, and feel your tears—your tears for her—mingling with mine, almost sweeps me off my feet.

"And when you grow older my task in all its aspects will be harder still. You have inherited her beauty on a larger, ampler scale, and the time will come for lovers. You will hear of your mother then for the first time; my mind trembles even now at the thought of it. For the story may work out ill, or well, in a hundred different ways; and what we did in love, may one day be seen as an error and folly, avenging itself not on us, but on our child.

"Nevertheless—my Diana—if it had to be done again—it must still be done. Your mother before she died was tortured by no common pains of body and spirit. Yet she never thought of herself—she was tormented for us. If her vision was clouded, her prayer unwise,—in that hour, no argument, no resistance was possible.

"The man who loves you, will love you well, my child. You are not made to be lightly, or faithlessly loved. He will carry you through the passage perilous, if I am no longer there to help. To him—in the distant years—I commit you. On him be my blessing,—and the blessing too of that poor ghost, whose hands I seem to hold in mine as I write. Let him be not too proud to take it!"

Diana put down the book with a low sob that sounded through the quiet room. Then she opened the garden door and stepped on to the terrace. The night was cold but not frosty; there was a waning moon above the autumnal fulness of the garden and the woods.

A "spirit in her feet" impelled her. She went back to the house, found a cloak and hat, put out the lamps, and sent the servants to bed. Then noiselessly she once more undid the drawing-room door, and stole out into the garden, and across the lawn. Soon she was in the lime-walk, the first yellow leaves crackling beneath her feet; then in the kitchen garden, where the apples shone dimly on the laden boughs, where sunflowers, and dahlias, and marigolds, tall white daisies, and late roses,—the ghosts of their daylight selves—dreamt and drooped under the moon; where the bees slept and only great moths were abroad. And so on to the climbing path, and the hollows of the down. She walked quickly along the edge of it, through hanging woods of beech that clothed the hillside. Sometimes the trees met in majestic darkness above her head, and the path was a glimmering mystery before her. Sometimes the ground broke away, on her left,—abruptly—in great chasms, torn from the hillside, stripped of trees, and open to the stars. Down rushed the steep slopes to the plain, clad in the decaying leaf and mast of former years, and at the edge of these precipitous glades, or scattered at long intervals across them, great single trees emerged, the types and masters of the forest, their trunks, incomparably tall, and all their noble limbs, now thinly veiled by a departing leafage, drawn sharp, in black and silver, on the pale background of the chalk plain. Nothing so grandiose as these climbing beech woods of middle England!—by day, as it were, some vast procession marching joyously over hill and dale to the music of the birds and the wind; and at night, a brooding host, silent yet animate, waiting the signal of the dawn.

Diana passed through them, drinking in the exaltation of their silence and their strength, yet driven on by the mere weakness and foolishness of love. By following the curve of the down, she could reach a point on the hillside whence, on a rising ground to the north, Tallyn was visible. She hastened thither through the night. Once she was startled by a shot fired from a plantation near the path, trees began to rustle and dogs to bark, and she fled on, in terror lest the Tallyn keepers might discover her. Alack!—for whose pleasure were they watching now?

The trees fell back. She reached the bare shoulder of the down. Northwards and eastwards spread the plain; and, on

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the low hill in front, her eyes discerned the pale patch of Tallyn, flanked by the darkness of the woods. And in that dim front, a light—surely a light—in an upper window. She sank down in a hollow of the chalk, her eyes upon the house, murmuring and weeping.

So she watched with Oliver, as once—at the moment of her sharpest pain—he had watched with her. But whereas in that earlier night, everything was in the man's hands to will or to do,—the woman felt herself now helpless and impotent. His wealth, his mother hedged him from her. And if not, he had forgotten her altogether for Alicia; he cared for her no more; it would merely add to his burden to be reminded of her. As to Alicia,—the girl who could cruelly leave him there, in that house of torture, to go and dance and amuse herself,—leave him in his pain, his mother in her sorrow,—Diana's whole being was shaken first with an anguish of resentful scorn, in which everything personal to herself disappeared. Then—by an immediate revulsion—the thought of Alicia was a thought of deliverance. Gone?—gone from between them?—the flaunting, triumphant, heartless face?

Suddenly, it seemed to Diana that she was there beside him, in the darkened room; that he heard her, and looked up.

"Diana!"

"Oliver!" She knelt beside him—she raised his head on her breast—she whispered to him; and at last he slept. Then hostile forms crowded about her, forbidding her, driving her away—even Sir James Chide—in the name of her own youth. And she heard her own answer—"Dear friend!—think!—remember! Let me stay!—let me stay! Am I not the child of sorrow? Here is my natural place,—my only joy."

And she broke down into bitter, helpless tears, pleading, it seemed, with things and persons inexorable.

Meanwhile in Beechcote village, that night, a man slept lightly, thinking of Diana. Hugh Roughsedge, bronzed and full of honors, a man developed and matured, with the future in his hands, had returned that afternoon to his old home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Song-Maker

BY SARA TEASDALE

I MADE a hundred little songs
  That told the joy and pain of love,
And sang them blithely, tho' I knew
  No whit thereof.

I was a weaver deaf and blind;
  A miracle was wrought for me.
But I have lost my skill to weave
  Since I can see.

For while I sang—ah, swift and strange!
  Love passed and smote me on the brow;
And I who made so many songs,
  Am silent now.

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Eyes and Vision from Worm to Man

BY EDWARD A. AYERS, A.M., M.D.

Emeritus Professor at the New York Polyclinic (Postgraduate) Medical School and Hospital

OUR physical world is largely measured by the capacity of our senses; and while these reach only from brain to surface, they can be infinitely projected and bring us into vibrant knowledge of the great world without—of the microvisible world at hand; of the audible doings of the antipodes; and of the wireless undulations of sound, scent, and color.

One can watch through the microscope a lowly worm swimming hither and thither for food, blind, deaf, dumb, and devoid of hairs or antennæ; see him stop, lifting his tapering head segment about in the air, or bump unexpectedly into whatever obstruction lies in the path of his chartless sea. The world, the universe, to him, can be compassed by a thimble.

So rapidly has our sense range widened, there has scarcely been time to "dress up the accounts." It is a far cry from the blind worm to a child gazing from the hillside over the spreading valley; but it is a farther cry from the rock-crystal convex lens which Layard found in the ruins of the Palace of Nimrud to the giant telescopes which resolve the Milky Way into individual spheres, or photograph the ditches on Mars; or to the unit-splitting microscopes through which we can peer into the great little world of animal and vegetable creaturedom. It is a far cry from the beginning eye of a spot of pigment and a sight-sensing nerve to the wonderful cameralike eye of man; yet greater still are the eye assistants by which man has fetched the two hundred and thirty-eight-odd thousand miles distant moon to within some forty miles equivalent; added many octaves of colors (light-waves) to the natural vision of less than one octave; analyzed the elements of the sun; pierced solids with light: and made the individualities of infinitesimal germs as plain as the distinctions in the races of men.

Every living animal or vegetable unit is affected by light that comes within its range—by effect of heat, or desiccation, or electricity, or illumination, exclusive of any special sight sense apparatus.

A bit of pigment attached to a sight sensitive nerve, such was the first eye machine; hardly patentable, and not able to do much more than give a sense of heat, yet as good a machine as the creature could utilize. Undiluted science explains the spot-and-nerve eye's working in this language: "The pigment absorbs light rays and undergoes a chemical change as 'visual substance,' and, as a result of the action of the luminiferous ether, it discharges kinetic energy, which stimulates the terminations of the nervous end apparatus." So it seems that the skin can see. Yes, if feeling heat is seeing.

Pigment is to light heat about what a sponge is to water. These pigment eye spots are placed wherever they may be most needed on a creature's body—at the margins of the "swimming bells" of the medusæ, etc.,—just as the ears find unusual sites, certain grasshoppers having their ears on their fore legs.

It was a great day in Nature's eye factory when lenses were introduced. From light as seen through tissue paper to pictures as seen in focus is a great improvement. To see images we need a transparent, more or less spherical lens, which will bring light rays to a focus where they will fall upon one or more nerve ends which are able to carry graded sensations of such waves to a brain, which in turn is able to translate these impressions into mental pictures—we need a lens, a retina, an optic nerve, and a brain.

There is an almost limitless variety of such eyes—with or without lids, corneæ, tears, focal adjustment muscles; eyeballs fixed or movable; pupils round, elliptical, angular; irides of many colors;

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eyeballs encased in opaque pigment—the choroid, or without it—as in albinos; corneæ hard as horn, or soft as yours and mine; lenses that can be adjusted by drawing them backward—after the manner of opera glasses, or thickened or thinned by side rings of muscle; unit and multiple unit—or "compound" eyes; rudimentary eyes; eyes giving inverted or non-inverted images; eyes placed in the middle, at the sides, underneath the head, in the ends of the horns, in the tentacles, or feet, or even on the tail. Some of them can see but a small mosaic in the field of vision, and others all the range — though not very far—of the heavens above and the earth underneath. Some consist of one set of eyes for short work, and another set for far sight; but only one pair of eyes can see beneath or beyond the surface of the pictured world —the eyes of man.

Nature's eyemaker in experimental days made no sharp distinction between cornea and crystalline lens. If we may liken the cornea to the window in man's dwelling-house, we may trace similar improvements in each, from translucency to perfect transparency; from heat-sensing pigment eyes to human eyes; from window-panes of skins or mica sheets to finest plates.

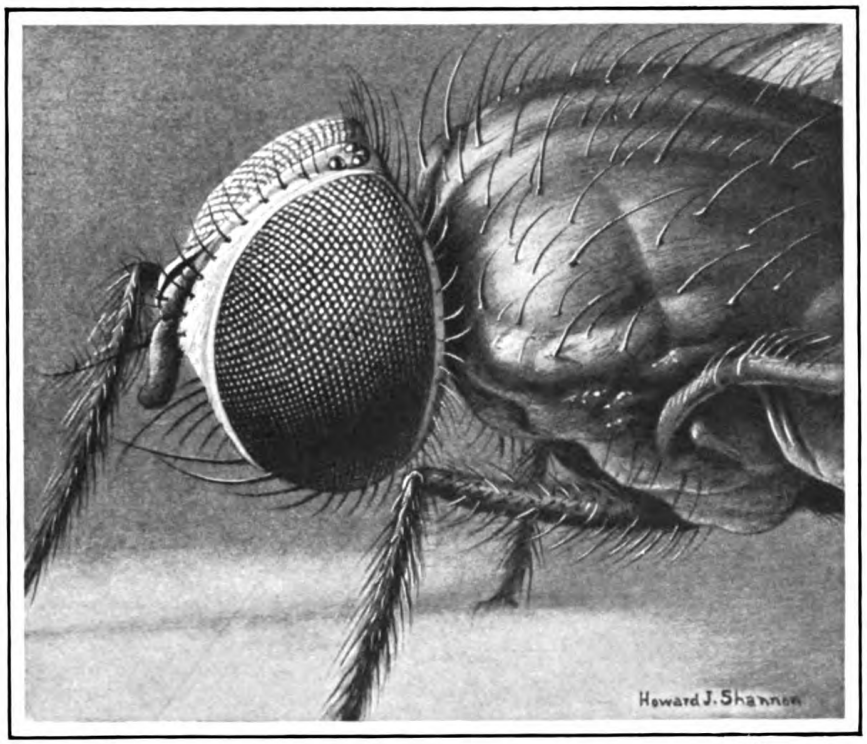
And as the ancient Phœnicians must have marvelled when they beheld the natron blocks and the seashore sands weld into lucid mass beneath their cooking-pots, so much we marvel at this nature feat which turns ordinary skin from its accustomed service as light curtaining, elastic, and enduring body-guard, into a transparent window of the eye; that constructs, for example, a serpent with eyeballs covered with the same unlucid skin as that which may ultimately serve as my lady's purse; that with magic touch clears the black eye-lapping tegument into rival of glass and diamonds, moulds it convexly upon the eye, and then coats with a varnish so bright and hard that like a lidless watch it can hold its brilliancy without protection.

Still, such lidless eyes do get scratched in time, and once a year with the shedding of skin the eyes grow dull, throw off this wonder pane, and start afresh. The lidless snakes wink once a year, and never weep—the tears flow beneath the corneæ. No wonder a snake can charm a bird with its immovable eyes and blinkless, tearless beaded glance. The effect is essentially hypnotic, and suggests irresistible determination.

But bowed eye-windows can only make crude impressionist pictures on the brain sentinel retinæ; and if the eyemaker could construct clear windows from opaque skin so easily that they can be thrown away once a year for new ones, it would be no great strain to make focal lenses, and give a fine edge of definement to the views of all worthy beings. When the animals stand waiting at the eye factory's door for their eyes, they cannot expect to receive more complicated eyes than they can use. Lids, lashes, tear bags, automatic diaphragms, ball-rolling muscle harness, adjustable lenses, and nerve complexities are all "extras," to be awarded only to those who will use them. The snake has no use for tears, nor the goose for parallel vision. The spider can spin the warp and woof of his destiny without gazing at the stars, and the sand-burrowing eel would soon starve with sensitive corneæ. Nature holds to her exceptionless law that the talent unused by the sire shall be withheld from the son. But simplicity has its compensations. If the spider cannot bend his neckless head nor move his socket-fixed eyes, he gets one for each point of the compass, whereby he can keep one eye on his struggling menu fly, and as many as needed upon the straining halyards and guys of his gum thread web. And each eye is set high, like a lantern on a hill, so its wide range of vision makes eye-rolling useless. But he can only focus four or five inches, and can be easily fooled with an imitation fly. Why are his eyes so beautiful—for many are like rubies set in gold—if the only creatures that can see them well have no sense of beauty?

What of the *Helix aspersa*—the plain garden snail (Adam gave them all fine names), — who carries an eye on the outer end of each long, flexible horn? Think of our carrying an eye in the palm of the hand; of being able to hold out our hands and to "see ourselves as ithers see us." Beauty at the glass would become reminiscent and mirrors

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HEAD AND EYES OF HOUSE-FLY (MUSCA DOMESTICA)

rudimentary. Think of the proverbial boy fringing the outer side of the circus tent, but able to see the show with a projected eye. No! Better leave such freak architecture to the snail. Then there is the rock-clinging star-fish with his penta rays jewelled with eyes; and the wood-louse—called a millepede—with twenty-eight eyes, set in rows of sevens, as if his ancestors had gathered maternal impressions of navy-yard cannon-ball decorations; and the blood specialist leech, with ten little eyes surrounding his mouth to guard against tainted food; and the dozen-eyed silkworm with eyes single to spinneret output and market quotation each; and the caterpillar sticking his nose into an octagon crowned yoke of eye-gems, whence no salad leaf may escape his view.

Most insects impress their existence upon us through singing wings, drumming tambourines, and bites; but when seen under the microscope they show such beautiful and gorgeous eyes, we feel almost compelled to forgive them for sleepless nights. They mostly possess two distinct types of eyes, known as single and compound. The single eyes may be set in various places, though usually on the top of the head; and the compound eyes, where Sambo said all eyes ought to be, "in de hed of co'se."

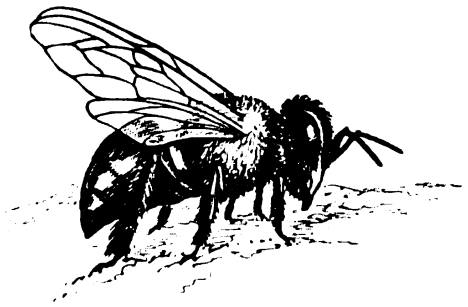
We can see the single eyes of some insects without a lens, as in the locust. In viewing the house-fly we need a lens. The big visible bulging eyes we see are composed of thousands of unit cone-shaped eyes bound into one compound eye each, of more or less spherical shape. Under a lens they look like glass-eyed pavement bent to convexity. Their faceted corneæ are variously set in square, hexagonal, or prismatic frames. Each glistening facet is the cornea lens of a distinct self-working eye. Their number in each compound eye is enormous. There are fifty such eyelets in each in the ant, 1400 are allowed the drone bee, and 3500 the "workers." Our pet kitchen fly has 8000 chances of seeing food crumbs, the beetle over 6000, while more than 13,000 aid the dragon-fly in his eleemosynary pursuit of the mosquito, offset somewhat by several thousand awarded the latter for a "sporting chance." The hawk moth gets pictures

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compounded by 20,000 contributors. Over 25,000 window the brain of the Mordella (beetle), and 60,000—so it is claimed—contribute to the happy lives of some butterflies. Some of these eyes have finest hairs arising from the facet frames, as with the bee, which act as antennæ or feelers.

These compound eyes are set for long focus (relatively), and the trio of single eyes for short focus. So when the insect possesses a set of each—as with the bee—it can do threadneedle work or star-gazing with equal facility, pick out rose juice, or steer a bee line for honeycomb home. Emotionless science questions their seeing anything sharply beyond twenty to forty feet (even this is not proven), though they probably appreciate lights and shadows farther. The single eyes of the bee aid him in steering his air-lordship, and when some cruel investigator paintcoats their lucid corneæ he flies upward—onward and upward,—which takes him out of his proper honeyed sphere, just as men crossing the plains afoot will move in circles in snow-storms.

Respective insects with their eyes of a thousand hues have each prevailing color tones: green, gray, garnet, golden, violet, blue; but per microscope they iridesce into innumerable hues. Correct realistic painting of their double spher-



HONEY-BEE (WORKER)

ical alignment, light color and shadow of each facet, and graded tone, with general high light reflection as a unit, presents as difficult a "subject" for the illustrator as exists in the world.

Do these multiple eyes in the compound eyes see duplicate pictures of a scene; or does each unit eye facet contribute to a mosaic, like so many photographic bits of landscape pasted together? Our adjustable eyes see a single image when our muscle ribbons drive them properly as a team, and if they misbehave and pull separately, we "see double." Such single sight is called parallel vision—used only by man and the simiæ. For many years argument has bombarded argument anent the pictures in the compound eye. What constitutes one of the most marvellous photographs ever taken seems to decide the question. Professor Exner of Vienna, through the Lilliputian lenses of the eye of a firefly, has photographed, not the product of one tiny eye, but the joined picture gathered by probably several hundred eyes, each carrying its scenic bit to the insect brain by its filament of nerve, where the "crazy-quilt" joining of images is accomplished mechanically. The world does not lie upside down in these compound eyes as it does in ours; but it is turned from right to left.

With the animals all growing smarter and more complex every day, the eye-maker at the factory has had to work hard to invent further improvement and keep his stock up to sight needs.

He finds that no first-class eyes can be made without inside adjustable lenses. Busy birds and fishes, finding it harder every day with growing competition to catch weaker creatures flying for their lives, have no time to change eyes—to carry both a long and a short pair of opera glasses to the theatre of daily tragedy; so—presto—the adjustable eyes are forthcoming. The crystalline lens, made out of an infolding of the skin, held between thumb and finger, is a sphere as in fish, or a doubly flattened sphere as in man. It is pearly white, hardened jelly, appearing much like a crystal of glass.

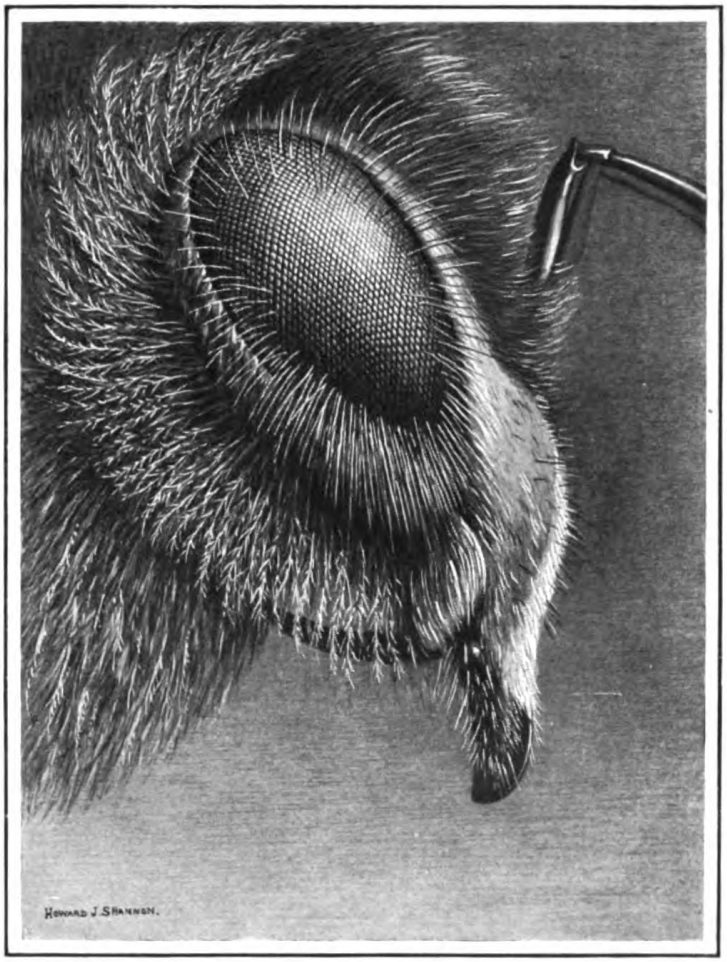
The lens department in the eye factory offers two types of focalizers, quick adjustment but moderate focus (retinal sensitiveness) as in fishes, and slow adjustment but very keen focus as in man.

The quick adjustment lenses work similarly to opera glasses, the entire lens being moved closer to the retina, or *vice versa:* while in the second form, the lens

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itself being elastic, it is flattened or thickened by the ring of muscle surrounding it.

Man's eyes at rest are far focussed—will make no effort when seeing the moon or earthly horizons. Birds' and fishes' eyes at rest are near focussed—will make no effort when looking at near-by worms and minnows. Man's elastic lenses are under constant flattening compression. Imagine a rubber ball of flattened convex lens like shape, laid in between two disks of canvas, and the uniting edges of these cloths stretched to a ring. They would flatten the rubber, and if relaxed it would thicken by its own elasticity. The thicker the lens the shorter its focus. For reading or threading a needle we relax the tension on the lens by contracting a ring of muscle surrounding each lens, and then wait for the lenses to thicken through their elasticity. In fish the lens is set against the cornea (approximately), short focus, and when it wants to see whether the shadowy object some feet away is a shark or a log, it pulls the entire round lens toward the retina, and gets as clear a vision as possible. Now we see why so many human beings need "spectacles" as they grow old—the elasticity of the lenses is gradually lost, just as it is in rubber. One more method of getting focus is employed by the eyemaker, which is dealt to some snakes. Their lenses, which are set near the retinas, are pushed forward, after the manner of a pump piston, by blood pressure. Cheap eyes for cheap creatures. Focus regulated by excitement.



HEAD OF HONEY-BEE (WORKER), SHOWING ONE OF THE COMPOUND EYES

Some of the "eyes that can see in the dark" have no power of changing focus; so it makes no difference whether they get a "night edition" of the day's doings or not.

There is a prevailing "they say" opinion that bird's sight is keener than man's. This is probably not true, as only man and the simiæ, which have "parallel vision," possess a highly concentrated sensitive area in the retinas—the *macula lutea*.

But birds aloft are in clearer air than man, and their eyes can change focus with remarkable speed, as necessitated by rapid flight. Birds of prey have voluntary (subject to the will) muscle as well as involuntary in their irides, and can increase the convexity of the cornea and its refractive power. Who has not wondered how a sparrow-hawk could dart

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HEAD AND EYES (SIMPLE AND COMPOUND) OF CICADA

through brush and trees and never turn a feather by collision?

Man with his flying-machines will be in sore need of bird focussing speed.

Measured by body weight, birds' eyes are large. Ours—pound for pound—would be from eight to ten inch headlights.

Whales' two and one-half by two inch eyes would be larger than wagon wheels, or the forty-nine inch objective of the great Paris telescope. The eyes of the goose are larger than the brain, of course, and must receive an oversupply of unused images. The big eye of the octopus is a rule exception, but he is only an overgrown mollusk.

The owl holds the unofficial world's record for burglar use of light, and considers a clear day as an inexcusable extravagance. He has a very convex cornea and deep space between it and the lens, and a large pupil backed by a spherical lens.

So this wide-mouthed funnel gathers all the light to be had, and consequently too much in the daytime.

Sight offers a very limited radius in water, so we find the eyes of fishes very flat and short in focus. Clear-water fish can focus farther than those in murky streams. Catfish find little use for eyes in their turbid alluvial streams; so they are kindly granted taste buds in the outer ends of their "feelers" (barbels). Fish eyes possess no lids; like bathtubs, they would be useless; but the cornea is very tough. The whale's eyes can withstand great water pressure—greater than can the swordfish, porpoise, or shark. A thousand-foot plunge, and if he did not need air, there he could slumber in peace.

Though fish sight is quick, and fish can see nearly everything but their dorsal fins, it is wonderful how readily the osprey can swoop from above and catch them more often than fail.

Piscatorial training-schools limit the curriculum to aqueous kingdoms, and, in addition to being nearsighted, fish—or even man—looking at a hawk outlined against the zenith, can only sense his approach by his looking larger—too slow a gauge for the fish to avoid a vicarious aerial journey to a distant feed nest.

In the flounder we see an amusing effort at adjustment of eye anatomy to side swimming habits; as if his heredity intended him to keep his back up; but his special postnatal opportunity lay in side-lying, which made the under eye useless. So this under eye tries to shift after birth to the upper side. Baby flounders swim back upward; then, like cargo-shifted ships, they begin to heel over, the submerging eye at once beginning to crawl bodily to the upper side, twisting the skull in doing it.

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This is a very worthy feat, and deserves to offset the resulting distortion that marks his partial success.

Eels possess hard watch-crystal corneal plates, which permit them to burrow in the sand without scratching their eyes.

Everybody knows that the one great distinction between man and all other animals is found in language and speech; but very marked differences prevail in sight. Perhaps the most notable lies in man's ability to weep. Tears are an acquired taste. Primarily installed simply to keep the corneal windows of the eyes clean and clear, they have secured much exaltation of function in depicting emotions; but such expression before insensitive observers would be wasted, so only man weeps.

Man and the simiæ are the only animals possessing parallel vision (seeing but one image with both eyes—less the stereopticon per cent.); consequently the retinal field of sharpsightedness — fine focus—is concentrated in a small area in the centre of each retina (the *macula lutea*). Here is where the most difficult eye work is done. In other animals this sensitive area is larger and less keen in any part. In parallel vision two eyes are ferreting the light secrets of an object; but when a duck, for example, wishes to inspect an inviting worm with extra care, she can only tip her head sidewise and inspect with one eye, the other meanwhile helping to confuse her brain by sending in images at the same time. Animals with diverging eyes could increase their sight keenness by shutting one eye—just as human beginners do when looking into a single tube microscope. But winking with one eye is an acquired trick.

Man moves his eyes much more than any other animal does. They generally move the entire head, an easier act, and one that brings the nose and teeth to the front. High collars cultivate the eye muscles. Some writers claim that wildness cultivates farsightedness, civilization nearsightedness; that savage man and all monkeys (except mandrils and drills) are farsighted; that captivity develops nearsightedness; and that domestic rabbits are more nearsighted than wild hares. These statements are denied by others. Many a horse, or dog, or squirrel would be benefited by properly fitted spectacles.

If the bold reader will track a live tiger to his cave lair, he may see two yellow glowing disks in the cavern darkness. These almost self-luminous lights are a flare from the inner wall of the posterior chamber of the eyes—not always a retinal reflex. Not only does this glowing reflection vary much in all animals, but also in man. In fair-haired blondes it is orange red, in brunettes crimson; in North American Indians and Mongolians it is brownish red; and in the negro chocolate in hue.

The inner chamber of the eye lying behind the lens is in many animals lined with a membrane not possessed by man, called the tapetum (tapestry), which gives a highly lustrous metallic reflection, greatly differing in various animals. Between tapetum and retina the animal eyes reflect all the colors found in an artist's paint box. The eye-chambered walls of the chimpanzee are hung with tapestries of deeper chocolate than is found in the Nubian youth. The black-eared marmoset prefers slate green mural decorations; the seal, Naples yellow, the hyena, Nile green and lilac; the jackal, bright yellow and deep violet; the skunk, a dusky sunset hue; the black bear, green and red brown; the camel, brownish red; and the elephant, as unattractive a mixture of brown and muddy yellow as his hide presents.

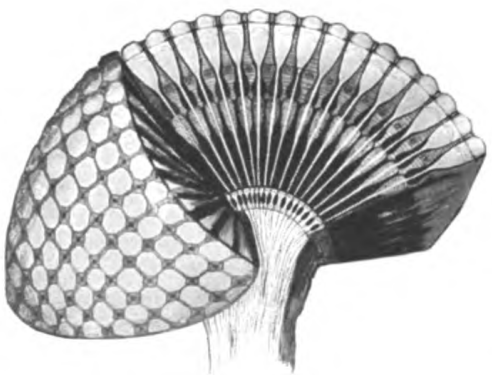


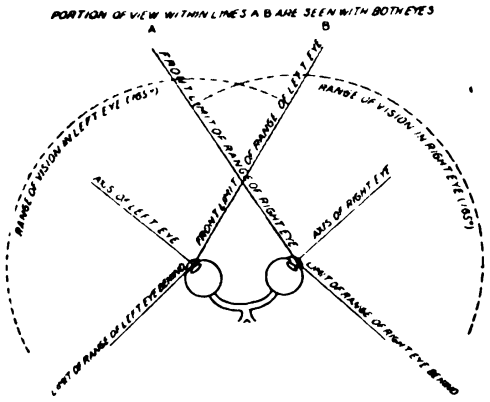
DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE UNIT EYES WHICH MAKE THE COMPOUND EYE OF AN INSECT

Fishes and some snakes have no eyelids. Mud

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crabs can lift their eyes up to their eyebrow hair brushes and clean them of mud; and hairs so effectively protect moles' eyes as to make them nearly useless, when not totally blind. Man has upper and lower lids; birds, sharks, crocodiles, and hoofed animals a third side-sweeping veil, called the nictitating membrane. Birds mostly use the lower, man the upper lids. Some owls let fall the upper lids in a droll, slow way, that suggests how uninteresting is life—in the daytime. Birds close their lids when dying. The nictitating membrane is a translucent veil within the lids, which sweeps from the inner side with great speed across the eye face—like a snap shutter. By its use the cornea can be quickly brushed clean without shutting out vision—useful in hunted creatures. Sheep can protect the cornea while eating grass, and eagles can temper the glare of the sun as they fly up into its face.

Some animals can outrival man in every special sense in its natural use, and the eyes of man are far from perfect; but they are the most serviceable of all the thousand and one yet manufactured.



RANGE OF VISION IN THE HORSE

They can see less than the owl's in the dark; less keenly than the eagle's afar; change focus less quickly than the hawk's; they cannot sweep clear the cornea without briefly hiding the view; they cannot focus as near as the fish, nor glow back like the cat's in the dark; they cannot see opposite points at one time like the chicken's, nor stare all day long like the snake's; they cannot self-gaze like the snail's, nor behold as small creatures as can the fly. But they can do all these things many thousand times over by mechanical extension of function; and they can see beneath and beyond the surface.

The unaided human eye can sense form, quality, color, detail, motion, and dimension. It can see the form of sun, moon, and distant mountains; the shadows on the moon; the softness of velvet and hardness of rock; the wetness of water and dryness of dust; from one-ninth to one-fourth of earth's colors, and measure their finest gradations of hue: the facets on the eye of a dragon-fly and the stinger of a wasp. It can see the swift flight of a dove, and the heat waves on a summer's field; to read with understanding the summation of all human knowledge and the play of thought and emotion on the human countenance.

Systematically man has labored to extend these several capacities of the eye. With telescope he has enlarged the scope of his light-receiving pupil from a diameter of less than half an inch to forty-nine inches, and multiplied his visional reach many times. With the telescope he has snail-like thrown out his eye until he can stand within some thirty-five to forty miles of the moon, and could go farther if the earth and atmosphere would only be still and not tremble. With the microscope he has divided a drop of water into millions of units, and counted over one hundred thousand lines within the confines of one inch. He has made the marvel of numbering the hairs of the head pale into insignificance by counting the 25,000,000,000,000 red blood corpuscles which feed and run our body machinery—and is using only one-twentieth of his powers at that. On and on his eye has travelled into the funnelled realms whose lines ever approach but never meet, into the invisible kingdom that has from immemorial times both nourished and de-

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stroyed our bodies—into the germ world. By gradual perfection of objectives (magnifiers) the limits of glass magnification have long been reached. The lens is as close as it can go to the object viewed. Then a drop of oil unites lens and object, and still further plunges the eye into the ever dividing visional field. Is the frontier station of sight now reached? Not quite. There are germs so powerful in their strength of multiplicity that they can desolate cities, yet so small individually that, like the minutest diamond, they will intercept no ray of light. But they will stain into red and blue and green and brown in a field of whiteness; so, by contrast, the eye sights farther afield. Opacity is a purely relative term—the deep red blood is a faintly yellowish white under the lens, and gold (one grain of which can be beaten into an eight by nine inch leaf) in the leaf becomes transparent. The goal in the invisible world turned visible is the ultimate bricks of the house visible, the final (?) corpuscular units of the elemental atoms; and though from the point of a needle the aided eye has travelled many fold into the invisible, it has found no end to structure as true as the architecture of a cathedral; and yet has not journeyed half way to the goal.

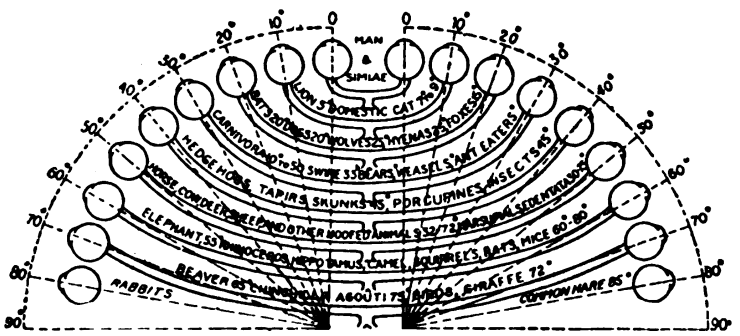


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE DIVERGENCE OF EYE AXES IN ANIMALS

No gathered powers of sight will ever bring the unit atom, much less the millesimal corpuscle, into view; because they lie without the scope of its ultimate necessity—contrast; but the convention of telescope, microscope, fluorescope, spectroscope, and metres of heat, light, and electricity can make them visible, weigh them, and measure their speed, heat, and tension.

The phosphorescence of tropical seas, which is readily visible to the eye, is resolved into millions of animalculæ individually invisible, but, mobilized, their torchlight procession makes a Neptune's lamp which lightens the realms of natural sight. Jack-o'-lanterns of the swamps, whose fleeting intangibility works ghostly havoc with superstitious minds, is but an army of corpuscles in convention. The natural eye can behold the other phosphorescence which follows the surcharge of certain substances like calcium fluoride with light rays (fluorescence); but while it can see only a red ring when a torch is whirled around faster than once in one-seventh of a second, yet, through its various aids, it can tell the brain that the smallest units existing—the corpuscles discharging from the negative pole of Crooke's tube—are flying at a rate of 20,000 miles per second. The prestidigitator apparently moves articles before our gaze quicker than the eyes can detect, but the sight impressions we receive are largely due to his misdirecting our attention (not entirely). Yet color waves, which pass a given point at less speed than that of 481,000,000,000 (red) per second, are too slow to excite any sight sense—to produce color vibrations in the retina; and waves moving faster than 764,000,000,000 (violet) have passed ere we could sense them. But if these color racers can be thrown by a "misplaced" switch from the rail and crowded one upon another against interrupting rocks, our deliberate eye ambulances can catch them and see them by the sparks their rock bombardment has excited. If water with a little horse-chesnut Æsculin be placed in a bottle and sun rays be focussed into the solution, the cone of illumination will glow with a soft blue light. The ultraviolet light racers have been captured (absorbed) in their flight, and have set the Æsculin afire. The eye is beholding "chained

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lightning," the invisible ultraviolet rays; but no more the true color effect than it beholds the characteristics of flight in a wild duck when hanging dead in a winter shed. Nevertheless, through fluorescence it has beheld the invisible, and must needs see more. So it calls for help from its potential friend—the great dissector of light—the spectroscope. The pale soft blue Æsculin, glow put through a "third degree" examination by this greatest of all light detectives, shows in its line and space system of color translations (the spectrum), in addition to those of ordinary visible colors, a little over half as much more beyond the violet end. The eye cannot see a cannon ball leave the gun's muzzle, but a snap shutter camera can show it as if poised in air, a few feet from the muzzle. The camera is unlike the eye in its sensitiveness to light rays, and while yellow appears to our eyes as the lightest portion of the color field, the camera finds it in violet. Most interesting experiments, by Dr. Kohler in the Zeiss factory at Jena, are favorably progressing, which use fused ground quartz in the microscope's lenses instead of ordinary glass—the latter being unable to transmit ultraviolet waves, while the quartz lenses do so perfectly.

Microscopic objects illuminated by ultraviolet waves are not visible, but affect a photo plate at its best. Not being visible, it is difficult to find focus, which is gained by changing focus in a series of pictures until one shows that the object is in focus. With ultraviolet illumination hardened and stained "specimens" are invisible; but live, fresh objects—living cells—are not only visible, but their interior partitions are shown, as if we might take a photograph of a house which *we* cannot see, but which the *camera plate* defines with all its inner chambers and walls. The imagination is kindled by the possibilities awaiting penetration into this new field—the world of living, motile flesh in action; mortifying though it be that our sentient eyes must go begging to the more sensitive silvered film for information. Turning to the other end of the spectrum, where the eye cannot go beyond red, it modestly gives place to the measurers of heat, which find in the warmth that goes with all light that the greatest is produced in the middle portion of the invisible infra-red.

As the greatest searchlight brings distant hills out of the darkness into view, so does the bombardment of opacities with luminous corpuscles from the cathode rays set millions of lanterns aglow within the interspaces of flesh and diamond. We are no longer visional slaves of the sun; sight has pierced the opaque and confounded the prophets; overleaped space and dragged the infinitesimal into view; gathered knowledge of the invisible color racers; and temporarily stopped—where the sight sense began in the worm with its pigment eye—in a sense of heat.



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The Two Brides

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

THE youngest, knowing instinctively that his mother's thought was not with him, rebelled long and manfully, but the monotony of her swaying knee conquered at last. Wearily she placed him in his crib, and passing to the adjoining room, stood by the side of her first-born. The girl lay with one hand under a cheek, the long dark lashes in perfect relief against the ivory whiteness of the skin, her immature bosom rising and falling in the unbroken rhythm of a child's slumber. Long the mother waited above the sleeper, her own eyes closed. Once her frail figure, beginning to stoop with the cares of widowhood and motherhood, swayed slightly, and a faint cry was smothered on her lips. Once she turned her wet face toward the other sleepers and the poor furnishings of their room. Then she kneeled in sudden abandon, shaking in silent agony, her face in the bedding.

The sleeper stirred, and breathed a single word: "Mother?" And again, after silence: "Mother?" Her hand rested lightly on the woman's bowed head, and then a slender white arm encircled it. "Don't cry, mother!" It was her little formula, since she had become orphan and comforter. No other word: and presently the rhythm of the thin bosom and deeper breathing.

The mother's lips, releasing her pent-up emotion in a hushed sigh, touched lightly the sleeper's forehead, and she arose. Whatever the crisis, the tragedy, she had faced them and was resigned.

There were both crisis and tragedy. A friend of many years, a strong man, a leader in their growing town, had come, an honorable suitor, and asked permission to woo the girl. And would she, the mother, aid him as only mothers can? He was thirty-five. And down the vista of the girl's sixteen years were the faces of seven brothers and sisters on the threshold of life.

The kiss on the moist white brow of the sleeper was the tragedy.

And so it came to pass that a child bride, wide-eyed, her cheeks flushed with the excitement of her first day of travel, the world about her a dream world full of strange scenes and strange people, alighted from a train in Atlanta. The grave, kind man who guided her out to a carriage, and a ride through the busy city between schedules, smiled over the eager enthusiasm of the little woman as he explained and pointed out places of interest. He, too, was young, on this the splendid day of his new life, for the fountain of youth is youth itself and his spirit was bathing in hers. People who gazed on the couple, though, saw only the starry eyes of the girl and the flush on her ivory cheeks. And seeing, they smiled frankly into her face and looked back when they had passed.

He was a good husband, this grave, courteous gentleman. He understood womanhood, and something of girlhood. And he knew there was a heart to be won or lost before their faces turned homeward.

"Listen," he said. "Here is the best of the shopping streets. We will get out and walk its length and look into all the windows. Anything you select I shall buy for your wedding present;—the present nobody will know about but just you and me. Come, we will go up one side and return by the other. Then you shall take me to where you have chosen!"

It was like a fairy story. It was wishing and having it come true. The girl caught her breath and looked up to him with a new thought. She trembled, too, with excitement.

So they journeyed along in the splendor of beautiful things, the man half smiling and watching the radiant face by his side. The furs! Surely no woman could resist these! He frowned a little when he saw a six-hundred-dollar tag on a sealskin.

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And the glittering diamonds and rubies and pale pure pearls! But the girl did not linger in the presence of these. Laces, lingerie, the fancies and follies, the faience, the beauties of the artistic mind and touch, marvellous creations of the milliner!—none of these attracted. Her eyes travelled over them lightly, perhaps lovingly, but they did not win.

And so the two seekers returned.

"Have you found it?"

The girl's face looked up to the man's. A strange new light was shining in the brown eyes—he saw it again years after,—a wan, sweet smile curved downward the rosebud mouth. He thrilled with a sudden happiness and a new sense of nearness. She did not trust herself to speak. She only nodded her head importantly. "Then lead me to the treasure," he said, gayly.

Taking his hand, she led the way. Presently she was drawing him eagerly. They came to a window where many children were clustered, and she pointed to a great wax doll dressed as a bride and standing beneath a paper marriage-bell.

"All my life," she whispered, "I have dreamed of having a wax doll. I have never had any but rag dolls. I wanted one to save till I am old. Could I—" She hesitated over the enormity of the request. The man turned away quickly. A moment more and he might have lifted her from the walk and strained her to his heart. If he had never loved her before, he loved her then; and for all eternity. Could she have it—that doll! *Could* she! He pushed his way almost roughly through the throng. When he came back the bride had vanished from under the paper bell and there was a great bundle in his arms.

"You are so good!" Her hand rested with an odd caressing touch on his arm—her first—as she said it, and two starry eyes shone up to his.

Comrades, and sharing a secret! The day was saved.

The noon train rushed northward through the Georgian highlands and down the long grade into Carolina. The Pullman was full of jaded tourists, to whom the summer of youth had come back to linger a while. All eyes rested on the radiant girl facing a doll bride that was propped on the opposite seat. She herself was oblivious to her human surroundings. It is not likely that she saw even the blue mountains under the sun stretching northward: nor, later, the radiant mists between their peaks. For she was in the most gorgeous doll-house the hand of man had ever fashioned, and "playing doll" with a fairy queen in veil and gown. She was really "playing doll" for the first time in her life, and nothing else counted. She did not miss her grave husband or wonder at the length of his stay in the smoker. She frankly forgot him and was just ten years old. She did not know that he had come once and turned back almost in a panic when he beheld the doll bride in all her finery looking up into the smiling face of the girl bride. Nor that afterward he had glanced in from time to time.

But at last, when the shadows of the mountains reached across the land and fell upon the flying cars, he came to find that the doll bride, her eyes closed in slumber, a light wrap flung to keep off draughts, was reclining in the seat. Opposite, her cheek cushioned in a pillow, was the other bride sleeping just as peacefully. A woman in black, her veil thrust aside, was standing by the latter. She bent and laid her lips lightly on the cool, moist brow. Her own eyes were starry when she saw the man's sympathetic face by her side.

"I could not resist," she said, gently. "Your daughter reminds me so of—of—a girl I lost twenty years ago."

"Ah, madam, to have lost such a daughter—"

"Not my daughter. It was—myself! I became, at sixteen, the bride of a man old enough to have been my father." She bent again and kissed the sleeper. Light as was the caress, it stirred a memory.

"Don't cry, mother!" The whisper was barely audible. The man and woman stood silent a moment. As she passed on she laid her hand lightly on the doll's curls and smiled back at him.

"Take care of the bride!"

He smiled in return. To himself he said, "God helping, I will take care of her."

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The Golden Shoes

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

THE winds are lashing on the sea;
The roads are blind with storm.
And it's off and far away with me:
So bide you there; stay warm.
It's forth I must, to-day—to-day;
And I have no path to choose.
The highway hill, it is my way still;—
Give me my golden shoes.

God gave them me, on that first day
I knew that I was young.
And I looked far forth, from west to north;
And I heard the Songs unsung.

This cloak is worn too threadbare thin,
But ah, how weather-wise!
This girdle serves to bind it in;
What heed of wondering eyes?
And yet beside, I wear one pride
—Too bright, think you, to use?—
That I must wear and still keep fair.—
Give here my golden shoes.

God gave them me, on that first day
I heard the Stars all chime.
And I looked forth far, from road to star,
And I knew it was far to climb.

They would buy me house and hearth, no doubt,
And the mirth to spend and share;
Could I sell that gift, and go without,
Or wear—what the neighbors wear.
But take my staff, my purse, my scrip:
For I have one thing to choose.
For you,—Godspeed! May you soothe your need.
For me,—my golden shoes!

He gave them me that far, first day
When I heard all Songs unsung;
And I looked far forth, from west to north.
—God saw that I was young.

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The Story of a Street

VI.—WALL STREET—THE FINANCIAL CENTRE

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

DOWN by the Battery the building designed for the Executive Mansion was nearing completion, and, up on Wall Street, Federal Hall, dedicated to the use of Congress, was almost paid for; but the President had gone never to return, and Philadelphia had become the national capital. The situation was disappointing, humiliating, and, in view of the futile preparations, even ludicrous, but New York wasted no time in idle lamentation. Socially and politically its year and a half of glory as the seat of the national government had given it a pleasant prestige, but the thoughts and ambitions of its people were concerned with more material advantages. Moreover, it still remained the capital of the State, and with the Legislature and the municipal authorities quartered in the City Hall, Wall Street was not wholly divested of political importance. Indeed, within six months after Congress abandoned it, the highway witnessed an event profoundly affecting the history of the nation, for in the building still commonly known as Federal Hall, on January 3, 1791, Aaron Burr was elected to a seat in the United States Senate, and from that moment a new and decidedly disturbing factor was injected into all political calculations.

The exact causes of Burr's sudden elevation to power have never been satisfactorily determined, but it is possible that he was, even then, cultivating the friendship of Tammany, over which he subsequently exerted a commanding influence, and it may well be that the approval of some of its prominent members contributed to his success. Officially the society had not as yet evinced any direct interest in politics, but there is evidence that its leaders were already manœuvring for a political opening, and the advice of its patron saint to the children of "the second tribe" was deeply significant of coming events. *"The tiger affords a useful lesson for you,"* observed that legendary sage. *"The exceeding agility of this creature, the extraordinary quickness of his sight, and, above all, his discriminating power in the dark, teach you to be stirring and active in your respective callings; to look sharp to every engagement you enter into, and to let neither misty days nor stormy nights make you lose sight of the worthy object of your pursuit."**

Probably this admonition had no controlling influence upon the founders of the organization, but its activities had already brought it into prominence, and it early obtained a foothold in the City Hall for the public-spirited purpose of establishing a Museum of American History.† Thus Wall Street, which had housed the first public library known to the city, became the repository of one of the earliest collections of historic relics assembled in the country, and not many years later it witnessed the founding of the New York Historical Society, whose early meetings were held in the picture-room of the City Hall. Meanwhile other societies secured accommodations under the same roof, which thus became the headquarters of the Medical Society, the St. Cæcilia, the Uranium, and similar organizations, while toward the other end

* Chief Tammany is supposed to have divided his people into thirteen tribes, each of which had a totem or symbol of clanship in the form of some animal whose virtues the chief recommended to their notice. The New York institution claims identification with the second tribe.—*History of the Tammany Society.* (Drake.)

† This collection was later moved to a house on the south side of the street, and was subsequently scattered, part of it passing into the possession of P. T. Barnum, of circus fame.

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of the historic highway a group of auctioneering firms were quietly moulding its future. As a matter of fact, however, Wall Street's destiny had been determined at that little dinner at Jefferson's house, where Hamilton had sold New York's political birthright to insure the assumption of the State debts, for most of the public stock which the Treasury issued to finance its plan was marketed through the auctioneering establishments located at the eastern end of the still fashionable thoroughfare. Indeed, the first "stock exchange" known to the city, opened at No. 22* about the first of March, 1792, was a direct effort on the part of the auctioneers to control this business, and it is a curious fact that two of the men associated in this enterprise, McEvers and Pintard, represented families closely identified with Wall Street's previous history.

No marked alteration had yet occurred in the appearance of the street, but under one of the few shade trees† which had escaped destruction during the Revolution there now gathered daily a small group of men who acted as brokers in the purchase and sale of the public stock, and their presence gradually effected a change in the character of the quiet residential neighborhood. Moreover, it was soon apparent that these men had determined to maintain the foothold they had acquired, for they were quick to resent the combination of the auctioneers which threatened to drive them from the field, and lost no time in declaring war against all the allied firms. At a meeting held in Corre's Hotel on March 21, 1792, they resolved to have no dealings with the monopolists, and on March 17 of the same year they subscribed to a written memorandum agreeing upon a definite commission and undertaking to give each other preference in all brokerage transactions.

Such was the origin of the New York Stock Exchange, but there was no immediate attempt to effect a permanent organization, and for some years the trading conducted under the old buttonwood tree was almost entirely confined to the marketing of the public stock.

Meanwhile the first notable break from its ancient traditions was occurring at the eastern end of the highway, for the Merchants' Coffee House was nearing the close of its distinguished career, and in 1793 it was practically eclipsed by a rival establishment housed in a modern structure erected by subscription* on the Tontine plan at the northwest corner of Wall and Water streets. This building, known as the Tontine Coffee House, was conducted not only as an inn, but also as a Merchants' Exchange, and is fairly entitled to rank among the first office buildings known to the city, which then numbered thirty-five thousand inhabitants. Here in 1793 the associated brokers established their first official headquarters, and before long it became the storm centre of the absurd political agitation which then convulsed the entire city. In default of a better issue at that time the community ranged itself on either side of the impending struggle between France and England, and the local elections were fiercely contested by the partisans of those countries, without the slightest regard to any other question. Provincial and undignified as such a contest was, party feeling ran high in 1793, and it was at this juncture that Wall Street was drawn into the inglorious fray. The trouble began at the Tontine Coffee House, where the zealous champions of France raised a liberty cap, which the English contingent immediately threatened to remove. The French party thereupon set a guard over the building and defied their opponents, the supporters of each side rushed to the rescue, and Wall Street was soon thronged with hundreds of angry men. Neither faction, however, seemed inclined to take the initiative, and after daring and double-daring each other with puerile provocations to the point of exhaustion, the farcical contest ended.

About this time Citizen Bompard, a French naval officer, commanding the warship *L'Ambuscade*, arrived in the port, and taunts and defiances were soon flying thick and fast over the glasses of the mettlesome sons of the sea who fre-

* The street numbers used at this period practically correspond to those of the present day.

† A buttonwood standing in front of Nos. 68–70 Wall Street.

* Two hundred and three persons contributed $200 apiece to this enterprise.

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quented the Tontine. Finally the Master of a United States revenue-cutter arrived on the scene bearing a message from Captain Courtney, of his Majesty's frigate *Boston,* challenging the French commander to a naval duel. This extraordinary communication was actually spread upon the books of the Coffee House, and when Courtney appeared in the town, Citizen Bompard and he soon ran foul of each other. Thereupon the preliminaries were quickly arranged, and sailing out of the harbor, the two valiant gentlemen pummelled each other with cannon for several hours, within hearing but just out of sight of the cheering throngs gathered on the neighboring hills.*

A year later the Franco-British controversy was still raging, and had it then been known that Jay had negotiated his famous treaty with England, his candidacy for the Governorship would have been seriously affected. He was, however, safely inaugurated in the City Hall, July 1, 1795, and the contents of the treaty did not become public until later in that year. Then the partisans of France raised a howl of indignation, and shrieking every charge against the statesman which ignorance and malice could invent, called mass meetings to demand his repudiation at the hands of the Senate. One of these meetings was scheduled for Wall Street, and in front of the City Hall a turbulent throng assembled. There was, however, a strong anti-French contingent represented in the crowd, and when efforts were made to adjourn the proceedings there was a scene of wild confusion. Richard Varick and Brockholst Livingston attempted to address the mob, but were howled down, and then Alexander Hamilton, mounting the steps of his house on the corner of Wall and Broad streets, tried to gain a hearing. The mob, however, was in no mood to listen to a man whom it regarded as a notorious champion of England, and stones were soon flying through the air. *"If you employ such striking arguments, I must retire,"* announced the orator, and in a few moments the rabble swept by him toward the Government House on Bowling Green, where Jay was violently denounced, the rejection of his treaty demanded, and a copy of it burned in front of the official residence. Neither Washington nor the Senate, however, paid the slightest attention to these noisy demonstrations, and the ratification of Jay's negotiation which followed was soon justified by the event. Indeed, within a few years some of the very men whose wild-eyed enthusiasm for France suggested a religious frenzy were shrieking maledictions against that country and urging the administration to make an immediate declaration of war against her. In the mean time, however, Jay did not add to his popularity, for in 1796 he incurred the displeasure of Tammany by declining to honor the anniversary of the society by ordering a display of flags—a precedent which has not protected other incumbents of the City Hall from similar outbursts of wrath.

The volume of business transacted by the brokers during these turbulent years was not very great, and the dealings were still limited to a few stocks, but certain memoranda contained in the note-book of one of the small group who continued to assemble under the buttonwood tree in 1795 show that some phases of the brokerage business were much the same in the eighteenth century as they are in the twentieth. For instance, in the note-book above mentioned, under date of February 13, 1795, this entry has survived: *"I bet G. McEvers 10 Dollars to 5 Dollars that there would not be 3000 votes taken at the ensuing election for Governor in the City and County of New York."* And again: *"Feby. 17, 1795, I bet Robert Cocks, Sr., a pair of satin breeches that Jay would be elected Governor by a majority of 500 or more."*

The writer of these engagements was evidently doing a brisk business in the winter of 1795, but Jay was almost the last Federalist upon whose success at the polls it would have been safe to count for a pair of silk breeches or any other advantage, for Burr's political star was in the ascendant, and Tammany was preparing to supply him with what Hamilton termed his "myrmidons" and Theodosia Burr called "recruits for the Tenth Legion."

The Federalists were, however, still sufficiently entrenched in power to pre-

* This remarkable contest took place near Sandy Hook. The English commander was killed.

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WALL STREET DURING THE BANKING PERIOD—1847

vent their opponents from obtaining a charter for any rival to the Bank of New York, which had been organized with Hamilton's assistance, and was, in 1798, located in a building erected on the site of the McEvers mansion at the northwest corner of Wall and William streets.* During its existence of fourteen years this corporation had acquired virtual monopoly of the local banking business, and as New York was rapidly increasing in population, the advantage of the facilities afforded by the Federal institution became a valuable political asset. Indeed, it was openly charged that none but Federalist sympathizers could obtain accommodations at its hands, and in the Legislature every effort to place a competitor in the field was summarily blocked. In 1799, however, Burr appeared upon the scene as the sponsor for a company whose ostensible business was the improvement of New York's water-supply. In view of the recent epidemics, which were generally attributed to bad water, the projectors of this public-spirited enterprise were promptly accorded the necessary charter, authorizing a capital of two million dollars, and providing that any surplus not needed for the immediate prosecution of the business "*might be employed in any way not inconsistent with the laws and Constitution of the United States, or of the State of New York.*"

It must have been difficult for Burr and his adherents to conceal their joy when they perceived the ease with which they were to accomplish their ends, but their secret was well kept, and not until the Manhattan Company was safely established at No. 23 Wall Street, employ-

* See inscription on present building No. 48 Wall Street.

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ing its "surplus capital" in the banking business, did the Federalists discover that their enemies had stolen a march on them, and were in a position from which they could not be dislodged. From this time forward the business of chartering banks played an important part in the sessions of the Legislature, and methods were employed to obtain the coveted privileges which would scandalize the most hardened of modern corruptionists, but within a few years the Merchants',* the Mechanics', and the United States Bank were incorporated, and all of them made their headquarters on Wall Street.

Less than ten years elapsed between the retirement of Congress and the establishment of the Manhattan Company, but during that time the population of the city had increased from thirty-five to sixty thousand people, and the character of its historic highway was being gradually transformed. Indeed, the advance guard of fashion had already begun to move up to Park Row at the opening of the nineteenth century, and the gaps caused by this migration were quickly occupied by the pioneers of finance. Business was still conducted on a very modest scale, however, and for some years the thoroughfare maintained a residential aspect. Fashion had never favored the neighborhood of the Tontine Coffee House, and such private houses as there were in that vicinity fell an easy prey to the commercial invasion, but between Pearl Street and Broadway every foot of territory was contested, the private dwellings surrendering only one by one. Even then those that capitulated often managed to conceal the fact until long after the event, for the days of conspicuous advertising had not yet arrived, and the new tenants frequently preferred to make no alteration in the premises. Here and there a sign was displayed, and at a few points the oldest houses were replaced by modern structures, such as that of the Bank of New York, but save in these particulars there was as yet little evidence of the coming transformation.

* The Merchants' was located at No. 25, the United States at No. 38, and the Mechanics' at No. 16 Wall Street. The first two were incorporated in 1805, and the last in 1810.

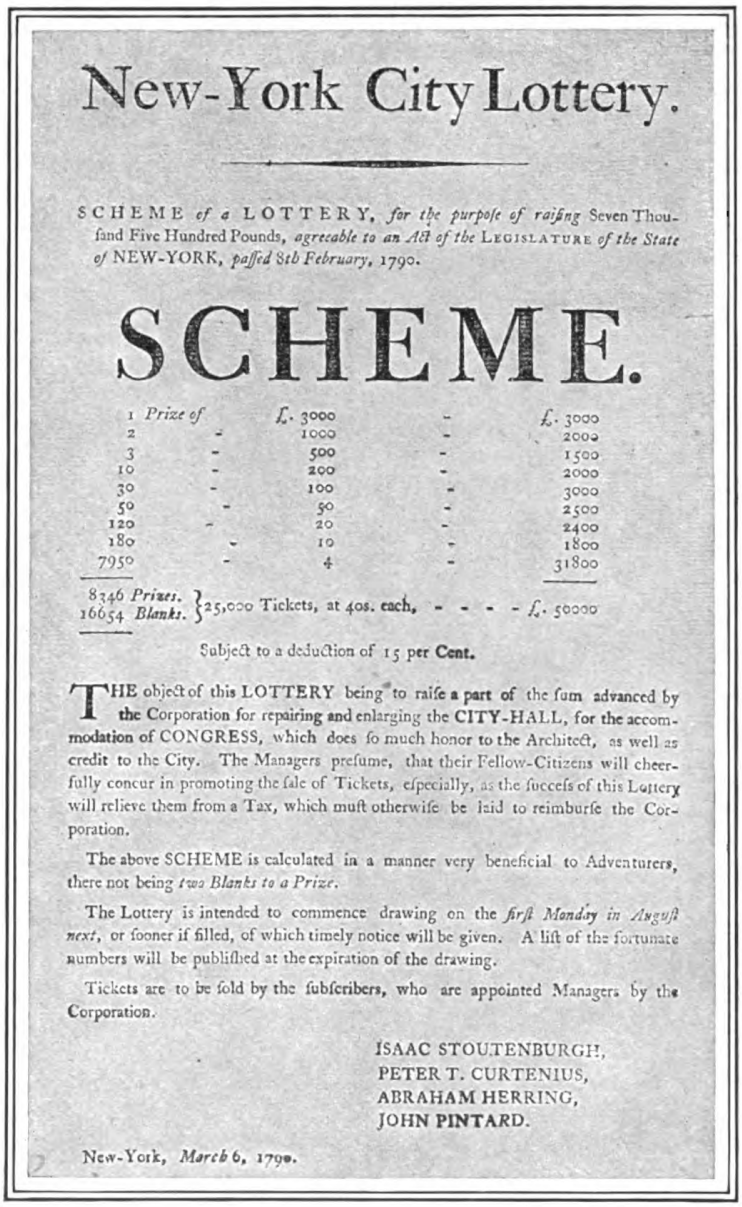
Such was the aspect of the street on the morning of July 11, 1804, when a bulletin displayed on the Tontine Coffee House attracted the attention of the earliest arrivals, and in a few moments messengers were speeding through the city carrying the startling news that Hamilton and Burr had met in a duel, and that the former lay at the point of death. From that moment business was practically suspended, and all day long great throngs gathered before the Coffee House, watching the bulletins which reported the famous statesman's brief struggle for life. The end was announced on the afternoon of the 12th, and on Saturday, the 14th, Wall Street witnessed the most impressive funeral pageant known to the history of the city. Every window and roof was crowded with mourners as the body was borne to Trinity, and the junction of Wall Street and Broadway was lined with troops, the soldiers leaning their cheeks against the butts of their inverted rifles in an attitude of grief. Between their ranks passed the procession, which included the Governor, the Mayor, the judges, members of Congress, foreign ministers, representatives of Tammany, the Cincinnati, St. Andrews, Columbia College, the Chamber of Commerce, members of the bar, delegations of law students, and scores of distinguished citizens.* In front of the entrance of Trinity a platform had been erected, and here Gouverneur Morris delivered an oration, at the conclusion of which Hamilton's body was consigned with full military honors to the ground where Sir Henry Moore, Sir Danvers Osborn, James De Lancey, and others closely associated with Wall Street's history already slept, and where Robert Livingston, Marinus Willetts, Morgan Lewis, and Robert Fulton were to find their final rest.

With this event the political history of the street may fairly be said to close, and during the next twenty-five years the new era, which had already dawned, slowly but surely developed. Close in the wake of the banks and insurance companies came the lawyers, and among the numerous representatives of the legal profession who established their offices on

* The New York *Evening Post* and the New York *Commercial* of July 15, 1804.

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the highway about 1809 was a young attorney whose work was destined to give it a new and unique distinction. Washington Irving had originally studied law in the offices of Brockholst Livingston and Josiah Ogden Hoffman, two of the early practitioners in the famous Mayor's Court at the corner of Wall and Broad streets. In 1809, however, he was associated in practice with his brother, John T. Irving, at No. 3 Wall Street, and another brother, Dr. Peter Irving, had an office in the same building, and here it was that Washington Irving began the *Knickerbocker History of New York* which was to make him known to the whole English - speaking world.*



New-York City Lottery.

SCHEME *of a* LOTTERY, *for the purpose of raising* Seven Thousand Five Hundred Pounds, *agreeable to an Act of the* LEGISLATURE *of the State of* NEW-YORK, *paſſed 8th February*, 1790.

SCHEME.

1 *Prize of*	£. 3000	-	£. 3000
2 -	1000	-	2000
3 -	500	-	1500
10 -	200	-	2000
30 -	100	-	3000
50 -	50	-	2500
120 -	20	-	2400
180 -	10	-	1800
7950 -	4	-	31800
8346 *Prizes.* / 16654 *Blanks.*	25,000 Tickets, at 40s. each, - - - -		£. 50000

Subject to a deduction of 15 per Cent.

THE object of this LOTTERY being to raiſe a part of the ſum advanced by the Corporation for repairing and enlarging the CITY-HALL, for the accommodation of CONGRESS, which does ſo much honor to the Architect, as well as credit to the City. The Managers preſume, that their Fellow-Citizens will cheerfully concur in promoting the ſale of Tickets, eſpecially, as the ſucceſs of this Lottery will relieve them from a Tax, which muſt otherwiſe be laid to reimburſe the Corporation.

The above SCHEME is calculated in a manner very beneficial to Adventurers, there not being *two Blanks to a Prize*.

The Lottery is intended to commence drawing on the *firſt Monday in Auguſt next*, or ſooner if filled, of which timely notice will be given. A liſt of the fortunate numbers will be publiſhed at the expiration of the drawing.

Tickets are to be ſold by the ſubſcribers, who are appointed Managers by the Corporation.

ISAAC STOUTENBURGH,
PETER T. CURTENIUS,
ABRAHAM HERRING,
JOHN PINTARD.

New-York, *March* 6, 1790.

LOTTERY SCHEME TO PAY FOR FEDERAL HALL
From original in possession of the New York Historical Society

Meanwhile New York had scored another astonishing gain in population, for in 1810 the census showed no less than ninety-six thousand inhabitants, an increase of over fifty per cent. in the preceding ten years, and by 1820 the city included fully one hundred and twenty - three thousand souls.† Three years before this amazing result was achieved the brokers, who continued to assemble in steadily increasing numbers in Wall Street, organized under the name of the New York Stock and Exchange Board and adopted a written constitution, but they were soon driven from their customary haunt by an outbreak of yellow fever, taking refuge for a time in Washington Hall, corner of Broadway and Reade Street, but eventually finding their way back to the *Courier and Enquirer*

* Washington Irving and Dr. Peter Irving were jointly responsible for the original idea, and they collaborated on the opening chapters, which were subsequently rewritten by Washington Irving alone.

† By 1830 population was approximately 202,000; by 1840, 312,000; by 1850, 515,000; by 1860, 805,000; by 1870, 942,000; by 1880, 1,200,000; by 1890, 1,500,000 (U. S. Census Reports).

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office at No. 70 Wall Street, which sheltered them for a part of the decade closing in 1830.

By this time the street which had once been the centre of government and the resort of fashion had become completely transformed. Federal Hall, the wonder and admiration of the city, had disappeared, the buildings erected on its site had gone up in smoke and flames; the Bank of the United States occupied the present Assay Building; the great Merchants' Exchange, covering the block lately abandoned by the Custom House, had been constructed, numbering among its many tenants the New York Stock and Exchange Board, and on all sides the hum of business was deepening into a roar. Old buildings were still giving way to new, however, and other changes were being effected, when the great fire of 1835 swept through the thoroughfare, levelling the monumental Merchants' Exchange and scores of other buildings to the ground; but almost before the ruins had cooled, the work of tearing down and building up was resumed—and it has never ceased. *"It is as difficult to wend one's way through Wall Street as it ever was,"* wrote the chronicler of the New York *Gazette* in 1839. *"Physically as well as financially there is peril in perambulating that street. Stocks may rise, but stones are falling prodigiously in all directions. The Manhattan and the City Bank are being torn down, and there are other edifices in old Wall Street under the besom. New York, ever since we knew it, has been a city of modern ruins—a perfect Balbeck of a day's growth and a day's dilapidation. The builder is abroad one day, and is relieved of his labors by the destroyer the day after. We never expect to see the city finished, but we have the greatest anxiety to see it fairly commenced."**

Almost threescore years and ten have passed since those lines were printed, but they fairly depict the modern conditions. Moreover, three years before the writer in the old *Gazette* described the physical aspect of the street, another contributor to the same periodical recorded some impressions of its life, which reflect the conditions of to-day.

"Between ten and three o'clock," reports this observer of 1836, *"Wall Street is crowded with speculators, money-changers, merchants, bank directors, cashiers, and a whole menagerie of bulls, bears, and lame ducks, and all is anxiety, worry, fretfulness, hurrying to and fro, wrinkled brows, eager eyes, calculating looks, restless gestures, and every indication which follows in the train of grim-visaged care. Wall Street is a place to study character, and the moralist would find material there to rewrite the 'Spectator,' the 'Tattler,' the 'Rambler,' and the 'Guardian' with scenes, incidents, personages, and manners peculiar to New York, and to no other city under heaven."**

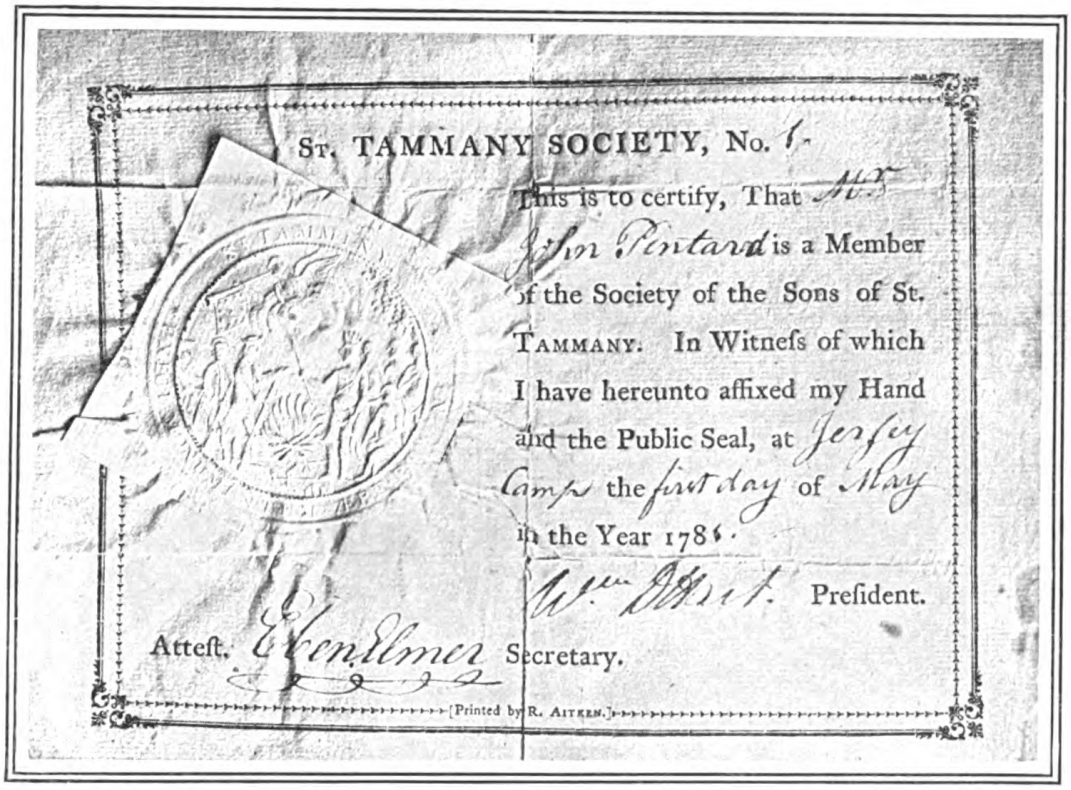
Such was the highway twelve months before its first great panic in 1837, and for the next three years the brokerage business languished to such an extent that the Stock and Exchange Board distributed its surplus among its members and virtually dissolved, though maintaining at least a nominal headquarters at one of the Jauncey buildings, No. 43 Wall Street. By 1842, however, the financial storm was over, and for the next twelve years the Board occupied a large hall over the reading-room of the new Merchants' Exchange, erected on the site of the building destroyed by the great fire, and so prosperous did it become during the interval that rivals† were induced to enter the field. During all this time the outdoor market or place of public assembly for the brokers was on the corner of Wall and Hanover streets, but in 1854 the Board moved to the Corn Exchange Bank Building on the corner of William and Beaver streets, and from that day to this the Stock Exchange has never had its headquarters on Wall Street. It would almost seem as though its desertion of the thoroughfare carried ill luck, for one of the most notorious scandals associated with the history of banking and railroads in New York—the Schuyler frauds of 1854—occurred about the time of its departure, and shortly after it moved again to Lord's Court at William Street, Beaver Street, and Exchange Place, the great

* New York *Gazette*, Vol. XVI., p. 375.

* New York *Gazette*, Vol. XIV., p. 135.

† It had at least one formidable rival prior to 1837, which the panic of that year virtually eliminated.

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ONE OF THE EARLIEST CERTIFICATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN TAMMANY

From original in possession of the New York Historical Society

panic of 1857 caused wide-spread disaster and alarm. The full force of this financial convulsion was felt in Wall Street, for by 1850 the highway had become the banking centre of the metropolis, whose population had risen to over half a million. Indeed, in that year there were no less than fourteen banks and sixty-nine insurance companies quartered on the thoroughfare,* and as the day of the modern office buildings with their thousands of tenants was still far distant, these concerns almost monopolized the limited territory. Every vestige of residential ownership had long since disappeared; the Presbyterian Church had been torn down and removed brick by brick to Jersey City; the Custom House, occupying the former site of the City Hall at the Nassau Street corner, had been erected at an enormous cost; the street had been somewhat widened; the Trinity of 1790 had been demolished and the present structure erected, and other changes were occurring every year.

It was not until 1863, however, that the old Stock and Exchange Board became known as the New York Stock Exchange,* and six more years elapsed before it merged its interests with those of its rival, the Open Board of Stock Brokers. Then came that Black Friday of September 24, 1869, well within the memory of many of its present denizens, when the street swarmed with demoralized victims and half-crazed captains of finance, while a little group of conspiring speculators dealt out ruin to thousands before they were themselves engulfed in the pit which they had digged.

From this time forward the history of the highway cannot be distinguished from that of the neighboring thoroughfares. Indeed, much which it is accused of and much that it is credited with is not properly associated with it

* From a rare publication of that year in possession of the New York Historical Society called "New York Pictorial Directory of Wall Street."

* It moved into its present quarters, Nos. 10 and 12 Broad Street, December 9, 1865.

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at all, for the wide field of operations now conducted in its name is by no means limited to its own narrow confines, and "the street" no longer means the canyon down which Trinity gazes.

But though its story has lost in color and picturesqueness during the last hundred years, its fame within this period has almost reached the uttermost ends of the earth, and it would seem as though its latest phase, as the financial centre, was destined to endure. Yet who can tell? The strip of land that has seen Stuyvesant's wooden palisade rise to the gigantic walls of brick and stone which now enclose and shadow it—the spot where Zenger's words were burned and the Declaration of Independence read—the route along which royal pageants passed and the ragged Continentals made their triumphal march—the forum of the Revolution and the birthplace of the nation—the haunt of fashion and the heart of business — the home of Hamilton—the school of statesmen—the firing-line of commerce — the battle-ground of politics and of money—the scene of financial master-strokes and speculative orgies—of loud-tongued victories and wild-eyed panics — the lair of the money spiders and the workshop of a Washington Irving and a Stedman—this is no mere street or thoroughfare. It is historic ground, of whose final destiny none dare prophesy.

THE END.

Dream-Durance

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

IN this old sleepy Spanish town,
Beside a ghostly marge of sea,
Haunted by tales of far renown,
I hear the years withdraw from me.

Along the sky-line's smoking blue,
Made dim with golden wind and rain,
I see the white sails swell to view,
I see them sink and fade again.

But whether skies be glad or gray,
And whether seas be grim or kind,
Forevermore they pass away,
Forevermore I stay behind.

Songs reach me from the middle sea,
Mirth and Adventure throng the main,
And somewhere in the world for me
Love, warm and splendid, waits in vain.

Life, like a many-colored stream,
Goes by me laughing and elate—
I dwell the bondsman of a dream,
And keep my pact with God—and wait!

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Oikiomaniacs

BY LILY A. LONG

OLD Dr. Ogden put his head into the booth at Deal's Tea Rooms, where Rita Brown, alone by the little table, was studying the menu card. "I saw your husband looking for you a moment ago," he said. "I'll tell him where to find you. Ah, here you are, Brown! I was just telling your wife I'd look you up and send you around. So glad to have caught sight of you. Good day!"

And the good-hearted doctor bowed and departed to scatter greetings to right and left, leaving Herbert Brown in the door of the booth, looking down as if fascinated into the face of the wife from whom he had been separated by the courts two years before.

Rita Brown stared back in startled silence for a moment; then she laughed lightly. "The dear absent-minded doctor has quite forgotten that there is any reason why we should not by preference be lunching together! Though, for that matter, I don't know that there is. Won't you sit down?" She indicated the chair opposite her own at the table with a gesture of invitation.

"Thanks," murmured Brown, taking the chair. He felt somewhat confused, and was thankful that the latticework wall of the booth shielded him from the view of the people in the main room outside. He had come to the city for the express purpose of seeking an interview with Rita, but this was so—casual! Of course, since Dr. Ogden had blundered them together in this way, it was the simple and sensible way of taking it, and Rita could always be depended on to carry off a situation.

"I just dropped in for—lunch," he said.

"Naturally," she laughed. "I didn't suspect you of coming here to buy chiffons and ribbons, like the rest of us. I didn't know you were in town," she added, as she picked up the menu card again, and gave it her interested attention.

"I only came up here last night—a matter of business. Do you always lunch here?" he added, conversationally, trying to rise to her pitch of nonchalance.

"Oh dear, no! I usually patronize the Woman's Exchange. The prices here are at least three hundred per cent. higher. But this is Saturday, and I have a half holiday this afternoon, and the weather is so gloriously springy that it got into my blood. So—I am giving myself a treat."

The pulse pounded furiously in his temples. Of course he had known that she was working to support herself—he had kept himself informed as to her situation always,—but it was different to reckon with the fact in this matter-of-course way.

"Do you mean that you can't afford to lunch here?" he asked, with an odd, angry note in his voice.

For a moment she looked surprised. Then she said, in the light tone with which he had known her to cover the gaucheries of a guest: "Oh, I can afford anything that I ought to afford. You have perhaps heard of the shopkeeper who said there were three classes of women now in the country—the rich, the poor, and the stenographers. I am a stenographer, you know. But eating is very largely a matter of habit."

"You are thin," he persisted, accusingly. "Your wrists are almost blue. Do you usually lunch on a cup of coffee and a cream puff?"

She laughed outright at that. "Nonsense! And if I am thinner, I think it is more becoming to me. You can't say I am not looking well."

He stared at her steadily,—as though he had done anything else since he sat down opposite her. "No; you are looking uncommonly well," he said, in a low voice, and dropped his eyes. It

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens

"I SAW YOUR HUSBAND LOOKING FOR YOU A MOMENT AGO"

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

sounded as though he had relinquished in that moment some unformulated possibility.

"Come, let us give our orders and have that over with," she said. "I am so glad to have this opportunity for a talk. There is something I want to say to you. I have had it in mind for some time to say it, if the chance ever came. When the waitress is disposed of—"

"What will you have?" he asked, taking the card from her hand.

"Oh, I haven't looked at all the prices yet!"

"I am going to order for you," he said, imperiously.

"Oh no!" she protested. Then she glanced up, caught his look, and laughed. "Oh, when you put on that do-or-die expression I know better than to oppose you! Thank you. You are very kind."

She leaned back with folded hands and watched him with an amused smile while he gave their order.

"You haven't lost your skill," she said, when they were again alone. "That was a most sophisticated combination." Then suddenly she leaned toward him across the table. "Aren't we having a good time? Don't we get along together beautifully? And think how we used to quarrel! Always, and about everything! That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I have found out *why* we quarrelled. I have wanted so to explain it all to you. I almost thought of writing you a letter, but you never can be sure a letter won't be misunderstood, and I thought we'd probably meet some time in the natural course of events. I found out all about it in a book, and it was so interesting."

The waitress returned with their grapefruit, and Rita waited until she had departed.

"It was in a clever essay by a famous physician," she resumed, eagerly. "It was all about the different kinds of egotism that beset us—'Tangents of the Ego,'—and it tells the different ways in which people betray when they are off the normal. And irritation with people they are fond of is one of them. It has a regular name—oikiomania. 'Lovers quarrel as the sparks fly upward,' he says. You can imagine if that didn't appeal to me! It was so exactly the way sparks used to fly whenever we were together. And the point of the whole thing is that it was purely pathological,—merely a diseased, or at least an erratic, condition of the nerves, just because we were in love with each other! Isn't that interesting?"

His hand was shaking, but he tried to keep his voice steady. "I don't see what difference—"

"Oh, *don't* you?" she cried, with surprised reproach. "Why, I think it makes a tremendous difference,—all the difference in the world. I used to think that the trouble was that we were not really mated, you know,—that we had made a mistake in marrying, and that our souls did not really belong together, and that that was why, with the best intentions in the world, we were always irritating each other and bringing out hateful sides of our natures that we never showed to any one else. That was really what made me so desperately unhappy. I wanted to be nice to you; I was constantly thinking, when you were away, of what I would say and do to please you when you came, and yet, when you did come, you would be sure to arouse a little fiend in me that would prompt me to say exasperating things, though sometimes I clenched my hands and shut my teeth until I trembled, to keep from speaking. It was so wrong that at last it seemed as though the only thing to do was to break it all clear off and take a fresh start."

"Do you mean that you think now *that* was a mistake?" he asked, bluntly.

"Oh no. I think it was the only thing to do. We were making things worse every day,—and each other. It was an impossible situation. I have been so much happier since,—so much freer in spirit. Haven't you?"

He did not answer.

"Honestly! Haven't you?" she persisted.

"In some ways,—perhaps."

"Oh, of course I know there are things to regret. We did love each other, in spite of all. And that is just the point I was coming to. I thought that our being so hateful to each other was a sign that there was no real love between us, and that was what made me feel finally that it was wicked to try to keep it up. But when I found out that it was in-

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stead, a sign that we *were* in love, and that our nerves were tense to the point of irritability as a consequence, why, it lifted from me that terrible sense of being fundamentally wrong! We were only superficially wrong! Of course that was enough to make it impossible for us to live together, but it was a very different matter from the other. We didn't need to live together; but I couldn't live with myself unless I believed in my own soul-integrity. I was so excited when I found out that it was something that was understood scientifically, and had a medical name and all, that I wanted to telegraph you to look up that book. But then I was afraid that you would not see the application unless I explained it to you, so I decided to wait until I should see you some day. But you are not eating anything!"

Brown managed a laugh, though it seemed somewhat hysterical. "No. You see, I am out of the habit of eating and probing into the inmost recesses of my soul at the same time. Either one or the other is occupation enough to absorb my entire attention."

She laughed sympathetically. "I know! You always did hate my tendency to analyze myself, and you, and our feelings, and everything else. And it made me so impatient to have you grow dumb when I wanted to talk about the things that were to me the most interesting and important things in the world. That is just an illustration of the situation."

"If I understand you correctly," he said, slowly, looking not at her, and trying hard to keep the queer throbbing in his throat from shaking his voice, "you think that if we had understood the superficial nature of the strange—antagonism that kept us constantly on edge, we might have learned to ignore it, practically, and fall back upon the essential—love, which you admit drew us together."

Her eyes shone. "Yes, that would have been the ideal outcome."

"Do you think it would be any use—" He had to press his lips together to keep from betraying the despicable, contemptible tremor which was running now through his whole body.

She shook her head thoughtfully. "No. We can talk these things over now just because we are not in love. Don't you see? We never could, before. If that relation were re-established—Oh, I would never dare risk it, even if it were possible. But I think it would be quite impossible. The love was killed, finally. How could it be otherwise? It simply couldn't exist in the atmosphere that we created between us. Now that it is gone, we are free to be intelligent friends. Why, I haven't hated you once since you sat down at this table! Doesn't that prove that I don't love you any more? I have simply been awfully glad to see you, and to have this chance to tell you what I had discovered about the pathology of our heart-breaking experience. You see, there are our souls, which are fixed quantities and eternal; and then there are our temperaments, which are something like floating clouds draped around our souls,—very unmanageable, and kind of—chemical. We don't know just what the reagents are going to be until we try. Is reagents the right word, or do I mean reactions? Never mind; you know what I mean. And, as I was saying, the very fact that we can talk together like this about things that always made our temperaments curl up and crinkle all around the edges before, proves that the other relation—the deeper one, between our souls—has been—disconnected. And it is better for us, even if I have grown a trifle thin in the process, and your hair has turned gray over the temples,—though I think it is astonishingly becoming to you. But I'm awfully glad to have seen you, and I shall always be thankful to that dear old stupid Dr. Ogden."

"But there is something that I have to say to you," he exclaimed, as she rose and picked up her gloves. "In fact, I came up on purpose to see you about it, though I didn't expect to find you when I came in here to-day. It is a matter of—business, that I think you ought to know about. It may be important, or it may not. But I can't talk here. Where can I— If you have no engagement this afternoon, can't you drive out the river boulevard with me? That will give me a chance to explain the matter. It has bothered me a good deal, Rita. I didn't know— But I think you would wish me to deal frankly with you. I must have a chance to talk at more ease than

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens

RITA SPRANG UP THE STEPS INTO THE CLUB-HOUSE

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here. Can't you come with me? I'll telephone for an auto."

She hesitated a moment, looking at him with gravely considering eyes.

"You would go with any other—friend," he urged, nervously.

She nodded. "I'll go. There's no reason why we shouldn't, of course. How long are you to be in town?"

"My business was simply to see you. I shall go back to-night."

"Very well. I'll wait in the reception room down-stairs until you get the machine up. You know where to find me."

He nodded, and left her without further words. As he walked hastily across the room, her eyes followed him, and as she noted the changes in him her face grew grave. He looked a good deal more than two years older. She wondered whether it was true that a man, despite his superior strength in some directions, is really more helpless alone than a woman. He looked—neglected. Oh, life was puzzling!

As she took her place beside him in the automobile a few minutes later, she could not repress a hasty hope that no one whom she knew would see her. For pride she would not let herself look about to see if she were observed. Let people wonder and gossip if they would! But, nevertheless, she was conscious of a sense of relief when they got away from the crowded streets down-town, and out into the quieter residence region where wayfarers were few. And then the brilliant sunshine of the day and the spring air acted on her like wine, and she gave herself up to the pleasure of the swift motion. Her eyes sparkled as she leaned forward with an unconscious smile on her eager face.

"Isn't it perfectly beautiful to go whirling along like this?—almost like a disembodied spirit. After being shut up in an office! I had forgotten how delirious it could make one just to breathe the air. I feel so dissipated!"

She was laughing, but he frowned as though she had hurt him. "The office is not necessary. You would not accept—"

"Of course not. How could I? I don't pretend to like being a stenographer, but I like it better than the alternative. However, that's a mere incident. Don't let's talk about it. I was only explaining why I feel so childishly excited at getting out into the country in this way. I suppose it is what Omar calls the fire of spring. Why is the spring more like fire—or wine—than any other season?"

He laughed helplessly. "You know I never could answer your conundrums. It's just because it is—the spring!"

"But I do want to understand the inside reasons for things! I saw a joke in a paper the other day about a man who was saying that it was hard to keep up with all the new inventions, and that he didn't really understand the theory of electric lighting; and a woman answered: 'Why, it is perfectly simple. You just press a button, and the light appears!' Yes, I know it sounds funnier to have it be a woman who says that, but I believe, after all, that that way of looking at things is more characteristic of the man than of the woman. Or, at any rate, it is true for women only in regard to mere externals like machinery and electricity, that don't really count, and that you can hire some one to take care of! When it comes to real things, like the way you feel in the spring, I want to know *why*."

"Perhaps it is the new gown."

"That's flippant. And I was in earnest. And two years ago it made me furious when you took up that tone. If I had only understood then, as I do now, the real inside reason for your talking in that way, it would have saved lots of unhappiness."

He stared. "What is my real inside reason, then? I'd like to know."

"Oh, egotism again," she laughed. "The egotism of shyness, this time. You are not indifferent to matters humanly important,—you can't be. It is only a mannerism. You put on flippancy to cover your self-consciousness. You seem to think that it is indelicate to lay your soul bare!"

"But what's the use of looking inside of yourself all the time? You never can know."

"What's the use of living? Just to *make* you look inside, as I think. And if you can't know absolutely, you can get a working hypothesis, which will save you from churning your life up into a

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chaos." She fell silent, and by the brooding look in her eyes he knew that she had gone for the moment far from the sunshine of the day.

Brown had been conscious for some blocks that they were approaching the house that had held their home during the stormy years when they had lived together. He had realized it with sudden discomfort when it was too late to change their course. To turn out to go around it, when there was no obstruction for an excuse, would be too obvious. He determined to go by swiftly and not look up. But as he reached the corner, some inner impulse that took no account of his will made his eye turn straight to the second-story windows that had been their own.

Rita caught the glance.

"I have often wondered why that flat has never been rented," she said. "It is by far the most desirable, and it has been standing vacant ever since we gave it up."

Brown did not answer for a moment. Then he said, with an effort to seem casual, "I never did give it up." He avoided her eye as he added, a trifle lamely, "I didn't know but what I might have occasion to be in town on business from time to time, and I hate hotels, you know."

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully.

They went on in silence after that for some minutes, and presently the close-set buildings had yielded to the scattered houses of the outskirts, and these in turn had given way to vacant spaces, until the boulevard was flowing, a rivulet of town, through the fields and groves of the indubitable country.

"There's a threatening look coming over those clouds," Brown said, after a time. "We may be in for a wetting. I hope you won't mind."

She nodded absently.

"Shall we turn back?"

"Oh no," she said, quickly. "Go right on." Something in her heightened color and the lift of her head made him look at her again, and then he saw that while he had been observing the clouds, she had had her eyes fixed on a procession of automobiles which was coming toward them. Half a dozen cars were tearing to town on the return track.

"They are coming in from the Country Club," she said.

Almost as she spoke they whizzed by, and though Brown did not intend to look up, he raised his hat as he saw that Rita was bowing—with the air of iced courtesy which he knew so well! He was sorry for her. He had been thoughtless to expose her in this way to the curious glances of their old "set." He looked at her anxiously. Her eye was flashing. Then all at once she caught his look and laughed.

"Oh, what does it matter? It may keep them from gossiping about some one else!"

Last there came a car alone, with a young man and a gray-haired woman in it, and as it passed, Brown's eyes and the driver's met and locked for an instant,—and he was conscious that his clutch of the wheel was making his fingers numb.

"Who was that with Frank Hallowell?" he asked.

"His mother."

He looked straight ahead.

"I want to speak to you about Hallowell," he said, slowly. "In fact, that is the business that brought me up."

"Indeed?"

He met her bright, cold glance, and knew that, in spite of her effort, her nerves had been jangled in the last few minutes, and also that he had introduced his subject badly. But he stumbled on.

"Don't think I have been spying on you. I haven't. At least not in any way that you would mind, I think. But there was one thing that I felt I must know—for a reason—and that was whether there was any possibility of your wishing to—marry. So I asked Bertie Herron to tell me if there was any gossip of that sort—I knew he would hear it if there was; and he told me about Hallowell."

"Did he have much to tell?" she asked, coldly.

"No. Merely enough to make me feel that I must come and ask you the straight question,—do you wish to marry Hallowell?"

She turned her face from him and looked out over the greening fields past which they flew.

"Do you think I am likely to care for further experimenting?" she asked, and there was a bitterness in her voice that hurt.

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"There is no reason why you should let one unfortunate experiment spoil your life," he said, steadily. "I am not so egregious an egotist as to wish that it should. Some time, if not now, you may wish— All I want to know is whether the time has come. If not, I have nothing more to say. If it has—"

"Have you anything to say against him?" she asked, sharply.

"Hallowell is the best fellow I know."

"Then what is it?"

He looked at her dumbly for a moment, as though he could not force his lips to speak. Then a sudden sharp spatter of rain in their faces gave him for the moment an excuse for evading her question.

"We're in for a shower,—a heavy one, by the looks of it. We can reach the Country Club quickest; I'll run in there."

He turned from the boulevard into the private road of the club, familiar enough to them both in the past, and ran his machine to shelter. He was just in time, for as Rita sprang up the steps into the club-house, a flash of lightning cut across the heaped-up clouds, which had suddenly gone black, and let loose a shower that was like a cloudburst. Rita ran, laughing, across the large room, and while servants hurried to rescue things on the porches she looked out across the lawn to the willow-fringed river. The trees, clinging desperately to the green veil in which the spring had wound them, were bent almost to the ground before the sweep of the wind, and the great-dropped rain came in following waves that filled the spaces between with filmy white. In a minute Brown joined her. She looked up with a laughing excitement that took his sympathetic understanding for granted.

"Isn't it glorious? So big! It seems to blow and wash all little things away. I *understand* a storm." She looked at it eagerly, intently, for a while, as though she were feasting her eyes upon it. Then she turned resolutely away and dropped into a low chair which faced toward the room.

"You did not finish what you were saying," she said.

He came and leaned against the table near her, but he seemed to find it difficult to begin, and she prompted him with a trace of impatience.

"Let us suppose that I do intend to marry Frank Hallowell,—what then?"

"You can't," he said, in a very low voice. "There was a case decided by the United States Supreme Court a while ago—I don't suppose you paid any attention to it—which nullified the decree of divorce in a case like—ours. It involves a technical point—a matter of jurisdiction. If any question were ever raised, it would govern our case as well. It need make no practical difference to us, of course, unless you—wish to marry. Then it would be necessary to get the record clear. If we could."

She was leaning forward, her hands clasped in her lap, staring at him breathlessly.

"Then I am still your wife?" she asked, in a daze.

"Does the idea make you wretched?" he asked, nervously.

"It is somewhat — upsetting." She paused unsteadily. "How long have you known this?"

"About six months. I didn't know just what to do about telling you. It wasn't necessary to bother you unless—"

There was a sound of voices and excited laughter in the anteroom as some one else came rushing in from the driveway to escape the storm. Then the door of the room was flung open, and a man, dripping with the rain, stood in the doorway for an instant, looking in at them. Then he dropped the door sharply, and they heard him running up-stairs. It was Hallowell.

Brown had straightened up instantly. His eyes were fixed searchingly upon her face, on which the color had sensitively flamed out.

"Shall I go up and explain to him?"

"No!"

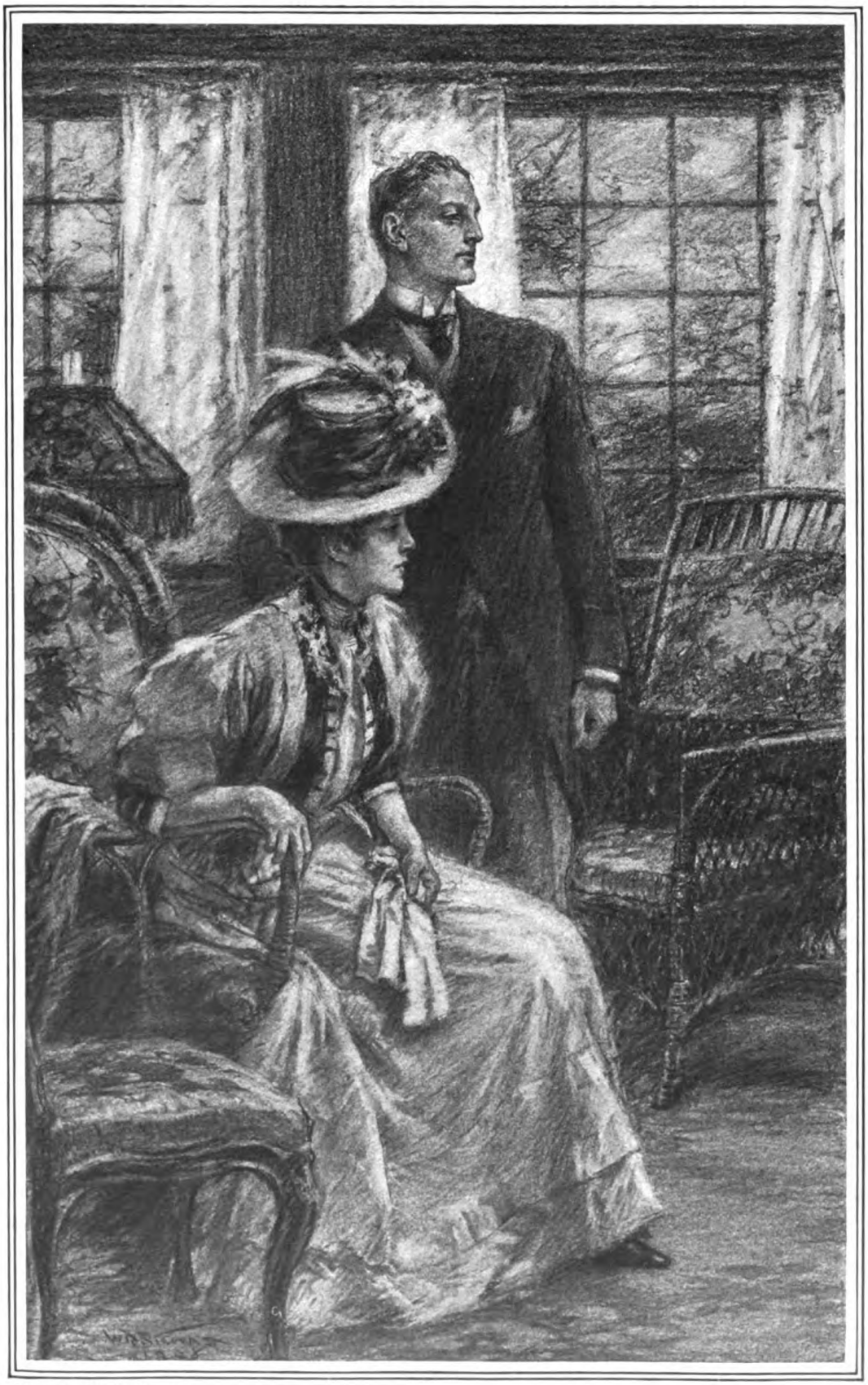
"Are you sure?"

She looked up defiantly. "Why explain anything, if—"

"If he has a right to know, that comes first. Then we will have to consider—"

"He has no such right," she cut in, coldly. "He has been a good friend, and I have not cared to keep many. But as for marrying,—I have no intention of marrying him or any one else. Oh, I am through with all that!" She put her hands up for a moment to her face, pressing the tips of her fingers hard

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens

"LET US SUPPOSE THAT I DO INTEND TO MARRY"

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against her closed eyes. Then suddenly she dropped her hands and looked up at him questioningly. "But you,—perhaps on your own account—"

"I? Oh no!" He laughed impatiently. "Do you think that if I could not live with you, there is any other woman in all the world for me? I know I was a blunderer, but at least I have never made so unintelligent a mistake as that."

She did not speak. She picked up thoughtfully the gloves which lay in her lap, and as she did so one of them slid to the floor. He bent to restore it to her, and their hands met. Without volition his fingers closed upon hers, and in a moment he was holding both her hands pressed hard against his breast.

"Rita! There is no one in the world for me but you,—never was, never will be. Can't we make a go of it? I love you,—oh, I love you! It isn't possible that that can't count for something. Perhaps I, too, have learned a little in these two horrible years,—I have suffered enough, so far as that goes, God knows. I have longed for you every moment,—I am only half myself without you. Darling! *Can't* you endure me?"

She drew her hands away to cover her face and burst into tears—slow, convulsive sobs that swayed her form as the trees were swayed by the wind outside.

"It — isn't — love — we need," she sobbed. "It's—wisdom!"

"But, my love,—my dear—"

"Oh, hush!"

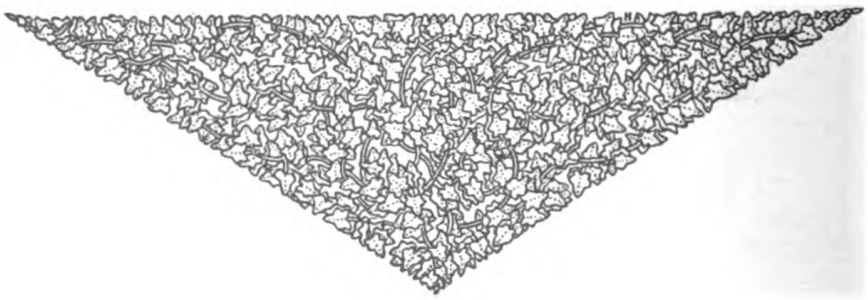
"What have these two years been for, if not to add wisdom to our unhappy love?"

The door opened to let in a chatter of women's voices, and a party came into the room. Brown muttered something under his breath as he picked a comic paper up from the table and stared rigidly at it. Rita had stiffened instantly into icy composure, but he knew she was holding her breath to keep back a sob. If the women who came in guessed that they had interrupted an emotional tête-à-tête, they showed it only by their momentary silence and the vivacity of their renewed chatter. They obviously had no intention of retreating. On the contrary!

In a moment Rita rose from her chair and walked nonchalantly to the window. The sudden shower had passed as it came, and every blade of grass on the lawn flashed a jewel of laughter at the sun, which was driving the clouds to right and left in rainbow mists. It was vivid past all words,—vital with the glory of the sky and the beauty of the earth. The wine of spring! It was all one with the clinging of their fingers when they had met, with the call of his heart—and of her own. Should she take up the beaker? Or put it by? All her future whirled in the magic crystal of the poised raindrop she watched. She turned her eyes from the hypnotizing sparkle, and they fell upon a mirror in which she saw Herbert. A quick smile curled her lips as she took in his frozen attitude and the colored page of alleged humor at which he stared. And then she saw again how very gray he had grown, and how his face fell into lines that she had never known before. His shoulders drooped. He looked—defeated. And the spring was outside. Ah, he mustn't!

On the instant she turned, and while the curious women watched under their eyelashes and her husband still clung desperately to the frail support of an exhausted cartoon, she called aloud, in a voice that shot through the room with the vitality and ripple of the sunshine:

"The rain is over, Herbert. Let's go on—home!"



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Editor's Easy Chair

A WIDELY underlying interest in journalism, of which average humanity can scarcely have suspected itself, has been manifested by the comment made on Mr. George Harvey's Bromley Lecture at Yale University in March last. No doubt the uncommon frankness, clearness and boldness of the lecturer's opinions on journalism as related to ethics and politics had a good deal to do in exciting comment. Most people have really no preoccupations concerning these matters; some who have, conceal them. Mr. Harvey believes, and openly says he believes, that journalism should be completely and forever kept from the taint of political ambition, whether through the favor of prince or people, whether through the pride of appointment or the flattery of election. He holds that the journalist should be independent, not only of his own counting-room, but of his own reading public. He affirms that though the journalist is probably born rather than made, he is all the better for being made in the likeness of a scholar and a gentleman after being born, and that the shaping hand of the university can be most usefully employed in giving him moral and mental force. He brushes aside the prevalent superstitions in the way of his convictions, which we have stated so briefly and barely, and we think he will carry the readers, as he seems to have carried the hearers, of his lecture with him. He certainly must do so where he has the advantage of illustrating journalism, as it has been in the past, from former journalistic types; and one must heartily wish him all the help which the university can give him in enforcing his positions regarding the journalism of the future. What the university can do in broadening the mind and deepening the conscience, it will be welcomed in doing for the journalist, as Mr. Harvey imagines him, for he totally rejects the notion that the journalist is all the better without the intellectual training which carefully directed study gives men of other professions, and he refuses to accept the practical newspaper man's ideal that the journalist's supreme duty is to make the people's pleasure his business, and his final wisdom is to get the most money out of it.

Journalism is, of course, a financial enterprise, a way of earning a livelihood, but so is medicine, so is the law, so is literature, so is the church, so is science, so is the drama, so is war, even, but it is very much more, as each of these callings is very much more; and the journalist must have a soul above the money that is in his newspaper, as the doctor, lawyer, author, scientist, actor and soldier must have a soul above the money that is in the profession he lives by. In fact, the hard sayings which Mr. Harvey addressed to the youth of Yale University, if they took them to heart, could not have left them the hope of honor or distinction in journalism, save upon some such ground as these are won in other employs. None who heard him could have supposed, for instance, that success, except of the basest sort, could be achieved by a Democratic journalist who wrote Republicanism, or the reverse, or by an editor who conducted a newspaper opposed to his own convictions, though here and there a university youth may have heard that such things have been.

But probably the thoughts of those who listened to the Bromley lecturer were of a psychological rather than an ethical bent. Probably such of them as had a notion of "going into journalism" were asking themselves how much they were born fit for it, and how much they must yet be made fit for it, rather than how far they could serve a high and good end when they got into it. Neither would such a preliminary inquiry have been out of place; their fitness for journalism was the first question which must be

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answered for those wishing to achieve the noblest things in it; and we will own that it is a very attractive phase of the whole question for the disinterested observer. Of recent years, not perhaps the most recent, many university youths have "gone into journalism" out of the many more who have desired to do so, and if most of these may have halted with their feet permanently on the lowest rung of the ladder, where they were required first to place them, that is no reason for denying that some were destined to mount it to the top. It is quite certain that such as have achieved this eminence were peculiarly and specially qualified for it, and it would be edifying to ask, although we may never positively know, how they were qualified for it.

A prime qualification for success in any art, trade, or profession is the love of it, though love alone will by no means bring success in it. The love must be reciprocal; that is, the vocation must desire its follower, for reasons which there is no finding out, and which must remain as much a mystery to him as to any of his witnesses. "She was love-worthy," says Heine, in treating of a more passional case, "and he loved her; but he was not love-worthy, and she loved him not." The fond youth, university-bred or self-made, may have ever so great a desire for journalism, but journalism will have no desire for him, unless he has the peculiar charm for it which commands affection in all cases. He can only prove the fact by trying, and by longing to try with a longing that excludes the hope of every other reward beside the favor of the art he wishes to espouse. Riches, fame, power may be in the event, but they are not to be in the quest. The wish to succeed in it for its own sake must be his first motive, and the sense of success in it must be his first reward; those other things must be left to add themselves, without his striving for them. So far as he strives for them, they will alloy and dilute his journalistic success.

If we are paraphrasing Mr. Harvey again, without reinforcing his meaning, it cannot be helped, for he has so fully covered the ground; but if it could be helped, the pleasure of finding ourselves in accord with a practised and practical journalist in an ideal of the art, or trade, or profession, might well tempt a more succinct and suggestive commentator to mere expatiation. If anything more original is latent in our gloss, it must appear from the wish to recognize that charm in the calling, which it seems to us is peculiarly potent, and which makes itself felt on every level of journalism. The poor space-rater, the powerless slave of assignment, the lowly interviewer, will feel it as keenly as the proudest writer of leaders, the freest special correspondent, the managing editor, or that yet more supernal authority, the editor himself, whose dignity no qualification could enhance. Possibly the soldiers in the ranks are more subject to this nameless, this well-nigh indefinable allure than their superiors, for their zeal is apparently in proportion to the degree of their subordination. Their love of their newspaper, their devotion to its service, their pride in its repute, and their willingness to sacrifice themselves for its success, is something as baffling to the alien as an Englishman's loyalty to his King, and is as wholly unrhymed and unreasoned to themselves. No doubt their passion is in proportion to their innate fitness for their work, but there are many journalists of every grade who would all but die for their paper, and are yet not very good, or not the best editors, managing editors, leader-writers, special correspondents, space-raters, assignment men, or interviewers. These are willing to spend years, or whole lives, in the endeavor to be better in their kind, and are humbly glad of any improvement, though they are conscious that it still leaves them fatally below the best. It is the sort of thing that we see in every craft and calling, and which fills them all with fair to middling, essentially second-rate doctors, lawyers, preachers, painters, actors, tailors, shoemakers, and what not.

If we attempted to tell what the charm of journalism is, we should perhaps have to say that it is the sense of being at the centre of things, of being in the secret of the world, in the confidence of life. If some persistent inquirer demanded what we meant by this, we should, no doubt, shirk a direct reply,

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and should try to put him off with still obscurer generalities. Yet we believe there is a meaning in our words, and that the reader, if he considers them well, will perceive that they imply that potentiality of prophecy which is the most flattering of all its possibilities to the human soul. The journalist stands nearest the universal heart; in fact, he is in it, and he knows first how the events, which are the material of history, must affect it, before they are transmitted to the universal brain, and there intellectualized into the universal consciousness. Twelve hours or twenty-four hours before these events become a part of common experience, he has felt their impact, analyzed them, assimilated them, and put them in the way of common knowledge. A fire, a fraud, a murder, a divorce, a financial panic, a rumor of war, an elemental catastrophe, a terrible disaster, is transmuted by means of his personal chemistry before it is transmitted to the rest of the human race, which it never reaches in the form of which he is previously sensible as an intimation from omnipotence. Whether as a mere reporter, or as an ultimate editorial authority, he has in his degree appropriated and characterized it, and his world, a great or small part of the race, receives it in his interpretation.

We are not saying that the average journalist is aware of being a prophet of this sort; very probably he will be astonished to learn that he is of any such mystical make; but his ignorance of it will not affect the fact. If he ever comes to a perception of his place and use in the cosmos, he will probably find it something like this; he will discover that his *rôle* in the great drama of life is vaticination from perfectly ascertained premises; his position is that of a seer always prepared to act in obedience to the axiom,

"Don't never prophesy unless ye know."

His peculiar knowledge of to-night will be the common knowledge of to-morrow; but all the same it is foreknowledge to-night. If he finds no allure, no charm in this, he will not become a great journalist, though he may find the strongest allure, the most potent charm in it, and yet not become a great journalist.

"But how," the trembling undergraduate, longing to "go into journalism," will ask,—"how am I to learn whether I am fit for journalism or not?"

"The way," we should answer, "is not a royal road, for there is none to this learning more than to any other. If you imperatively desire to ascertain your fitness or unfitness, you must try by taking a place on a newspaper. You will soon know whether you are journalist enough by nature to be improved by experience. Unless you have the money to buy a newspaper, as some successful journalists (not the best type) have done, you will probably not be able to test yourself on the highest or the higher planes; you will be allowed, however, if your friends have interest, to enter the ranks of journalism as a reporter. This is by no means a contemptible opportunity. Good reporters are almost as rare as good poets, and to show yourself a good reporter is to put yourself in a foremost line of advancement. But managing editorships are as difficult of attainment as major-generalships, and there is no promotion by seniority. Still, there must be managing editors, and it will be largely, if not essentially, your own fault if you do not become one."

This is the sort of vague and evasive answer we should make to any specific inquiry. The general question of how the university may give a particular training for journalism lends itself to much the same treatment. In its academical department, the university affords "the education of a gentleman," which nobody, not even a gentleman, can have too much of; but it does not afford the education of a lawyer or a doctor or a preacher; this is given in particular schools, though whether there can ever profitably be a school of journalism remains to be seen. Of course a university newspaper on the lines of the ordinary newspaper of commerce could always be educatively tried, and could be de-amateurized by adherence to the strict business basis of the uncloistered journals. That is, when it did not pay its expenses and something over, it could teach one of the first lessons of journalism by ceasing to be. Such an enterprise would give the requisite journalistic training in the practical way, but neces-

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sarily within undergraduate limits. Within these, however, the adolescent journalist could learn the fine and difficult art, sometimes employed by editorial writers, of conveying sentiments and opinions not allowed by the management to be expressed or even implied. The management would be represented by the college authorities, who could be best circumvented by the use of irony —a graceful resort in such exigencies of journalism.

Mr. Harvey did not stop with the promulgation of his ideals of journalism. He attempted to realize them in an experimental or illustrative journal, of which we have seen only the first number. In regard to this, we shall betray no secret when we say that it did not meet with the general, the almost universal favor which greeted his lecture from the press. It was consoling to find that whatever was the practice of this newspaper or that, each and every newspaper, if you could judge from its approval of the principles laid down by the lecturer, wished to be decent, dignified, just, incorruptible, singly devoted to the highest conceptions of public duty, and unmoved by any ambition apart from successful journalism on the loftiest plane. There could be no mistaking the acceptance of the lecturer's ideals, but in the rejection of their embodiment in the first number of a daily newspaper, it seemed to us that its censors lost sight of the elemental fact that a first number of any publication is never the first number. It is only a preparation for the first number; but they treated this as if it were the final realization of the editor's ideal of a newspaper, when it could be no more than the expression of his intention in that direction. With a surprising unanimity they overlooked the virtue which underlay all its defects; for, so far as we followed their comments, none of them recognized how thoroughly even this merely suggestive and provisional first number was *edited.* At every point the material which filled it had been thoughtfully and conscientiously treated. It was no longer the raw material heaped into one vast receptacle and left there to a species of ferment destined to complete itself in the reader's mind.

It is not so much the exclusion of certain facts which makes a good and fit newspaper; that is a negative virtue, so negative that it may not be a virtue at all. Perhaps there is no fact short of something very loathsome or unnatural which the reader has not the right to know of as a public event, as an incident of civilization; but every such fact can be so presented as to become food for reflection and not remain the riot of sensual appetite. The shock of disaster, the fascination of crime, the contagion of vice, the taint of immorality, are what the editor can defend the reader from most when he realizes that the reader has a right to know of disasters, crimes, vices, and immoralities as parts of current history. It has long been the complaint of a portion of the public, not necessarily more nice than wise, that the vast newspapers of our day are more than it wants for its money; that it would prefer not to buy, if it could help, a heap of each yesterday's kitchen-middens, but a selected provision for to-day's sustenance from the superabundance of yesterday's production in all the forms of human activity and experience. As it is, with one or two exceptions, our newspapers are too big to be great. The Bromley lecturer's suggestion in practical journalism was a step in the direction of greatness, as distinguished from the bigness which prevails, and in this aspect there was no shadow of failure in it. To have four pages instead of forty, what a relief, what a boon, what a blessing!

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Editor's Study

WE speak in a general way of the art of prose literature without being able to say just what it is, and the better the literature the more difficult it is to define the art of it. The *ars poetica* is instantly intelligible, at least in its outward forms. The imaginative values which we demand of the poet belong also to prose; but in the modern novel or essay of the highest imaginative order we find nothing that exactly corresponds to those formal obligations which the poet, the sculptor, or the painter cannot escape. In what sense, then, is modern imaginative prose an art?

Surely, we think, there must be an art of fiction, and we are reassured of this by several able treatises in which the development of this art has been traced from the earliest story writing to the novel of our own time. But, whatever light these careful analyses may throw upon the course and progress of fiction, they do not help us in those extremely modern instances of writers who have discarded all the canons that were formerly considered indispensable to the art. Even as to past examples, what is presented in such works is not their art, but their place in the course of a merely technical development.

If we say that it is imaginative values which constitute the art of any work, we may be on the right track if we are able to discern just what kind of imaginative values distinguishes the prose of to-day not only from that of any other period, but from all creative work in earlier times which we have been accustomed to call art. For it has been the fashion to think of art as something separate from life. In the plastic arts, in painting and in instrumental music, the artist worked *in alia materia*, in marble, color, and tone; but this difference implied no contempt of life any more than man's other uses of Nature did—it was but the mastery of materials for the expression of his creative imagination, a reinforcement of human possibilities, an expansion of the scope of art beyond the limit of bodily expression in dance and song and in dramatic representation.

So far art would seem to have been an enhancement of life, an outward translation of its tension. It is when we regard the theme that we see how life was belittled in the presence of the old art, dwarfed by alien grandeurs, eclipsed by an unnatural radiance, overmastered by a remote tension. The earliest choric and lyric forms had in their violent ecstasy been linked with the terrible spells of superstition. In later creations of his imagination man was forever projecting a monstrous superman which outfaced and overshadowed him. In the more subdued embodiments of Hellenic art and in those of the later art which was of Hellenic inspiration, while there was a freer play of human genius and more perfect expression of the beautiful, associated, at least in sculpture, with the human form, still in the theme the superhuman guise was dominant; gods and demigods strode alongside man and, in stature and deed, overtopped him.

In the Iliad mortals are but the tools of the gods. Homer presents a few plainly human groups, and from his description of Achilles's shield we may infer that in relief work of that kind representations of the familiar scenes of every-day life were not uncommon. It is true, too, that the gods as portrayed by Homer are themselves swayed by human passions and subject to human frailties, but this is mere mock-humanity. In the whole range of ancient and medieval art, including what is classed as the greatest poetry, from Homer to Milton, the projections of the imagination are not in simply human terms and do not disclose simply human values.

The inhuman and superhuman disguises, reflecting distempers of thought,

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fancy, and feeling, make the old arts and poetry seem alien to us. We may deliberately build a new cathedral, but, after all, it is an anachronism. We cannot revive the spirit which inevitably expressed itself in the erection of these edifices, which to medieval peoples were their homes more intimately in thought and feeling than were the houses in which they dwelt. The masterpieces of medieval painting appealed to souls preoccupied by a strange other-worldliness, and portrayed humanity under stresses only monstrously imaginable. These are far away from us, who are seeking to know what our world really means for us in all its possibilities and what are the real values of human existence. A painting like Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" is as impossible now as a poem like "Paradise Lost."

It is not strange that we should turn aversely from the old art—not from its beauty and formal excellence, which have an everlasting appeal to æsthetic sensibility, but from its meanings, which seem to us so remote from reality. We are haunted by its beauty, the embodiments of which we cherish—repeating eclectically old forms of architecture in our own, gathering together in galleries the originals or copies of old statues, friezes, and paintings—to awaken or keep alive the sense of the beautiful in every new generation. The study of these embodiments, however divorced they may have been from all that seems to us really significant in human life, is an important part of our study of the Humanities. The evolution of the creative imagination is indeed paramount above all else in human history in its appeal to our intellectual interest; apart from what it is as a disclosure of genius, it registers civilization.

Confining ourselves to the extremely modern period which is identical with the new psychical era, we find that there is a new art as well as a new literature. The plastic arts reached their highest perfection centuries ago, and we only repeat old forms in fresh combinations. But painting has had its modern transformation along the same lines as literature, abandoning traditional disguises and symbols. The impressionistic tendency prevailed at the same time in painting as in poetry, fiction, and other forms of imaginative prose; and both in art and literature the tendency persisted in so far as it yielded true imaginative values. The art of painting has been applied to the interpretation of the past during the last two generations with as much fidelity and devotion to the truth as the best novelists have shown in that field. Abbey is as painstaking as Hewlett, and his genius is as spontaneous. Landscape-painting is giving Nature her true investiture—that which is purely her own — not merely following pre-Raphaelite suggestion. The work is creative, discerning in things their soul and temperament, unveiling the charms that Nature wooes us by. Painting has forsworn allegory; and religious subjects are no longer treated symbolically.

The drama considered as an art—that is, something for stage representation—has won its recent distinctions in the lines of the new realism.

It may perhaps be fairly claimed that in painting, the drama, and poetry certain features distinctive to modern prose were first foreshadowed—that the transformation in these arts, involving the divestiture of old fashions and the prophetic intimations of a psychical renascence, was going on long before it was apparent in fiction. This is undoubtedly true in the case of poetry. The relation of Wordsworth to all that we recognize as modernity was more direct and intimate than that of any novelist in his generation. Browning was the chief inspirer of the great prose writers of the last fifty years. The influence of these poets is felt more in prose than in poetry. That is the significant fact, showing that the tendencies they intimated naturally found a freer and ampler expression in prose than in their own field of art. If poetry, because of its form, has a recognized limitation, the representative arts are still more restricted.

More than any other art, music, in its modern development, aligns itself with the imaginative prose literature of the present era. Of course there can be no direct comparison between these so different kinds of expression; but we think of music along with literature because of the pervasive intimacy of both in our modern life and culture. It seems as if

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music were forever striving to become articulate, and as if literature, in its farthest reaches, sought to express meanings beyond the range of any vocabulary. While music is under an obligation more precise than that of any other art—one that is exactly mathematical—yet, because it inhabits not space but time, it seems to escape definite confinement. It can be communicated by printed signs, carrying in these its exact architecture, and be as widely reproduced as any form of publication, suffering no such modification of values as is incident to the reproduction of painting. It has varying degrees of exaltation, but it has this advantage over literature and every other form of artistic expression, that it can never be degrading. Its development, which has been alongside that of modern prose, has shown a like variety and amplitude of expression, and in each the appeal is more and more of a psychical character, in a region of sensibility where meaning and feeling are inseparably blended, without notional alloy. The transformation in the art of music from its earliest to its present appeal has been concurrent with that of human sensibility itself. From its old obsession of the feet it has become a modest and even tentative seizure of us, taking us as thought takes us, lingeringly, hesitantly, waiting upon our souls. Is it not in this way that our best prose novel and essay appeal to us?

The art of pictorial illustration in black and white, while it has achieved notable triumphs, especially in periodical literature, in the graphic representation of our every-day life and in sketches of travel, has done its best for fiction, in the portraiture of character, giving extreme visualization to the imaginative creations of the novelist. The artists who have succeeded Cruikshank, Tenniel, Doyle, Du Maurier, and Leech, and whose work is so familiar to the readers of our foremost illustrated magazines, have done their part toward a plainly human portraiture of life, and they have not been merely the followers of writers in this advance. They might, perhaps, justly claim that they led the way—that they were the first to abjure insipid types of merely physical beauty, the first to depend confidently upon unliterary intentions and values; and this confident dependence is the chief distinction of the best contemporary fiction.

While a general, or at least casual, survey of the art of the past brings vividly before us features and associations which are alien to us, and thus likely to beget aversion,—especially when we reflect upon the remoteness of this old art from the plain realities of human life,—yet our closer regard shows a modern transformation—which is, after all, only a marvellous sequel of less striking changes that were going on from the beginning of civilization — a transformation like that which has been effected in human life itself; and we see that we have changed, and art with us,—that we have a new art because we have a new humanity. The earlier projections of the imagination reflected life, but with refraction, as in a mirage, because life itself had not found its centre and therefore had not attained its true realization; thus it must have had its tension and exaltation outside of itself, taking, in all forms of art, shapes that were magnificent and imposing but unreal. Now that life has come home, art is homely.

So, after this brief survey of those kinds of creative work which it has been the universal custom to call the fine arts, and the consideration of that radical transformation whereby these arts have responded to our modern psychical sensibility, thus becoming an intimate part of our present culture, we come back to our original question: In what sense is the imaginative prose of to-day an art?

If we were considering the fiction, the histories, and the interpretative essay before the middle of the nineteenth century, we should find very little to even suggest such an inquiry, and the little we might find—say, in Addison and Steele, in Lamb, Hazlett, and De Quincey—would be so different from our new literature, so allied to an older order by formal elegances or rhetorical devices of style, as to be hardly pertinent to our immediate purpose. It would not occur to any critic to speak of the art of the Waverley Novels. Down to the Victorian era, and in the case of very much of the fiction of that era, the novelist was limited — even Jane Austen was—by the superficiality, or, we might better say, the

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externality, of the theme; the treatment was of human life, but confined to obvious features, traits, and situations. There is the same style of treatment in a good deal of contemporary fiction, a theatrical exaggeration of external features often serving for effectiveness and rather cheap entertainment. It may be called art, but it is a poor species of that old art which depended for its effect upon false similitudes.

When we speak of the art of Thomas Hardy, of Conrad, of Hichens, of Mrs. Humphry Ward, we mean something quite different—something so unlike the older art that we must say that either it is not art at all or a wholly unprecedented art.

The very content of the art, the kind of human phenomena emerging at the stage of psychical evolution which we have reached, is unprecedented. All the old signs fail us; the well-worn tokens have given place to an ever-fresh coinage. The creations of the human spirit are wholly its own, born of it, not made in conformity with any logical proposition or mental notion, and they bear no stamp of extraneous authority; whatever of divinity they may have is in their purely human genesis. The whole meaning of that designation—"the son of man"—is restored to a humanity which nearly two thousand years after the advent of the Gospel has come to the worldly instead of the other-worldly or saintly acceptance of it. "The fruits of the spirit" are not limited, as to their nature or their scope, by the narrow definition imposed by puritanical or any other arbitrary judgment as to what is the chief end of man.

If we were going on in the old way, making much of myth and of traditional fancies and symbols and customs, seeking dramatic effects that are only outwardly impressive, courting empty but picturesque splendors, our imaginative literature would still continue to create the art which has always been associated with a distorted similitude of life. But this is not the gait of that humanity which, almost within the limit of two generations, has emerged, taking its own shape and growing into its full stature on the psychical plane, with interests and desires that find satisfaction only in humanly real issues and values.

In the vast field thus opened for a new employment of the imagination in the embodiment and interpretation of a real world and a real humanity, our prose literature most intimately and pervasively appeals to the newly awakened sensibility. It deals with phenomena so different from those which engaged the genius of earlier times that old canons have gone meaningless as the old fashions have become obsolete. The writer stands so near to life that his imagination takes the tension native to that life, along with its real feeling, shape, color, and rhythm. This is the new art of prose.

But apart from this general designation of the art there is also to be considered that which gives it its infinite diversity through the individual genius of the writers. The new conditions, unlike the old, break up conformity and compel individuality of expression. Our writers are not grouped in classes or schools. Whatever characteristics they have in common belong to the new attitude of literature toward life and the world; but each one sees with his own vision and according to his native powers, his comprehending heart and feeling mind. Here we touch upon undefinable possibilities.

Prose has this advantage over other arts, that while these can exist only as each meets its formal obligation, it alone can dispense with the rigid forms of outward tension without disintegration. In this relaxation lurks also its peril; disintegration lies in wait for it, through the loss of vital tension—of the inward pulse, tone, vibrancy, which belong to life. Another danger is in the treachery of its medium of expression—the ease with which a word or a phrase, under the misguidance of a too ready fancy, may blur or displace reality—the facile generalization which blots out the values of the particular.

The novelist, while avoiding refraction in his representation of life, must give objectively the reflection, however subjective his impression, and, though shunning the stress of the theatrical and the picturesque, must present the dramatic movement and picture, learning from the old masters clear and firm delineation, lest his work seem less real than theirs.

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Editor's Drawer

The Machinations of Miss Madison

BY ELIZABETH LOUISE HASKELL

MISS MADISON'S eyes wandered lovingly over the beautiful garden as she strolled up the box-bordered path to the door. Here, Anne, her aged retainer, now too old for active service, met her and put an end to her pleasing humor by imparting the disastrous news that Selma was about to leave.

"Oh, Anne, not Selma?" Miss Madison exclaimed. "I thought she was different from the rest. She seemed so devoted to me. What ever shall we do if this keeps on?"

"I don't know, miss, I'm sure. Mrs. Hubbard got after this one. The barefaced way them ladies will come and steal away the girls you've taught and struggled with does beat all. And they pretending to be so fond of you all the time."

"Well, you know they all do it, Anne," said Miss Madison, with a resigned sigh. "And we can't afford to quarrel with the whole town. Send Selma up to me. I want to talk to her."

Miss Madison sat down by her window, and was ruefully reviewing the serious domestic problem of the age when Selma knocked at the door and entered, weeping.

Anne had been so cross to her, she wailed in broken English, and of course she didn't want to go, but Mrs. Hubbard offered twenty-five dollars a month, and nine dollars more was such a lot to send home. Her mother and father were so poor, they would be so glad. If Miss Madison would give her twenty-two dollars she would stay.

However, the small income left by the Judge just sufficed to make things run smoothly; each penny was carefully spent, and a monthly increase of such a considerable amount was not to be considered.

What had for some time been accepted as unavoidable was now becoming unendurable, and Miss Madison, after Selma's departure, awakening in the rosy dawn of a June day, lay in her great four-poster and pondered. From considering the evils of the day she fell into a gentle doze and never afterwards was quite sure if the brilliant idea were really hers or if she dreamed it. Anne, expecting to find her harassed and annoyed at the prospect of a long hot day in town, with only the ultimate result in view, was surprised to hear her come humming down the stair, with the serene declaration that she had a plan which might make it more difficult for her neighbors to lure away her servants after she had trained them.

Miss Madison returned from town the following afternoon with Ludka in tow. From a varied assortment of almost every nationality at the immigration office where Selma and her many predecessors had been found she had selected Ludka, firstly because she was Tchek, there being, so far as she knew, no other Tcheks in town; secondly, because she possessed a certain cowlike docility of countenance which was valuable in this instance; thirdly, because she was clean and strong and spoke no English.

The first object lesson in the new method of kitchen kindergartening took place on the following morning. Ludka stood meekly before Miss Madison, watching in fascinated wonder her lips forming strange new words.



"ICE-BOX," SAID MISS MADISON

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"Ice-box," said Miss Madison, very slowly and distinctly, pointing to the oven.

"Aice box," repeated Ludka with admirable docility.

"Oven," said Miss Madison, laying her hand on the ice-chest.

Ludka, parrotlike, repeated the word.

Anne looked out of the window and her old shoulders shook.

"Coal," went on Miss Madison, lifting the lid and touching the ice.

The coal naturally was next said to be ice, and the epithets of hot and cold were inverted. At this point Tom, the aged stableman, unable to resist temptation, appeared upon the scene, and the old house-dog Timothy, wagging his tail, followed. Ludka at sight of Timothy gave an exclamation of pleasure and stooped to pat the dog's head.

"That's a baby," said Tom.

"Baby, baby," repeated Ludka, innocently.

"Whist now, Tom!" said Anne, with a choke in her voice, but she took it upon herself later in the day to go Tom one better, by telling Ludka that the cleaning-woman's baby was a dog.

That first morning Miss Madison succeeded in turning the kitchen accessories topsy-turvy, and the imparted instruction being duly confirmed and repeated by the patient Ludka, the lesson for the day was done, and she retired to rest from her exertions.

The simple rule of two well learned, the more difficult one of inverted threes was in time approached. With an egg, an onion, and a potato on the table the rule of three was demonstrated.

"Egg," said Miss Madison, with her finger on the onion. "Potato," pointing to the egg, and "Onion," lifting up the innocent potato. So, every morning, the useful object lessons proceeded, and to Anne, quite unable to master the complicated system of necessary inversions, was left the no less arduous and needful task of stimulating emulation by attractive wiles of example. So between them in a short time Ludka developed into a very useful and competent domestic. Toward the end of the third month following Ludka's installation in the household, Miss Madison felt that her laborious instruction had brought forth such satisfying results that she might with safety indulge her long latent desire to entertain at large, thereby not only demonstrating the rapid and surprisingly successful result of her own peculiar method of training, but in addition repaying several more formal obligations.

The luncheon in view was destined to be a success indeed. From the serving of the delicate bouillon in the Lowestofft cups to the consummation of the delicious syllabub, the varied, simple, and artfully chosen courses ran with charm, precision, and placidity. Ludka, becomingly attired, behaved in an experienced and capable manner which left nothing to be desired; while Anne, behind the friendly shadow of a screen, watched every move between the serving of the dishes and forestalled any mishap.

In the days succeeding the luncheon Miss Madison and Anne frequently exchanged inquiring looks, punctuated by suspicious glances at Ludka, who unconsciously worked on with her air of placid obedience. They were anticipating the foreordained occurrence, and soon they were justified. One morning early in September Anne entered the library on the heels of a confidential tap, and almost whispered:

"They've got after her, miss."

"How do you know, Anne?"

"Well, miss, firstly she's hanging her head and dragging her feet about and looking that shamed and troubled that you can't help feeling a bit sorry for her. Oh, I know the symptoms, as why shouldn't I, after all the experience I've been having with their kind? She'll be tellin' you before evening."

As Anne had prophesied, Ludka shyly approached Miss Madison that evening and, with eyes dim with tears, haltingly and by means of expressive signs and strange sounds, conveyed the fact that Mrs. Stevens had spread on her kitchen table the golden temptation to the great amount of twenty-two dollars which was to be hers, Ludka's, each month, if she would leave Miss Madison. If Miss Madison would only pay her as much and keep her? But Miss Madison, for once quite dense, only smiled, expressed in dumb show her pleasure at Ludka's good fortune, and dismissed her.

At the end of the week Ludka departed with her bundle for Mrs. Stevens's house on the hillside.

"I don't think," said Miss Madison, with a twinkle in her eye, "that I need trouble about getting any one else."

Mrs. Stevens was showing Ludka where certain things in the kitchen were kept, when the telephone bell rang. Mr. Stevens, who had just left the office in a great hurry, the boy said, wished him to tell Mrs. Stevens that he would bring his senior partner home for dinner. Mrs. Stevens dropped the receiver with an exclamation of dismay. She had always held the senior partner greatly in awe, and that he should be thrust upon her thus to entertain, for the first time, without forewarning or preparation, was annoying. Harvey would wish everything to be very nice, and here she was with a new maid to break in. Then, as the full realization of who the new maid was confronted her, the cloud lifted. Surely there was nothing to fear from a graduate of Miss Madison's school of training. If she did appear rather stupid, it was probably only her manner.

Accordingly she hastened at once to put the house in proper order for the occasion. When she hurried into the dining-room for a few moments, realizing that she had but short time to spare for dressing, Ludka had set the table with unqualified correctness and looked the personification of neatness in black dress and white apron. Mrs. Stevens showed her the oysters ordered for the occasion.

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"Put on plates so," she said. "Serve very cold, ice cold;" and then pointing to the soup, which was simmering in a pot, "Very hot," she said; "serve very, very hot."

The leg of lamb rested ready for the oven in its pan. "Very well done. Mr. Stevens no like rare. Fried potatoes with the lamb." The salad and other vegetables were all prepared.

She had nothing to fear, she told herself as she dressed and pictured Miss Madison's perfect luncheon. If she had had time to note the amazed expression of Ludka's face at her directions, she would perhaps not have rejoiced so completely.

Just before dinner was served Mrs. Stevens escaped into the kitchen for a moment, and, pointing to the ice-cream freezer just arrived from the caterer's, and to the best Dresden platter, said to Ludka:

"Take out soon. Put on platter in ice-box." Then she flew back to the drawing-room before Ludka had a chance to reply.

The senior partner and Mr. Stevens declared themselves starved after their cross-country tramp, as they seated themselves at the prettily appointed table. Mr. Stevens smiled approvingly at his wife. She was a charming little hostess, and she seemed to realize so thoroughly the importance of pleasing the senior partner. The smile froze on his lips as he glanced at the plate before him. Six fine big bluepoint shells were on the plate, but, alas! in the centre of each, instead of a luscious oyster, was a little dried-up rosette of gray matter. Mr. Stevens took one gingerly on his fork and put it in his mouth. A smothered exclamation and rapid reaching for a glass of water followed. He glanced at his wife. She was chatting animatedly with the senior partner and had eaten her oysters, every one, just as though red-hot oysters on the half-shell were the proper thing.

When Ludka appeared with the soup, which was cold—painfully cold—poor little Mrs. Stevens's heart sank down to the heels of her dainty little slippers. Mr. Stevens scowled, but, with a well-bred indifference, ate the unpalatable liquid. Mrs. Stevens tried to imbue the conversation with warmth and color by way of compensation, but the atmosphere seemed to have become as cold as the soup. With the appearance of the lamb things grew worse. Blood followed the knife wherever Mr. Stevens cut. He had now assumed an air of dogged martyrdom, which rapidly approached disgust as Ludka, true to her training, entered bearing a platter of fried eggs!

The salad at least was delicious, and their equanimity was about to be restored, when from the kitchen a cry of such piercing dismay arose, followed by a so distressing odor, that all sprang from their seats. Mr. Stevens was the first to reach the door, the senior partner and Mrs. Stevens close upon his heels.

"My mother's beautiful Dresden platter!" cried Mr. Stevens, on his knees before the oven, from whence proceeded such a volume of hissing steam and burning gases as might have been worthy of a miniature volcano. Mrs. Stevens laughed hysterically.

"My delicious peach ice-cream!" she exclaimed.

"Well, Florence," said the irate Mr. Stevens, "I should think you might do better than laugh. This episode is a fitting



WORTHY OF A MINIATURE VOLCANO

climax to the wretched dinner you gave us. How can you be so careless and empty-headed?" His furious glances darted from Mrs. Stevens to Ludka and back again. Ludka cowered in a corner, stupidly terrified. Mrs. Stevens sat down on the floor and cried. The senior partner effected a quiet and unobtrusive exit.

The young hostess was too tired and miserable to attempt any explanation with Ludka that evening. "Soft-boiled eggs," she said, looking in at the kitchen door on her way to bed. "Coffee and dry toast for breakfast, Ludka."

She had intended to be up betimes in the morning to see that everything was right for breakfast—her husband was *so* particular about his coffee and eggs, but, overtired, she slept late and awoke only as Mr. Stevens was preparing to go down-stairs. Making a hurried toilet, she was on her way to the dining-room, when she heard him call.

"Florence, will you please come here! Did you tell that girl to make tea? And look at the toast!" Mr. Stevens pointed dramatically to some thick, soggy lumps of toasted bread. "The eggs are probably hard-boiled!" He lifted the cover from the

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egg-dish, and then arose in a towering and majestic dignity and left the room. "This is more than I can stand!" he cried. "It is not the first of April and I refuse to be joked with in this manner! I will breakfast at the Country Club, and shall not return home until you have either got rid of that idiot or come to your senses."

Little Mrs. Stevens, stunned for a moment, arose as the front door slammed vigorously behind the retreating form of her angry husband, and lifted the cover of



SITTING ON A BENCH IDLY WATCHING NERO

the dish. Inside, reposing in a neat precision, were six nice round steaming onions!

An hour later the offending Ludka returned with a week's wages in her pocket, weeping, injured, and bewildered, to Miss Madison and Anne, while Mrs. Stevens boarded the train to town. Like stray seaweed after a storm scattered on the strand, the episodic bits of Ludka's career in the Stevens household were wafted back to Miss Madison and Anne, who found mirth for many days therein. They awaited, with now more eagerness than anxiety, the next of Ludka's adventures. Mrs. Stevens's tales of the girl's incapacity were sure to be received with hardly concealed skepticism by her friends. After that brilliant luncheon of Miss Madison's it was easier by far to condemn Mrs. Stevens's own inexperience rather than Ludka's stupidity, and it was not long before another candidate appeared for Ludka's services.

Young Mrs. Burton, a newcomer in the town, and a firm believer in her own capabilities, was the next and last to wean Ludka away from her legitimate home. With a prospect of twenty-five dollars a month looming big before her, and a memory of past distress already dwindled in her shallow mind, Ludka sallied forth one bright September morning from the protecting walls of Madison House to take up her abode with one of the Philistines.

Mrs. Burton certainly carried a practical head on her young shoulders, and she argued quite wisely that whom Miss Madison had trained was certainly efficient, and should be left to her own devices. On this basis things went like magic. Thus the Burtons for a few days lived in a haven of delicious meals and a well-ordered household. Miss Madison and Anne were beginning to grow uneasy, when the catastrophe befell.

On the fourth Wednesday in September, the social leader of the village was to give a very exclusive and elaborate bridge party, and all invited lived in a pleasurable aura of expectation.

On the morning of the great day, Mrs. Burton's nurse-maid disappeared. Mrs. Burton, proud mother of an idolized cherub of some fourteen months, found herself in a sad dilemma. There was no one she could find, at so late an hour, to care for the baby in her absence. She must either give up the card party or leave the baby to Ludka's tender mercies. Torn between desire and duty, she finally succumbed to the former and made ready for the party.

As she dressed for the occasion she was annoyed by the almost inhuman howling of a dog in the yard beneath her window. The dog was a Great Dane, which Mr. Burton had brought home a few days before, a massive and magnificent creature, who was now tied to the back fence until he should become accustomed to his new home. When he grew too restive and indignant at his captivity, his owners indulgently fed him to keep him quiet.

"Ludka," she said, running into the kitchen before leaving, "watch baby. Understand?"

"Yais," said Ludka, nodding and smiling.

"Dog bad, give this," pointing to a large beef bone covered with bits of raw beef. "Put here," she continued, opening the cellar doorway and pointing down. "Understand?"

"Yais, yais," nodded Ludka, politely. They did so many strange things in this strange country that Ludka was no longer surprised at anything.

The party was an unqualified success, and Mrs. Burton, the triumphant winner of a prize, started homeward. As she approached her doorway she looked for the umbrella top of the baby-carriage. It was gone! Her heart came into her throat. But she was foolish to jump at conclusions. Ludka had probably taken the baby indoors with the decline of the sun. No baby-carriage was in the hall!

"Ludka!" she called. "Ludka!" There was no answer. Mrs. Burton rushed through the kitchen and into the back yard. There she found Ludka sitting on a bench idly watching Nero, who lay quietly licking his chops on the ground. "Ludka, where's the baby?" screamed Mrs. Burton.

"Yais, yais," said Ludka, smiling and pointing at Nero.

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"The baby, the baby," cried Mrs. Burton, grasping her now by the shoulder.

"Yais, yais," said Ludka, still smiling and pointing.

"You fiend! Oh, you terrible creature!" cried Mrs. Burton, running wildly into the street. Mr. Burton and two other men saw her come tearing madly towards them as they walked home from the station.

"Leonard! Leonard!" she screamed. "Nero's eaten the baby! Ludka gave Nero the baby to eat!" And she fell fainting into her husband's arms.

Mr. Burton picked her up and ran, followed by the other men, towards the house. By this time the whole street was aroused, and men, women, and children ran flocking to the Burtons' yard. Mr. Burton laid his wife on the ground and grabbed Ludka by the arm.

"Where's the baby?" he shouted. Ludka, now trembling and terrified, still pointed at Nero and sobbed.

"How horrible!" murmured one of the women, and turned faintly away.

Some one communicated with the police station. In a few moments a patrol wagon waited before the door, and Ludka, screaming and sobbing, was led away by two burly policemen. Mrs. Burton revived and was now the centre of a weeping circle of sympathetic women.

"I left the baby in his carriage, safe on the piazza," she narrated.

"The carriage!" some one cried. "Where's the carriage? The dog can't have eaten that."

But it had disappeared, nor did any search discover it.

"I don't believe the dog ate the baby at all," some one said. "She only told us that to put us off the track."

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" cried poor Mrs. Burton.

"You shouldn't have gone and left him, Jennie," cried the bereaved father. "How could you do such a thing?"

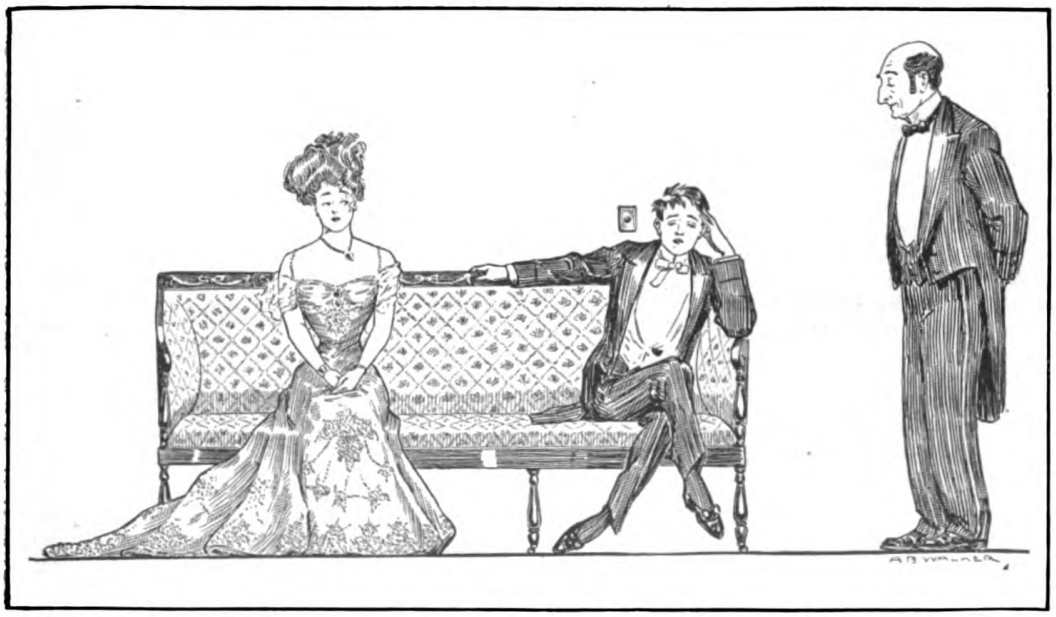
"Poor dear, how could she know?" answered one of the women.

Gradually the crowd dispersed and the Burtons were left alone with one or two close friends who felt it their duty to remain. Mrs. Burton's sobs and some woman's comforting responsive murmur were all that broke the dead silence of the room. Suddenly a piercing wail, another and another, came through the floor.

"The baby!" cried Mrs. Burton, and all sprang to their feet.

"To the cellar!" cried Mr. Burton, already half-way there with a lamp in his hand. The others crowded quickly after him. And there, safe and warm in his carriage, lay the blessed baby. A huge beef bone was on his chest, his tiny face and hands were smeared with blood and dirt, and the bone showed the marks of little gnawing teeth. The mystery of it all was never penetrated.

Chastened and with a broken spirit, Ludka begged to be taken back by Miss Madison. Never, no, never again would she leave that blessed refuge.



The Tell-tale Bell

THE BUTLER. "*Beg pardon, Miss Gladys, but didn't you ring?*"

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THE BRIDEGROOM. "*Your onions seem to be coming on nicely.*"
THE BRIDE. "*Our onions, dearest.*"

Canine Intuition

A RAILROAD eating-house in southern Georgia, which enjoys the reputation of being one of the worst places of its kind in the State, has an ancient darky who announces dinner to the incoming passengers by ringing a huge bell.

One day the old negro was accompanied by a sad-eyed, long-eared hound, who at the first ringing of the bell lifted up his voice in a most dismal howl.

The old darky stopped and gazed at him for a moment, and with a "Hush yer mouth!" started ringing again.

Again the old hound with nose in the air sent forth a long-drawn howl.

This was too much for the bell-ringer, and, turning on the hound, he remarked:

"Now what in de worl' is *you* makin' sech a fuss erbout? *You* don't *have* ter eat here lessen yer wants ter."

Riddles

(*With apologies to Tennyson*)

ASK me no more! Pray, wherefore worry me
With talk of when is this and why is that,
Or abnormalities about a cat
Or eke a dog. When have I answered thee?—
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more! What answer should I give?
I know not when a door's transformed; I can't
Imagine why a hen should gallivant
Across the street; I cannot, as I live!
Ask me no more!

Ask me no more! I'm feeling far from well.
From vain attempts at guessing I am numbed.
Pray, where *was* Moses when the light succumbed?
Tell me, then stop!—for at a touch I yell.
Ask me no more!

THOMAS R. YBARRA.

Easy to Beat

MRS. S—— was in a Richmond hospital, and she was lonely, so welcomed the advent of a very black and very languid maid, who came in one morning to wipe up the floor. Some one new to talk to, so no time was lost.

"I have not seen you working around here before. Aren't you a new girl?"

Edmonia willingly let the cloth slip back into the bucket, and sat flat upon the floor before answering.

"Yas'm, I's new. I's jest washin' up de floor; but I don't work, I's edjikated."

"And where were you educated?" was the next question.

"In a seminary." Then, with a burst of confidence: "There was me an' another girl workin' in a house. She was cook and I was chambermaid, and we had great times about who would git de prize, *but I beat.*" Then, after a pause, "*She was easy to beat,* 'cause she got smothered to death with gas de night before de zaminations come off."

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He Had His Reasons

A TEACHER, in order to make clear to her class in arithmetic the fractional parts, divided an apple into a half and quarters. Feeling sure that her method had been successful, she asked one of her bright scholars which he would prefer, the half or a quarter, and he replied:

"I'll take the quarter, please."

Much surprised, she asked why.

"Because I'm not very fond of apples."

Needed It

A WASHINGTON man has in his employ an excellent colored servant who, among other good qualities, exhibits a thriftiness unfortunately too rare in his race.

One day Jim sought the advice of his employer with reference to the investment of the sum he had saved since going "into service."

"What interest do you expect, Jim?" asked the employer.

"'Bout fifteen per cent., sah!" replied the darky, very quickly.

"Fifteen per cent., Jim! That's a lot of money!"

"Yas, sah. But, as I ain't got much money, I has to git a big per cent. to make up," explained Jim.



THE LION. "*What do you prefer, my dear, the light or the dark meat?*"

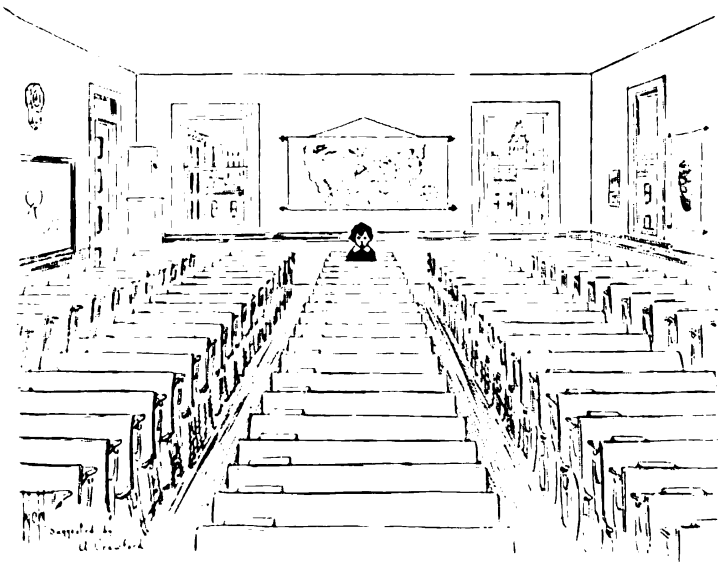
Ambiguous

A NEW ORLEANS lawyer tells of a merchant in that city who was called upon to defend a suit instituted against him by a dissatisfied patron. The merchant found it necessary, just previous to the conclusion of the proceedings, to leave on a trip to Savannah. Accordingly, he instructed his lawyer to telegraph him when a decision had been reached by the magistrate trying the suit.

During the first day of his stay in Savannah the New Orleans man was in receipt of a telegram from his successful lawyer reading, "Right has triumphed."

Whereupon the merchant at once despatched this reply:

"Appeal immediately."



Kept In

Why She Chose It

IT is usual, in the family devotions of a certain household in Philadelphia, to ask one of the domestics, who join in the devotions, to select a hymn. On one such occasion it happened that the housemaid chose one of such an entirely unsuitable character that the head of the house questioned her as to her selection.

The maid was reluctant to answer. Finally, however, she replied:

"I took that one because it is my policeman's number."

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"Listen, mother! The book says, 'Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.' How could he blow his horn, mother?"

Omnipresent

GROWN-UP sister was reading. Little four-year-old Marion was sitting on the floor with her "doll rags" scattered about. After a silence longer than usual:

"Is God everywhere?"

"Yes," answered the big sister, without trying to explain the unexplainable.

"Well," said Marion, with a sigh, as she vainly endeavored to thread a needle with a string, "I fink He must be in de eye of dis needlum, 'cause I tan't get de fred froo."

A Disadvantage

IN Southampton, Massachusetts, not long ago a prominent man of the place was commending the improvements made by a certain grouchy citizen with respect to his dwelling.

"Your house looks a whole lot better now that it is painted," said the prominent citizen.

The pessimist, who was at the time standing in front of the premises, looked up with glowering brow at the newly decorated exterior.

"Well," he admitted, gloomily, "it does look a bit better; but we'll have to wash the windows twice as much now to dress up to it."

He Guessed Right

A CROWD of small boys were gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in one of the small cities in New Hampshire one day, trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker he said:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The man did as requested, and when the last one had gone, he turned and said, "Twenty-eight."

"Good!" said the man, "I guessed just right," and walked off.

Inside Information

A CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST found his young son doubled up with pain as a result of too frequent trips to the apple orchard, where many choice green apples were to be had.

"What's the matter, Bobbie?" he asked.

"I ate too many apples," said Bobbie; "and, oh, how my stomach hurts!"

"Your stomach doesn't ache," said his father; "you just think it does."

"Well, you may think so," said Bobbie, "but I know. I've got inside information."

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Painting by Howard Pyle Illustration for "Pennsylvania's Defiance of the United States"

"THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN WITH HIS MATE BOARDED US"

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HARPER'S
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In Camp at Bir el-Abd

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

"THE Arabs," said the admirable Aboosh, spurring the gray horse nearer, "have a proverb: A journey is as long as the looking forward of him who would be at his destination." Herein, to be sure, was expressed the wise patience of the desert: a man is as weary as he is wishful to be done with all travelling. But it had been hard riding that day, for aliens—a broiling foot-pace through the sands of et-Tih—continued, with urging, since the cool wind of dawn had fallen flat. Moreover, experience tempers all hardship: who is inured has no feeling. "It is true, as they say," I answered, "that a complaining man curdles all good cheer; but the Arabs," said I, quoting a proverb I had heard in Damascus, "have another wise saying: He who receives the strokes is not like him who counts them." "Patience," he quoted, promptly, "is from God." I was able to retort. "Patience, as the Arabs say," I answered, "is the expedient of the man who has no expedient." The dragoman laughed. "There is yet," said he, diffidently, "another proverb: A gloomy look is a foreboding of ill, and a bright face is like good news." It seems that the desert philosophy, current in these proverbs, is at all times and without complaint, to make the best of necessity. I made haste to practise it. . . .

Still was it hard riding; nor, search the rolling yellow waste as we would, was there any promise of an end. In the beginning—this at the gloomy well of Mazaar—a camel-herder of those parts had at our mounting said six leisurely hours to Bir el-Abd; but he had proved a poor sanguine liar—a fellow irresponsible, like a child prevaricating to please. We were now well forward in the ninth hour; and a ragged pilgrim from Tunis, bound east and yet within sight, had foretold three more hours to water, whence he had come. Here was a journey, Jerusalem to Cairo, of ordinary most agreeable; but the resources of distraction were now exhausted: Mustafa, the camel-driver, was squeezed dry of his excellent and engaging tales, and must, said he, search his memory in sleep, to continue; the love-songs of Rachid, a tattered camp-follower, had failed, and he was becoming an unfeeling machine, trudging ahead, loins girt, a distraught and most weary poet; the younger *khawaja* and Taufîk, the one bobbing on a tall *thelûl*, the other lazily astride a nervous, raw-mouthed pony, had tired of toss-and-catch, even as Hamed, the muleteers' boy, had grown out of sorts with recovering the balls they muffed. Only Ali, the Sudanese, of all our company—and he was desert born—kept himself detached from travelling, and crooned, lagging behind, the graces of his beloved, her lips and bosom and eyes, which were not to be matched, it seemed, in all the wide world.

To the crest of a hill and to the crest

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of a hill; beyond a valley and to a far-off ridge: this had been our riding the day long; and now I fancied that we must forever continue to crawl toward a retreating horizon, like children chasing the rainbow. The sun was falling behind a vast church-window of cloud: a gorgeous coloring, streaming in straight lines, of every pale hue, from a gory horizon to the sombre higher sky, the whole reflected in the tender glory of the east. I recall that in the midst of the western fire was a glowing blood-red field, infinitely extending, seeming not to roof the farther sand, but to lead from it, as by a gentle incline, to the remotest places of the heavenly light, as though one might mount from the parched desert and continue riding, uplifted, in some supernal country. Then, as always at evening, the sand was carpeted with ethereal rainbow hues: a billowy prospect, wide as the sea—the color subtle and evanescent; no sooner perceived than vanished. Well, the pilgrim from Tunis, too, it seemed, had lied—but yet without offence to us: these travelling folk, on the old road from Cairo to the East, care nothing; they do but proceed, east to west, west to east, taking no account of time or suffering. We came presently to the crest of a hill—like any sandy drift we had hopefully surmounted that day—and at our very feet, all unexpectedly, lay Bir el-Abd, the Well of the Slave, a grove of tall date-palms growing in a round depression, the well shaft rising from a circle of anciently trampled sand.

Alone in this vast waste and silence was a ragged Bedouin, filling his *girbie* at the well; and him we interrogated.

"Whither bound, *khalil?*" I inquired.

The answer was in a dry-lipped whisper.

"I have done no wrong, *khawaja,*" said he.

"We have not come to accuse you, God knows!" said I.

"God witness!" he protested, "I am an innocent man. I have not wronged the English."

"Even so," I replied; "but is your errand on this road so secret that it may not be known?"

"*Wellah!*" he swore. "I am but an humble Bedouin of these parts, and love the English."

"Whither bound, *khalil?*"

"Bearing a burden of flour, by the grace of God! four hours hence afoot," he answered, "to the camel-herders of our tribe, who will perish if I am taken."

"It has grown dark,"



THE PILGRIM FROM TUNIS

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said I; "to-night you will eat and rest with us, who have and to spare."

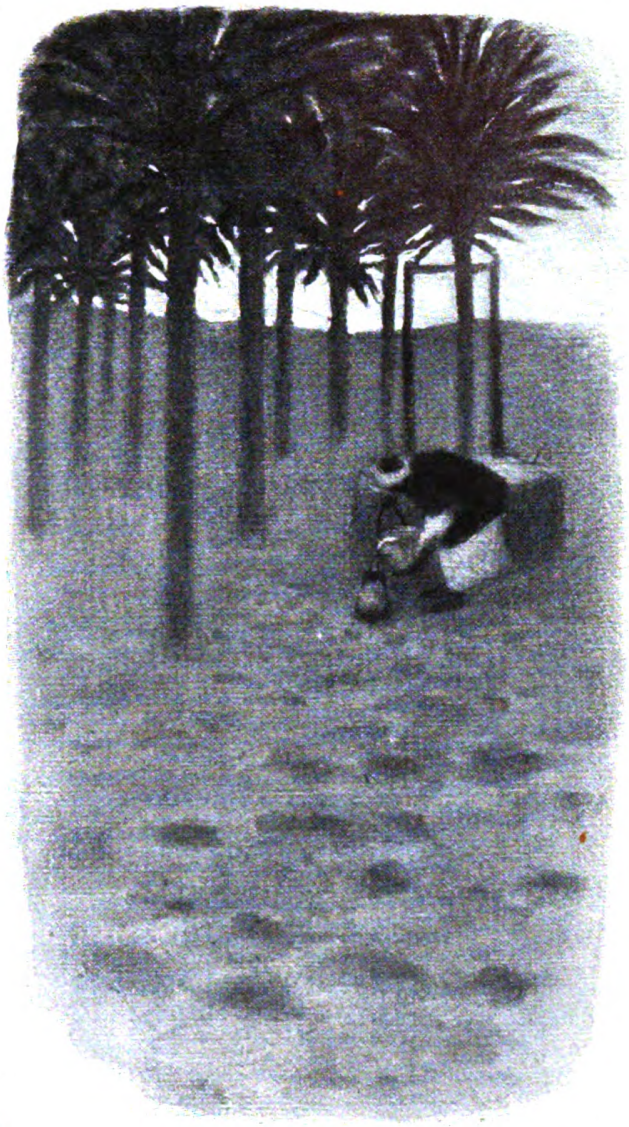
"The *khawaja* is beneficent," he answered; "but the tribesmen are hungry."

"At dawn," I urged, "to your burden of flour you shall add a gift of rice and tobacco."

Elias, the cook's boy—an impish Christian of the city, having the contempt of the town for these desert-dwellers — was now seized of a devilish impulse; he wheeled his pony and came charging upon the wretched Bedouin.

"There he is!" he screamed. "That's the man we're after!"

The Bedouin took to his heels. A ragged *abba*, flapping like a whipped flag, and he was over the hill before the gray pony had recovered from her astonishment. We choked the laughter of Elias—it was the hand of the admirable Aboosh—and gravely chastised him. He had scared a man from the well, who might not then, God knows! have filled his *girbie*. There was no forgiveness; every howl of his was like the music of Damascus. Satisfied of punishment, we despatched the boy after the Bedouin, commanding him to return with his captive or himself miserably perish in the wild desert like a forsaken camel, leaving his carcass to be picked by vultures and his bones to bleach in the sun and frighten wayfaring mules. Fortunately, he took us seriously; and he was presently returned with the man, whom he had overcome with a bribe, he ruefully said, of the only *bishlik* that he had. . . .



A RAGGED BEDOUIN FILLING HIS GIRBIE AT THE WELL

When the cook had worked that evening miracle of a table spread bountifully in the wilderness—this same dry waste being the region wherein for forty years the Children of Israel had received the manna of Heaven—I wandered apart. It was a tender night, the dark gently fallen upon us, like a soft blanket thrown over in loving wisdom by a mother. The little stars were out—a great, clear-shining, friendly multitude—peopling the wide desert itself, so that no wanderer might justly cry himself forsaken therein; and a young moon, a greater glory in the midst of these dear constant lights, had now spread the infinite sands with a mystical sheen. Here was the frontier of reality; beyond the drawn breath and whispering and all finite expression of

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the camp—the whine of Hamed, who must forsake the rice-bowl to beat the gray mare from her mischief—a mere step beyond, and the meaning was all at once departed from familiar conceptions; a mere step—an inch beyond the hill—and of this earth the uttermost remoteness from all besieging perturbations had been attained. No voice was lifted in our camp: men spoke almost in whispers, as always, at night, in the desert—a harsh cry there, it seemed, impossible. The muleteers were grouped squatting about a great tray of rice by the cook's fire, each man reaching his hand at will; the younger *khawaja* had gone off to smoke to his camel, and I observed now that he was squatted on the sand, idly puffing, and that his grateful beast, inhaling each whiff, would stretch his neck for further treating; the camel-boys were baking their bread at a little fire set somewhere away from the camp, for they counted themselves, it seemed, the least among us.

"Ahmed, take care!" Mustafa whispered, in sharp warning. "The *khawaja* is come to observe us."

It seemed that Ahmed's hand slipped.

"*Wellah!*" groaned the scandalized Mustafa; "but you will surely yet put us to shame."

I watched the small Ahmed—a ragged little urchin—knead the flour and water and fashion a great round flat cake of the dough. They scattered the embers of the fire with little sticks, and the boy deftly deposited his handiwork on the black sand: whereupon they covered it with coals. Presently it must be turned; and in this process—Ahmed being now made nervous by Mustafa's interminably reiterated warnings—the cake was let fall. They were much afraid, I knew—all these desert folk—of being made ridiculous in the eyes of strangers; but I was now fairly shocked by the outburst of the mild and engaging Mustafa: he fetched the boy a hearty buffet—a quick, cruel blow—and employed his tongue in severer punishment.

"Why does he take this so to heart?" I asked.

"He says," Aboosh answered, "that the boy has dishonored them forever."

"Wherein the dishonor?"

"In that, when you return to your people, you will say to the whole world that Mustafa, the camel-driver of El-Arish, eats badly baked bread."

When, however, the embers were raked again from the cake, when the ashes and clinging sand were dusted away with the ragged tail of Ahmed's *abba*, it turned out to be very good bread indeed, relished by Mustafa and all who ate as if there had been no slip of the hand at any stage of the operation; and I think that the little Ahmed did well enough—well enough, you may believe, in that mean light, half blind as he was, of what they call the Egyptian eye disease. At any rate, I do not hesitate to proclaim that Mustafa, the camel-driver of El-Arish, does not eat ill-made bread, but in every respect good bread, made by the hands of Ahmed, his small relative.

Hamed and Rachid had by this time gathered a great store of dry bushes for the camp fire, which must burn long that night; for, riding in weariness, we had at midday promised ourselves a protracted recreation. The little blaze was now reaching slender arms for the stars; and presently, disposed around it, muleteers, camel-drivers, and all, each according to his station, we despatched Rachid for the coffee. There had meanwhile come to the well a great dark-skinned Bedouin, neither servile nor in rags, but a proud man, even richly clothed and cleanly, a hint of contempt in his glance at our array. I did not see his camel (he was gone before dawn), nor needed to be told that it was a *thelûl* of breeding. The man would ride no mean beast, to be shamed by it. I observed that he had mastered an overbearing, but not truculent, manner, and that he now displayed it, to save his pride before travellers who journeyed with so large a company. He had coffee of us, however, as all wayfarers whom we met, and was bidden to the entertainment of our fire, as all wanderers, whether in rags or silk; and choosing a station something apart from the muleteers and Mustafa's crew—suiting it, it seemed, to his own notion of his degree—he gravely squatted to listen to the impending stories.

"Whither?" I asked.

"By God's Gate," he answered, shortly.

I knew then that he was from the far wide desert to the east or south of

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Damascus, returning from some business in Egypt. In Damascus, being asked by the way, travellers to a secret destination reply that they go by God's Gate, and no more is said; it is an accepted form of evasion. The Bab Ullah of the city opens to the great desert. . . .

We reclined yet more comfortably on the rugs, in expectation of the first tale; and the dragoman—his being the turn—having renewed the coal on his *narghile,* told the following story of the fool of the Lebanon hills for the entertainment of the company. "There was once," Aboosh began, "a fool of the Lebanon hills who centred his folly in his little *tabl,* and would beat that little drum until the neighbors were tired of the music. Having bethought himself that travel was a salutary thing, he departed on a journey; and travelling far, he came one night to a desolate place in the mountains, where was no house to be seen, but only a mill, situate by a tumbling stream, for the grinding of corn. But he entered the mill, having no other shelter, and was presently aware that a great brown bear was another occupant of the place. The bear, as you may believe, came growling upon Half-wit, and Half-wit fled to the rafters, where in a frenzy, though clinging none too securely to his perch, he began to beat his little *tabl,* much to the terror of the bear, which scrambled to the door and there began to scratch for freedom.

"'Ah-ha!' thought Half-wit, 'if I cannot charm the beast, still can I frighten him,' and continued to beat on his little *tabl.*

"There chanced to pass that way a muleteer, whose beast was overloaded with water-bottles from the Damascus potteries: a fragile load, poised with difficulty on the back of any animal. 'Ah-ha!' thought he; 'here am I, a forlorn muleteer, lost in the night and rain; but I hear the sound of a *tabl* and am heartened. Within is some festivity. I will open the door and join the merriment.' Whereupon he opened the door, and the brown bear, frantic now because of the drum-drum-drum of the little *tabl,* charged out, much to the amazement and terror of the muleteer and the mule. The mule, indeed, reared from the beast, slipped in the mud, and fell, shattering the burden of water-bottles beyond all hope of usage; then bolted like an evil spirit, and was seen no more that night, though diligent search was made. 'Robber and thief!' cried the muleteer, seizing Half-wit by the nape, 'where are my water-bottles and where is my mule? You shall pay dearly for this. By the Prophet, I will take you to Damascus and there obtain judgment against you!' Nor would he wait one moment to depart, but made good his hold on the poor Half-wit, and set out for the city in the rain.

"'It is true,' sighed Half-wit, as they went, 'that the bear frightened your mule, and therefore all this damage. I will go with you to Damascus to hear the judgment of the Cadi, for I am much interested in this intricate problem. Now,' said he, 'which is at fault, the mule or the muleteer, the bear or the poor Half-wit? We cannot punish the bear, which has escaped to the mountains, nor yet the mule, which was, of course, frightened by the bear; nor yet can we punish the muleteer, who opened the door in confidence. There is nothing for it, then, but that the Half-wit must suffer.'

"They came at last to Damascus, where for his iniquity Half-wit was thrown into a prison most vile; but whilst there he languished, awaiting the pleasure of the Cadi, there came to him a young lawyer of the town, to whose sharp ears the news of this unprecedented predicament had come. Into the care of this man Half-wit committed himself, and next morning went with him to the trial of the case, at which the lawyer began at once to accuse the muleteer in no unqualified way. 'You rascal!' cried he, to the astonished muleteer, 'where is this man's trained bear? You unrighteous, thieving scoundrel! what have you done with this man's trained bear? Are you so heartless,' cried he, 'that you would separate these loving friends? Will you feed this man the bread you have filched from him? Will you give him the *metaliks* he was used to gathering, or will you cast him, forsaken and shred of his dear companion, upon the compassion of an unkind world?' By this declamation the wise Cadi of Damascus was so moved that he immediately gave judgment in favor of poor Half-wit. 'You rascally mule-

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teer!' said he, 'you will pay this poor fool one thousand piastres for the loss of his trained bear or lie with the robbers in the dungeons.' The muleteer paid the Half-wit the money, glad to be rid of the difficulty at any cost; and Half-wit, weary of travel in a covetous world, returned to his own town in the Lebanon hills. 'I lived here without a *metalik*,' said he, 'and was called a fool; but now that I am returned with a fortune they will respect my wisdom.' And this," Aboosh concluded, whiffing a cloud of fragrant smoke at the moon, "was indeed the outcome of the matter."

Hamed, the muleteer's boy, cast a bush on the fire, which had burned low during the recital of this long tale, and a multitude of sparks went roaring toward the stars. "This same Half-wit, being then in Damascus," said he, "was one night besought by some roisterers to drink.

"'Come!' cried they; 'drink with us.'

"'I am but a poor fool,' said he.

"'Nevertheless, poor Half-wit,' they replied, 'come drink!'

"'You drink,' he answered, 'to make yourselves what I am already. Why, therefore, should I drink?'"

There was a burst of laughter from the company. The answer was pronounced a good answer. Indeed, the young muleteer's tale was so warmly commended that in the flush of triumph he would immediately have begun another, had not Yusef the cook anticipated him. "There is another excellent story concerning this Half-wit," he began; "but as we are a company of Moslems and Christians, I hesitate to tell it." He was immediately assured by both parties that we were neither Moslems nor Christians, but fellow travellers, passing in friendship into Egypt. "We are a company," he insisted, "of Moslems and Christians, and I hesitate to tell this tale." Eventually persuaded, however, that we were, every one, proof against animosity, in so far as the mere telling of tales was concerned, the cook (himself a Christian) proceeded: "Falling in with a company of Moslems on a Christian fast-day, Half-wit was accosted with a difficult problem, for it was in the minds of these men to insult him. 'Observe that low-lived, mangy dog, nosing the refuse for foul things to eat,' said they, 'and then answer us this: Is the dog a Christian or a Moslem?' Now, indeed, was Half-wit fallen into a trap of difficulty and peril, for if he said that the dog was a Christian he would insult his own religion, and if he said that it was a Moslem he would be beaten to death. So he cudgelled his wits, such as he had, and presently was ready with the answer. 'I have no opinion in this matter,' said he. 'Whether the dog is a Christian or a Moslem, it is beyond me to tell, being only a fool, but I know a way of determining the truth. It is not a difficult method, and as I am much interested in the problem of this dog's religion, I should like to see it tried. Is not this a Friday? Very good; it is a Friday. The day is propitious for the trial. Throw the dog a piece of meat.'

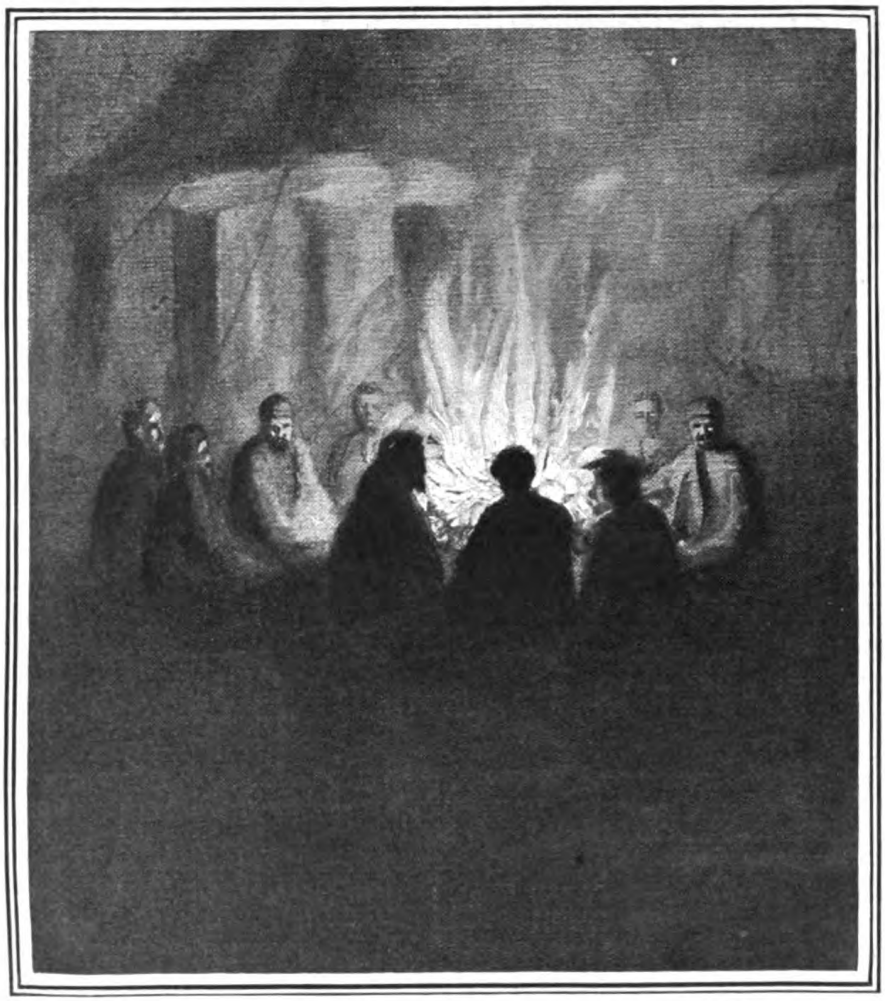
"They demanded an explanation.

"'It is a fast-day of the Christians,' answered Half-wit. 'If the dog eats the meat, he is surely no Christian.'"

There was no rancor in the laughter which greeted the conclusion of the cook's excellent story. . . .

Came talk of desert travel and camel-thieving: the latter an honorable occupation among the Bedouins—the enviable achievement, indeed, to which the youth of the tribes aspire and are taught and hardened. Ali, the black Sudanese corporal from El-Arish, then entertained the company by relating a curious experience, concerned with the reading of footprints, wherein there appeared to much advantage a detective of those parts. "When the camel droves were last passing over this route into Egypt for sale," said he, "four Bedouins of some beggarly tribe to the south thieved ten of a merchant's three hundred beasts, the thing being accomplished in the night, one day's journey from this well. From El-Arish, in answer to the man's complaint, I was sent with a small company to recover the camels; and there went with us to follow the tracks a wise old man possessing the knowledge of *ilm el athr*, or the science of footprints, who is employed by the English for no other purpose. 'Here,' said the merchant, when we came to his encampment, 'are the hoofprints of one of my ten camels.' 'I observe,' said the wise Bedouin, 'that you have come from El-Hamad. The camel is a male, not yet

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DISPOSED AROUND THE BLAZE WERE MULETEERS AND CAMEL-DRIVERS

two years old; he is afflicted in the breast, and will die, if hard driven, within three days. Show me the track of another; there is no profit in following this, for our search would end in the flight of vultures.'

"'How can you know this?' demanded the merchant.

"'There is no merit in the power to know,' answered the student of *ilm el athr*. 'The thing is written in the sand.'

"We set out then on the track of a second beast; and having travelled two days, we came upon a young camel, rising two years, afflicted in the breast, abandoned and dying. For four days more, the Bedouin being afoot, we followed the hoof-prints of the second camel; and though some wind blew (but no rain falling)—though the stolen camels had been driven deviously, and, sometimes, over travelled routes—we eventually encountered the very camel of which we were in search, feeding with the herd of this beggarly southern tribe. 'This,' said the wise Bedouin, 'is one of your ten camels; now do you choose out the others for yourself.' But the merchant was doubtful. 'It is true,' said he, 'that this is my camel, for I observe that he is marked with the *wasm* of the place whence I had him; but my ten camels are no more than a thirtieth part of my three hundred, and how shall I know them if they are not marked?' 'Then,' said the Bedouin, 'I must answer for your helplessness and find your camels.' They went together into the desert, where the herds of the tribes were pasturing; and there the Bedouin—looking for no *wasm*,

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but observing only hoof-prints—selected eight beasts, which proved, indeed, to be the stolen camels, each being marked with the *wasm* of the place whence the merchant had them. It is all mystery," Ali concluded. "I do not know how he managed the thing. He told me it was by means of a science, which must be taught; but he would not teach me, though I asked him."

"The Bedouins have a proverb," Mustafa, the camel-driver, put in. "They say: A man's face is like his feet."

"I have known a sheikh of the Sudan," Ali answered, smartly, "to tell the temper of a man from his footprints, but never to describe the length of his beard."

Mahmoud, the big muleteer, burst out laughing; then all the others, caught by Ali's tart wit.

"And I," Mustafa insisted, "have known a poor Bedouin of these parts to measure the stature and weight of a night robber by his track."

"That," said Ali, "is a reasonable thing—not magic."

They make a mystery of this obscure science of footprints. It is, at any rate, a marvellous thing, merely that, for example (and the thing is not only well known, but a familiar accomplishment), a man should be able to tell whence a camel or a wanderer—whether from city or mountain, sandy desert or hard-bottomed waste—by the imprint of his feet; for the track, it must be borne in mind, is not sharply defined, not an accurate mould, but a thing blurred and often almost obliterated by falling sand and drift dust. The power, however, goes much further than this: even to determining the weight of a camel's load, his physical condition, whether pursued or merely in haste; and to discovering, from the footprints of a man, his tribe, and whether he has passed stealthfully or openly (whether friend or foe).

There was more talk of this, with these simple folk, now drawn nearer the fire, listening in awe, as to a ghost story. Then one of the camels—the seven were lying just beyond the circle of firelight—rose complaining. Mustafa's Ahmed slipped away upon his duty. Presently I heard his guttural cawing to get the camel again to rest; but the beast would not down, and must be beaten—the boy meanwhile mouthing great curses. I wondered that a being so small should without peril to himself strike a creature like this with his fist, continuing all the time within reach of teeth and hoofs.

"I will tell the *khawaja*," replied Mustafa, "a most curious and interesting thing about this."

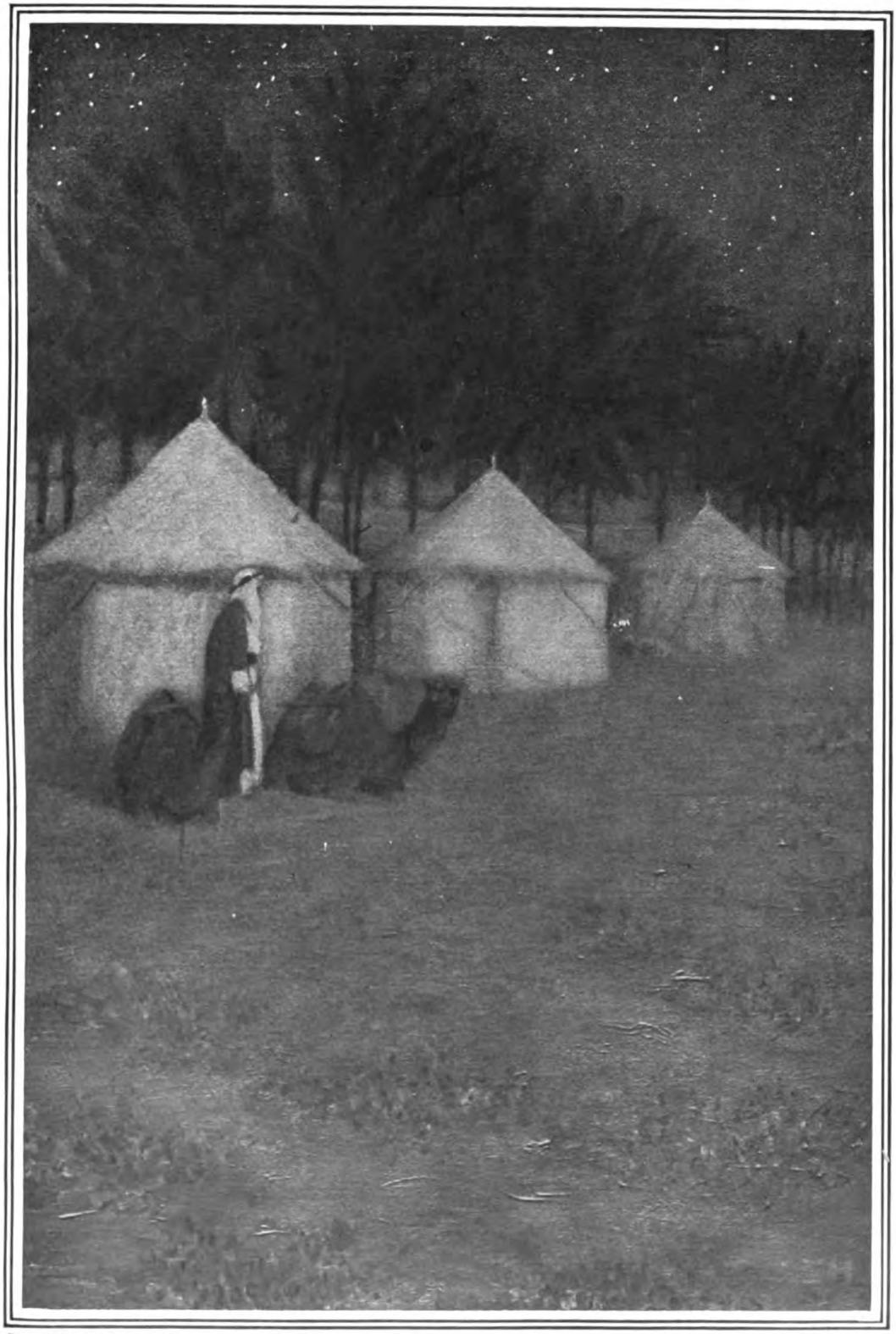
Ahmed had mastered the camel, and now came to his place.

"The *khawaja* has observed," Mustafa continued, "that a child may beat and command a camel. It is not because the camel is stupid, nor yet because he is timid; it is because of a wise provision whereby God suited him to the weakness of men. The camel's eyes are like magnifying-glasses, and increase the stature of his master seven times: wherefore he is obedient to this gigantic-appearing creature."

In Damascus, too, I heard this superstition.

The grave Bedouin from beyond Damascus, who had listened with rising interest and geniality, now contributed something to the instruction of the company, as if wishing to bear himself like a man in the evening's entertainment. She-camels, he said, are foster-mothers to the mares of the desert where he dwelt. A mare, said he, is the chiefest possession of the sheikh, and also his most troublesome burden; and a sheikh with a wife in addition, as the proverb has it, lives to regret his riches, being much worried by the ills of both these delicate creatures. Lacking grass, the sheikh's horse is not sustained by the desert herbs and bushes, upon which the camel thrives—not green and succulent fodder, but a growth dry and gray and often thorny. The horse must be fed with milk, which she drinks with impatient relish; so that to foster every desert mare is assigned a milch-camel. When the camels go to farther pasturage, the horse must accompany them; and upon long journeys camels must be taken, not only to provide milk, but to bear water as well, a camel's-load of water sufficing the horse, it is said, for but two days. The sheikh's satisfaction, however, is an adequate compensation. It resides not only in the

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Drawn by Lauren Harris

THE DESERT LAY SILENT UNDER THE STARS

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pride of possession, but in a more practical and worthy thing — security and greater efficiency in warfare. The camel is a stupid, lumbering, slow-moving beast; the mare is both gallant and clever, quick to wheel, ready to charge, swift in retreat through short distances. A sheikh goes to battle with a led mare, which he will not have burdened even with his armor; he mounts her only when the engagement is imminent—the enemy in view, steel harness put on in the ancient fashion, the ancient weapon, sword or long spear, ready to the hand.

The informing recital of the grave Bedouin, to which the company had listened with deepest attention, was now suddenly interrupted by the jangling of a mule's bell and a great hullabaloo. Our circle broke and spread laughing from the fire; and into the light sprang a small figure, led by a halter in the hands of Rachid, and wearing a green *abba* of sheepskin overhead and a bell about the neck.

"What's this?" Aboosh demanded.

"It is the Half-wit of the Lebanon hills," cried Rachid, "come to entertain the *khawaja* with his trained bear!"

Proceeded then this hilarious entertainment, to the accompaniment of such a joyous noise of bell and shouting and laughter as had never before, I fancy, amazed the solemn desert of those parts. "La, la!" sang Rachid; and Ahmed, the camel-boy, reared and danced and tumbled until he was breathless, whereupon he stood on his head, his lean, ulcerated little legs sticking straight up in the firelight. He was presently standing before the *khawaja*, crying, "*Backsheesh! backsheesh!*" but, therewith provided, still remained, craving (as he said) a boon. "Yesterday," he besought, "when the *khawaja*, riding his horse, passed the camels in the midday heat, and the camel-boys were worn, each boy clinging to the tail of his camel, the *khawaja* rode slowly to converse. The *khawaja* will remember because he laughed when the red rooster crowed in the crate on the back of my camel. 'Are you not tired?' said the *khawaja*. I answered, 'I am not tired.' 'You have walked far in the sand,' said he; 'are you not tired?' I answered again, 'I am not tired.' For the third time the *khawaja* put the question, and for the third time I answered, 'I am not tired.' 'For this cheerful behavior,' said the *khawaja*, 'I will once again work the magic of the match when the day's journey is over.' But the *khawaja* forgot; and now has come the second night, and he has still forgotten."

Fortunately, the unkind forgetfulness was not hard to remedy; the *khawaja* gathered them all near, and turned grave and distant, and smoothed the sand, all in preparation for the magical feat of The Match That Cannot Be Broken. The desert had by this time returned to its ancient solemnity—a silence so deep and wide and old that the small crackling of the fire was like an irreligious disturbance.

"A *mejidi*," promised the *khawaja*, "to the one who surprises the secret!"

The attention was tragically earnest.

"Now," the *khawaja* began, Aboosh interpreting the patter as fast as it fell from the *khawaja's* lips, "I have here a handkerchief. The eyes of the clever Ahmed will tell him that it is an empty handkerchief. Observe, Ahmed, that I shake it. I take it by the corners, Ahmed, and shake it. I shake it again. I show you this side—I show you the other. And now, having convinced you that the handkerchief is empty, I spread it on the sand, here in the very brightest of the firelight. Keep watch. A *mejidi* to the diligent observer! Mahmoud will give me a match. Ahmed will himself take the match in his very own hands and discover that it is a match like any other match. He will with this pencil mark the match with some *wasm* of his own invention. But the *khawaja* touches the match — keep watch! — and it is straightway become the magical match that cannot be broken. I drop the magical match upon the magical handkerchief. It is the selfsame match. It is the selfsame handkerchief. Observe my hands; they are empty. Keep watch—a *mejidi* to the diligent observer. I roll up my sleeves. There is still nothing in my hands. I fold this corner of the handkerchief over the match. I fold another—and the third, and the fourth. And now Ahmed will with his own hands find the match in the folds of the handkerchief and break it in halves. Listen!

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The magical match is broken. You have heard it crack between the fingers of Ahmed. But it is a magical match; and, behold! I unfold the handkerchief, and the magical match, marked with the *wasm* of Ahmed, done with his very own hands and of his very own invention, is not broken: nor is there another match anywhere to be discovered! It is a mystery!"



THE GRAVE BEDOUIN DEPARTED

"A devil-match!" ejaculated the grave Bedouin, starting back in religious horror.

"*Wellah!*" groaned Mahmoud, "I am bedevilled again!"

The others were amazed beyond utterance of any sort—save this little Ahmed, who emitted what may be likened to a gurgle of delicious fright. The second match, of course, was concealed in the hem of the handkerchief; but not one of them fathomed the simple mystery, which was always to them a bewildering delight. Nor in a coffee-house in Damascus, where the *khawaja* performed the wonder, late of a night before the pilgrimage, did these wiser folk have better success. "Why go to Mecca?" said a pious camel-driver of the pilgrims; "for have we not here a prophet?"

"A feat!" cried Mustafa. "I, too, will perform a feat!"

We made a ring in the moonlight—and fell silent and watchful while the old fellow gravely wound his skirt about his middle. An athletic performance—evidently some mighty acrobatic feat of the desert!

"Observe!" said Mustafa.

Our attention deepened; and Mustafa—having bowed with much politeness to the company—turned a somersault!

"Catch me!" shouted the younger *khawaja*. Here was a familiar game; the challenge, though spoken in English, needed no interpretation. They reached to seize him; but the younger *khawaja* leaped from the quick hands of the big muleteer, dodged the cat-spring of the Sudanese, buffeted Aboosh, overturned the Bedouin, and darted off into the moonlight with a whoop like a shriek of a disappearing locomotive. They were after him in a flash—a yelping, giggling, hallooing, guffawing pack, leaping over

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the moonlit sand like shadows with half-fledged wings. *Wellah!* but the loosed delight of that pursuit—the triumph of the capture! Then must the fleet Ali be caught, the black, lean-legged Sudanese, which was not hard to do at all, for at the barest touch he screamed and collapsed like a tickled girl. The younger *khawaja* must take Ahmed on his shoulders, and the small Abdullah be mounted on the gigantic Mahmoud: whereupon, a lively tilting, done without mercy—ending in the downfall of both. Ring-around-a-rosy—and the desert fairly groaned from the vigor of the squatting! Bull-in-the-ring—a mad success! Crack-the-whip—and the climax of earthly joy was achieved. We put the camel-boys on the end of the line; we sent them tumbling head over heels—rolling over the soft sand like rag balls—far into the farther moonlight. *Wellah!* but they would be cracked again. By the Prophet! the thing must be done. And we cracked them with such joyous fervor that we never expected to see them more.

In the uproar of laughter I put my hand on the shoulder of Ahmed. "Are you happy?" I asked.

"By God!" he swore, his hands clenched with earnestness, "but I am happy!"

Mustafa clamored to be cracked—for the very joy, said he, of this swift flight. We indulged Mustafa; we put Mustafa where he craved to be, and we gripped hands with a new and mightier grip, and we ran faster, and farther, and we turned more abruptly, and we cracked the old gentleman clean out of sight over the ridge of a sand-drift.

"By Mohammed!" he screamed, returning; "but there is a deep hole in the desert where I alighted!"

And with this the evening's entertainment came to an end.

It was time to turn in. The grave Bedouin had departed upon his journey, having given us farewell with many compliments. The camp had disposed itself to sleep. The fire was burned out. All the desert lay silent under the moon. There was no rustle of the palm leaves, no chirp or stirring anywhere; the whole world—to its uttermost reaches—was still. I walked with the younger *khawaja* to smoke to the camels—the last employment of our day. Presently he looked about upon the forms of our people and guest of the night.

"These fellows are happy," said he. "I think," he added, "that we have found a good way to travel."

I thought so too.

Song

BY BRIAN HOOKER

DEAR, though you wander over peace and passion,
  Searching the days to prove yourself untrue,
You cannot hide me. Still, in my own fashion,
  I shall come back to you.

In other eyes, on lips that bid you doubt me,
  In music, in the little things we knew,
In your blind prayers for happiness without me,—
  I shall come back to you.

God keep you safe through all the ache of learning,
  Through all the wrong you need to be and do,
Till in the wise joy of unfearful yearning
  I shall come back—I shall come back to you!

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The Master Minds of History

BY ALICE BROWN

"WHAT'S that dry-goods case in the front entry?" asked Elihu Meade. He had sunk into his particular chair by the kitchen stove, and was drawing off his boots with the luxurious slowness of one whose day's work is done and who may sit by expectant while fragrant warm delights are simmering for supper. His wife, Amarita by name, stood at the stove, piloting apple turnovers in a pool of fat. At a first glance she and her husband seemed an ill-matched pair, he with a thin face and precise patch of whisker at the ear, a noticeable and general meagreness of build, and she dark and small, with a face flashing vivid intelligence. Elihu's mother—a large, loosely made, blond old lady—sat by the window, out of range of the lamplight even, knitting by feeling, and doubling her pleasures through keeping her glance out of the window, where a new moon hung.

While she felt the warmth of indoor comfort wafting about her, Amarita cast up a hesitating yet altogether happy look at her husband. She knew from old habit that she must choose her time of approach, but the warmth and the plenitude of supper and her own inner enchantment with what she had to tell convinced her against reason that the time was now.

"Why," she began, "you see 'twas this way."

Mrs. Meade the elder, known as "old Mis' Meade," gave a majestic clearing of her throat. She brought her gaze indoors and bent a frowning glance on the two at the stove. A shade of vexation passed over her face, grotesquely elongating the downward-dropping lines.

"Rita," she called, in what seemed warning, "you come here a minute. Ain't I dropped a stitch?"

Rita responded at once, bending over the stocking ostentatiously displayed.

"You let me take it to the light," she began, but old Mis' Meade laid thumb and finger on her apron, and having caught her daughter-in-law's eye, made mysterious grimaces at her. Amarita, the knitting in her hand, stared frankly back, and the old lady, forced to be explicit, bade her in a mumbling tone:

"Wait till he's through his supper. It's no time now. There!" she continued, with a calculated clearness, "you give it back. I guess I didn't drop it, after all. Your fat's burnin'. Ketch it off, Elihu, won't ye?"

The imperilled fat made a diversion, and then supper was on the table, and old Mis' Meade moved away from the window and brought her great bulk over to partake of turnovers. There was a long silence while tea was passed and the turnovers were pronounced upon by the acquisition that is more eloquent than words. But after Elihu had finished his fifth and last, he pushed his cup away with solemn satisfaction and asked his wife across the table:

"What's that packin'-case out in the front entry?"

Old Mis' Meade gave a smothered ejaculation of discouragement, but Amarita looked up with the brightest eyes.

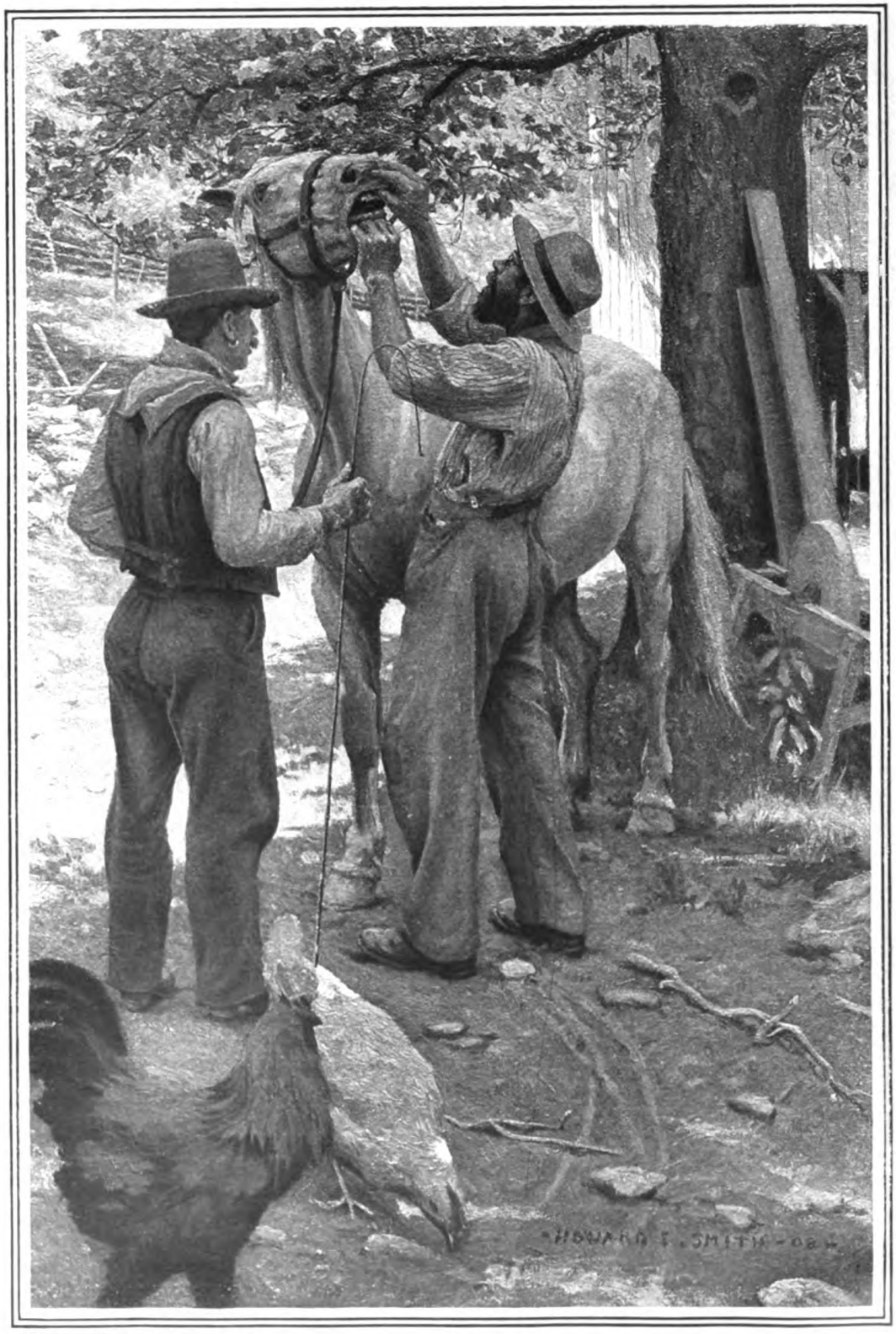
She was having a moment of perfect domestic peace, when all she did seemed to bear fruitage in the satisfaction of hunger and kindred needs, and it innocently seemed to her as if her compensating pleasure was about to come. She gazed straight at her husband, her eyes darkening with the pleasure in them. "Why, that's the *Master Minds of History*."

Elihu bent a frowning brow upon her.

"The *Master Minds of History*," she repeated. "The agent was here this afternoon—"

"You don't think the mice 'll git at them pies up in the blue chist, do ye?" inquired old Mis' Meade, fatuous in a desperate seeking to direct the talk.

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Drawn by Howard E. Smith

THE DAY HE HAD BOUGHT OLD WHITE OF THE PEDDLER

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Amarita gave her a passing glance of wonder.

"Why, no," she said. "They couldn't get in to save their little souls. You see"—she turned again to Elihu—"the agent was here this afternoon—"

Old Mis' Meade almost groaned, and went away to her bedroom, as if she could not endure the hearing of the coming contest or to see the slain.

"What agent?" asked Elihu. He had gone back to his seat by the fire, and Amarita, answering, stood with her hand upon the devastated table.

"Why, the book agent. He come in a buggy, and he had this set with him."

"Set o' what?"

"Why, set o' books. He's takin' orders for 'em, and this was a set he brought along under the seat, thinkin' somebody, the minister or somebody that knew what's what, would buy it right out. There's twelve volumes, and they're a dollar and eighty-seven a volume, and there's illustrations, and it's all printed in the clearest type." She paused, flushed and expectant, and Elihu stared at her.

"A dollar and eighty-seven cents!" he repeated. "You ain't gone and put your name down for twelve books, a dollar and eighty-seven cents apiece?"

"Why, no," said Amarita. "Course I ain't. I didn't have the money, and so I told him. I would, in a minute, if I'd had it."

"Well, what's the packin'-case here for?" inquired Elihu, slowly, while his mind labored.

"Why, he was possessed to leave it. 'You look over the volumes,' he says, 'and read 'em all you want to, and if you don't feel to subscribe then, it sha'n't cost you a cent.' And he's comin' along here pretty soon, and he's goin' to call, and if we don't conclude to keep 'em, he'll take 'em right back."

"My king!" said Elihu. He looked at her in complete discouragement, and Amarita returned his gaze with one bespeaking a conviction of her own innocence. "Don't ye know no better'n that? Take 'em away! All the takin' away he'll do 'll be in a hog's eye. He'll say you bought 'em, and ain't paid for 'em, and 'long about the first o' the month he'll send in a bill for twelve books at a dollar and eighty-seven cents apiece."

Amarita made a picture of childlike misery. Her eyes had the piteous look of coming tears, and she swallowed once or twice before speech was possible.

"Oh, Elihu," she breathed, "you don't really s'pose that, do you?"

"Course he will," said Elihu. "That's the way they do—come drivin' along a time o' day when there's no menfolks to home, and take in the womenfolks. They know women ain't got no business trainin'. How do they know it? Because they've tried it over 'n' over, and every time they've come out ahead."

The tears were dropping now, and Amarita walked hastily away to conceal them, and got down her dish-pan, although the table was not yet cleared. By the time she had turned from the sink again, a shadow of her hopefulness came wanly back.

"I don't believe he's that kind of a fellow," she faltered. "He talked real fair. I thought I should admire to look 'em over. I thought maybe we could read some out loud in the evenin', while your mother knit."

"'Talk fair!' Course he talked fair," said Elihu. "That's a part on't. I'll bet a dollar if you's in a court o' law you couldn't remember what he said."

"I could the sense of it."

"That's it! Why, don't ye know, when anything's business, it's got to be jest so and no other way? 'Tain't surprisin' you shouldn't. Womenfolks ain't called on to do brain work, any to speak of—well, keep school they may, and a matter o' that—but when it comes to business—d'ye have any witnesses?"

"No," said Amarita, in a small voice.

"Well, you've done about as bad for yourself as ye could, fur's I can see. Now, you hearken to me. You leave that packin'-case where he set it, and don't you move it so much as a hair to the right or the left, and don't you lift the cover. And if that feller ever darkens these doors, you come and call me."

Then Elihu rose and took a candle and went off to his desk in the sitting-room, and Amarita cleared the table with swift, sweeping motions, as if she longed to hurl the dishes from her. Old Mis' Meade came heavily back from her bedroom.

"Well," said she, in the scorn sprung

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from experience, "I never see sich actions. Terrible time, an' nobody to it! What made ye tell him?"

Amarita returned no answer. She was washing dishes now, with no noise, setting down each article softly, yet with the same air of longing to destroy.

"Witnesses!" old Mis' Meade grumbled, settling to her work by the window. "If Elihu's the size he used to be, I'd show him how much womenfolks knew about business. If you want one o' them books to read to-night, you step into the front entry an' pick ye out one. I'll stand by ye."

Still Amarita made no answer. She was not thinking of the books. Swift as wood-creatures coursing on the track of prey, her mind was racing over the field of her life with Elihu and pinning down the mistakes he had made. She had never seemed to see them, but not one of them had escaped her. There was the day when a travelling salesman had sold him the onion seed that never came up, and the other one when he had bought Old White of the peddler, and seen him go lame after a two-mile drive, and when he dated a note on Sunday and the school-teacher had laughed. At first Amarita had not merely ignored his errors. She had, indeed, shut her eyes upon them and turned quickly away; but as it became apparent that Elihu was keeping a record of her impulsive, random deeds and drawing data from them, so she began to see the list of his, and turned to it now and then, when he found her foolish, to read it over in a passionate self-comparison.

When the dishes were done she sat down to her sewing, outwardly calm, but conscious of that hot flush in her cheeks and of her quickly beating heart. Old Mis' Meade muttered a little as she knit, and cast her son a hostile glance from time to time. But Elihu was happily impervious to criticism. He spread a sheet of paper on the table, and sat down to it with the air of a schoolboy who is about to square his elbows and perhaps put out a rhythmic tongue.

"Where's my two-foot rule?" he inquired of Amarita.

"In your t'other trousers," she answered, sewing swiftly, without looking up.

Elihu glanced at her in a mild surprise, and his mother chuckled. She was devoted to her son, and more or less overshadowed by his prerogative as "menfolks" born to absorb the cream of things; but the elderly good sense in her was alive to the certainty that if Amarita had not been so yielding, Elihu would never have been so bumptious.

After he had risen and gone off rather helplessly to seek his t'other trousers, Amarita did glance after him with a tentative movement from her chair. It almost seemed as if she repented and meant to go on the quest herself. Old Mis' Meade, translating this, held her breath and waited; but Amarita only sighed and took a needleful of thread. Then Elihu returned with the rule and a stubby pencil, and all the evening long he drew lines and held the paper at arm's length and frowned at what he saw. Old Mis' Meade was in the habit of going to bed before the others, and to-night she paused, candle in hand, to interrogate him.

"Elihu!"

"What say?" her son returned. He was again regarding the rectangular patterns on his page, in some dissatisfaction and yet with pleasure, too. It was the look of one who makes.

"What under the sun you doin' of?" asked the old lady. "What you rulin' off? Makes me as nervous as a witch."

Elihu laid down his paper from that removed survey and leaned back in his chair. It seemed to add some richness to his task to have it noticed.

"Well," said he, "there's goin' to be a town meetin' next Wednesday, to take a vote on that money Judge Green left for the Old Folks' Home."

"Yes, yes," said his mother. "I know that. Come, hurry up. This candle's in a draught."

"Well," said Elihu, "we've talked it over, more or less, most on us, and we've come to the conclusion it's only a bill o' cost to go hirin' city architects to plan out the job. All we want's a good square house, 'and I thought I'd draw out a plan o' one and submit it to the meetin'."

"Oh, Elihu!" said Amarita, in a tone of generous awe. "You think you could?"

"Think?" said Elihu. "No, I don't think. I know it. Mebbe I couldn't draw out a house with cubelows and

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Drawn by Howard E. Smith

HE HAD SET IT ACCURATELY DOWN ON THE COVER OF A BAND-BOX

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piazzas and jogs and the like o' that, but that ain't what we've got in mind. It's a good old-fashioned house, and I s'pose any man of us could do it, only nobody's got the nerve to try. So I took it into my head to be the one."

"Well," said his mother, sceptically, "mebbe you can an' mebbe you can't. Good night, all."

But Amarita leaned forward across the table, her eager eyes upon the paper. She had forgotten her resentment. It was happiness to her to see Elihu doing what he liked and succeeding in it.

"Oh, Elihu," said she, "show it to me, won't you? Tell me what the rooms are."

But he was rolling up his work.

"No," he said; "wait till I get a little further along. Then I will. I'm going to the street and buy me a sheet or two o' cardboard to-morrer."

But they talked very cozily about it for a half hour, and when Elihu rose to wind the clock they were both convinced that he was a very great man indeed.

All that week Elihu worked over his plan, and when he had at last set it accurately down on the cover of a band-box, as a preliminary to drafting it out fair and large, he showed it to his wife. They had put their heads together over it at the table, when Elihu caught sight of Simeon Eldridge bringing him a cord of pine limbs.

"You wait a minute," he adjured Amarita. "I got to help him unload. I'll show it to you when I come in."

But Amarita pored over it by herself, and old Mis' Meade, at the window, knit and watched for the passing. It was a bright day, and it seemed reasonable that at least two wagons might go by.

"Don't you want I should bring it over there," said Amarita, at length, "and let you look at it?"

"Law, no!" old Mis' Meade responded, with the ruthlessness of one whose mind is not on futures. "I guess I can wait till they've begun to hew out their underpinnin'."

"Ain't it remarkable he can do a thing like that?"

"He ain't done it yet," said the old lady, sagely. "I'll b'lieve it when I'm called to the raisin'."

Amarita flushed.

"I don't see what does make you cry him down so," she declared, with a rare resentment. "Seems if you didn't want to allow he can do the least thing out o' the common."

"Well," said the old lady, "I dun'no's he can. There, Amarita!" She threw caution from her as far as it would fly. "I guess I set by Elihu enough, an' more too, but it does go ag'inst the grain to see you makin' out he's the greatest man that ever stepped. 'Twon't be long before ye can't live with him. Can't either of us!"

Amarita was silent, staring straight at the old lady, who glanced up presently and blinked at her.

"You goin' to let them books set there in the front entry?" she inquired, as if her point of attack had shifted.

"Why, yes, I s'pose so," faltered Amarita.

"Don't ye want to peek into 'em an' see what they be?"

"Why, yes; but I don't want to do anything to get Elihu into trouble about 'em. I s'pose I was kinder foolish to believe what the man said."

"Foolish!" retorted the old lady, with vigor. "Course you was foolish. Everybody's foolish one time out o' three. That's about the only thing there's no patent on."

"Well, I s'pose folks do get into trouble doin' things wrong end to," said Amarita. She felt as if she were defending Elihu in his censorship.

"Why, yes! Nobody says they don't. Let 'em git in an' let 'em git out agin. It ain't doin' foolish things or not doin' 'em I complain of. It's Elihu's settin' himself up to be the only human creatur' that never stepped inside of a glass house. Law! if he did but know it, he's got a ninety-nine-year lease o' one, an' if he could git it into his head how plain I can glimpse him through the walls, a surpriseder man you never'd see. Elihu's as good a boy as ever stepped; but if he could be took down a peg—an' I shouldn't care if 'twas before the whole township, too—he'd be worth more by half than he is to-day. Law! you'd ought to seen him a hundred years ago or more, arter I gi'n him a good spankin'. Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth."

"Oh, don't! He's comin'," Amarita begged her.

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But he was not coming, and for an hour Amarita dwelt upon the plans. Her eyes grew bright and her cheeks flushed. Once she pushed her pretty hair back from her forehead and looked up at the old lady, as if she had impulsive things to say. But she did not speak, and turning back to the plans, she went absorbedly over them again. Old Mis' Meade watched her scornfully, and yet tenderly, too. If ever a woman was a fool over a man, she reasoned, Amarita was that fool; but in her heart she would not have had it otherwise.

Now that the plans were virtually finished, Elihu sat over them at an hour's stretch, testing and measuring in an extreme of accuracy. Amarita watched him, with that bright anticipation in her face; and old Mis' Meade, her eyes intermittently upon them, thought the long thoughts of age, half scornful, half sympathizing, and wondered again how any woman could be so lost in admiration over a man.

At last it was the day appointed for town meeting, and Elihu was at his task for the last time, making a fair copy for his townsmen's eyes. It was about four in the afternoon, and the smell of hot apple sauce was in the air. Amarita meant to have supper early, so that she could give her mind untrammelled to getting her husband into his bosomed shirt and starting him on his quest. But as she moved back and forth at her tasks she watched him, and her eyes glittered. Old Mis' Meade noted the excitement of her air and the double tinge of color in her cheeks.

"What's the matter, Rita?" she asked, kindly, when Amarita stood for a moment by the table between the front windows, frowning with the extreme care she was giving to sewing a button on a wristband. "Ain't you kinder feverish?"

Amarita started—almost, it might have been, with some inner consciousness not to be given away.

"Oh no," said she. "I ain't feverish, Mother Meade. Maybe I'm kinder flurried, Elihu's goin' out and all."

"Goin' to take the womenfolks along with ye, Elihu?" called the old lady, a satirical note beating into her voice.

Elihu looked up absently from his paper.

"Why," said he, with a leniency slightly tinctured by the impatience responsive to an unnecessary question, "it's jest a town meetin', same as any other. We're goin' to take action on the Old Folks' Home."

"Take action?" repeated old Mis' Meade. "Oh, that's it, is it? Well, Rita 'n' I 'll stay at home an' take action on the *Master Minds o' History*. This is as good a night as any. Mebbe there's a few womenfolks in there—enough for pepper 'n' salt—if they ain't bound for town meetin'."

Elihu drew the long breath which is the due of happily completed toil. He began to roll up his plans. Amarita ran to him and looked over his shoulder.

"You got 'em done?" she asked. The red in her cheeks had heightened. Her voice came huskily. Old Mis' Meade glanced at her, a sharp and quick survey. Elihu indulgently unrolled his paper and spread it on the desk.

"Yes," said he, "I got 'em done."

"Oh, Elihu!" breathed his wife. She bent above the page, and in the fever of her interest seemed to pounce on it and scurry over it.

"You goin' to show it to the town meetin'?"

"Course I be," said Elihu, with a modest pride. "That's what I made it for."

Amarita straightened.

"Well," said she. Her voice was hard through what might have been an accepted purpose. "You may as well shave you. We'll have supper early."

Supper was a silent meal that night. Elihu was pondering on his triumph as a valuable citizen, and what Amarita thought no one could at that moment have foretold. She did not eat, but she drank her tea in hasty swallows, and burned her mouth with it. That, the old lady guessed, was why the tears came once or twice into her eyes. Amarita, her mother-in-law judged, had been staying indoors too much through the snowy weather, while Elihu worked on his plans. There had been no sleigh rides, only the necessary driving to the street.

Old Mis' Meade had a little scheme in view, and now she brought it forth; it was a species of compensation for stay-at-homes during the absence of their lawful head for his two or three hours of civic duty.

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"What if you should bring in a good big knot 'fore you go," she adjured him, "an' Rita 'n' I 'll have us a fire in the fireplace. I dun'no' why, but seems if I didn't want to set in the kitchen to-night. Then by the time you come home there'll be a good bed o' coals, an' you can toast your feet 'fore you go to bed."

There was a whirling half hour of preparation, while old Mis' Meade washed the supper dishes and Amarita flew lightfootedly about from kitchen to bedroom to get her lord into his public clothes. Elihu forgot the knot, and brought it in after he had assumed the garb of ceremony; and then he had to be fussily brushed from possible sawdust, while Amarita, an anxious frown on her brow, wondered why Mother Meade always would distract him at the most important points. The fire was laid, but Elihu was one of those who believe in their own personal magic over a blaze, and he had to adjust the knot and touch off the kindling and watch the result a minute, to be sure the chimney had not caught. By the time he had harnessed and had appeared again to wash his hands and don his greatcoat, two other sleighs had gone by, bearing town fathers to the trysting-place. Amarita was nervous. She knew Elihu liked to be beforehand with his duties. But at last, his roll of plans in hand, he was proceeding down the path, slipping a little, for the thaw had made it treacherous, to the gate where the horse was hitched, and Amarita, at the sitting-room window, watched him. Old Mis' Meade came up behind her, and she too watched.

Elihu was uncovering the horse. Amarita turned from her mother-in-law with a noiseless rush and flew out of the front door and down the slippery path.

"Elihu!" she called, with all the voice excitement left her. "Elihu, you come here. I've got to speak to you."

Elihu left the horse and came with long strides up the path, taking, as he hurried, glances at the roof.

"Roarin', is it?" he asked. "You think the chimbley's ketched?"

The roll of plans stuck out from his coat pocket. That was all Amarita could see. She laid hands upon him and drew him into the entry. There she shut the door and then stood with her grasp upon the other door, leading into the sitting-room, and held it tight. She was afraid Mother Meade might come out to see what was the matter. Amarita leaned against the casing. In spite of the brightness of her eyes she looked faint and sick. It seemed to be her grasp upon the latch that kept her now from falling.

"Oh, Elihu!" she said. He was questioning her with puzzled eyes. "Oh, Elihu! I've been awful mean to you." Her hold on the latch relaxed, and she sat down on the packing-case between them. "When I told you about the box the man left, and you seemed to think I didn't know enough to come in when it rained, I said next time you made any kind of a mistake I'd let it go, no matter who's goin' to laugh at you. And when it come to your plans" — she stopped here, and Elihu absently put his hand to the roll in his pocket—"when it come to them, I said you might show 'em to the minister and the doctor and everybody else. But, Elihu, there ain't—oh, Elihu, you ain't put a single closet in that house!"

Elihu stood there in silence, and Amarita sat on the packing-case, feeling her heart beat. It seemed a long time before she heard his voice.

"There! there!" he was saying. "You open that door and I'll look in an' see if the chimbley's ketched."

In a moment Amarita followed him. She heard Mother Meade moving about the kitchen, and Elihu was just dropping his roll of paper on the fire. She gave a little cry, but he only said, in what seemed to her a very kind voice, almost the voice of courting days,

"You run out and fetch me in the hammer and screw-driver, whilst I listen to this chimbley."

When she came droopingly back with the tools, Elihu was explicitly cheerful.

"There!" he said. "That's safe enough. We'll burn it out, come wet weather." Then he strode into the hall, and she heard two or three blows and the splintering of soft wood. "Here's your books," Elihu was calling to her. "You two take 'em out, an' if 'tain't too late after I come home, I'll read a page. I guess we can foot the bill when it comes in."

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Pennsylvania's Defiance of the United States

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER OF HISTORY

BY HAMPTON L. CARSON

ON a day in the early part of October, 1778, the loungers on the wharves of Philadelphia, then the capital of the thirteen colonies, observed three vessels creep slowly up the Delaware, under a light breeze, and drop their anchors beneath the shelter of Windmill Island. One was a small man-of-war cutter, the second was a large brig, and the third a corvette. The brig flew the Stars and Stripes, the thirteen stars being arranged in a circle. The others had no colors. A boat put off, landing five men above the mouth of Dock Creek, near the drawbridge at Second Street. Two of the party had the air and dress of officers, while the remaining three were weather-beaten sailors. One of them, a tall, strong, handsome man of about thirty years of age, limped painfully from a wound in the thigh—the black clots staining his clothing—and leaned upon the arms of his companions, who were but little more than lads.

"It's an outrage, Captain Houston," said the wounded man. "I'll have the law on ye."

"I have been fair enough," replied the elder of the officers. "I have landed you at the same time with myself. Now you can do as you please."

"I'll have my prize, see if I don't. I won't be robbed if there's justice in this town."

"Tut, tut, Olmsted, don't be so noisy. You'll disturb the Continental Congress with your shouts."

"I'll disturb Congress and the whole country until I get my rights. You're worse than a robber. And as for Captain Josiah there, he looks like the pirate that he is."

"Come, Josiah, let's leave this brawler," said Captain Houston, slipping his arm through that of his companion and walking rapidly away.

Olmsted glared at them with rage in his eyes, and then turned and looked at the cutter. "The beauty! We fought for her, boys, and we're going to have her. That I'll swear to."

"Where are we going to, Gideon?" asked Acquila. "This is a strange place."

"I'm going for a lawyer, if I stump about till sunset. Come now, help me along."

The three friends wandered up the winding banks of the stream, past stables and orchards, until they came to a broad, busy street with market sheds in the centre, and here Olmsted stopped in bewilderment. He let several persons pass him, and then saw an old man coming towards them with a hasty shuffle, his head bowed, and his straight white hair hanging forward beyond the cape of an old-fashioned coat, surmounted by a small hat closely turned upwards from the crown behind, but projecting at both sides and cocked in front; his lips were in constant motion, as though he were munching something; his gold-headed cane was dangling by a black silken string from his wrist, and the heels of his capacious shoes might be heard jingling and scraping the pavement at every step. He looked neither to right nor left.

"Hold on there," said Olmsted. "May I speak with you?"

"Don't stop me now, unless you are ill. Do you want a doctor?"

"Why, no," said the astonished Olmsted. "I want a lawyer—a fighting lawyer—and a good one at that."

"A lawyer can't dress a leg," said the old gentleman, looking at Olmsted's wounded limb.

"I'll have the lead taken out later," was the reply. "But I must see a lawyer first."

"Then go to William Lewis, below here on High Street, and tell him Dr.

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Painting by Howard Pyle

THEN THE REAL FIGHT BEGAN

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Chovet sent you," said the busy old man, as he hurried away.

"What a queer old chap!" said Tom.

"He was a keen one," said Acquila.

"Don't stop to talk," said Olmsted. "Come on to Lawyer Lewis's; I must have justice before the sun goes down."

After walking a block in the direction of the Delaware and scanning the house fronts, they found a small tin sign bearing the name which had been recommended, and entered the office of the attorney.

Seated at a table was a man of about Olmsted's age, with a pale thin face, high forehead, and black hair tied with a queue, and his enormous nose was hooked like the beak of a hawk. As he rose it was seen that he was very tall and very thin, and his movements and manners were those of a rustic rather than of a town-bred man. The hand which he extended towards them was big and bony, and his arm was of extraordinary length. "I am pleased to see you," he said. "Be seated and tell me what you want."

"We want our rights; we want our prize; we want the cutter — Acquila, Tom, and I. . . ."

"Stop a moment," said Mr. Lewis, with a smile; "you must not run on so fast; you must begin at the beginning. First tell me who you are and where you come from."

"My name's Gideon Olmsted. Father and mother live at East Hartford, Connecticut, but I'm a fisherman on the Sound. Acquila and Tom here—"

"What are their names?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"Acquila White and Thomas Smith."

"Well," said Mr. Lewis, making a note, "now go on and tell me your story."

"Acquila, Tom, and I were out in a dory fishing. We had been out for a week and were nearing the Jersey coast, when we got caught in a storm and were blown south. A wave broke over us and smashed the compass, and the next day a fog settled down and we did not know where we were. We were in a fog all night; but a little after sunrise the next morning the fog lifted, and we saw a cutter right off our starboard bow. She was right on us and carried the British flag and had ten or twelve men on board. They all had pistols and cutlasses, and there was a swivel on deck.

"'Ahoy the smack!' roared the commander. 'Who are you?'

"'Fishermen,' I replied. 'Who are you?'

"'His British Majesty's cutter *Active*. Come aboard at once.'

"'We've no business with you, and we've no boat neither,' I answered.

"'We'll see about that,' said the officer.

"They put out a boat, and I tossed the despatches overboard. They had lead in them and went down at once."

"What despatches?" Mr. Lewis interrupted.

"I don't know what was in them, but old General Putnam up there in Connecticut gave them to me to put on shore at Egg Harbor and send by messenger to General Arnold in Philadelphia. Some one was to meet me there."

"I thought you said you were fishermen," said the lawyer, sharply.

"So we are, and I suppose that is why we were selected; and we did fish right along, but I was told to throw them overboard if there was any trouble."

"Do the despatches play any part in your story?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"No, sir."

"Then pass that and tell me what happened when they sent off the boat."

"Well, the young middy ordered us into his boat as his prisoners.

"'You can't take us prisoners,' said I. 'We're poor fishermen, and you've no right to take us.'

"'You're Yankees,' said he, 'and must go with us. If you don't get in here quickly I'll have to use force. What did you throw overboard just then?'

"'Nothing that concerns you,' said I.

"'I'm not so sure about that. Tumble aboard,' said he.

"The boys and I saw we were in for it. We had no arms, and we couldn't fight the cutter, so we got into the boat, and when we were in they searched the smack all over and then sent her adrift; and then they rowed us to the cutter, and we clambered over the side. And where do you suppose they took us to?"

"I don't know," smiled Mr. Lewis.

"Kingston, Jamaica. Ah, that is a strange land—great palm-trees, bananas, pineapples, big ferns, low white houses, and green clear water in the sea, so that you can look down and see the fish."

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"Never mind that," checked Mr. Lewis. "What became of you?"

"They loaded that darned cutter with arms and provisions for the Redcoats, and then, dast them! they said we'd got to help navigate her back. I said I'd be hanged if I would, and so did Acquila and Tom. Then they tied us up and flogged us and said we were mutineers. That made my blood boil; but suddenly I thought that New York was nearer home than Kingston, and so I said, 'All right,' and the boys did what I did."

"Then what happened?" pressed Mr. Lewis.

"There were fourteen men besides the commander and two passengers and a big black cook—'nigger' they called him—and we were out fourteen days, and I often thought of what would happen to us. My brother Ezekiel, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Long Island, died on that terrible prison-ship in New York Bay, and I got to thinking of him, and then I thought perhaps we might fall in with some American privateer, that Captain Manley or Lee or possibly Paul Jones might be about, and I felt better."

Mr. Lewis drew himself up, and with a deprecating gesture said, "Never mind your thoughts or your feelings; tell me what you did."

"It was a terrible slow voyage. Day after day there was a dead calm. We were forced to sleep on deck, and I noticed that there was a lookout for'ard and two other men, with the chap at the tiller, on deck. Three nights after that, when I knew we were somewhere near the Chesapeake, because I heard the Captain tell a passenger, and it was as dark as pitch, and there was no breeze, and the sea was a dead calm, and while the Captain was carousing down there in the hold, the idea came into my head to seize the cutter. I thought of that flogging, and my back burned and my head grew hot. Zounds! it makes me mad now to think of that flogging," exclaimed Olmsted, struggling to his feet, and then, clutching his leg with a heavy groan, he fell back into the chair.

"You must be careful, my friend," said Mr. Lewis. "You must not get excited here. Time enough for that by and by. But you have not told me how you got hurt."

"That comes later," said Olmsted.

"Well, then, what did you do to carry out your idea?"

"I crept round the deck, and saw that the steersman was dozing, the lookout was leaning over the rail half asleep, and the other two men were snoring by a coil of rope. I snatched up a belaying-pin and hit the chap at the tiller. He fell like a log. Then I woke Acquila, and said, 'You and Tom clap down the hatch-cover, and I'll attend to the man for'ard.' I ran to the bow and broke his arm as he came at me, and when I got back the hatch-cover was down, and the boys were tussling with the other men. We soon had them tied with rope, and then I took the helm. I tell you that night was long, and, oh, how I prayed for wind! At sunrise a breeze sprung up, and I headed her due north, intending to run into Little Egg Harbor. Here, Tom, give me a lift."

The young fellow helped Gideon to shift his leg, while Mr. Lewis jotted down some notes and looked sharply at the men. The open, suffering face, with its large gray eyes, which met his own without flinching, and the enthusiastic assent to all that had been said apparent in the eager attention of the others as they leaned forward and nodded as Olmsted told his story, reassured the cautious lawyer, and he encouraged the client to proceed.

"I was eating a bit of ship's biscuit, when there was a sound like a swarm of bees beneath the hatch, and the Captain roared like a bull of Bashan.

"'What is the meaning of this? Who covered the hatch? Ho! there on deck—let me up. At once, I say.'

"I shouted back: 'Stay down there, Captain; your mate once told me to tumble into his boat, and I obeyed. Now I tell you to stay down, and you must obey me. This cutter is ours, and we're going to carry you as prisoners of war.'

"'Force the hatch, boys!' I heard him cry out.

"I tell you there was straining and thumping. The hatch-cover gave way, and two hands came up. Tom thrust the swivel in their faces, and I yelled, 'Look out; we'll fire!' The men dropped from the ladder, and the Captain swore like a Turk. Tom and Acquila jumped on

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the hatch-cover and forced it back. Then the real fight began. The cover was lifted again, and the Captain fired like fury right and left, and the cook threw out boiling water. I got hit in the thigh, but didn't notice it at the time. Acquila turned the swivel downward, and shouted to Tom to touch her off. Tom rushed forward, and the Captain tried to spring on deck. I saw his clenched hands on the side of the gangway, and struck them with a belaying-pin, which broke his grip, and he fell back into the hold. Then the boys suddenly jammed the cover down, and Acquila rolled a water-cask on it and lashed it.

"'Well, boys,' said I, 'that was a pretty sharp tussle, and you fellows acted like men.'"

"You all did," said Mr. Lewis; "but what next?"

"A fresh breeze was blowing, and the cutter flew like a sea-gull. Then we heard a hammer and chisel against the stern.

"'They can't mean to cut their way out,' said I. 'If they make a hole large enough for a man to crawl through, the water would rush in and drown them like rats. What can they be doing?'

"'My stars!' shouted Tom, 'I can't move the tiller; they've wedged it.'

"'Can't you keep her straight ahead,—the wind is due aft?' I asked.

"'No; they have jammed it round, and here we're running northeast or nowhere."

"'What shall we do?' asked Acquila.

"I thought for some time, and then said: 'It's now afternoon, and I don't believe their food and water will last long. Boys, we'll starve them out. That's what we'll do. We've got the water-butts on deck.'

"Acquila and Tom both chuckled, and I tied up my leg and lay down and fell asleep. I don't know how long I slept, but Tom shook me and said, 'There they come again at the hatch.'

"Just then a voice right under me said, 'Give us water; we've not had a drop for hours.'

"'Not a drop,' said I, 'till you free the tiller.'

"'Aha!' said the Captain, 'I have you now; I guess we can hold out. Some brig will pick us up before you'll ever see your home.'

"'We can stand it if you can, Captain.'

"With my ear against the deck, I could hear the passengers storming at the Captain. Then night came, and the wind died away. Acquila and Tom took turns at the helm, and I slept.

"The next day the Captain, in a husky voice, said: 'You've starved us out. We'll free the rudder if you will only give us water.'

"'Free the rudder first, and we'll think about it,' I replied.

"'You're a brute!' said the Captain.

"I heard a passenger say: 'For pity's sake, Captain, don't argue any more. We can't stand this.'

"'Free the rudder,' I shouted, 'and we'll let the cook up, but the rest of you must stay where you are. If any of you dare come up, we'll fire.'

"'All right,' said the Captain; 'it's a bargain, but you're a beast.'

"'You flogged me and flogged the boys, and I shall have no mercy,' said I. 'Let the carpenter knock out that wedge.'

"In a few minutes the tiller was free, and Tom once more headed northwest.

"I told Acquila to open the hatch and let the cook up. You ought to have seen that nigger! His eyes rolled, the sweat was all over him, his tongue stuck between his lips. He looked at me, and shook all over as if I was Old Nick." Here Olmsted broke into a laugh, in which Mr. Lewis joined, and then checking himself, said:

"Well, now, go on and tell me what you said or did."

"I said, 'You black rascal, get the water you want, and be quick about it.'

"He tumbled to the scuttle butt and put his head in up to the neck and drank like an animal, and then took some for the cabin. Acquila threw down a can of ship's biscuit and a small barrel of salt meat, and then jammed down the hatch-cover and fastened it.

"'Avast there!' yelled the Captain, and Tom said:

"'You've got enough for the present; you might overeat yourselves.'

"The night was quiet, and the sun rose clear. I thought we must be near the capes of the Delaware, and Acquila said, 'Why not go in there?' We had quite a talk about it, but I wanted to stick to Little Egg Harbor.

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"While we were talking, Tom suddenly cries out, 'Ship ahoy! look there, dead ahead—two of them.' The sails were just on the sky-line.

"I was sorry to see them, for I knew that if they were enemies we might not escape and our prize would be lost, and if they were friends they might wish a big share of our prize-money. I told the boys so."

"You understand human nature pretty well," remarked Mr. Lewis. "Well, go on."

"'They've seen us,' said Tom; 'they're coming nearer.'

"One was a brig and the other a corvette. The very same that are now down in the river there.

"'They're looking for prizes,' said I. 'We'll have trouble, I fear.'

"The brig was the nearest, and tacked about so as to head off the cutter, and the corvette swept around so as to follow on her heels. Both were armed, and the decks and yard-arms were crowded with men. They fired a gun across our bows, and the brig ran up the Stars and Stripes. 'We can't run away,' said I; 'brail in the mainsail, boys, settle away the jib, and bring her to. They could sink us with a shot.'

"We brought the cutter about, and the brig hove to; a boat put off, and the American Captain, with his mate, boarded us. The privateer Captain followed, and as I looked at that brace of robbers I knowed there'd be mischief."

"Why do you call them robbers?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"Because they are, as you'll see if you wait."

"'Who are you?' asked the big bully.

"'This is the cutter *Active*,' I answered; 'she once belonged to King George, but now she is mine and the boys' here.'

"Then I told him the story. He laughed at me, and so did the pirate. But I'll make them laugh on the other side of their mouths before I'm through with them."

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"He said, 'Bah! this is a fish-story—a pretty yarn, three men to beat eighteen!' But I knew he was thinking all the time of the arms and supplies aboard and the prize-money."

"What did you say?"

"'I tell you it's true,' said I; 'if you don't believe me, ask the British Captain and the passengers down there. But who are you?'

"'I'm Captain Houston, commanding the Pennsylvania brig *Convention*, and the corvette — some Frenchy name — is Captain James Josiah's, a privateer.'

"'You sha'n't take my prize away,' said I.

"'Prize?' said he. 'I tell you, man, your prize is not complete. You haven't brought her into port. A thousand things might happen. She might be retaken by the men below—listen to the voices down there—or you might fall in with a British squadron near New York.'

"'I'm not going to New York. I'm bound for Little Egg Harbor.'

"'Well, I'll not argue with you,' said he. 'It is a nice question of law, and I'll carry you up the Delaware to Philadelphia and let Judge Ross and a Philadelphia jury decide between us. It would be fair to divide the prize-money into thirds.'

"'Listen,' said I; 'it's a burning shame. I'm poor, and so are Tom and Acquila, but we'll fight you at law or elsewhere, until we get our rights. If the lawsuit lasts all my life, I'll have my rights.'

"'As you please,' he answered; 'the law will decide.'

"I told him he was the meanest American I ever saw—to rob a wounded man and two boys of their rights—boys who had been flogged, and who had fought as those boys had done. I tell you we had it hot and heavy all the way up the river.

"He brought us in here this morning, and here we are. Now, Mr. Lewis, we want justice; we must have it, or when I'm well there'll be bloodshed."

"You shall have justice, my man," said the gaunt lawyer, who had listened to the recital with kindling interest and indignation. "I'll try and set it straight, my friend. I believe your tale. I'll libel the cutter at once. Give me a description of her and what she is loaded with."

"But I have no money to pay a fee," said Olmsted, suddenly growing hot with shame at his poverty, while the faces of Tom and Acquila fell.

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"Never mind the fee, my man; I'll pay the costs myself. It shall never be said in Philadelphia that the poor man cannot get justice because he cannot fee his lawyer."

"Oh, sir," said Olmsted, "you are too good. I am a stranger."

"You are an honest man and a brave one, and so are these good lads, and you have been cruelly wronged," said Mr. Lewis, whose face now gleamed with excitement, and whose ambition was touched by the thought of a great case.

After some close questioning as to particulars, a paper was prepared and read carefully over to Olmsted, and then the tall lawyer, folding it up, said, "Now let's go to a notary—but, stay; your leg is stiff and painful, and I'll bring him here in a few moments."

As he left the office, Tom said, "How do you like him, Gideon?"

"He's younger than I thought, but I like his quickness and his fighting spirit. He acts and talks like a man of grit. I believe he'll stand by us to the end."

"Ay, that I will. I will fight this case if it lasts my lifetime," said Mr. Lewis, suddenly returning to the room with a notary, whom he had met on the pavement outside the office door.

"Here, Mr. Duponceau, here is the gentleman who needs your services, a brave man from Connecticut, with two friends, who have been outraged, and, I am sorry to say, by men of Pennsylvania."

"Ah! that is too bad," replied the young Frenchman; "but then, Lewis, you are always hot over the cases of your clients."

"But this case, Duponceau, is extraordinary. I never heard or read of anything like it. It will shake the State; it will stir Congress; it will . . ."

"There, there you see the advocate," said Duponceau, bowing to Olmsted; "you are fortunate to have him to plead your cause."

"Come, come, Duponceau; stop your compliments, and let Mr. Olmsted sign and swear to that paper."

"If you please," said the notary, who, making Gideon sit down at the table, watched the hard, big hand of the fisherman as he awkwardly held the quill and slowly traced his name at the places indicated. The oath was then administered, and Olmsted, striking the table with his fist, exclaimed, "It's God's truth that I have sworn to."

"So you are still here, are you? I thought I would find you," said Dr. Chovet, entering abruptly. "I sent you a client, Mr. Lewis, some hours ago, whom I met on the street looking for a lawyer—a lawyer," he laughed, "not a mere member of the bar; and now if you are through with him, I shall claim him as a patient. Ah! Mr. Duponceau; good morning."

"Good morning, doctor. Is the town distressingly healthy, or are the sick by this time ready for the . . ."

"Not for a notary, a lawyer, or a clergyman," stormed the doctor. "But come, Mr.— What's your name? You did not give it to me. I must look at that leg."

"Where are you going to take him, doctor? He is a stranger."

"To the Pennsylvania Hospital."

Mr. Lewis drew the doctor aside, and explaining the case briefly, told him of the penniless condition of the man, and arranged for his admission to the hospital. He then took Acquila and Tom to a neat lodging-house, and made himself responsible for their charges.

"I ought to win this case," he said to himself, "and if I don't, I deserve to lose my money. In the mean time I must get on that cutter and secure the testimony of witnesses."

It took more than a fortnight for Olmsted's wound to heal, and when he was once more able to go about his business he found that he had become something of a public character. The story of the disputed prize had been widely circulated, and the town was all astir with it. Sides were taken and bets were exchanged by the bold blades who frequented the London Coffee House. The approaching trial occasioned intense interest not only on account of the romantic exploit from which it sprang, but also because it involved the testing of a new law. The Pennsylvania Assembly had recently passed an act by which a jury was to be summoned to try the facts in Admiralty cases, and it was expressly provided that a verdict should be "conclusive as to facts, without re-examination or appeal."

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On a day early in November, Gideon's case came up for trial before Judge George Ross, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a cousin of Betty Ross who made the first American flag. The little court-house was packed with people. The witnesses were examined and cross-examined. Great speeches were made. Mr. Lewis was very earnest, stretching his long, bony arms high in the air as he pleaded for his clients and told the story of their gallant struggle. He dwelt pathetically upon Olmsted's wound, and lashed the British captain with indignant scorn as he told of the flogging. He denounced with severity Captain Houston and his ally Josiah for their cold-blooded avarice and their ungenerous conduct. He begged the jury to remember that all were fighting for America, and that a capture of a British ship by men from Connecticut ought to be recognized, as he hoped a Connecticut jury would be fair to a Pennsylvanian under similar circumstances. The judge charged the jury very fairly, though, struggle as he might, he could scarcely conceal his sympathy with the heroic conduct of Olmsted; but the twelve Pennsylvanians on the jury—alas for the force in those days of local prejudice!—found that the prize-money must be divided into fourths: one fourth to Olmsted and his friends, one fourth to the State of Pennsylvania, one fourth to the officers and crew of the brig, and one fourth to the corvette.

This unjust verdict only served to arouse the fighting blood of the Yankee from Connecticut and to spur the ambition of his doughty counsel. Mr. Lewis repeated his vow that he would contest the case if it lasted his lifetime, and he promptly appealed to Congress, then sitting in the State House. The case was duly referred to the Committee upon Captures, and was again argued most learnedly. The Committee solemnly reversed the judgment of the Pennsylvania magistrate, and directed the Marshal of the State court to sell the cutter and cargo, and, after deducting the costs, to pay over the entire fund to Olmsted and his friends.

Judge Ross, however, denied the validity of the appeal, and stood firmly upon his interpretation of the law. As a State official he refused to allow any meddling by Congress with the action of the local court. Despite the urgent protests of Benedict Arnold, who was one of Gideon's backers, and in the face of feeble remonstrances by the Congressional Committee, he himself directed the sale of the cutter and took charge of the proceeds. Olmsted received his fourth, but he growled like an enraged lion over the remaining three-fourths.

"I will get it," said Mr. Lewis; "I am not to be balked. I will petition Congress and rouse the whole body to action. But as it is going to take time, you had better go home and leave the case in my hands. I will not cease to do my best for you."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Lewis," said Olmsted. "Tom and Acquila and I will never forget how hard you have fought for our rights."

"You would not give up your prize on the sea, and I will not give up your case," said the lawyer. "As Paul Jones said on the deck of the *Bon Homme Richard,* 'I have just begun to fight.' Go home, be patient, and don't despair."

Olmsted and the boys went back to Hartford, and waited many weary years for results. In those days, when there were no daily papers, news travelled slowly, and though the case had been the topic of the time in Philadelphia, they found that the quiet citizens of East Hartford knew nothing about their exploit or their lawsuit. Olmsted had merely written to his father that he had business which detained him, and he was too modest to put on paper what he had done. But when, limping from his wound, he stepped upon the porch of his humble little home, his mother's quick eye perceived it, and she exclaimed:

"My boy, you have been wounded; tell me all about it."

And then he related his tale, with frequent interruptions from Tom and Acquila, who told them what a hero Gideon was, and how it was all his plan, and how he had fought the captain, and starved the crew, and been struck by a bullet, and how he had argued with Captain Houston, and sought out Mr. Lewis, and how nobly Mr. Lewis had acted; until the tears ran in the eyes of both parents, and Mabel Thomas, the blue-

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eyed daughter of the village doctor, who had been from her cradle a little playmate of the big Gideon, gazed at him with an interest she had never felt before. And Gideon saw her moistened eyes, and remembered them. Often in the night they shone upon him like stars, and in the daytime, while wandering in the great woods or on the banks of the beautiful river near his home, he dreamed of the comely maiden, until he longed to have her sympathy with the wrongs he had endured. It is the old story which all who are happiest in life can tell, and it ended in white flowers and a wedding veil.

In the mean time, Mr. Lewis thundered at the doors of Congress; but the Committee would take no further action for fear of provoking civil strife, and though there were stormy debates and anxious conferences between special committees appointed by Congress and by the State Legislature, no practical result was reached. Pennsylvania did nothing for Olmsted. On the contrary, her Assembly directed Judge Ross to pay over the remaining part of the prize-money to the State Treasurer, David Rittenhouse, the celebrated astronomer who was the first in America to observe the transit of Venus, and whose observatory stood in the State House yard, just back of Independence Hall.

Time passed without bringing redress to Gideon; but while he waited a great change was wrought in public affairs. The new government of the United States went into effect in April, 1789, nearly eleven years after the beginning of Olmsted's search for justice, and thereafter the judges in every State were bound to recognize the Constitution and laws of the United States as the supreme law of the land, "anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." It was long, however, before Mr. Lewis realized the effect of the altered conditions upon the affairs of his client. When Judge Ross died, in 1790, Olmsted brought suit against the executors of his estate, who made no defence. Judgment was entered against them; but they turned about and sued Rittenhouse, and he, in 1792, took the case to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, presided over by Chief Justice McKean, whose name stands next to that of George Ross upon the Declaration of Independence.

McKean was the most tremendous man of his day. He had been Governor of Delaware, Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and President of the Continental Congress, all at the same time. He used to sit on the judge's bench in a scarlet robe, with a great cocked hat on his head and a big gold-headed cane in his hand; and one day when there was a mob out in Independence Square which the sheriff could not quell, he rushed out, "accoutred as he was," and dispersed it with a loud shout and a wave of his hand. He was rough but courageous; he had great determination, a big brain, a wonderful power of saying things forcibly, and he was very fixed in his views. He overthrew Olmsted's victory. He said that the County Court of Lancaster could not give judgment in an Admiralty case; the Constitution had vested jurisdiction in the courts of the United States. So he struck off the judgment even against Ross's executors.

The decision was a terrible defeat for Gideon, because the blow was dealt with the heavy hand of an antagonist who was really formidable. Baffled but undismayed, under the lawyer's advice he quietly awaited the course of events for three years more.

One day Mr. Lewis climbed the stairs leading to the room of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the old City Hall of Philadelphia, still standing at Fifth and Chestnut streets, and heard Mr. Justice Paterson deliver an opinion in an Admiralty case which had been brought up from the State of New Hampshire. He could hardly credit his senses. The blood rushed to his head, and his heart thumped against his ribs. The decision was that the district courts of the United States had power and authority, under the new Constitution, to carry into effect and execution the decrees of the defunct old Committee of Appeals in Cases of Capture, and the very language of that Committee was adopted by the highest court in the nation as a sound interpretation of the law.

Without waiting to hear more, he caught up his hat and rushed down-stairs to his office, brandishing his long arms

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and talking to himself with an energy which attracted the attention of a knot of citizens and lawyers on the pavement.

"What is the matter with Lewis?" said Duponceau. "I should almost think he was fighting the Olmsted case all over again."

And so he was. His breast was warmed with new hopes. The conflagration had broken out afresh, and was to last fourteen years more.

Mr. Lewis filed a fresh libel before Judge Richard Peters, the United States District Judge for Pennsylvania, who had been an intimate friend of President Washington; and this time he secured a decree against two ladies—Mrs. Sergeant and Mrs. Waters, the daughters and executrices of David Rittenhouse, who had died in the mean time, both of whom lived in the old house at Seventh and Arch streets in Philadelphia which was afterwards known as "Fort Rittenhouse." Judge Peters directed the ladies to hand over to Gideon the certificates of Federal debt in which their father had invested the money received by him as Treasurer of the State from Judge Ross. But Thomas McKean, who had now become Governor of Pennsylvania, roused himself to action in defence of his own opinions and the authority of his State. He resolved to fight the decree which Judge Peters had entered, and he did so with characteristic high-handedness. He had an act passed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, with which he was very influential, requiring Mrs. Sergeant and Mrs. Waters to pay over the funds in dispute to the State Treasurer, and directing the Governor and pledging the State to protect the persons and property of the ladies against any process issuing from a Federal court.

This brought matters to a standstill during the term of office of the mighty and despotic McKean; for Judge Peters, who disliked violence, could not be persuaded to take measures for enforcing his decree in the face of determined opposition from the State. But five years later, when McKean was no longer Governor, Mr. Lewis applied to the Supreme Court of the United States for a writ of *mandamus* requiring Judge Peters to act, and his petition was granted by the great Chief Justice John Marshall. Judge Peters obeyed, and issued a warrant, which, in spite of armed resistance by the State militia, who surrounded Fort Rittenhouse, was served upon Mrs. Sergeant and Mrs. Waters. The decree was enforced, and although the two innocent ladies were immediately reimbursed from a special fund appropriated by the Pennsylvania Legislature, the authority of the United States was vindicated.

The long lawsuit was over; the old fisherman had triumphed. Mr. Lewis had redeemed his vow. His pertinacity in maintaining his client's rights had equalled the client's valor upon the sea when, gashed and bleeding, he had secured his prize against superior numbers. Gideon received his money, after thirty years of struggle, and with it he built a commodious house in his native town of East Hartford, where "Uncle Gideon" and "Aunt Mabel," for they had no children, welcomed their many nephews and nieces during their declining years. I am told that he was a grand-looking old man, wearing his white hair in a queue, and, because of his wound, able to walk only with the aid of two canes. Those who have seen the portrait of Frederick Law Olmsted, who was Gideon's great-nephew, among the artists of the World's Fair in 1893, may recall a face which a member of the family tells me was striking in its resemblance.

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The Youngest Son

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

MARY TOWNSEND sat at one end of what was known in her family as the "back parlor," her eyes on a book. Under the cover of her book she was watching her two daughters, who, at the extreme end of the front room, were holding earnest conversation—very earnest conversation it seemed to Mary Townsend, very grave. Their occasional glances toward her told her that there were things of grave moment happening in her family.

She looked up from her book, and they, even though deep in conversation, were conscious of their mother's presence, looked up and smiled at her. Her older daughter called to her mother:

"It's such a beautiful spring day; why aren't you out on the piazza?"

"It's so bright outside," she explained, with a shade of apology in her voice, "that the light hurts my eyes to read."

Alice Townsend, the younger daughter, said in a low voice to her married sister:

"Don't you think we'd better go upstairs? I think mother's watching us."

The other responded: "She'd be sure to think there was something afoot if we did. We'd better stay where we are."

They resumed their conversation, but in lighter tones. Mary Townsend let her unseeing eyes fall on her book.

There was a tension in the air; all three women were playing a part, and the same part—they were all pretending to be at ease, the two daughters for the sake of the mother, the mother for the sake of the daughters.

The importance of what they were discussing swept the two younger women off their guard. Bending over, each from her chair, their heads close together, they talked rapidly and in undertones.

At last the tension wore on the elder woman; she joined her daughters. She was met by bright glances. Both of the girls rose, and brought their mother a chair, and included her gayly in their little circle.

"What do you think of the tableaux they are planning for the benefit of the library?" asked Mrs. Hamilton, the married daughter. She had changed the subject with a dexterity bred of long habit.

Mrs. Townsend answered vaguely, but Alice instantly took the cue, and in a moment the three women were talking with what an outsider would have supposed to be lively interest in the subject of the entertainment. In spite of the way they all three strove to keep the surface of things unruffled, the tension grew. Marion's gayety grew a hint sharp. Mrs. Townsend rose. She couldn't bear it any longer. Anxiety peered out at her behind their smiles. But for what she didn't know—for what it would be useless to ask.

"I think I will go out into the sunshine a moment," she said, "and leave you girls to talk it out alone."

She walked listlessly out of the room, her delicate shawl hanging in despondent lines from her shoulders. Her head had n't its usual buoyantly erect bearing.

"You seem tired, darling," said Alice.

"I suppose it's the spring weather," responded the other, lightly. Her glance did not meet her daughter's anxious look.

"Did you notice how tired mother was?" Alice asked her sister. "There's a frailness about her this spring—"

"To think of this coming!" Marion groaned. "It's simply got to be kept from her; and when you think Alec insists he's coming home—"

"If he comes," Alice responded, "he's got to be *muzzled*. The idea of mother being bothered with his affairs now! Alec's *got* to wait till he gets through college, that's all there is about it; the idea of his thinking of getting married now!"

The younger girl stood up abruptly.

"Oh, I can't bear to think of his

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pitching all this on mother! I just can't have it! Any little bit of worry—"

The two girls looked at each other, fear in their eyes at the possibility of what might happen.

"And just think of what it would mean to mother!" pursued Marion. "Why, he says he won't even *graduate!* He wants to marry *now! Think* what it would mean to mother to have him give up his profession! You remember how disappointed she was when Don wouldn't study medicine. It made her almost sick, years and years ago, well and strong as she was. She'd made up her mind to have one of the boys follow father's profession. It isn't as if Alec didn't care for medicine — he's always wanted to study it. And now to think of his giving up everything—his whole career—just for a girl! Why can't he wait three years? What if he doesn't see Barbara in that time? At least we'll have time to ward him off if he comes," Marion finished, with a touch of hopefulness.

Alice walked restlessly round the room.

"You don't know what it means to me," she said, "to have this happen now! I've guarded her so. You do, of course, all you can—you're a dear—but it's all come on me—*you* know how much I've given up for mother. And then to have Alec undo everything, after paying the price I've paid—and the price I'm paying —to keep her well and happy!"

Marion got up and put her hands on her sister's shoulders.

"I know, dear," she sympathized, and kissed her.

"Oh, you don't know everything," said Alice, drearily. "In the end it 'll make serious trouble between Henderson and me. He can't see it at all as I do. He doesn't understand that until mother gets stronger I can't possibly tell her about our engagement. And in the end —in the end I may have to give him up," she said, slowly.

For a moment her face trembled, and she threw back her head.

"And I'd do it, too, for mother. And now here comes Alec, and all my sacrifice will go for nothing. That's what I can't bear."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Townsend sat in the place appointed for her by her daughter, outwardly a picture of placid old age, inwardly full of anxiety for the unknown thing that she knew was happening. She was on the outside of her children's lives. All their kindness, all their watchful care, all their efforts to spare her, daily emphasized to her that she was old, that life was slipping from her. She was hedged in from realities, not so much by her years as by the loving care of her dear children. For her sake they made an unreal world for her, a sweet, placid world, full of pleasant things, things as carefully selected as the playthings of a beloved child; things not of her own choosing, but given her by her children.

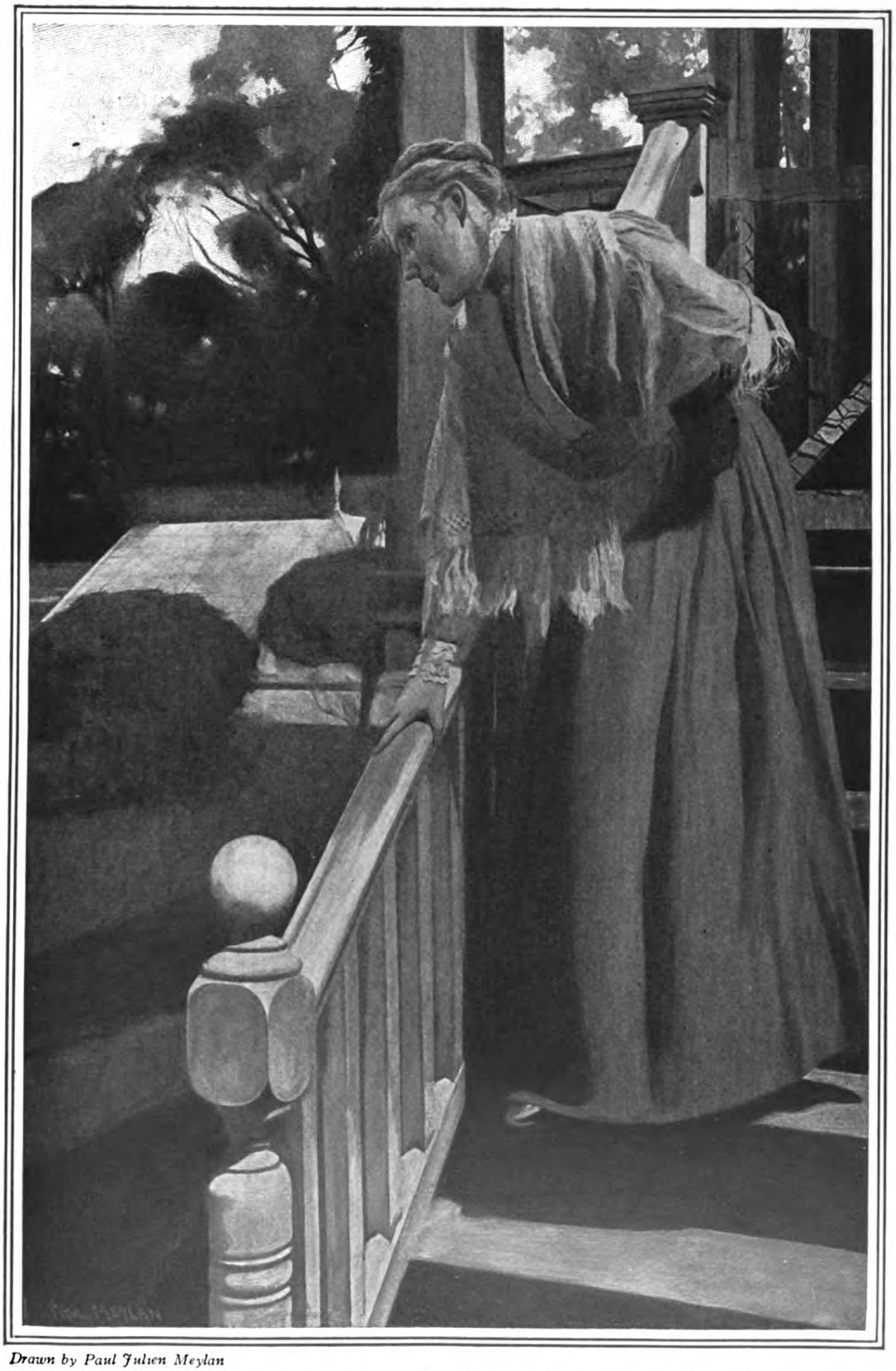
Spring was sweet in the air. A wandering breeze, as warm as a summer wind, stirred the white fringe on her shawl and the soft white curls of her forehead, and moved the branches of the flowering white shrubs behind her The air was full of the pleasant sounds of spring, of happy children playing out-of-doors, and of birds, and the whisper of little young leaves on the maples beyond.

Her eyes wandered down over the pleasant valley. There were patches of brown earth, other patches green with the emerald of young sprouted grain; farther still were woods, hazy and soft colored in the warm spring air.

She forgot her daughters inside the house, talking about the things she mustn't know, and breathed in deep the soft air. Formerly, as a young woman, on just such days as this, she had started off for a walk without stopping for her hat, just following the impulse of the moment. Not far below the house was a pasture, where, she knew, grew all sorts of pleasant wild things, young ferns and violets. It was hardly a step down there. Why shouldn't she go, just as she had in former times, bareheaded? Why should the adventure of spring come for every one else in the world but for herself?

Before she knew what she was doing she had walked from the piazza and was swinging at a gallant pace down the long brick path that led to the street. It had been months since she felt like this. So intent was she on her purpose that she ran into the arms of her eldest son.

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Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan

WHY SHOULDN'T SHE GO, JUST AS SHE HAD IN FORMER TIMES

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"Where are you going, mother?" he asked, bending to kiss her. "How bright you look!" he added, approvingly, and turned to walk with her. At every little unevenness in the ground he tightened his pressure on her arm. "Where do you want to go?" he asked next.

"There are lovely ferns," she answered, wistfully, "in the pasture—it's only a step."

"Why, *you* wouldn't think of going *there*," he reproved her, "would you? It's as wet as anything, and the ground's awfully uneven. The boys will get you all the ferns you want."

She walked on a little farther, then, "I think I'll go back now," she told him.

All at once she felt tired and subdued.

"There!" he chaffed, tenderly, "I knew you didn't want to walk as far as that old pasture. You mustn't overdo, you know."

She submitted to it with her accustomed gentleness, submitted to being led back to her chair—back to old age, it seemed to her,—while Don went into the house to talk over the unknown thing with his sisters. She sat there, all the charm of spring gone, the dreariness of the isolation of age sweeping over her.

In her mind she went back over the past years step by step, seeing how she had come to the place which she now held, so far outside her children's lives. There had been years, after her husband's death, when she had been at the helm, and her children, both the boys and the girls, had turned to her for everything. She had managed the business affairs tranquilly and ably. As they grew older, they had begun to take care of her. It had seemed to her sweet and touching, even when their care now and again annoyed her. But even in her moments of light irritation it had seemed to her touching that her children—her little children—should look out for her and worry about her.

Then, seven years before, had come an illness, and when she came back to life, slowly, carefully, as her strength returned she found her daughter Marion in her place, guiding the household, looking after her with a watchful tenderness, as though she had been a child; and since then, through all those seven years, it seemed as though all her children had been in some mysterious league to keep her old. It had been from that moment that all their former smaller reticences had been crystallized into a definite policy of, "*We mustn't worry mother!*"

Oh, the things in her world that she mustn't know any more, the things she mustn't do; things that she felt in herself reserves of strength to bear, that their watchfulness forever prevented her using! Little by little they had walled her in by their relentless tenderness.

All of them but Alec. For him she was still "mother" as she had been. He came to her with his affairs. He took her on excursions that the others declared were too much for her strength. When Alec was home she lived again—youth came to her again. A storm of longing for her younger son, whom her older children thought blind and inconsiderate, came over her.

The afternoon waned; it was time for their early tea. The married children asked if they might stay, and all through the meal their talk moved on easily, without pause, while the cloud of anxiety which possessed all four grew and spread until it filled the room, invisible, but like some suffocating gas; and yet they talked on, and she answered them, and pretended to have interest in what they were saying; while within her grew the desire, almost irresistible, to say:

"I know you're worried about something—I know there's something happening—something that concerns me closely, and I must know!"

And again she knew that were she to ask she would be met by smiling glances, reassurances that would turn her anxiety into the petulant suspicion of old age.

She left them early to go to her room, saying that she would read a while and then go to bed. As she went up the stairs she heard Don tell Alice,

"Mother seems unusually tired."

After she was in bed she could hear the murmur of their voices on the piazza, Don's heavier voice alternating with the girls' lighter tones.

Something was very wrong; something had happened.

Then suddenly came to her a vision of what it was—of whom they were talking about. Alec, that was it! *Alec* was in some trouble. All day she had seen

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things moving through the fog of her ignorance, things that made her hold her breath; and now she realized that it was Alec that they all concerned.

One after another all the things that may befall a dear son came to the tormented spirit of Mary Townsend. One thing was certain — he wasn't dead. There would have been no smiling evasions had he been dead. That, at least, they couldn't keep from her; nor would his illness demand any such long discussions. He was in some trouble, then. She knew the world of men too well to believe, as some women do, that her own sons could be exempted from all temptations of men, and as one thing after another occurred to her there was nothing that her spirit didn't meet valiantly. No matter what he had done, there was nothing she didn't feel herself strong enough to bear, nothing that she wouldn't help him through with. If the others failed him and blamed him, he still had his mother. She longed to hold him to her and tell him that, whatever was wrong, everything was well between them.

She lay there in her quiet room; the arc-light at the corner made patterns of a curtain on the light carpet. A light air stirred the curtains back and forth. But for the noises of the night and the murmur of the voices on the piazza, everything was still. She was more at peace now, her whole being flooded with love for this boy.

Then, far down the street, came the sound of rapid footsteps. She listened to them with straining ears as they came nearer the house; for her imagination had made her fancy that this was Alec coming, that she recognized his steps as she had so many times before.

The footsteps came up the long brick path, clean-cut and decided. She almost held her breath in the intensity of her listening. She knew it was Alec. She was at the window in time to catch sight of him, his head held high, his shoulders held back. Then she sighed out her breath with deep relief. There was no defeat in his bearing. Whatever it was, he was meeting it without discouragement.

She heard the smothered exclamations from his brother and sisters. Then, very quickly, she slipped on her dressing-gown and slippers and softly made her way down the stairs. They did not hear her as she came out on the piazza. She heard Alec's voice saying:

"I want to talk to her. She'll know what to do. I want to see mother!"

She could see Alice put a detaining hand on his coat, and hear her concentrated voice saying:

"Don't you know that you mustn't bother her? Don't you know that you mustn't tell her at all?"

"I want to see mother!" he insisted, obstinately, and started as if he would make his way inside the house.

Alice barred his way.

"Listen!" she said. "I've been engaged to Henderson for two years. I've never told mother. I didn't wish her life complicated. He doesn't understand why I won't marry him, and because he can't we're drifting farther apart. I see him going from me, misunderstandings one after another coming between us. Do you think it's easy for me to lose what's so dear to me? But I never let mother suspect. And now you come—you, with your selfish plans—"

Some little sound made them turn.

"Mother!" Alec cried—it was the same joyful "mother" with which he had greeted her so many times as he rushed into the house with some new thing to tell her. He ran to her now, and held her in his arms and kissed her.

"Now," she said, holding his hands fast in hers, "tell me what it is. Why are you here, Alec?"

Alice made one last stand.

"Oh, Alec just happened to come up from college," she ventured, lamely.

Mary Townsend paid no attention to her daughter.

"Tell me," she said again, "Alec."

"It's just that I'm engaged," he told her. "I'm engaged to Barbara Shepherd, and I want to leave college and marry her right away. If I don't, she'll be sailing for Europe with her aunt, and be gone for years."

At this there was a tense silence, the older son and the two daughters looking at their mother. The blow had fallen.

Mary Townsend's eyes rested on her younger son, all the flood of affection she had for him shining from them.

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Drawn by Paul Fatou Meylan Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"AFTER ALL," SHE SAID, "I AM OLDER THAN YOU"

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"Well," she said, quietly, "why shouldn't you marry Barbara?"

"I'm going to marry her—I've told them,"—he looked toward his sisters and brother. "I've told them I was going to. I can't let her go away from me like that—I can't stand years of life away from her! And they've said I mustn't tell you—they've said I must let her go—that it would make you sick if you knew—that you wouldn't be able to bear the shock. You see," he went on, "if I marry Barbara now, I'll have to go into business right away—I've got a good chance."

She put her hand protectingly on his shoulder. "I'm glad you're willing to do that," she said, "but you don't need to. You can marry Barbara and make your profession too. I've plenty of money for that."

At this the others, who had kept silence, spoke all together. Don's scandalized exclamation of, "Mother! you aren't suggesting to break into your capital, are you?" dominating the women's appeals of, "Alec, you can't let mother do such a thing!"

Mary Townsend checked them with a gesture.

"It's my turn to speak," she announced, quietly, "and my turn to act. What I have to say and do concerns Alec, not any of you. It's for me to offer and for him to decide—to decide as freely as if only he and I existed. I don't wish him influenced by the fear of your disapproval. And when I think of your 'standing between him and me, as you have, my patience is small!"

She turned her dark eyes, eloquent with indignation, on one after another of them. There was a moment's silence, and in that moment the balance of power someway shifted. Time seemed to flow backwards. They were again the children who had been found out, and she the mother reproving them with just displeasure. There came, unbidden, to Marion's mind some scene of childhood, when on this same piazza they three, Don, Alice, and herself, had stood, conscience-stricken, before their mother. Don shifted restlessly on his feet, as if he were a small boy.

"How long, Alec," she asked, "have you been engaged?"

"It happened at Easter," he replied, "when I was at home. I wanted to tell you then."

"And they've kept this happiness from me all this time! . . . What," she asked them, "do you think that life holds for me but your happiness? As I sit alone for hours, of what do you suppose I'm dreaming? How many times do you suppose I've wished that before I go I might see my girl and my boy married, and happily? No woman," she went on, more gently, "could have better children than you three have been to me; and yet, seeing you as I do, trying to foresee every wish of mine, it seems strange to me that you shouldn't realize that the wish of my heart doesn't demand from you barren sacrifices. You can't give me happiness by giving up your own!

"You, Alice, I heard what you said just now. I heard you boast that you'd 'kept it from me.' You've kept what troubled you from me; but do you suppose that I've lived with you and not seen? Do you suppose I haven't lain awake at night wondering what your trouble was? Every day, a dozen times, I've come to you with the question on my lips—and then turned away again, because I knew it wouldn't be answered. And we've kept up this sad comedy for two years, each one deceiving the other! Oh, my little girl, how could you think that it would worry me to see you married to some one who loves you and whom you love!"

She went to Alice and put her arms around her shelteringly and protectingly. Then she released her and stood before them all, her head up, the light behind her playing on the soft, disordered curls around her face. She seemed to them transfigured. It was as if all that was young in her spirit had been released from the bonds of age; as if, with the necessity of acting, years had slid from her, and had brought back to them the mother who had slipped into the shadows of years.

"Now, between us, Alec," she said, looking at her younger son, her manner, the tone of her voice, not the less firm, "you can go into business if you wish; but first hear what I have to say. I know how dear your profession is to you, and

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you know what it means to me. If I died to-morrow, you could go on with it; your share of the little inheritance I have for you would be enough. Because I must go on living for a few years yet, will you deny yourself and me what is so dear to both of us?"

He looked at her a moment, clear-eyed.

"No, mother," he answered, and put his hand in hers. She held it close, while she turned again to the others.

"Now that the silence between us is broken at last, I've some more things to say to you. Don't keep me out of your lives. Don't try to spare me so much. While I'm still in the world—perhaps for so short a time—let me live in it; let me live my life with yours. Nothing can happen as bad as my unspoken fears. No anxiety that I share with you can be as great as my lonely anxiety when I see tears behind your smiles. Often you ask me why I seem sad. It's because I'm lonely. Often, when you say, 'Mother seems tired,' it's that I'm tired with the inaction that your thoughtfulness has forced on me. Old age at best is a lonely place, and sometimes an empty one; but it is made lonelier and emptier than it need be. Let me share what there is to be shared. Let me do the things that I feel strength for, whether you happen to think they're good for me or not."

She smiled at them, with the smile of tenderness that a mother uses to her little children.

"After all," she said, "I *am* older than you, and may sometimes know what is best for all of us."

Windows

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

ONCE, and in the daytime too, I made myself afraid:
Playing Eyelids Up and Down, with the window-shade,
Till the Houses seemed to watch the People going by;
And they kept me looking too,—wondering Where, and Why.

(If I were that other Boy,—if I were those Men
Going by with things to sell,—Oh, who would I be then?)

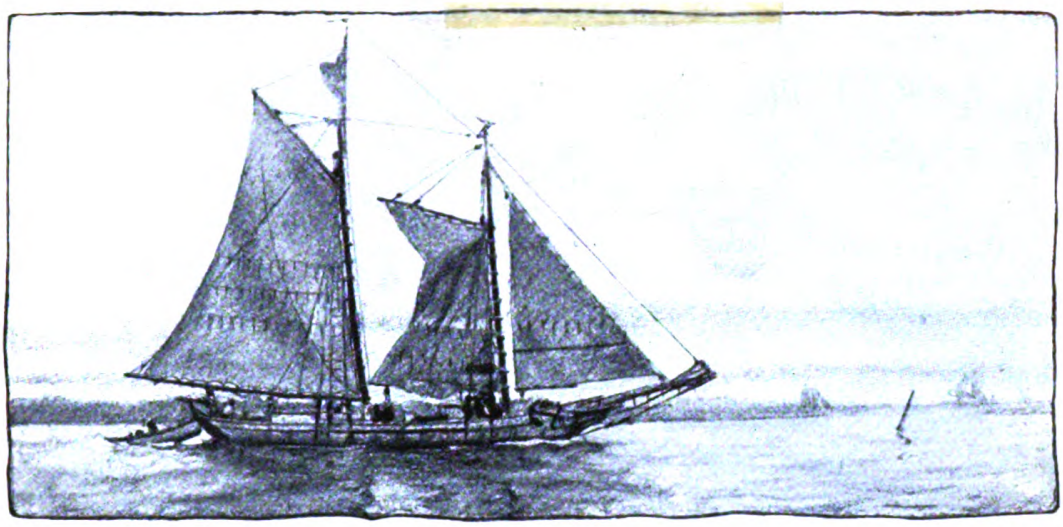
Windows with their eyebrows high; Windows like a frown,—
Ones that think it over so,—with the curtains down;
Tall ones, that are somehow sad; shallow ones that blink,
All the Windows you can see, make you think and think.

(If I were that Old Man,—and I looked up at Me,
Watching from the window here, Oh then, how would it be?)

Sometimes they are golden, with shining in their Eyes;
Every time the sun sets, it happens like surprise,
And so bright,—I almost forget the dream I made.
But I keep it for the days I want to make myself Afraid.—

(If I were that Boy who Limps,—now it's dark, and snowing,
And if I were going Home,—oh, where would I be going?)

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AN OYSTER SCHOONER

In the Name of the Oyster

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS



FAR down on the southern coast of Jersey, where the farms extend to the edge of the sea and the tides run up to the farms, the commonplace oyster has set a strange and interesting bit of life's mosaic into the world-wide scheme of vital things and made it glow with color.

Quaint old Greenwich, or Greenwich Pier, six miles by water from Delaware Bay, may almost be said to have been builded, past and present, by the bivalve so long dedicated to the palate. He may, and he may not, also have begotten the railroad, but he is certainly responsible for much in the lives of men, for he has made many fortunes, he has wasted some away, and he has builded homes and torn them down.

After an eight-hour railroad ride I arrived one warm Saturday night, at nine o'clock, at the hotel in Greenwich Pier, and amid such riotous week-end revelry that I thought I had landed in a mining-camp.

The following morning, however, revealed a scene of mingled seaboard and pastoral life replete with picturesqueness and charm. Here the prosperity of sea and that of farm have fairly overlapped. All that southern end of Jersey is a flat land, magnificently tilled. Orchards, vineyards, grain fields, and pastures, with acres of asparagus, rhubarb, and potatoes, abound on every hand. Not a hundred yards from the even rows of corn around the town hotel rose the masts and rigging of a score of idle boats by the wharves at the edge of the river. The town of Greenwich itself was two miles distant inland. The "Pier" comprises half a dozen dwellings, a store, the one hotel, a sail-loft, two little sawmills, two docking-places for repairing ships, a blacksmith shop, and a modest line of sheds upon the oyster quays, where the cars are rolled up to be loaded. That so small a number of houses should suffice for the crews of twenty-odd ships, each employing from eight to fourteen men, is in part explained by the fact that all these sailors sleep, eat, and have their being on the boats themselves at nearly all seasons of the year.

The purpose of my oyster-studying mission having been revealed to my land-

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lord, no pains were spared to provide me with information. He agreed to summon the most oyster-wise man in all the section, after church, and suggested that in the mean time I could either go down to the landing of the boats or ascend to the second-story window of his house and study the shipping and the situation with a field-glass renowned for its power. Inasmuch as a strong man could almost have thrown the field-glass from the window to the docks, I determined to explore the scene in person.

Greenwich Pier has always known the oyster. The place is very old. Many decades ago, it seems, before the bivalve had become so popular an item of diet, he was fetched here in tons for the most inglorious end. He was burned for lime. Ship-load after ship-load was brought to the place for many years and dumped, meat and all, into the maw of a red-hot kiln, to be roasted for the basis of mortar.

There is no trace to-day of the old-time tower of fire. Some score or more of big, broad-beamed schooners, nearly all rigged two-masted and very much alike, crowd, closely packed, along the wharves that border the bank of the river. The stream, which is called Cohansy Creek, is a deep, wide, tortuous channel, winding away through meadow, marsh, and field, to Delaware Bay out beyond. On its restlessly tide-heaved bosom, with the boats, ride floats, scows, power-yawls, and other small craft of the business.

This is the scene of half the labor attending the capture of the oyster—the home end, so to speak, of all the business. The other half is enacted on the bay, fully twenty miles off from the port. The autumn, the winter, and the early spring are the seasons of greatest activity and the constant excursions of the boats, but summer also has its meed of work, and all the story teems with tales of labor.

The first person I encountered on the piers was an oysterman somewhat above his type, yet thoroughly representative of the better sort employed in the bivalve traffic. The epochs and modes of his career, spent within a radius of fifty miles of Greenwich Pier, he recited with the utmost readiness, even the greatest of his griefs.

The first important fact that developed concerning the oyster activities was this, that not only is the oyster epic divided absolutely into two separate seasons, but the crews of men employed in the work are utterly distinct. The seasons are those of planting and harvest. The former occupies the oyster-boats when the latter has come to an end. That is to say, after April has gone there are very few oysters taken up for sale, but millions are planted for the future.

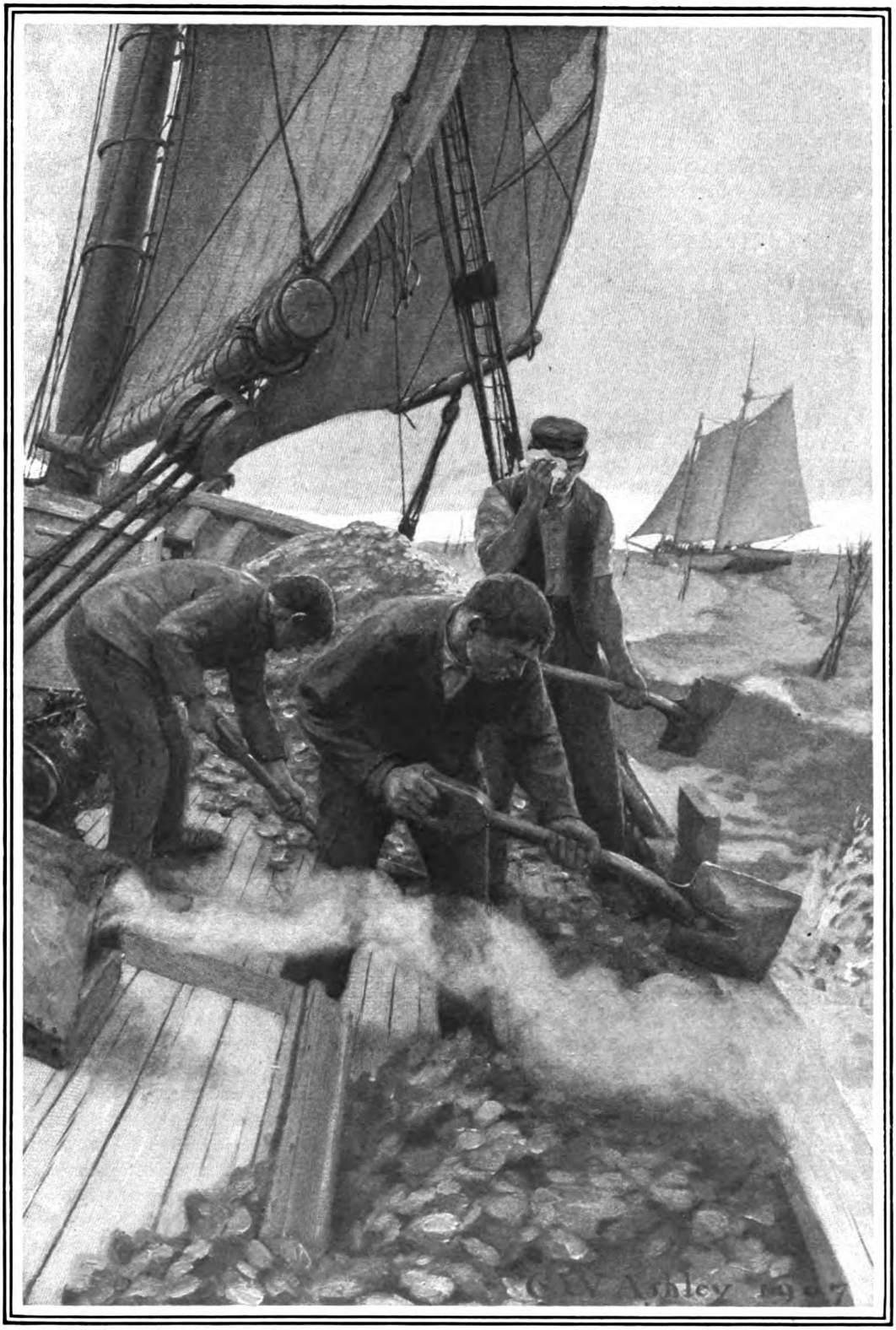
It appears the task of merely planting the helpless lump of a bivalve requires no technical skill. This labor is therefore assigned to any makeshift crew that the captain may enlist. The regular oystermen, skilled artisans of their trade and builders of homes, depart in the summer for the brick-yards, farther north, and do not return till the autumn.

"Most of 'em workin' just now is hoboys, as the sayin' is, that don't know nuthin' into the business," was the way my informant expressed it. "They're mostly a Baltimore class of people—and that's a sure hard nation."

Briefly the cycle of the oyster's orbit must be recited, together with the manner of his getting. It has been already stated there are two distinct seasons in the business, one devoted to systematic planting of the young, unmarketable oysters, the other to the harvest, later on. In the past there was no such thing as oyster-planting. Formerly men went out upon the natural beds and snatched forth all possible treasure, exerting all possible greed and speed to loot all the resources handy. Many employed the merest shell of a boat, lived near at hand in floating cabins, and operated daily with a twenty-foot pair of tongs to gather in their catch. Others proceeded with their slowly sailing sloops and trailed out a dredge as long as a man, that six lusty sailors hauled in with a reel which they cranked in the might of their sinews. Together these oystermen, little and big, were threatening extermination to the bivalve. The gasoline-engine to fetch up the dredge, and another to drive the heavy sloop when the wind at times should fail, brought the tardy alarm of the States to a focus at last, and new, protective regulations were enacted.

Whereas in the older days the scheme

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Drawn by C. W. Ashley Half-tone plate engraved by S. G Putnam

"MILLIONS ARE PLANTED FOR THE FUTURE"

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was one of haste and waste and toil, today it is one of toil and law and order. The toil, it will be observed, is always present. Oystermen nowadays are farmers of the deep. They own their artificial beds and seed them down and cultivate them carefully, and watch their crops and scarecrow off the predatory hordes, both men and fish, that otherwise would prey upon them, just as the careful husbandman labors in his fields. Such an oyster-bed as this may comprise a sea-covered patch of anywhere from fifty to three hundred acres of "bottom," floored preferably with good clean sand or broken rock or shell, yet frequently devoid at the start of all natural growth of the oysters.

On the natural beds the oysters spawn tremendously in the first warm months of coming summer. The spawn attaches itself like millions of freckles to anything affording a foothold—anything sharp, like broken shells, old bottles, other oysters, and rocks. With incredible rapidity these freckles expand, becoming "spats"—small finger-nail oysters, already housed in walls of lime. The struggle for survival then begins, and thousands must perish that one may survive, as in some sort of dumb but frenzied panic to occupy a crowded spot they grind each other off by rapid growth.

Now comes the oysterman, he of the schooner with its two big iron dredges, and he in the skiff with his tongs. Both begin to pillage the beds in long, hard days of application. They fetch up tons of baby oysters, pitch back tons and tons of rock or broken shell for the foothold of oysters yet to be, and, sailing away to their staked-out farms, scatter all this "seed" beneath the waves.

Not only are the private oyster-beds carefully divided one from another by the best of good stake hedges, but each holding is subdivided again into many smaller fields to facilitate the work. This becomes necessary from the fact that the seed must be permitted to grow for fully three seasons before marketable oysters can be harvested. Therefore when, with the advent of September, the season for bivalves has begun, the schooners are manned with oystermen proper, who go down to dredge out a three-year-old crop for the towns.

At this time the labor is the hardest. The schooners, in these days of harnessing even violent explosions to the needs of man, are provided often with two auxiliaries never known to the oysterman of old. One is the gasoline-engine to haul in the dredges, the other is a powerful gasoline-yawl that is always employed in times of calm or adverse winds to push the big schooner about. And that in itself is a singular sight. At the stern of each such schooner two overreaching davits are securely bolted, and when the services of the power-yawl are required a hook from these davits is attached to her prow, her nose is hoisted high out of water to be rammed against the big boat's planking, and she noses her powerless consort forward with the most surprising ease.

When conditions render it possible, the hours of toil aboard an oyster-boat are very long indeed. They begin with the first faint streaks of dawn and end with the last dim sunset flicker. It is all principally a matter of getting up all the oysters possible. They are dredged from the beds just as rapidly as men and machines can fetch them forth. The dredge comes up from the deep like a mining-cage of steel. It is simply a framework made of iron rods, with a rake upon the edge that ploughs and a chain net to hold the load of oysters snatched in rude violence from their beds. It is dragged by a specially constructed chain that the engine winds up on a reel. Its cargo, upon its arrival, is dumped upon the deck, and over it goes for another. Meantime a crew of furiously working men are busily culling at the heap. Scores of the oysters come up in lumpy colonies, where six, eight, ten, or more of the creatures are cemented together in a group. The men, armed with hammers and skilful at the work, give one sharp tap at such an aggregation and break all its units apart. A false blow might serve to kill many oysters. Then to one heap of "primes" or to the other of "cullins" the oysters are rapidly pawed before the dredge shall fetch a new cargo from the bottom. The "primes" are the larger, finer oysters, as the name would imply, while "cullins" are the smaller, second choice. Two dredges are heaving ceaselessly, so that all the men engaged in this process of

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A Crew of Men busily culling at the Heaps

sorting are obliged to hustle with all their might and main. They wear on their fingers a set of rubber stalls to protect them from scratches and cuts.

Having loaded her decks, the schooner goes home, only to discharge with all possible speed and hasten again to her labors. At the docks in the mean time equally arduous employment is abundant. The oysters are forked like so much coke upon especially constructed floats, which, provided with tanks to submerge them, are lowered at once below the ebb-tide level, where they "drink" and fatten up and freshen. They are "drinked" for at least three changes of the tide, being watched like nursing babies. The moment they are just exactly right another hurried business is in hand.

The tanks are pumped out, up come the floats, and men descend upon them like rubber-booted demons to shovel them swiftly to a scow. And now, being absolutely at their finest, they must all be rushed to market. First, however, they are counted. It seems as if their numbers might be estimated by averages, finally established, but this is never done. Men squat among them on the scow, and with stall-protected fingers snatch them with well-nigh unbelievable rapidity into baskets provided for the purpose, counting them two at a time. Four men thus working have counted as high as 325,000 oysters in a day.

From the baskets they are soon transferred to bags, when at last they are ready for shipment on the cars. Some one has counted thirteen different and distinct handlings for each oyster before

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he even lands in the wholesale market. The final handler, the consumer at his home, may buy all he wants at a penny apiece, yet dozens of men have had their salaries, their profits, even their fortunes, out of the round before this worked-for end has been achieved.

This, in the main, is the cycle of it all, from the drifting spawn beneath the sea to the "half-shells" with horseradish, lemon juice, and ice that usher in the banquets of the gods. Fortunately the bivalve is dumb. His own lowly tragedy of birth, growth, and the battle to survive, together with the human tale of hardships, sense-deadening toil, and bodily suffering undergone to place him at last before an epicure, may not even color his flavor.

As long as the weather and light conditions permit, the oystermen open their day of toil at somewhere near four-thirty in the morning. They breakfast at four. "First dinner" is served at eight. Noon finds them all once more at the board, a famished lot of wolves, and at six they are eating again.

A singular condition of affairs has grown out of this four-meal system on the boats. So rooted is the custom that when the briefest days have come, and work, by reason of the cold and the dark, is reduced to the gentleman banker's hours of from nine to three or four, the men must still be fed as if they were burning up fully sixteen hours of time a day. In order to accomplish this gastronomic feat they stumble out of bed at four in the morning, devour a steaming breakfast, go back to their bunks to sleep or rest till eight, and then once more arise to eat again, and finally buckle on their harness.

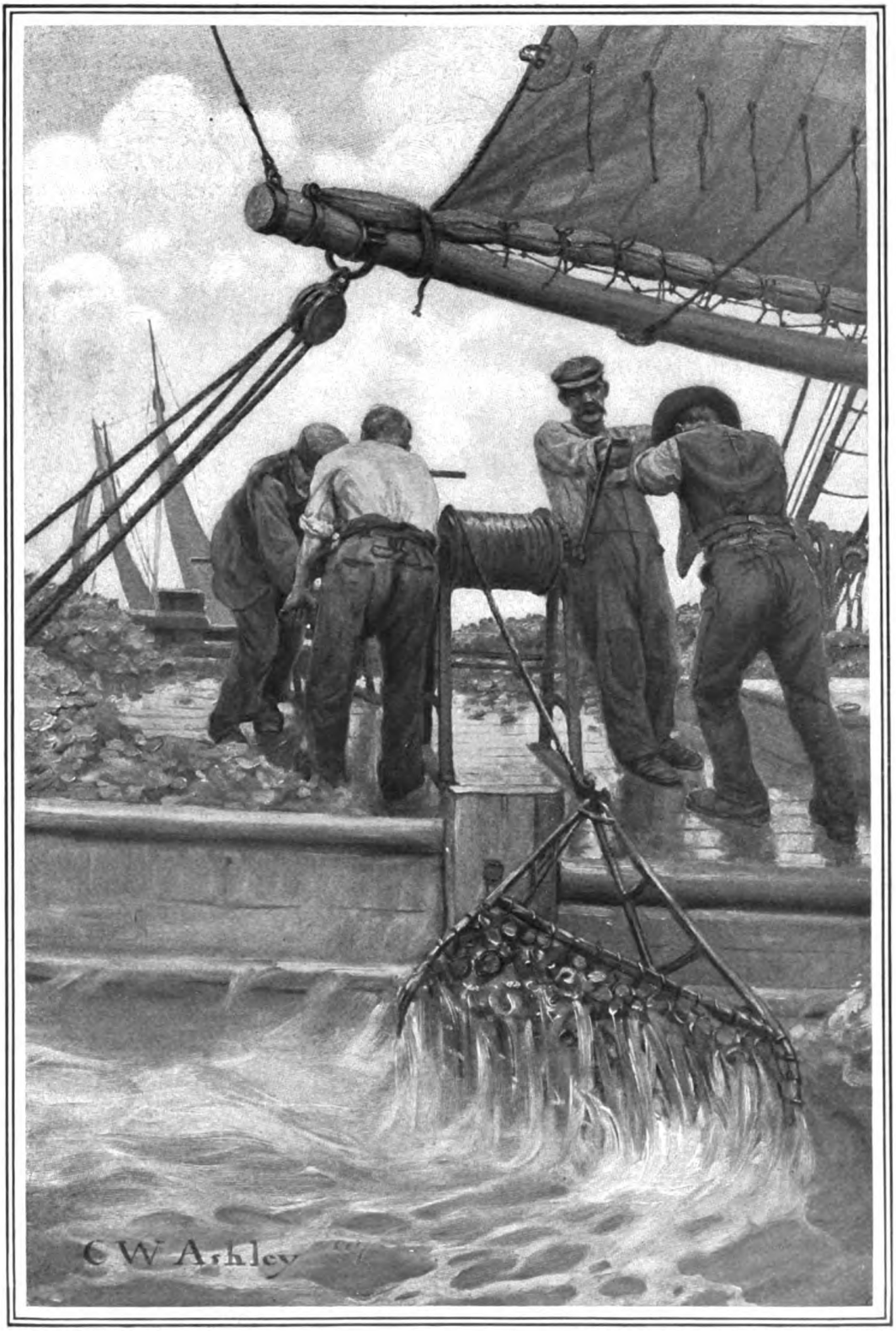
For the greater part the work of these men is performed in the season of winter. In rain, wind, snow, or blinding sleet, even with ice swiftly forming on their clothing, they scramble none the less to their yoke. The bay may be lashed by storm and driving wrack, the air full of frozen fog or raging in a blizzard, but unless it is positively out of the question to navigate a boat or to muffle the oysters from freezing in the hold, the crews of the schooners continue at their toil, no matter what physical discomfiture may be involved. At best it is all a wet, cold, back-stooping grind.



A "TONGER" DREDGING FROM A SKIFF

At the docks where the oysters are floated off to "drink," the conditions are a shade only more comfortable than out upon the boats. The men here, too, are supposed to be at their work by five in the morning. They shovel, or sack, or count all day, in rain, sleet, icy blast, or sunshine, only to snatch at an hour or so of rest, at the day end frequently, and then—if the tides and the drink-ripened oysters demand — rise at 8 P.M., or midnight, or two in the morning, to shovel the oysters

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Drawn by C. W. Ashley Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THE DREDGE COMES UP FROM THE DEEP LIKE A MINING CAGE OF STEEL

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briskly to the scows by the feeble yellow rays of their lanterns.

"There's times when it gits so almighty cold the oysters shuts up and won't do the least bit of drinkin'," said he who was telling me the cycle. "No, sir, they won't drink a drop any tide, but it's never that way with the men."

He had possibly done this sort of work himself. He knew whereof he spoke.

"It's exposin' work, too, I'll put that into it, breakin' the ice to take up oysters," he added to other of his comments. "It's hard, but it don't keep up forever. There's something good in everything, as the sayin' is, in every trade."

He worked "by the thousand" on the docks, and made forty dollars a week—while it lasted.

"By profession," he said, "I'm a tonger." He meant a man who goes out with his skiff for a week at a time and takes up oysters with a tongs. "I've made my fifty a week at tonging and kicked up my heels. Yes, but I've got a good schooner that I rent out some, and I fish in the summer for shad and sturgeon. I thought last season I wouldn't go tonging, though I could make a whole gust more of money. My sister was took to some insane asylum and my father was sick and off his head, so I worked around the docks. It's lucky I didn't go, at that, fer one day father went out and shot hisself in the barn." His consolation was that he found it out that day, instead of at the end of the week.

His vernacular was new to my ken. Davits with him were "davvies," tackle was "tickle," and he called the dredge a "drudge." After listening for half an hour to his calm recitals of the hardships of his trade I began to observe a certain sort of poetic appropriateness whensoever he alluded to the work as "drudging" in the bay.

One season, I was informed by the youngest, most successful owner in the business at the Pier, some savage drum—great fishes of the deep—made havoc with the beds. Whether they fairly crunched the oysters in their jaws or not he did not assert. They slew countless hundreds of the bivalves, however; that was certain. For a time no means of defence could be devised. Then some one thought of a "scarecrow." The bottoms were shingled—that is to say, hundreds of shingles, secured by stout cords to rocks or any heavy weights, were dropped from the schooners in every conceivable direction. The tides then flirted the shingles deliriously back and forth as they tugged at their anchorage to rise. It scared the drumfish till they never came back, and of course it did not scare the oysters.

In the earlier days there was oyster-pirating galore. There is some of it still surviving, but what between the State and private policing of the oyster-beds, by night as well as by day, the wily, swift-moving thing of prey is almost extinct there at last.

Altogether the business of oystering is scarcely to be described as a calling of ease. My native informant summed it up as "almost as risky as playin' the lottery, and a whole big gust more of work."

He took me down to see his boat and home. The house was formerly a flat-bottomed scow, and rode upon the tides. The waters, however, rose so high and became so violent one winter that he had it hauled out upon the bank. It stands there now, knee-deep in grass, beneath a wide-spreading tree. In shape and size it resembles an ordinary trolley-car. Here, with his wife and family, he abides throughout the year, wresting his livelihood from a world somewhat reluctant of its favors. His boat, a sloop, well rigged and equipped, was worth far more money than his residence.

He told me of how, on winter days, when the river is so frozen that oystering must cease, he goes after "mush" rats, out in the swamp, to trap them and spear them for their hides. Again, in the slackness of the spring and summer work, he fishes for the market, on the stream.

I left him at last to go back by the path where I had come. With all his tale of the roughness of the men and the soul-stunting hardships of their toil still pervading my reflections, I came upon an unexpected sight. It was simply a grave, but a grave all alone, and so odd as to grasp at my attention. It lies beneath a fine old tree, between a small tobacco-shop and the sailmaker's loft, near at hand. From a circle nearly fifteen feet across, the encroaching grass and weeds have been carefully removed. In

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the centre is an exceptionally high-built, grassy mound with a flag and growing flowers upon it. Around it are dozens of sea-shells, ranged in studied circles. A rude board cross is at the head, and on it the words,

A MOTHER'S DARLING.

Some grief-stricken mother, quite recently bereaved, had here expended all her tenderness of memory, I felt assured. The crudeness of the whole affair was pathetic. Someway I felt that some little child was sleeping here—till the man in the shop told the story.

The tale belongs with the annals of the sea, that writes them in ever-moving tides. Nineteen years ago, one Decoration Day, a deep-sea sailor was discovered, drowned, in the waters of the bay. His body was brought by oystermen to Greenwich Pier, and here it was buried in the clover and the shade, in a rude box they hammered together. There was not so much as the slightest thing to tell to what name he had answered. There was nothing to write on the cross above the mound, of his birthplace, of his parentage, his vices, his virtues, or his age. But one thing was certain—whatsoever he had been, howsofar he had roamed, whether vicious or kind, he had once been some fond mother's darling. That stands for his name, his epitaph, his all—and his crude fellow creatures bestowed it.



THE OYSTERMAN IS THE FARMER OF THE DEEP

For nineteen years the oystermen have kept the grave green and freshly tidy. They have come and gone, on the ceaseless human tide, many to stagger into graves of their own and lie there forgotten and neglected. To each succeeding set, however, is the care of this lone grave bequeathed. In the little cigar-store stands a tumbler on a shelf. Into this the oyster-folk pour their hard-earned money, with absolutely unadulterated impulses of generosity, as a fund to maintain the grassy mound, the sea-shells, and the cross, on the bed of the unknown sailor, at rest here in the shade. In some sort of reverence, some sort of unblurred regard for the mothers who bore them and guided them a while, they lay down their roughness and sober their thoughts, if only for a moment, here beside the grave that has come to be more than just a sailor's final hammock—a sort of shrine whereat their better selves may kneel for a moment in passing.

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The Circulating Library

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

MISS MARY took up her pen again and added a postscript — there were always postscripts.

"A new family appears to be moving into the Maxey house. Groan with me, Caroline. I did hope that old house would be allowed to remain in blessed, blue-blooded emptiness."

Nothing but blue blood had ever flowed in Old Colony Street. Miss Mary's uneasiness was not without foundation, since the goods and chattels that the vans were unloading across the street did not look as if they had blue blood in their veins. Even Polonia noticed.

"The dinner table's pine—I guess I know pine! And all them chairs is the commonest kind *I* ever—"

"Polonia! — Polonia!" chided Miss Mary. Gentle charity enwrapped her like a soft garment. Only in her soul was there bitterness.

"My grief!" Polonia rarely remained chided. "They're unloadin' of a trundle-bed now—two trundle-beds! And if that there they're h'istin' down *now* ain't a crib, then my mother didn't name me Polony Ann!"

It was a crib—there were two trundle-beds. Miss Mary moved hastily away from the window, afraid of seeing more. She found herself half unconsciously endeavoring to compute the probable number of children two trundle-beds and a crib would hold. Old Colony Street had long been a childless street.

In her diary the entry that evening had to do with the Maxey house. What Miss Mary did not write to her bedridden friend, Caroline Good, she set down in tiny, exquisite chirography in the diary. The two of them—book and friend—were society to Miss Mary. There was only Polonia besides, and Polonia had limitations.

"The Maxeys," wrote the little golden point, "were nice, proper people to live opposite. Now why, why must they sell their house and run off to Egypt? Egypt! As if Old Colony Street were not good enough! And to sell to pine furniture—Polonia says it's pine, and Polonia knows. I can hear my old mahogany shudder as I write!

"Here I've always dreamed of a memorial library across there, some day, with a Witherspoon room in it—I am sure I could have managed a room. 'Presented by Mary Witherspoon in memory'—do they present rooms?

"Departed dream! Here appears a family with two trundle-beds and one pine crib. Exit memorial library—enter, *who?*" The delicate pen-point shuddered, then wrote on: "It was entertaining to see Polonia hang out a handkerchief at a time to-day, to prolong her opportunities to spy upon the new neighbors. I must tell Caroline Good, but I must *not* tell her that any one awaited reports impatiently. Thus:

"Enter Polonia, news-laden.

"*Polonia.* 'Another one, Miss Mary,—six in all up ter date. Six o' them, or my mother named me Belindy! In assorted sizes—'

"*Anyone (with refreshing innocence).* 'But my handkerchiefs are all of a size, Polonia, and you really ought not to complain at six—'

"*Polonia (undeterred and unsmiling).* 'The littlest one's a baby, of course, to go with a baby carriage an' high chair.'

"*Anyone.* 'And crib.'

"*Polonia.* 'Crib! Cradle, you mean, Miss Mary.'

"'I thought you saw a crib.'

"'I did' (grimly), '*and* a cradle. Pine. What I want to know is if there's anything below a cradle!'

"The dialogue might go on and on. Polonia is an inquisitive woman, but I must guard against Caroline's finding out that any one else is, too! Is it a sin to be inquisitive? Never!—for Polonia is not a sinner.

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"A NEW FAMILY APPEARS TO BE MOVING INTO THE MAXEY HOUSE"

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Polonia's census proved incorrect. There were seven of them at the final count — seven children on Old Colony Street! The family name was Story. Miss Mary, upon hearing the name, laughed to herself. There were compensations in the name, to her delicately humorous mind. She would mention them to Caroline.

Polonia made further discoveries and reported them.

"My grief! there's all kinds. There's a tall one an' a short one, an' two twins, an' dear knows who!"

"I thought I saw one on crutches, Polonia."

"Oh, I thinks likely you did; there's all kinds. Most probable before I get through with 'em I'll discover one on wheels. I sha'n't be any surprised." Polonia's tone was crisp. She was clearly unreconciled to the social decadence of Old Colony Street.

Miss Mary caught up her pen in an odd little spurt of excitement.

"Caroline, will you listen! It *is* a library, after all! Across the street, of course, I mean,—I haven't got to wait for my memorial library. This one is full of Storys! Polonia is keeping me informed, but even Polonia doesn't know them all yet. But so far there is a long Story and a short Story and a Story in two parts (twins). I am beginning to get interested in spite of myself. Polonia grumbles, but Polonia is interested.

"It is a circulating library. You should see the two-part Story circulate! One of these days I shall patronize that library and 'take out' the two-part Story. I know beforehand that it's a prosaic, rather hackneyed little Story in both chapters, but I think I shall like it—anyway, Polonia will. She likes little moon-faces and checked pinafores in her stories. Polonia herself, you know, Caroline, though nothing would hire me to say it, is a little hackneyed and prosaic. What I *do* say is, Polonia's a dear. She grumbles, but she makes delicious salads—scolds outright, but babies me behind my back—fumes and fusses, but comes in nights to tuck me up,—will go as straight to heaven as Elijah in his chariot of fire. Bless Polonia!"

The invalidism of Miss Mary was of a gentle, comfortable type, in strong contradistinction to the bedridden state of Caroline Good. Miss Mary, Polonia aiding and abetting, enjoyed her poor health in a cheerful, quite resigned manner. But it conspicuously lacked variety; in this respect the circulating library across the way was destined to be a success. Between the diary and Caroline Good this fact was made manifest.

"I thought I was settling into the drowse of old age," Miss Mary wrote in the diary. "Nothing moved me. If my shoulder shawl did not slip off, or Polonia didn't forget to three-lump my tea, I was serenely content. The last thing in the world I thought of doing was to patronize a circulating library! But to-day I took out the funny Story, and my sides ache with laughing. Polonia's too —I called Polonia in. The name of the funny Story is Bangs. It is a little, rollicking, frolicking Story; I must tell it to Caroline. Polonia went over and got it for me, and came back across the muddy street with it under her arm.

"'Here, take it—I guess it 'll keep you awake!' she said, Polonialy. And I haven't had a wink of nap to-day! It was nearly sunset when I finished and sent the funny Story back. Some day I shall take out the pathetic Story, but not yet—I can't yet. Polonia has had it out; she doesn't know I know, but I do. I heard something out in the Polonia zone like the tap-tap of little crutches. I shut my ears—shame on me for it. Crutches wakes up all the old pity for poor Caroline.

"To-day I have been in a mood for short stories. I shall send Polonia over for the short Story to-morrow. I wonder if I shall tell Caroline, if I really do sit here rocking it in my arms? Polonia'd better not come in! I shall not tell Polonia. What would she say!—but Polonia does not know I came near once to rocking little things in my arms like other women. It was before Polonia's time. When you've once come near to things—some things—"

She did not tell Caroline—Caroline had never come near. But Polonia found her out.

"My grief!" Polonia breathed, and hurried noiselessly away again. For, though Miss Mary did not know, Polonia

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herself had once come very near—before Miss Mary's time.

"Dear Caroline," read the next letter, "have I told you there are seven Storys to select from? In the library opposite, of course,—seven in all. One ought to be satisfied! If one does not enjoy a long Story, he has only to choose the short one. Or the sober instead of the humorous one—and there is always the Story in two parts to choose! I believe to my soul I shall like them all, which seems strange, considering their being of so varied a character. And all by one author—I have seen the author. You would never suspect her—never, Caroline. Such a dumpy, frumpy little author with her hair in curling-kids!

"You would like the short Story, Caroline. Dear, yes! it would interest you from little tip to toes—I should say from little beginning to end. It's the kind of a short Story mothers like, but plain *folks* like you and me and Polonia can appreciate it, too." But she did not add, "and can rock with it in our laps and dote over it foolishly." The memory was sacred to Miss Mary. To Polonia, too, who went about her ministrations to the gentle invalid with a certain unconscious and new respect. Polonia did not recognize it as kinship with Miss Mary in that they both had come so near; yet it was kinship.

When summer came and all the windows were open the tap-tap of little crutches often intruded upon Miss Mary's ear. She came to wait for it and to count the taps as they passed. Such slow little ones! It was getting very near the time for Miss Mary to "take out" the pathetic Story. One day she sent Polonia over after it.

"I took the pathetic Story out to-day," she wrote that night with her little golden point. "I have had it out all day; I am reading it very slowly. To-night, when Polonia came to carry it back, I said, 'No; let me keep it out the full limit—I am entitled to my two weeks. Of course with the librarian's consent.' The librarian consented, and here I sit reading the little Story by lamplight. It is in a new 'binding' now—a little skimpy white cloth binding, that Polonia came and 'bound' it in for me. Then she laid it on my couch—I wasn't looking, and I do not suspect Polonia of anything sentimental—but I mean to kiss him myself by and by.

"Such a little, little pathetic Story! The crutches that make me think of Caroline are leaning up against the couch. I don't think I like pathetic stories; they make me cry. This minute I am crying. For pity's sake, Mary Witherspoon, stop before Polonia comes in with your bedtime tea! Polonia never cries.

"I shall keep this last Story out two weeks. I want to study it at my leisure. There's no denying that I like short stories and funny stories and two-part stories best—I like to laugh; everybody does, even Caroline. That poor dear woman lies in her bed and laughs at the shadows on her wall and the way the passers' feet look in the little slice of window where her curtain doesn't quite reach down. She says it's surprising how funny people's feet are. Caroline will go to heaven laughing, I believe."

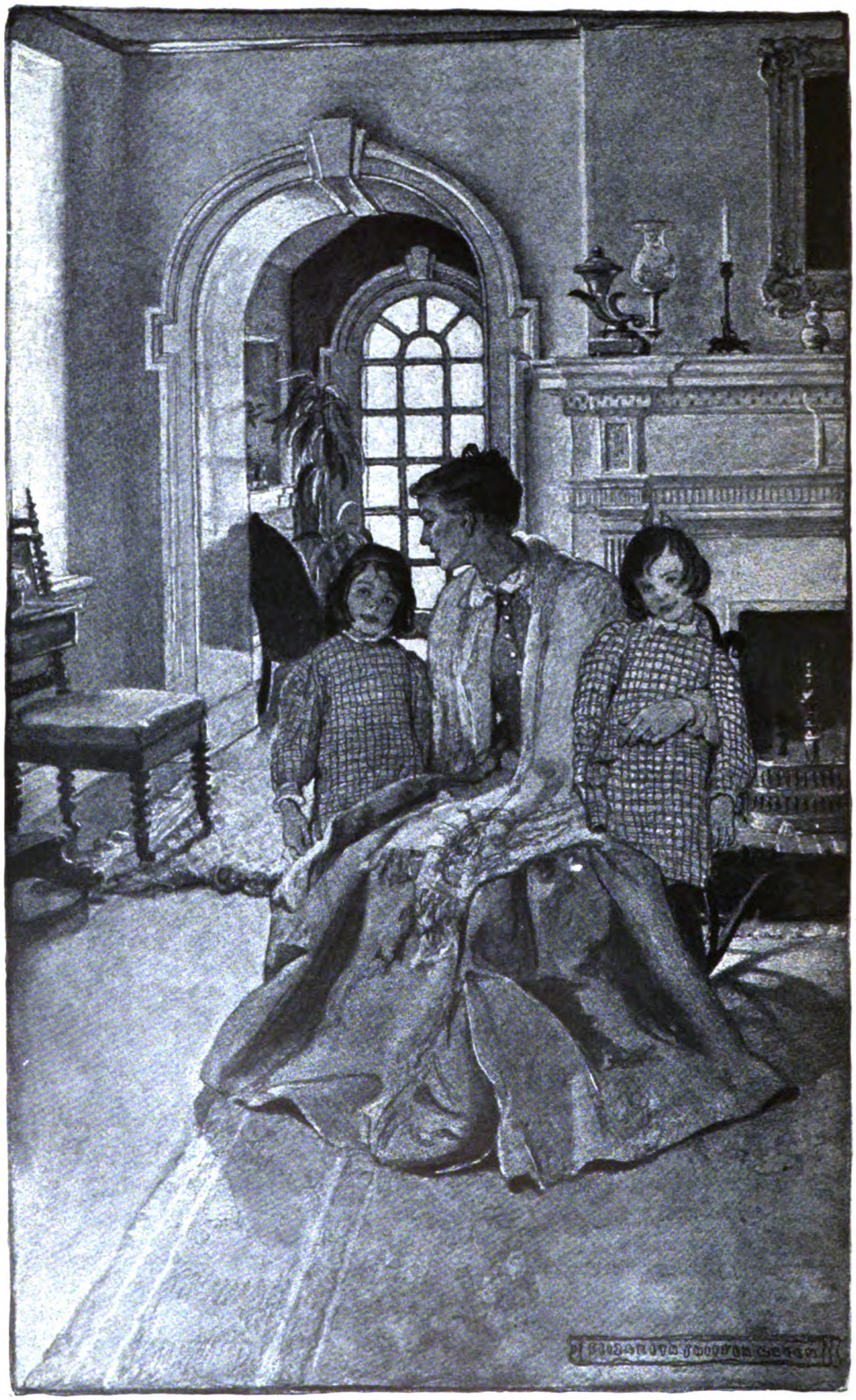
The little pathetic Story lay on Miss Mary's couch and slept, or stumped cheerfully about her rooms—he was always cheerful, continually reminding her of Caroline Good. Perhaps it was this resemblance that stimulated Miss Mary's interest and kindled it into love. The patient child appealed to her, conquered her. At the end of one week she surrendered.

"I love him, Caroline," she wrote. "I didn't mean to, but I do. I ought to have taken out one of the other Storys—I ought to have let Polonia take him back the first day. Now here I am loving his little thin face—his cheerful little ridiculous whistle—his crooked little legs—his crutches! And I a drowsy old maid! Caroline, what do you suppose Polonia is thinking of me? For Polonia knows,—she's probably laughing in her sleeve. Out there in her kitchen, knitting her interminable stockings—'Ha! ha! Will you look at Miss Mary love him—will you look! An' her makin' out there isn't a drop of sentiment in her. Ha! ha! *I've found her out!*'

"Actually, Caroline, I can hear her laugh—I've got up now and shut the door!

"He is so little, Caroline! You can't think how little! Especially in his

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE TWO-PART STORY

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scanty little nightgown—why do women love little children better in little nightgowns? To-night I kissed his hands, but don't tell Polonia. I had to kiss *some* of him, and I was afraid of waking him up if I did it anywhere else. He wakes so easily. He did to-night all at once. 'Hullo!' he said, out of the pillows. 'Oh, it's nobody but only you—I thought it was Her.'

"'*Her*, Martin?' I guess I haven't told you his name is Martin.

"'Yes—my mother.'

"Caroline, then how did I feel! He was homesick.

"'Oh, Martin, do you want to go home to her?' I cried out. And his little face then! He laughed.

"'That one at home's only my Step; didn't you know? This sleep-one's my reg'lar own—I only see her nights, just nights. Then she comes. I wish you hadn't wokened me up looking at me so hard 's that, 'cause she was just a-going to take 'em away. You scared her off.'

"'Take what away, Martin?' Perhaps you don't think I was interested, Caroline.

"'Them—my crutches. She *always* takes 'em away. Then she stands me up an' smiles down—she's the greatest smiler! "Now walk—walk—walk!" she says, *an' I walk.*'

"Caroline, if you could have seen! His little hatchet face *shone*—do you know how a little hatchet face looks shining? He went back to sleep, shining, and I knew he walked with Her in his little dreams. If *I* could only take his crutches away, Caroline!"

The longing grew as the second week passed. When she did not tell Caroline she wrote it in the diary:

"There ought to be a way—there ought to be doctors. He is so little yet, and little crooked legs ought to straighten. Somebody must find a way!

"If he did not laugh so much! Crutches and laughing break your heart. Just as lying in bed and laughing—he and Caroline will go to heaven together, laughing. They are just alike. Saint Peter will see them coming—oh, if I were Saint Peter I should cry! Poor big crooked Caroline, poor little crooked Martin—oh, *things* are so crooked in the world! The saints lie on their backs or hobble on crutches, and the sinners walk straight. I'm the only exception.

"Polonia has a theory that we all get our deserts—well, never mind me, but what has she got to say about the little pathetic Story and Caroline Good? The theory is all wrong. I wish Polonia could see Caroline—and that makes me think of Martin. I said she was probably laughing in her sleeve, but I was wrong. She was crying in it. She must have been there quite a while watching us—me down beside the couch kissing Martin's limp little hands and the sleeves of his little shirt, and Martin there asleep. I looked up all at once and—well, Polonia wasn't laughing. She went right away, and I heard her bump into the kitchen table as if she couldn't see well. Polonia! —and I thought she hadn't a drop of sentimental blood in her veins. I ought to tell Caroline.

"I saw another thing to-day that shows she has two drops. Martin was hiding his crutches and playing he had 'walk-legs'—that is one of his plays. Polonia was knitting stockings. (And—well, somebody else was the one that was watching them!)

"'You hide 'em, P'lonia,—oh, I know, I know! You be Her! Same as if I was asleep, you know,—I never played it awake before! Now smile down—you got 'em all hid? Well, smile down an' say, "Now walk—walk—walk!" An' I'll—' but he fell in a little heap. And I saw Polonia's face when she picked him up.

"I have written to three doctors. I have heard from the last one to-day. They all say, 'Perhaps.' The middle one said it more hopefully than the other two. They all say he must go away to a hospital to have it done. It may take a long time—but not so long as it would take to live crooked. I shall have Polonia ask the Step—I can't. It will break my heart if she says no—I am certain the Reg'lar Own would say yes.

"After he is asleep to-night Polonia can go. I shall turn my back to the couch, so I shall not see him walk—walk—walking in his little dream, with Her. Not to-night, while Polonia is gone to ask!

"She has come back. She stood in

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the door and nodded her head. So I know the Step is willing. To-morrow I shall send him with Polonia. It is better to do things to-morrow than to wait. I have turned my chair around, and he is smiling in his little sleep. I know She has taken 'em away."

To Miss Mary the next days were long ones. The woman who came to take Polonia's place until her return was not Polonia. There could not be two Polonias. Miss Mary waited with the best patience at her command, but she was not Caroline Good—there was only one Caroline, also.

Miss Mary did not "take out" any other Storys from the circulating library across the street. The long Story, the funny Story, the short Story, were all to be had for the asking, but her only desire was for a little pathetic Story that had been withdrawn from circulation for repairs. She could not forget that one for a moment, and she sorely missed Polonia.

"I knew I loved Martin," she wrote to Caroline Good, "but I didn't know I did *Polonia*. The Temporary Woman knits, too, but not stockings—I couldn't *bear* stockings. I am glad she doesn't do other things Polonia does. The Temporary Woman sings, but Polonia doesn't know a note. The Temporary Woman creaks when she walks—Polonia crackles.

"Dialogue:

"*T. W.* 'Be you cold?'

"(Polonia always gets my Shetland shawl—never asks.)

"*Miss Mary (stiffly).* 'I am all right.'

"*T. W.* 'B'ain't you hungry for somethin' to eat?'

"(Polonia brings it in on a tray.)

"*M. M.* 'Not for anything to eat, thank you.'

"I am starving, but how can a Temporary Woman know?

"Caroline, it's hard to settle into the drowse of old age alone—ah, you dear, you poor dear! You are the one who ought to have Polonia! What I am 'settling into' is the *sloughs* of selfishness! I am thankful the Temporary Woman has gone out and can't see me blushing with shame.

"When I think of *you*—Caroline, when I think of you I think of heaven. You and little Martin—you are just alike. I wonder if—it—has been done to little Martin yet. Polonia will not tell me just when, but she is coming back afterwards, and she hasn't come yet. I will tell you as soon as she comes, Caroline."

There was a postscript the next day:

"Polonia's here. She came in suddenly with my bedtime tea. She stopped to get my shawl before she would say a word. Then she said:

"'It's over. He was laughin' when I came away.'

"They have done it, Caroline. Polonia says they call it a very satisfactory operation so far. The rest is waiting—just waiting. For us, I mean,—for poor little Martin lying on his back and laughing. You know, Caroline.

"The Temporary Woman came in to say good-by, and I wanted to kiss her, I was so glad she was going away! Or else it was Polonia—I wonder how it would seem to kiss Polonia? She has gone right back to knitting stockings—I have made her leave the door open so I can hear her needles clicking. If little Martin were only on the couch,—only two things are necessary to make some people happy.

"Caroline, when you are laughing at the feet that go by in your little slice of window, if you ever see any little, little ones with crutches you will stop. You will cry then—cry for me too, Caroline. But when you see them go by walk—walk—walking—oh, I believe they will, Caroline Good, I believe they will! Polonia believes it, too, for she's knitting as if she believed.

"'Polonia!'

"(She's coming in.)

"'You believe, Polonia? Tell me you do!'

"(She's standing there nodding her head—God bless Polonia!)"

The letter to Caroline Good dropped to the floor. Miss Mary held out her hands.

"When 'two or three are gathered together'—we're two or three, Polonia!" she cried.

The short, thick figure of the serving-woman with crackling of starched skirts crossed swiftly to the woman with outstretched hands. The hands compelled her—drew her down. Then Miss Mary knew how it seemed to kiss Polonia.

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Conflicts of Usage

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Emeritus Professor of English, Yale University

GOOD usage is largely a compromise between the action of different agencies which are all the while operating upon speech. These agencies are sometimes more than merely different; they are distinctly hostile. Rarely does either of the two opponents gain a full victory. Even when the influence of one of them has become overwhelmingly predominant, there are almost certain to be found exceptions which show that the triumph has not been absolutely complete. To this qualified success we owe the many peculiar inflectional forms and anomalous syntactical constructions which exist to-day in our speech.

These opposing agencies sometimes act on a general scale and sometimes on a particular one. There has been occasion to speak of one set of the former class in contrasting the disposition to use more words and phrases than are really necessary for the comprehension with the disposition to express the idea in the fewest words possible. But among the more important of these conflicting influences which are always affecting the action of the users of speech, two are deserving of special consideration. One of these is the disposition to resist any change whatever. This reluctance exists at all periods, but it never manifests itself in its full force until a people has come into the possession of a great literature. It is possible, indeed, to conceive of an uneducated community dwelling in some secluded region, and cut off from intercourse with their fellow men, which would preserve unimpaired for generations the same words and phrases and grammatical forms and constructions. But were such a dialect once exposed to frequent communication with members of the outside world using a somewhat different form of the same tongue, it would have to be endowed with extraordinary tenacity to hold its methods of expression unchanged.

But what such seclusion from contact with others might do for the speech of the uneducated, the establishment of a great literature certainly does for the speech of the educated. It strengthens and intensifies the feeling which leads men to cling to what already exists. It indisposes them to substitute for it or place alongside of it any new forms or constructions. It cannot and it does not prevent change entirely; but it reduces it to its lowest possible terms. Literature, in fact, anchors language, and holds it firmly to its moorings. Its great books and its great authors are read and studied and imitated everywhere by successive generations. This natural influence has always existed; but modern agencies have strengthened and extended it to a degree once impracticable and indeed inconceivable. The invention of printing, with the consequent wide diffusion of education, has rendered misleading all inferences about the future of modern languages drawn from the fate of the ancient. The conditions surrounding them are too essentially different to justify applying to the one lessons drawn from the experience of the other. There may be for our speech perils in abeyance which will threaten its perpetuity; but they will not be of the nature of those which affected the languages of antiquity.

In truth, the influence of literature, restraining all attempts at change, while active at every period, has become in modern times powerful beyond all precedent. A language possessing it accepts without hesitation new words which seem necessary to expression; but it is distinctly hostile to the slightest alteration in its grammatical structure or to the slightest addition to its inflectional forms. The longer it exists, the intenser becomes this feeling. At a period when such aversion was by no means so pronounced

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as now, we have seen that it took more than half a century to introduce a pronominal form so desirable and so unobjectionable as *its*. With the growth of this sort of repugnance which has been steadily going on, it is unlikely that in our day an experiment of a similar sort could be tried with success. The feeling which leads to this attitude of opposition is always to be respected. The continuity of the speech depends upon its existence. Consequently the proposal of any new form which affects the grammatical structure not only encounters violent resistance, but it ought to encounter it. It is incumbent upon it to demonstrate its desirability if not its actual necessity. The fierce fight which went on during nearly the whole of the last century against the new passive form—represented, for illustration, by "is being built"—was not a foolish one in itself, though giving opportunity for the display of much foolishness. Even opposition to the mere change in the order of words, such as is indicated by the insertion of an adverb between *to* and the infinitive, is deserving of respect for the motive that lies behind it, no matter if neither much knowledge nor much sense is displayed in its manifestation.

Against this indisposition to change whatever has been established is the opposing disposition to make changes in order to bring about uniformity. As these two influences are always operating upon speech, they are necessarily always in conflict. Before a language has established a literature, the tendency to bring about uniformity is generally the prevailing one. When a literature has once become established, the opposite tendency becomes in turn predominant. This point can be rendered clear by considering certain inflections of the two principal parts of speech. In them the action of these opposing forces has resulted in leaving us in the possession of a number of irregular and anomalous forms. Let us begin with the noun.

In this part of speech two principal ways of forming the nominative and the accusative plural were in the language, as it first appears in literature. The one ending was *-s*, the other was *-n*. Roughly speaking, the nouns were about equally divided between the two. After the break-up of Anglo-Saxon following the Norman conquest, the plural ending in *-s* established itself as the favorite, and therefore the regular form. The consequence was that it steadily tended to become the sole form. The declension in *-n* did not indeed yield to the encroachments of its rival without a struggle. For centuries the marks of the conflict between the two can be traced all along the line. But the words of Scripture are as applicable to the language which man uses as they are to man himself. To that which hath it shall be given; to what hath not shall be taken away even that which it hath. During the centuries when no great literature had as yet established itself firmly enough to counteract change the declension in *-s* steadily increased at the expense of the declension in *-n*. By the time the Elizabethan period was reached the *asken* and *assen* and *been* and *fleen* and *ton*, still to be found in the writings of Chaucer, had given way to the present plurals *ashes* and *asses* and *bees* and *fleas* and *toes*. Solitary survivals of the earlier forms continued to turn up; but their very solitariness emphasized their coming death rather than their continued vitality.

The disposition to make the plural in *-s* the universal plural seemed at one time on the point of triumphing completely. But there were inflections too deeply imbedded in the speech to be easily uprooted by the most violent of revolutionary changes. Those nouns which in forming their plural modified the vowel, such as *goose* and *mouse*, did not go over, though, singularly enough, *foot*, one of them, had originally a plural in *-s* along with the more common form. Furthermore, a number of nouns which had the same form in the two numbers, such as *sheep* and *deer*, refused to assume the general termination. But as against its ancient rival the declension in *-s* may be said to have triumphed with almost exemplary thoroughness. *Eyen* or *e'en* still survives, to be sure; but its vogue is limited to dialect or poetry. The one solitary exception to the completeness of this sweeping victory is *oxen*. In this instance all the unifying tendencies of speech have never succeeded in inducing men to abandon the original plural. Not that efforts in that direction failed to be made. The present form did not maintain its

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hold upon the language without a contest. From the fourteenth to the sixteenth century *oxes* strove hard to displace *oxen* from our tongue, but all to no effect.

But besides the nouns having the inflections already mentioned, there were some which had in the plural a special termination of their own. They were so few in number that at a period when literature had not yet thrown its protecting arm over language they could hardly hope to resist permanently the encroachments of the leading declensions. As might have been expected, the plural form in *-s* usually triumphed; but it did not have its way in every instance. *Lambren* and *calveren* and *daughtren* appeared, but they could not hold their own against *lambs* and *calves* and *daughters,* and did not long maintain the contest. They do not seem even to have found refuge in the speech of the uneducated. *Sistren* appears to have had a somewhat better fortune. It is in or it is attributed to the Scotch dialect, and is said to be heard occasionally in this country. So far as my own observation goes—that of others more fully informed may not confirm the view—it is never used seriously, but only in a designed jocose contrast to its correlative in such phrases as "brethren and sistern."

But one instance there is in which the plural in *-n* has rescued a noun from the despotism of the plural in *-s*. Strictly speaking, *childer* is the proper representative of the later Anglo-Saxon form of the plural of *child*. It was found to some extent in early English literature, and is still widely employed in the dialects of the United Kingdom. But the etymologically corrupt form *children* has established itself in good usage as the sole representative of the plural number. *Childs* no one apparently has ever felt much disposed to say, though *chield* or *chiel,* a varying or shortened form of the singular, is regularly inflected.

But a form which has been in common use in a literature once fully established is never likely to die out entirely. This remains true even when the so-called regular forms have come to be universally employed. Those they have supplanted continue to survive, and on particular occasions are made to do duty. By the end of the sixteenth century *oxes* had abandoned its long struggle for recognition. But the declension in *-s* made up for its failure here by capturing from its rival the correlative noun. Up to the seventeenth century *kine* had been the authorized plural. It itself was what some people call a corruption, for it had taken the place of the etymologically correct *kye*. But the time came when it in turn was to be dislodged from the common speech. It was not until the seventeenth century that the English race possessed any domestic animals called cows; at least, if they existed at all, they were found only in remote and out-of-the-way places where no knowledge of the plural denoting them came to the ears of the educated. Our version of the Bible, Shakespeare, and both the poetry and the prose of Milton will be searched in vain for any mention of the kind of cattle so designated. The history of *brothers* is not essentially dissimilar. By the end of the sixteenth century it had already begun to displace the then accepted plural. Still, both the older forms *kine* and *brethren,* in spite of the wide prevalence of the regular ones, have never disappeared, and are never indeed likely to disappear.

Let us turn now to the verb. In the case of this part of speech the conflict which has gone on is of far more interest to the student of language. This is due in part to the fact that there has been no such overwhelming triumph of one side. But it is still more so because the struggle between the conjugations exhibits the remarkable though little remarked spectacle of a return of language upon itself, of a complete change in the current of tendency. A movement in one direction which threatened to sweep everything before it was much more than arrested. It was actually reversed. Reversed, that is, as far as it could be; for a movement in the opposite direction, no matter how decided the impulse, could never make great headway after literature has been sufficiently developed to lay its restraining hand upon usage. Many features of the conflict that took place there is no room to consider here; one of principal importance can be brought out distinctly.

After the break-up of the Anglo-Saxon there went on for centuries a steady

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movement to convert all verbs of what is technically called the strong conjugation—those which add nothing to form the preterite, but undergo vowel change—into verbs of the weak conjugation—that is, those which form or once formed their preterites by adding *d* or *t*. Originally there was no difference worth speaking of in the number belonging to each. But after the Norman conquest the weak conjugation came gradually to embrace the large majority of verbs. As was natural before the creation of literature, the disposition sprang up to make the small minority conform to the practice of this large majority. We see the same tendency exhibited now in the speech of children and of the uneducated. They say, for illustration, *seed* for *saw, knowed* for *knew, drinked* for *drank, drawed* for *drew*. As most of the verbs in the language add a *d* to form the preterite, they are unable to discover any reason why every one of them should not do so; or rather they instinctively apply the common rule to the few which do not. This is the unavowed feeling which once unconsciously affected the speech of all, and transformed —to select a few examples out of a large number — *boke* into *baked, crope* into *crept, gnew* into *gnawed, wox* into *waxed,* and *yold* into *yielded*.

For several centuries after the Norman conquest this tendency was more than prevalent; it was prevailing. The weak conjugation kept on growing, and largely growing at the expense of the strong. Many of the verbs belonging to the latter disappeared entirely from the speech; many of them were carried over to the former by the unexpressed but instinctively felt desire to bring about uniformity. Naturally this led to replacing the proper forms by those which, strictly speaking, are corruptions. Were we to base our speech upon pure etymological principles, we should all be saying *glide, glode, glidden; melt, molt, molten; shape, shope, shapen; mow, mew, mown,* instead of the forms we now use. For a long period so general was the movement in this direction that to all appearance it was merely a question of time when every verb of this class would follow the road already taken by the majority, and that the strong conjugation would disappear from the speech as effectually as has the *-n* declension of the noun. More than one modern scholar has been misled by the tendency which once prevailed to draw conclusions about the future absolutely erroneous. So interested and interesting a student of the English tongue as Archbishop Trench assured us that the day would come when every strong verb would have disappeared from the language. "We may anticipate a time," he wrote, "though still far off, when all English verbs will form their preterites weakly; not without serious detriment to the fulness, variety, and force which in this respect the language even now displays, and once far more signally displayed."

There is not the slightest warrant for this dismal outlook. What the archbishop said would have been certainly a plausible and perhaps a justifiable assertion had any one chanced to make it at the beginning of the sixteenth century. But saying it as he did in the middle of the nineteenth, it represented a condition of things which no longer exists. The transition he deplored had been completely arrested. From the Elizabethan period to this day not a single instance can be pointed out of a strong verb becoming weak, or of having manifested the slightest disposition to become so. Those that were on the border line then have remained on the border line still. The very illustrations which Trench gave of the weak conjugation slowly carrying the day—such as *climbed* for *clomb, swelled* for *swoll*—would have been just as applicable had his views been expressed in the sixteenth century instead of the nineteenth, and no more so. *Clomb* was poetic and archaic then; it is poetic and archaic now. Shakespeare, for instance, knows only such forms as *climbed* and *swelled;* he had apparently never heard of any other.

These are merely single testimonies to the truth of the fact that there is no longer any disposition on the part of the strong verbs to pass over to the weak conjugation. But we can go farther. The tendency has not simply been checked; as already intimated, it has been reversed. Weak preterites which were once more or less in good use alongside of the strong ones are at the present time either not tolerated at all or are regarded with disfavor. "When they looked upon me,"

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says the Psalmist, "they shaked their heads;" and that is just what men now do with their heads when they come across such a form as *shaked*. Not even Shakespeare's occasional employment of it is felt to justify it for modern usage. In the same way men now look askance at such preterite forms as *shined* and *strived* which once good writers did not shun. Even more striking than any of these is the verb *wake*. The English Bible, Shakespeare, Milton (both in his poetry and prose), will be searched in vain for such a tense-form as *woke*. In all these works the preterite is invariably *waked*. That the strong form fails to appear is not a proof of its non-existence, but it assuredly leads to the inference that it was not then in common literary use; and so far as a necessarily limited investigation can be trusted, it was not till the latter part of the eighteenth century that the now common preterite *woke* makes frequent appearance in books.

In truth, so general was at one time the tendency to formal regularity that it even extended to the anomalous verbs of the weak conjugation. There it had the same temporary success, and there it met the same countercheck. *Stretch* and *reach*, for instance, by the end of the sixteenth century had either discarded or were about to discard their ancient preterites *straught* and *raught;* and if, later, these appear, they appear as survivals and not as living tenses. But in general the use of the older preterites prevailed over the desire for uniformity. *Selled* and *telled*, sometimes found in good writers before the Elizabethan period, did not maintain themselves after it. Though *reached* has taken the place of the older *raught*, *teached*, while at intervals in good use, has not been able to hold its own against *taught*. *Catched* has been more fortunate, as indeed by its derivation it deserved to be. For centuries it took its place alongside of *caught;* but the reverse movement in speech has been too powerful for it, and it is now discountenanced. *Beseeched*, once in the best of use, lingers yet after a fashion; but *besought* is distinctly preferred. The preterites *lit* and *lighted* of *light*, meaning "to illuminate," have always stood side by side; but so far as I have succeeded in gathering data indicating preference, the one-syllable form is at present the more common of the two in the best usage. The only eddy in this stream of tendency is afforded by the verb *work*, whose regularly formed preterite *worked* does not seem to have been in existence till about the middle of the seventeenth century. Even then its acceptance must have been slow. Pope, who died in 1744, apparently knows no other preterite than *wrought*. The modern form of the past tense is not found in his prose; nor is it registered in the concordance of his poetry, which, however, does not include the translation of Homer.

To him indeed who studies carefully the movements going on in speech there is no question that there is now a distinct disposition to reverse the tendency which once prevailed, and to increase the strong conjugation, were it possible, at the expense of the weak. In the long struggle that went on between the two, the former not only disturbed the regularity of some of the verbs of the latter, such, for illustration, as *hear* and *feel*, but it made some reprisals to counteract its many losses. It added to its list fully a dozen words. But nearly all of them were comparatively late comers in the speech. *Ring*, however, was a weak verb in Anglo-Saxon, but later developed strong forms after the analogy of *fling* and *sing*. Chaucer, in describing the appearance of the god Mercury to Arcite, says,

> An hat he weared upon his hairès bright.

Weared is the strictly correct etymological preterite. It ought to be the only one used by those who believe in the inherent purity of speech. But the language later developed as preterite and past participle *wore* and *worn* after the analogy of *tear* and *bear*. This is in itself just as bad as it is now to use the dialectic or vulgar *squeeze*, *squoze*, after the analogy of *freeze*, *froze*. The only difference between the two verbs is that in the case of one, good usage has condoned the corruption; in the case of the other, it refuses to do so.

But the influences which sufficed in the days of the feebleness of the strong conjugation to change *weared* into *wore* cannot in these days of its strength produce even so much effect. It was literature

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that mainly checked the once prevailing tendency to make all the verbs of the language weak. But the very same agency which arrested the movement in one direction erected a barrier practically insurmountable against any violent movement in the opposite direction. That had to content itself with driving out, as it has largely done, the weak forms which had taken their place alongside of the strong ones. Any further action was impossible; for the influence of literature upon usage, which always exists, tends to grow stronger with the years. Only one strong preterite has been added to the language since the Elizabethan period, and its entrance was materially aided by the previous introduction of a like participle. *Digged* is the only form of the past tense of *dig* found in our version of the Bible, in Shakespeare, in Milton, or in any writer of the period. It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that the now authorized preterite made its appearance in literature. The earliest instance of its occurrence I have chanced to meet is in Shadwell's play of *The Lancashire Witches,* which appeared in 1682. In the imitation of a famous scene in *Macbeth* one of the characters is represented as saying,

> And I
> Dug up a mandrake which did cry.

Had *digged* maintained itself to the present time, it is fairly safe to say that with the feeling now prevailing *dug* could never effect an entrance into the speech. Living as we do in an age when grammatical severity is often directed against what has received the sanction of all the great writers of the language, naturally an unauthorized preterite of this character could not have hoped to escape the chastening rod. Against it too would be arrayed an established literature with its hostility to the introduction of new forms. We can see the present attitude illustrated in the case of *dive*. The preterite *dove* is found frequently in various English dialects. Not infrequently it turns up in the newspapers of this country. It has been developed after the analogy of verbs of the class to which *drive* and *strive* belong. But as by origin *dive* is a member of the weak conjugation, *dived* is the etymologically correct form. Therefore *dove* finds its way into the speech barred by the existence of a literature which recognizes the regular preterite only. That, it must be kept in mind, is the only real barrier. The language would not go to the dogs if men should choose to say *dive, dove,* any more than it has gone to the dogs for their saying *rang* for *ringed* or *wore* for *weared.* All that would be needed to establish it in good usage would be its adoption by a number of great writers, just as *dug* was adopted by such in the place of *digged.* But of that event coming to pass there are no signs; and until it does come to pass, *dove* must stand in the list of condemned expressions.

There is, however, one curious story to be told about it. In the original impression of Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha" there were found in the seventh book the three following lines:

> Straight into the river Kwasind
> Plunged as if he were an otter,
> Dove as if he were a beaver.

How this offending preterite passed the proof-reader without protest is one of those mysteries which have never been revealed. But the form certainly made its appearance, and can still be found in copies of the poem which were regularly published and sold. Boston never received such a shock since the days when Fenimore Cooper insisted that it was only in the Middle States that the English language was spoken in its purity. But that attack came from an outsider. Here the offender was of her own household—was, in fact, her favorite son. What means of suppression were resorted to will probably never be disclosed. A mysterious reticence has always been preserved in regard to this linguistic escapade; the biographers of Longfellow appear to be silent upon the subject. Measures of some sort must, however, have been taken at once. *Dove* was expunged, and the decorous *dived* assumed its place; and the whole transaction was so completely hushed up that no public scandal was created. Let him who possesses a copy of that first impression continue to cherish it. Whatever may be its worth now, the time will come when it will reach the value of the virtuous woman of Scripture, and its price will be far above rubies.

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The Dream

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

I REMEMBER very distinctly what my grandfather said about The Dream when he died, though I was a little boy at that time and the words were only words to me. He sat in a great arm-chair facing a window in his own chamber, and he looked exactly like a picture that was in one of my history books—"The Death of the Gothic King": a huge gaunt man with bushy eyebrows, and his head bent forward so that the great white beard was spread out fan-wise over his breast. My father, I remember, stood at one side of the arm-chair, and I knelt at the other side. (I have often thought since how strange it was to let a child look upon death, but then we were a strange household, we three.) I remember that for a long time after I had been summoned there my grandfather did not speak, but only stared out of the window into the dying November day, where there was a sort of golden mist abroad over the leafless trees of the park, and beyond, over the hollow fields, a thin blue veil of wood smoke that hung motionless in the still air. The sun was low behind the hills, and, black against it, my grandfather must have seen the squat Tudor gables of the Darracq place, Tour de Guise, which sat atop its ridge just beyond the limits of our land. I remember that he spoke quite suddenly and aloud, so that I gave a little jump. He said:

"Eh! it's an ill legacy I leave you, Henry, the cursed Dream." And my father laid his hand upon his father's shoulder and said:

"Don't worry about that. I can bear what you have borne—heavy though it be. Still," he said, "if you see God, sir, you might speak to Him about it." And my grandfather nodded with some difficulty, saying:

"I will. I will."

Then after a little time he gave a great sigh, and he said:

"Will the boy have it, think you, Henry? Surely the boy will be spared it?"

"He has it already," said my father, and I saw my grandfather's worn face twist with a sudden bitterness.

"The boy!" he said, as near brokenly as ever I heard him speak. "The boy, too? Eh, he'd better have died before he was born! The little boy! I must speak to God about that. That's not fair play. I must speak about that."

I knew, of course, that they were talking about The Dream, and at this time I had had it for more than a year; but, as I have said, the words meant little to me, for I was too young to realize that I was cursed with an eternal curse. I was chiefly occupied in wondering what God would say to my grandfather when He was spoken to. When two such very important people met to talk a matter over, surely something must come of it.

After that, I remember, the old gentleman was silent for what seemed to me, and probably was, a very long time, his cavernous eyes fixed out of the window upon the golden sinking sun and Tour de Guise black against it, but at last his breath began to come in deeper inspirations, long silent sighs, as if they were drawn from the very bottom of his lungs, and as if he had been running. Suddenly again he spoke, but in a broken, straining whisper. He said:

"I cannot open it. I cannot open it." And I knew what that meant, for it was in The Dream. I too had stood shaking before that closed door, with horror upon me.

"I cannot open it," said my grandfather again. He did not raise his hands—he had not the strength, I think—but the fingers of them twitched and quivered, and I watched him, knowing that he made some prodigious bodily effort, though all the while he sat still in his chair. So he sat and seemed to

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struggle, and his breath came hard. Then all at once the quivering hands were still, and I knew that that mysterious door, closed ever to me, swung open to my grandfather's eyes and he saw beyond, for into his gray face there came a look of knowledge and recognition so awful in its intensity that my heart stopped beating. I do not know whether that awful look was of joy or of agony, and I suppose I shall never know; but I know the door opened, and the mystery was made plain.

My grandfather's lips moved, and he seemed to try to say a word. I had an odd feeling, which I cannot explain, that the word was a name, but I do not know.

Then abruptly the great gray head dropped forward and hung pendent, a little awry. Staring up at him from where I knelt, I saw that my grandfather's eyes were white and strange—eyes such as I had never seen—and a pang of fear smote me, and I felt the hair at the back of my head stir, and I felt cold there. I think I must have cried out, for my father came round the chair and lifted me to my feet, saying:

"Go now, boy! It's over. Go away!" And I ran from that shadowy chamber of horror, and was comforted by the housekeeper with sugar cookies—seed cookies with a single raisin on the top. To this day I connect them with my grandfather's death and with what he saw before he died.

So one of us three passed through the door, and two were left to dream. But before many years another went also, for my father died on the day before I was twenty-one. I cannot bear to dwell upon his going, for he died of his own hand. I have no reproaches for him, and I have, I think, no regret, for he had borne all he could bear. . . . It may come to that with me one day. Who knows? Who knows?

So was I left alone in this great house with my acres about me. Alone? No, hardly that. The Dream was at my elbow by day, and at night in the darkness it crept closer and sat huddled upon my breast, waiting for me to close my eyes. I was not alone.

That was three years ago, and it is only to-day that I have returned to the house whence I fled, thinking to escape my curse. I said that out in the bright world where the sun was and where men and women laughed as they went up and down I should be free of that which haunted me. To-day I have crept back hopeless, and I shall remain here now, I suppose, until it ends—or until I end it. For The Dream has followed me the wide world over, and neither sunshine nor laughter can prevail against its might.

In a gloomy fashion I think I am glad to be at home again. The old house is full of shadows, but they are familiar shadows, and they seem to welcome me back. After all, what am I but a shade moving amongst shades? I think I will go for a walk in the park. I want to see if it has been tended well during these three years.

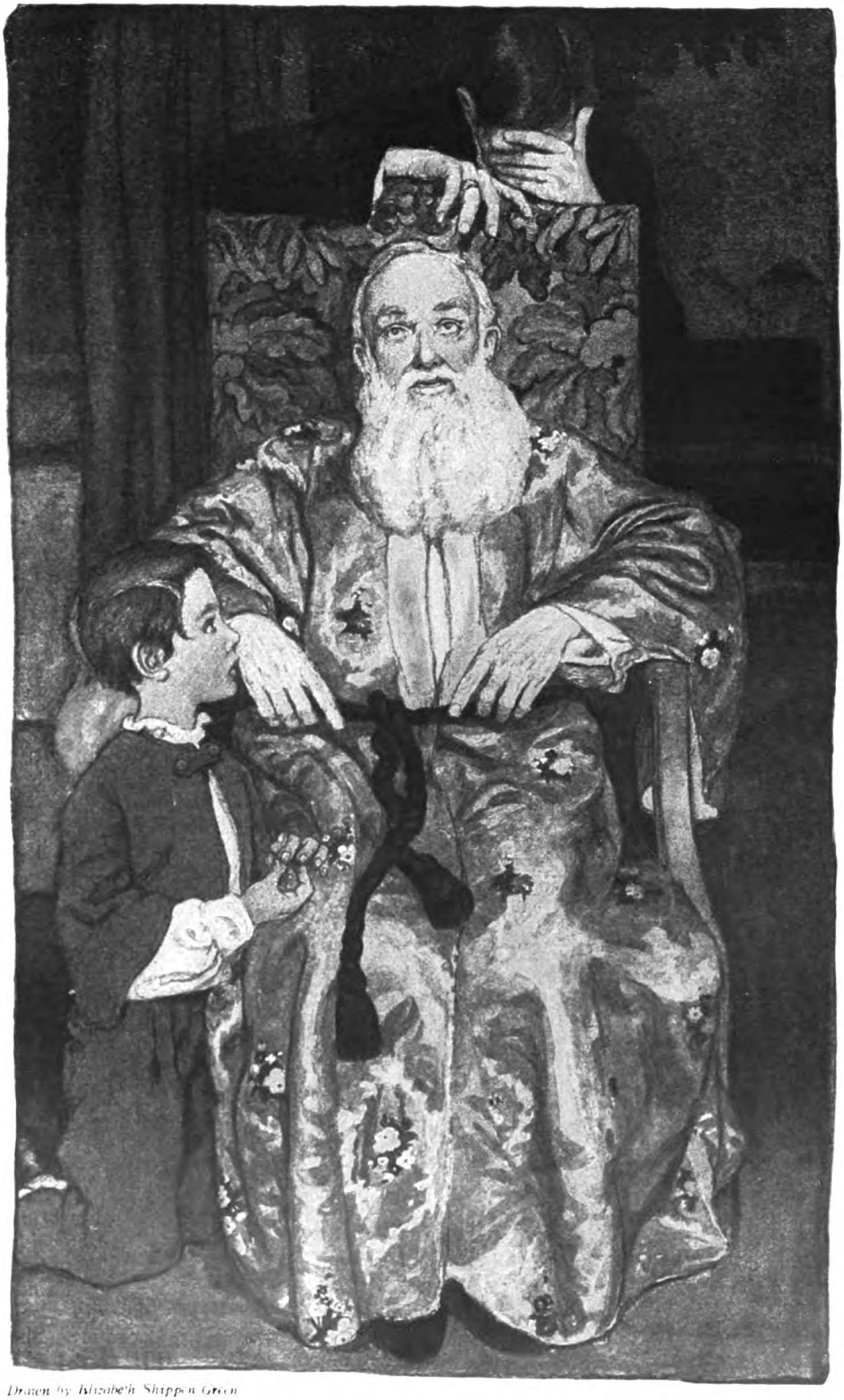
I am glad I came home. I have had an adventure, and in my own park! Moreover, it is, if I am any judge, that best of all kinds of adventures, an adventure with a future.

To think that I have tramped this wide world over, from London to Yokohama, and from the Cape to Winnipeg, and in the end have happened upon my first adventure at my own door-step! But let me tell about it.

I found a lady in the park. It was down at the western side, where the trees are mostly fir trees, and where, presently, the land falls away to the hollow cup of meadows and the Darracq estate borders mine. The lady, who was young and in a walking-skirt, stood under a tree, and she seemed to be encouraging with great enthusiasm the efforts of an Irish terrier to bury himself alive in a hole between the roots of the tree. So absorbed was she in the endeavors of this wretched animal that I stood for some time behind a neighboring tree and watched her at my leisure.

Now, in my wanderings I have, of course, seen many women, and all of them were beautiful, and some of them were lovely, and a few of them were so lovely that they made me feel wretched and alone and badly treated, and as if I were outside in the rain looking in through a window. But this lady in the walking-skirt was different. She did not make

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I CANNOT OPEN IT," SAID MY GRANDFATHER AGAIN

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me feel as if I were outside in the rain. She made me feel as if I were within in the light and warmth, and with a comfortable right to be there. If you ask me how this miracle was wrought, I cannot say, for I know little of psychology and nothing at all of ladies. I only know that it was so, that I was not afraid of her or distrustful of her, but entirely at my ease and very curious to know more.

Also, if you should ask me what she looks like, I could not say. I know that she is neither little nor, as the fashion to-day seems to run, a giantess; I know that she has dark hair and much of it, and straight black brows over gray eyes that shift and wink less than most people's eyes—very still eyes; and I know that she has a beautiful mouth. That does not describe her, of course, but I cannot find words to describe her. One would need colors—warm and sweet colors—and a breath of faint perfume—and a little strain of old music that one has loved for long. Then, perhaps. I do not know.

The lady became aware of me at last and looked up, and I could see that she was a little startled—but not afraid. She said,

"Oh!" And I took off my cap and bowed.

She said,

"Who are you, please?" in the sort of voice I had expected of her. Among singers they call it a contralto voice, and it stirs the soul.

"A harmless middle-aged young gentleman, madam," said I, "who salutes you. Why does your dog dig his own grave—and in unhallowed ground?"

"He has been crossed in love," said the lady, "and he cannot bear to live. Still, he must try it a little longer." She chirruped to the industrious terrier and turned away, down among the trees. But as she went she gave me a look over her shoulder, and her wide gray eyes laughed at me.

"You look like Charles the First," she said, with an audacity that set me fuming in sheer indignation.

"Madam," said I, when she had gone on a little farther, "I feel rather like Charles the Second."

That brought her up with a sudden halt, and, after a moment's staring under those straight low brows of hers, she came back to where I stood.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded, and the Irish terrier struck a martial attitude beside her, as who should say: "Insult this lady if you dare! Am I not here to champion her?"

"The compliment, madam," said I, flushing, I'll be bound, "was a coarse one. A very dolt's compliment. And I ask your pardon for it. I am unready with words."

The lady looked upon me fiercely for some little time, but in the end she appeared to think better of it. She laughed aloud, and the Irish terrier began to bark—albeit with an edge of warning in his tone. "I bark. Yes. But have a care! Have a care, sir!"

"But you do look like Charles the First," said the lady, when she was grave once more. "If you are not he, won't you please tell me who you are?" And I said:

"I am Henry Carew." If I had said, "I am Beelzebub, Prince of Darkness," or, "I am Judas Iscariot who betrayed Him," the effect upon this lady must have been much the same, for she fell a step backward away from me, and caught her two hands up together over her mouth, and stood staring with something that might have been amazement or horror or a blend of both. For my part, I gave her a sort of wry grin, and my pall of darkness, that her sweet beauty had stirred and gleamed through as the sun's rays gleam golden through a cloud, settled down upon me again, and I drew a little sigh.

"They have been telling you in the village, or wherever you came from," said I, "that I am mad. It may be. I dare say I am. The company of madmen is seldom desired, and so I bid you good day, madam." There may have been in my tone some little of the bitterness I felt as I turned away from her, for the lady gave a sudden hurt cry and caught my sleeve so that I could not go. She said:

"Ah no! no! please! Please do not go like that!" said she, and her eyes were so very pitiful that I fought with a sob that rose in my throat to choke me. She said, holding my sleeve still:

"No one has said that to me, and no

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one ever shall—unrebuked. They have spoken of you, yes, but in kindness. They have told me what you did for the poor of the village, the school you built for orphans, and the comfortable home for the old homeless. Ah, believe me, they have spoken kindly of you. The very worst they have said was that you lived alone and made no friends — a recluse, a hermit, one they stood somewhat in awe of and could not understand. If I seemed astonished, it was because I thought you away on your travels and because I fancied you—different. Please forgive me. We are neighbors now, and neighbors should be friends."

"Neighbors?" I asked. "How neighbors? I have none—nearer than the village."

She pointed across the hollow meadows to Tour de Guise, and suddenly I observed that smoke was coming from a chimney there. It was my turn to cry out.

"Tour de Guise?" said I. "But Tour de Guise has been deserted—doors and windows boarded up—none but caretaker and gardeners there within my memory!"

"The last Darracq," said she, "has come home to live. Will you not take my hand as a neighbor, King Charles, and welcome me home?"

"As I should welcome the sun after darkness," said I. "As I should welcome the land after a stormy sea—sleep after labor." My foolish tongue was all for the clouds—aerial flights, for a sweet madness mounted in me at the touch of her sweet hands and set my head to whirling.

"A poet!" said my neighbor, with a gentle mockery that had in it no sting. "Why, here we have a poet! And so, after all, a madman. I would call your attention, madman, to the fact that you hold my poor hand longer than brief acquaintance warrants." She laughed up into my face, and I let her hand go—"For the present," I told her.

She asked, "May a little girl sit down in your park, neighbor?" and she sat down without waiting to be answered. I sat at her feet, and the two beamed upon me, the lady, and the Irish terrier.

"And now," said I, "tell me why you have come to this forgotten valley?—you who call me out of my name, and compound a felony with your wretched dog."

"A felony?" she wondered. And I found that those straight low brows could arch themselves, after all.

"The burial of a living body is a felony," said I, "whether accomplished by suicide or by the violence of another." The lady laughed at me, and the Irish terrier growled portentously. But upon that she became grave and bent her head. Said she:

"I have crept here, neighbor, to nurse a wound. See how frank I am with you! I have come here for peace. There is no peace in the world where I have lived.

"And besides," said she, frowning at me thoughtfully, "this home of mine, which I had never seen, drew me with an odd power. I do not know why. The thought of it became a sort of obsession. It haunted me both by day and by night. So in the end I came."

"And now that you have come?" I asked her. The lady looked up at me with a little slow smile. She said:

"Tour de Guise is my home, neighbor. I have no other home. And I have no kin—save my old aunt who has come here with me. I am the last Darracq. Is it not fit that I should live where the Darracqs lived so long?"

"You will be lonely," said I. "You will miss your world." And at that an echo of the mysterious hurt she had suffered rang sharp in the lady's voice.

"I do not want the world!" she cried. "I have come here to be rid of it. It is peace I want."

"I pray you may find it here," said I. And she said, "Thank you, my friend!" Thereafter she looked up at me for a space, very thoughtfully, with bent brows. And in the end she said, "I wonder." But she did not explain what she wondered, and I would not ask.

Then for some obscure reason there fell a silence between us, while the lady gazed off across the meadows to her own hill, and I sat watching her—painting her in line and color upon my mind's walls to have with me when she should be gone. And at the end of that long silence—as I knew it would be—the lady sighed and rose to her feet. For a swift second I had her hand once more.

"I must go home," she said. "It grows late. See! The sun is behind Tour de Guise."

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I walked with her down the wooded slope and across a meadow path to the edge that marks the boundary, and there halted.

"It occurs to me," said I, "that I have never set foot upon your land. When I was a child I was never allowed to go through the hedge here, though Tour de Guise stood empty. There was, I fancy, some ancient feud between the families." Across the hedge top the lady stared at me.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you do not know how that feud began?"

"I know nothing whatever of it," said I. "Will you tell me?" And after a moment's pause she nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes. One day I will tell you. One day."

And so she went from me up the hill.

Alone here in my chamber I see her upon the dark: sweet, grave, and beautiful. My memory serves me well. I see her as if she were before me in the flesh. Her wide gray eyes look into mine, her lips part a little and quiver towards speech. I see a little lock of dark hair swayed by the wind and blown across her brown cheek, where the red lies deep and warm, an exquisite understain. I see the lift of her breathing. A faint ghost of fragrance envelops me, and I am all athrill. New springs start in me, and I am drunk with them. My brain burns.

Ah, now I am a madman indeed! I rave like any frenzied poet, and my feet are upon the stars. . . . It wrings no laughter from me when I reflect that thus has raved at some time in his life every dull lawyer's clerk, every clod-treading son of the mean soil. If every man has towered for one little hour a god, so much the more must I respect men.

But this to come to *me:* the worm who dwelt in darkness: the prisoner in his dank cell! A little moment—a single moment—a look, a flash of eyes, and the thing is done—enchantment spread and sealed. I have read of such matters in romance and laughed. But there is no laughter in me this night. My world is shaken to its inmost molten fires. I do not know it any more: it is a strange world to me: its air is sharp to breathe, and wakes an agony of pain in the breast.

But I would not go back.

Neither will I look forward, for I am suddenly become a coward. It may be that I only walk in an exquisite dream. Ah!

The Dream! The Dream!

How can I have forgotten my curse? Am I not a man condemned? Who am I that I should dare think of love?

O merciless and adamantine God! O frowning Jehovah of the Jews! O Shylock amongst gods, I had forgotten the pound of flesh! I had dared to exult like a man, who am but a condemned slave!

To-day it has rained from dawn to dusk—no good, gloom-relieving storm with lightning flash and thunder roar, but a dreary, ceaseless rain, a sullen sky and a sodden earth; a very November rain in June. Within that mythical undetermined space which the books name my soul—convenient scapegoat for hopes and guesses!—it has rained as well, and skies are sullen, the earth a bog. I am one with this piteous day.

In the morning I buried myself in my estate business, accounts, what not, across a table from that rat-faced steward who always wakes murder in me. In the afternoon I emulated the captive tiger—tramp, tramp, and prowl, beat your head against the bars till it hurts, then tramp again: so over all this huge and shadowy house where I was born and came under the curse. In the end I went to the westward upper chamber where my grandfather died; I pulled to the same window the same big armchair and sat in it, huddled, my eyes straining through the thick wet distance of the squat bulk of Tour de Guise. So I watched the house that was sheltering her, and, against shut lids, I tried to see her moving there—slender and sweet and grave, with kind eyes.

I fought with myself as through the sleepless night preceding. I fought against the enemy for my little treasure of sweetness and sunlight. *Little treasure,* say I? O splendor of undying suns! O perfect peace of lost Hesperia! O ecstasy that has no name!

Must I give it all up? Must I tell her that I am curse-ridden—show her the foredoomed thing of darkness that I am, and so have her shrink from me as from one unclean?

What harm to breathe a little while

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"THERE WAS, I FANCY, SOME ANCIENT FEUD"

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this living air? Soon enough I shall come back to my dungeon. Ay, am I not nightly enclosed therein? . . .

With the darkness the rain has ceased. A great wind is shouting up from the west and the sky breaks before it—stars glitter through, and I see a flash of moonshine. It will be fair to-morrow, and she may stir out again.

Once more have I dwelt, for an hour's space, under enchantment, breathed magic airs, drunk the cup of oblivion and golden madness. I still reel from it; it is strong wine in my veins, fumes of wine in my giddy head. Once more my lady has come to me to make me glad.

I set a trap for her. I took three oranges and bound them, hanging from cords, to a branch of the fir tree under which we had sat on our first meeting. Then I hid myself near by and waited for her to come. . . . How the heart can leap and struggle at sight of one longed for! A real and physical agony in the breast. And yet there are grovelling fools who term it a pump and deny it a share in the emotions!

She came up the slope under my fir trees, and when she saw the three oranges, began to laugh. The Irish terrier laughed too, rolling upon the ground with merriment. I came out from cover, and she pointed to my handiwork.

"But Christmas is yet many months away, good neighbor!"

"You have no imagination," said I. "I thought better things of you. These pendent fruits are golden apples, and we are in the Garden of the Hesperides. In fact, we *are* Hesperides." Her eyes went suddenly tender at that, and she put out a hand to me which seemed to crave forgiveness.

"My only regret," said I, "is that I could not complete the picture by coiling the proper dragon-guardian round the tree's foot. I have no dragon—that is, I have a cook who is a dragon, but she is a large cook, and it would be impossible to coil her round anything."

The other Hesperid seated herself at ease and considered.

"I submit," said she at last, "a poor substitute, but better than nothing. Mr. Hennessey shall be the dragon. We will coil him at the foot of the tree, and he shall sleep there with one eye open, watchful for stray Argonauts and Heracleses."

So it was done, and we disposed ourselves in the midst of our enchanted garden and were as gods.

I cannot repeat the words we said. I cannot tell what looks passed between us, what silences flowed between our isles of speech. The hour is to me a golden hour, a space enwrapped with veiling mists, a sacred something too cloudlike to be reported, too exquisite to be remembered as one remembers the commonplace talk of men. Shall one detail in rough black and white the whisperings of the gods in Hesperia?

Who am I that this miracle should have come to me—that the mortal should have put on immortality while yet the body breathes and walks the earth?

Is it perhaps compensation? Gold rendered to me wherewith to film the iron of destiny? A mad thought, but I cling to it, childlike. I hold it before me to cloak my eyes. There is a face beyond in the darkness that I dare not see. Nemesis the Avenger waits there and waits and waits, and one day we must look into each other's eyes, and there must be an accounting.

For I have not told my lady of The Dream. I dare not. To tell her were to lose her, and that I am unable, literally unable, to do. It is beyond my strength to send her from me. One day I know that it must come, but a little while first! Implacable One, a little while first! A little more golden sunshine, a little more breath of roses! I cannot give her up now!

Is it possible that a fortnight has gone by and I have not written here? My calendar, it is to be presumed, is a truthful calendar; yet where are the days that have passed—and what has passed in them? Again I say that I can tell nothing. The days were enchanted days. There is no time in Hesperia. A thousand years are as an hour of still afternoon. An hour as a thousand years. But the end has come, for, after all, we are not gods. We have only played at divinity. We have lived through this unmeasured space of time, blind, unheeding. I have had my "little while." The sun passes from the cell window and the

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Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

GISÉLE

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shadows gather again. Ah, well, I am used to shadows. I was born in them.

It came—the warning of the end—as do most great moments that determine lives of kingdoms, in a flash, as we were about to part this afternoon. A sudden little flash and the thing was done—unpremeditated, unlooked for, astonishing; and as inevitable as the night upon the day.

There had been no word of love spoken or implied between us. I will swear to that upon all I hold sacredest. We sat together, heart open to heart, soul to soul, but there had been no hint of love. Tenderness, yes, the tenderness of brother to sister, of man to child, of father to daughter, friend to friend. But of the love of man for maid there had been no word nor, I think, look. So far at least have I walked with honor. But who shall yoke the tempest, bridle the storm?

I say it came in a flash. I had risen to my feet upon her word that it was time for her to go. As often before, I held out my hands to raise her, and she took them. Then the flash. Her foot caught upon a root and she pitched forward. It was catch her or let her fall prone. So for what was doubtless a moment—or an eternity—she lay in my arms. With my strength I held her up; her heart was crushed against mine, and I was conscious of its fast beating. Though I live to the years of the Wandering Jew and taste all its bitter sorrows, I shall never fail to see the flushed sweet splendor of that face against mine, never be free of the fragrance of it, never cool from the madness of lips that clung and kissed.

How long endured that vertiginous moment I do not know, I dare not try to think. My body is rent from it, my soul writhes in agony. I know only that in the end she stood away from me, crimson and then white, her hands at her heart, her eyes upon mine. I know that I hung trembling, and I know that I let her go away down the hill without a word from me—without a sound. Then home here to face the Avenger who has waited among the shadows biding Her time, biding Her time.

To-morrow I will tell her and end it all. Behold, Shylock, the pound of flesh! I bare it to the knife!

We met to-day at the golden hour under our fir tree, but I went a little in advance, for I had something to do there. She came to me up the grassy slope, slow-footed, pale, with lowered eyes. She would not look at me, but when she had come to our guarded place she looked overhead, and she gave a little cry of pain.

"Oh, Charles the King! Charles the King!" said she, "what have you done? *Mais où sont les pommes d'antan?*"

"Gone, Giséle!" said I. "Gone with the snows. Gone with Flora la belle Romaine. Gone! The garden is no longer here. Sit down and listen to me, for I have something to say to you that I think will part us two forever. Listen to me, but, oh, my dear, never look at me, for I cannot bear it!"

She nodded her head.

"I have known," said she, "that there was some grave thing. I knew it from the very first. Yes, you shall tell me now, but first, before you speak, let me say one word. Whatever this may be—even if, as you say, it is to part us forever—I want you to know that for—what happened yesterday—I hold you blameless — blameless! It happened through no fault of yours or mine. It had to be.

"Now tell me what I must know!"

Then I took a deep breath and spoke, looking upon the ground before me.

Said I:

"I live, Giséle, under a curse. I am cursed with a terrible dream."

I heard her utter a little, half-laughing, half-scornful exclamation.

"A dream! Only a dream!" But I said:

"Wait! It is not a common dream, though in itself it is not very peculiar. It has cursed three men—my grandfather, my father, and me." I told her what I have already told here of my grandfather's death, and once when I glanced up she was looking at me strangely.

"My father," said I, "died of it. He bore it as long as he could, and then he killed himself. One day I shall do the same—or still worse will happen. The day before my father came to the end I overheard a conversation between him and our family doctor, who also is dead now. I heard only a few words, by accident, as I passed an open door. The

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old doctor was speaking, and he said: 'You are oak, Henry. Tough wood. You have borne this thing as few men could. But the boy is frailer fabric. He'll go mad with it—saving some miracle. It will drive him mad.'

"And," said I, "the old man was right. One day I shall go mad with it. Month by month, year by year, something within me grows weaker and weaker, less and less resilient under the strain. There will come a breaking-point.

"And so, Giséle, I am a man doomed. Avoid me!"

"Tell me the dream!" she said.

"Why," said I, "it is no hair-raising, no blood-curdling thing to tell: a dream commonplace enough. A single night of it might, on waking, rouse a shiver and no more. It is the iteration that maddens, that destroys: the hammer blow always, always upon the same quivering spot, night after night, year after year. There have been many more terrible dreams. It goes like this: I enter a house—a house strange to me, for save in The Dream I have never seen it, and I dare say it does not exist. It is night, and the house is very dimly lighted. I enter by a door ajar and untended; and, once within, that cold and awful chill of horror which is known only in dreams and which cannot be described falls upon me and cloaks me. I am in a vast hall, shadowy—for, as I have said, the house is dimly lighted—and untenanted. There are vague shapes of chair and cabinet and table in the half-gloom, and there is a gigantic boar's head fixed over a gigantic mantel, beneath which are ashes of a dead fire. I go through this hall to its end, and between two armored knights in effigy I mount a broad and winding stair. There is a landing where, upon the wall, hangs the life-size portrait of a lady with frightened eyes. I go on up the stair, impelled by I know not what awful force, horror chill upon me, my heart cold in my breast, my feet dragging, yet ever moving on. So I enter an upper hall, which is, I think, miles long, filled with darkness and the breath of fear.

"So in the end I come at last to a closed door, and the force which moves me puts out my hand to it, slowly, inch by inch. What is beyond that door I do not know. I am certain only that I dread it with a fear too terrible to be put into words—too terrible to feel in waking hours. I know that in some awful fashion it is the end of things, the mystery made plain, the unquenchable fire which shall devour all I am and have been. I cannot even hint to you the awfulness which I feel to be behind that closed door. Yet one day I shall open it—the force will be stronger than I—and I shall pass beyond, as I believe my grandfather passed when he died. And then, I think, this little groping-in-the-dark, which is called life, will cease to occupy me for evermore."

"You have never opened it?" cried Giséle. "You have never opened the door, then?" And I said:

"No. Horror becomes too poignant. I wake there and lie trembling."

Upon that she was silent for a long time, but, though I would not look at her, I knew her eyes were upon me. Abruptly she rose to her feet and began to walk up and down the place, her hands clasped before her and working together. I heard her speak from time to time, broken words—bits of sentences without endings.

"What to do . . . What to say now . . . and how to say it? . . . Ah, I must be gentle and wise . . . or all be lost. . . . What to say?" Her face was upturned, and I think at one time she prayed; but I sat apart, buried in cloudy gloom, knowing that the hour had struck and that all was over—the sun gone forever from the cell window.

When at last Giséle turned to me I rose to face her, and I hope that outwardly I was calm—no sign there of torn heart—rent and tortured soul. I said:

"So it ends here. I have loved you, knowing that I had no right, knowing that I was doomed. Now you know also. Be merciful and let me go without further speech. I canot bear much more." But she put my hands aside with what seemed almost like impatience. She looked upon me very earnestly, and I became aware that there was a strange excitement in her, the like of which I had not seen before. She held my shoulders with her strong little hands.

"You love me, Charles the King?" she said. And said I:

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"Better than my soul, my dear. I would wreck this world for you, to give you joy, but I will not wreck your life for my sake."

"Will you swear to me," she said, looking into my eyes, "to do a thing that I shall ask you to do within these twenty-four hours? Will you swear to do it at any cost to you—for my sake?"

"Can it be done," said I, "with honor?" And she said,

"Yes."

"Then," said I, "I will do it, cost what it may. What is it you wish me to do?"

Giséle turned away from me, covering her eyes, and I think she gave one sob, as of relief—or I know not what.

"I will tell you later," she said. "Not now. I will send you word. When my word comes to you, do what it bids, without question. Much may hang upon it, Charles the King."

I had more to say to her, a great deal more, but she went from me then. She would listen no more. Only, when she had gone a short way she turned and came back.

"In payment for what you have told me," she said, "I will tell you a thing which you do not know." Her face was white and a little drawn, but her eyes were burning with that strange excitement which I had already seen in her, and her hands could not be still. In the midst of my fog of pain and despair I wondered.

"The feud between our two houses," said she, "began in your grandfather's day—when he was young, and when my grandmother was a young wife with a year-old child, my mother. She—was not happy with her husband, and she came to love your grandfather. They were to have gone away together, the day was set—the night, rather—a time when all the household was to be absent. Your grandfather was to come for her."

"He came!" I cried. "He came?"

But Giséle shook her head.

"No," said she, very gently. "He did not come, Charles the King. At least—no, he did not come. So my grandmother kissed her little child, that was my mother, and shot herself and died. That was how the feud began, and that is why the Darracqs left Tour de Guise, to live abroad."

Then, when she had done, Giséle went away down the slope of ground and left me alone there, staring, and sick with a double horror.

So at home at length to this house of shadows—to a pretence of dinner—afterwards my own chamber, where I sit now, my head in my hands, dull eyes fixed adown the dim corridor of the future where mists hang and fear flits and dread lies in wait. And at the end—what? I cannot see the end.

A letter, brought by hand! I tear it open, and there mounts a faint ghost of familiar scent. It is from her! It is not signed, and the sheet bears but a single word:

"Come!"

Fire and earthquake and destruction, and the overturning of all established things: the world ablaze from icy pole to icy pole: the changeless stars adance and shrieking through lurid space: the old order confounded, giving place to new.

Yet over all, God's in His heaven.

Is this I who sit in my familiar chamber, familiar no longer—a strange place full of strange belongings?—I who press hot brow with trembling fingers and gaze upon paper scrawled with words a million million years ago in another world by a creeping thing I never knew?

Is it I?

Who, then, this other who sat here millions of years ago and wrote? Who, indeed? . . . Shall I add to his words so abruptly broken off? My fingers twist awkwardly round the pen. Words fall with incredible difficulty, dropped from a fiery cloud of thought that wheels majestic through great space.

The last written word of that ancient one was, "Come"—a letter in a word. There he breaks off. He seems to have gone—the arrow from the bow—the bird, rather, to the calling mate—the soldier to the trump of battle.

For clearness I set myself in his place. I go in his person through the soft night, quick-footed, with tense breath across the park, down slope to meadow, so over the hedge, and for the first time upon Darracq ground.

You will remember that I had never before been there—the slow-ascending hill was strange to me save by eyesight from

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across the cup of lowland. But I struck straight for Tour de Guise where it sat squat and dark upon the hilltop, faint yellow here and there at scattered window eyes. I came out upon the lawn before the house and paused for bearings. Where to enter? At the front door, obviously, in the lack of other instruction. A paved terrace ran along the south front, raised a little way, low-parapeted: the French windows opened upon it, and, under a frowning canopy of gray stone, the double doors. There was moonlight. I sought for a bell-handle, found it, and pulled—pulled, after a wait, again, and still again. I believe I said aloud, "This is uncommon odd!"

In the moonlight I peered closer, and something like fear pricked suddenly within me, for one leaf of the heavy iron-studded doors stood ajar—a scant couple of inches. I believe that then I stood motionless, without thought and without breath, while one might count a score. But in the end I entered Tour de Guise, and closed the door behind me.

Thereafter I moved in the ancient and prescribed limits of The Dream, without surprise, without hesitation. As ever before, fear grew chill and heavy within me, occupied me wholly—that awful horror for which there is no fit name. I had forgotten how I came there and why. I had forgotten that this was Tour de Guise. I had forgotten Giséle and her summons. The Dream was upon me, and I moved through it obedient, unquestioning. Where utter fear is there can be nothing else, neither thought nor recollection nor astonishment—only dread.

I went through the length of the great hall, dimly lit with candles, past the vague shapes of chair and cabinet and table that loomed on either side in the dark, past the fierce, gigantic boar's head that snarled silently over the mantel. Between those armored effigies holding spears in mailed hands I began with leaden feet to mount the winding stair. The portrait of the lady with frightened eyes was on the landing, her white and straining face outthrust towards me from the gloom. I think I shivered as I passed her, and that my feet went a little quicker for the knowledge that she watched me up the remaining flight.

So to that interminable upper corridor adown which my poor steps had shuddered so many, many terrible times.

I suppose it has very often been commented upon as a strange fact that in recurrent evil dreams the terror felt is never lessened by habit and repetition. It remains, after years of nightly torment, as fresh and as poignant as at the first dreaming. With me on this night every step down the upper corridor of Tour de Guise was a wrench of icy fear, just a hair's-breadth short of utter paralysis. And so it had ever been. A very little more and there must have come the scream of agony intolerable, and then—the blank. Yet I had borne it for near twenty years!

So at last the far end and the fateful door. I remember with shudders how I stood there in the half-gloom, frozen, motionless, for a long time. I remember how inch by inch the power drew my hand to the knob of the door, and I remember the wild thrill of agony when cold flesh struck upon cold metal and grasped it as a tortured hand grasps the pole of a battery and cannot let go.

Upon that there comes to me a little blank, an unmeasured space that may have been long or short. I do not know. I only know that I stood in darkness, still before the door, powerless to move, to breathe, to think. But at the end of that unmeasured space I know that there shot a miracle athwart the world, a lightning flash across the gloomy void. In my extremity, for a little instant, the curtains of The Dream were parted. I saw in the blaze of the lightning flash my errand here. I remembered that Giséle had called me. In that instant love invincible fought with chill fear. I gave a great cry—her name, I think—and tore open the door.

Beyond, a chaos of whirling light, of stunned and fainting senses, of a disordered and upheaved universe. Yet before I slipped into a merciful oblivion I knew that I was conscious of a white face that blazed into crimson splendor, of warm arms that caught me up, of a breast that pillowed my poor head upon unimagined sweet fragrance, of a golden voice that sobbed and exulted in broken, triumphant words.

"You came! Oh, Charles, my king, you came! . . . You dared it all . . . for

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"YOU CAME! OH, CHARLES, MY KING, YOU CAME!"

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my sake . . . Love conquering fear! . . . Oh, never more can it haunt you now! . . . You came to me, Charles the King!"

So after night cometh the sweet morning: after fearsome gloom the glowing sun, the life-giver. So by love's might and miracle I am come—if indeed this be not a madder, more treacherous dream than the first—out from under my pall into Hesperia, where the golden apples hang. And there will be no going back. For that I have the word of Giséle the Queen, and she is very wise, being taught by love. I do not question her word.

There remains but to make clear, as it has at last been made clear to me, that sad business of my grandfather wherewith began the curse. I end it with the briefest of words, for it is a dark matter, and I am all for sunshine now. It seems that when he went by night to that all but empty house to fetch the woman who loved him, he entered by the door ajar, and so went through hall and stair and upper corridor. And it seems (not all unnaturally, since he appears to have been in youth a nervous man and the occasion was not quieting)—it seems that, even as he entered, a strange fear smote him, an inexplicable superstitious dread, grew keener, colder, more paralyzing as he went on, until at last, as he confesses in the ill-scrawled letter he sent next day to a woman already dead, he stood before the little upper door a man in an ague fit of helpless fear. He says that he stood there in the dark, his hand on the knob, for what seemed to him centuries. But in the end a sort of desperate strength came to his knees, he turned and fled from the house.

The woman waited an hour or perhaps longer. Then you know what she did. From that time on my grandfather dreamed The Dream, and we others after him, my father and I.

What was it I overheard the old doctor man say?—"The boy is of frailer fabric. He'll go mad with it—saving some miracle."

Eh, God of sweetness and light, a miracle indeed!

Love's Coward

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I SHALL be so happy when I die,
For thou wilt come to weep above my grave;
My buried heart will greet thee, sigh for sigh,
And give thee then the troth it never gave.
From love I ever fled,
Its anguish not forgiving,
But I shall love thee, dead,
Who feared to love thee living.

I shall be so rich in quiet peace
Dreaming in that narrow house alone,
Till thou com'st—then death itself will cease,
And I shall rise into thy heart, my own!
My starving soul be fed
With ecstasy of giving,
For I shall love thee, dead,
Who dared not love thee living.

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The Home Life of the Eskimo

BY VILHJALMR STEFÁNSSON

IN his preface to *Eskimo Life,* Fridtjof Nansen says: "And if in some point I should appear unreasonable, I must plead as my excuse that it is scarcely possible to live for any time among these people without conceiving an affection for them—for that, one winter is more than enough."

With the present writer, the first of his thirteen months among the Eskimos made him their debtor in gratitude, and the succeeding months kept adding to the score. Nansen came to them after his crossing of Greenland, lived as their neighbor in his own house with several white companions; he was largely independent of them; when they were in his dwelling they were his visitors. With me the situation was different. I had also come to them overland, but with no companions, no resources. I had expected a ship with food and clothing to meet me at the mouth of the Mackenzie, but the ship never came. The Eskimos are natural sceptics, and I don't think they believed that ship of mine to have any existence outside of my imagination. But that did not matter, for I was among a people who are every one's friends, communists who looked to it that I should be as well fed and clothed as themselves; for the necessities of life belong not to him who produces them, but to him who needs them. When I tried in my fragmentary Eskimo to express thanks for their kindness they were more surprised than pleased. "Do, then, in the white man's land, some starve and shiver while others eat much and are warmly clad?" To that question I said, "No," though I knew I was lying. I was afraid the competitive system could not be explained to them satisfactorily; neither was I, being the poorest among them, very anxious to try justifying it.

The general public knows a good deal about the Eskimo, but that knowledge consists mostly of things that are not so. Sober truth about them, therefore, not only looks novel but sounds improbable. One whose aims are scientific writes with the purpose of making known facts; one who writes about a little known people for whom he feels affection is naturally anxious that the facts he relates shall, in a measure, justify that affection. He hopes that between the lines of what is intended as a plain narration not unworthy of scientific uses there may appear now and then the truth that in even savage bosoms every human heart is human. That is a fact which, if understood, contributes to one's general satisfaction in life.

In many things we are the superiors of the Eskimo, in a few we are his inferiors. The moral value of some of his superiority is small—he can make better garments against cold than our tailors and furriers; he can thrive in barren wastes where a New-Englander would starve. But of some of his superiority the moral value is great—he has developed individual equality farther than we, he is less selfish, more helpful to his fellow, kinder to his wife, gentler to his child, more reticent about the faults of his neighbor than any but the rarest and best of our race. As a guest who could not pay for my keep, as a stranger whose purpose among them no one knew, I learnt these things in a winter that, for all its darkness and cold, was one of the pleasantest of my life.

It was in the latter part of December, 1906, that, driven by scarcity of food to the westward, a few of my Eskimo friends and I presented ourselves at the house of the chief Ovayuak, the most influential man in the community east of the Mackenzie River. When our sleds approached his igloo at Tuktuyaktok we could see from afar thick smoke rising, and knew a kettle of fish was boiling against our arrival; for the hospitable

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Eskimos always keep a sharp lookout for the appearance of a sled on the snowy horizon. When within half a mile, a crowd of shouting people and barking dogs came tumbling to meet us, and at their head Ovayuak himself, the man whose warm house and good-will were to make the arctic winter pleasant for me, both then while it was passing and now that it is a memory.

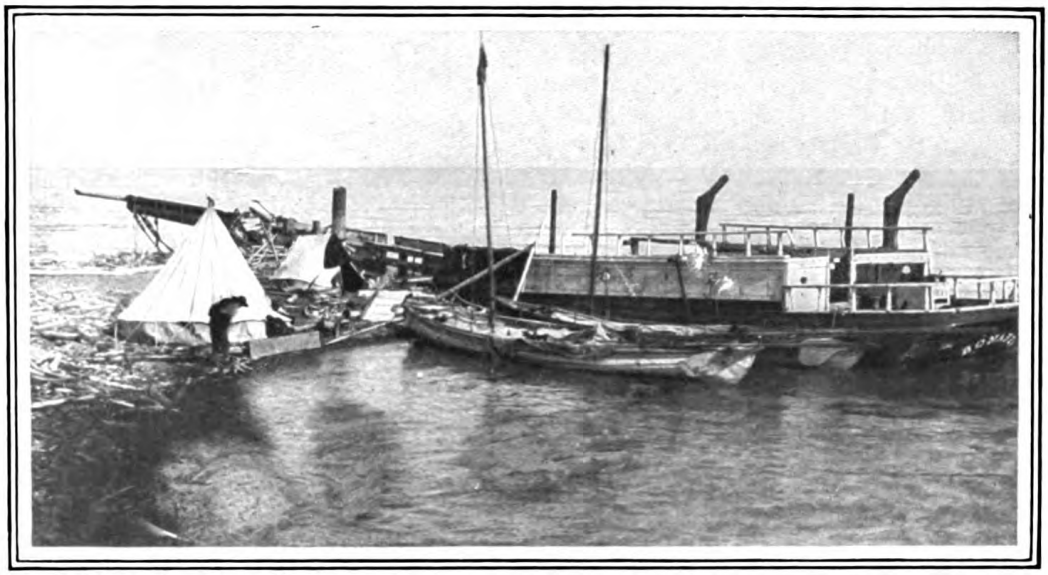
Ovayuak is a type of the best of his countrymen. With a stature of five feet ten he has those qualities of body which make him look tall even when seen with larger men—and larger men are common among his neighbors. He has level, sparkling eyes, with the barest suggestion of the Asiatic, a clean-cut Roman nose, and a bronze complexion dark for his people, who occasionally show the pink white cheeks of the Teutonic European. As he came skipping along to meet us his round, rich voice conveyed the essence of true welcome even then, when as yet I but imperfectly understood his speech.

There was no hand-shaking. The true Eskimo does not know the custom, nor has his language any special word of salutation or farewell. But in the waste isolation he is unaffectedly glad to have strangers come to his house, doubly glad at the arrival of old friends. On this particular occasion, Ovayuak's chief emotion seemed to be surprise at seeing a white man approaching when it was well known no whaling ship was near. A few words from my travelling companion Roxy, however, explained my plans and purposes, and my welcome was as warm as that of any of the party.

A half hour later, when we were all gathered in the house around huge troughs of boiled fish, Ovayuak had many questions to ask. Why had I come to this cold country from the south, where, he had been told, it was warmer and better suited to white men, whose skin easily freezes and who quickly get tired running ahead of a dog sled? He was glad I had come to his house, and I might stay as long as I wished; he would give me the best he had to eat; his women would boil fish heads for me and sew me warm clothing. But warm clothes are not so good as a warm country where any sort of garments will do. What was I, then, seeking? Did I want to buy the skins of white, silver, and black foxes, as the Hudson Bay traders far to the south are doing? If I had come several years ago he would have given me black-fox skins, for he had no great need of them, but now he hunts with a rifle, using smokeless cartridges instead of arrows, and he must also buy tea and tobacco. It would have been better if I had come when he was a boy, for then there were many deer and no rifles and people were never hungry. Even now he and his family are never hungry, for they stay by the seashore and catch fish; but some people go inland looking for valuable furs, stay there trapping till their dogs begin to die of hunger, and then come down to the coast to be fed on the fish he has been catching all summer. He is glad he can feed them when they come, but sorry that their hunger for white men's wares is so great that they soon go off again to hunt marten and starve. But I had not come with wares to trade for furs; he had been told I came to learn his language and see how the people lived. But why should I do that? Did not my people have a good language, just as good as his? Then why should I want his language? Of course I could learn how to hunt white whales and build snow-houses. But of what use is that? Was it not true, as the whaling captain said, that in San Francisco, where all the white men live, people do not know that white whale is good to eat, and have no snow for houses, nor need for any?

With occasional help from Roxy, who was used to my peculiar Eskimo, I endeavored to explain a thing that has often been explained with little better success to men farther south—that there are those who want to know merely for the sake of knowing; that I should go back to tell of what I had seen, but did not expect to apply my knowledge to house-building or food-gathering. But would I then be paid for telling these useless things, just as the missionary at Herschel Island was said to be paid for telling people how to talk to God? But I must not mind that he could not understand my motives, even though he tried; doubtless my reasons were good; besides, it was really none of his business

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A WRECKED WHALER AT KINGS POINT

why I was there. He was glad I had come and hoped I would stay long in his house. He wanted his little boy to learn to write "tea," "sugar," "powder," and other words on paper, so that he could send letters to the whaling ships lying twenty days' journey to the westward. It would be very convenient, he thought, for an Eskimo to be able to write: "I send you three fox skins; I want tea, cartridges, and matches."

With this sort of talk, and much laughing at the simplest remarks, passed my first afternoon in Ovayuak's house. Then and later the household life made varied impressions upon me, but the most enduring are those of the unvaried kindness, the uniform courtesy, of every one through all the many days spent with them.

The typical dwelling near the Mackenzie has the ground plan of a four-pointed star. Although the main part is not excavated, the entrance passage is, and the door to the house is a hole in the floor. That feature is one of the great secrets of the comfort of an Eskimo house. These northern philosophers discovered, probably much earlier than those of temperate lands, that cold air is heavier than warm and will not rise from below up into a warm room. Accordingly, the door is left open day and night. Lying on the floor beside the opening one can reach with his fingers down to zero temperature, while one's shoulder is in the comfortable warmth of the house.

The house floor is ordinarily of split logs (driftwood is everywhere abundant) and is some eight inches lower over the square middle portion of the house than it is in the star points, three of which serve as sleeping alcoves, while the fourth is partly occupied by the trap-door. In these alcoves we slept with our heads towards the centre of the house and feet towards the narrow points of the star. The covering of the house is earth over a frame of wood, the roof supported by perpendicular posts to the floor. There is one window of thin skin or seal's intestines at the peak of the roof some eight feet above the floor, but during the larger portion of the winter one depends for light far less upon it than upon the six or eight seal or whale oil lamps that are kept burning day and night. Each of these lamps, shaped like the half of a saucer, burns with a flame from four to eight inches long, and, taken together, they maintain the house at a uniform temperature of about 60°, and this with fair ventilation, for an air pipe in the roof of from four to eight inch diameter is always kept open.

Few peoples are so fond of singing as the Eskimos. Their music is ordinarily referred to, and fairly enough, as monotonous chanting, but they take more pleasure in it than we in our symphonies.

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When exceptionally happy or a trifle gloomy, their resource is equally the song and drum. Of an evening when no visitor is arrived, or when he has told all the news he remembers, we take our places, sitting cross-legged each in his own sleeping-place, and join in the song. If it be a well known one, most of the grown people and an occasional youngster take part; but frequently the song is improvised by some one who feels that way inclined, and the rest join in the chorus. Usually the topic is some past experience of the singer's; occasionally it is a lampoon on some one present. A typical example was one I heard on the occasion of the visit of Ovayuak's uncle to our house in January. The substance of the song follows; the chorus consisted of a number of meaningless phrases and of the refrain, "My uncle, he is a wise one":

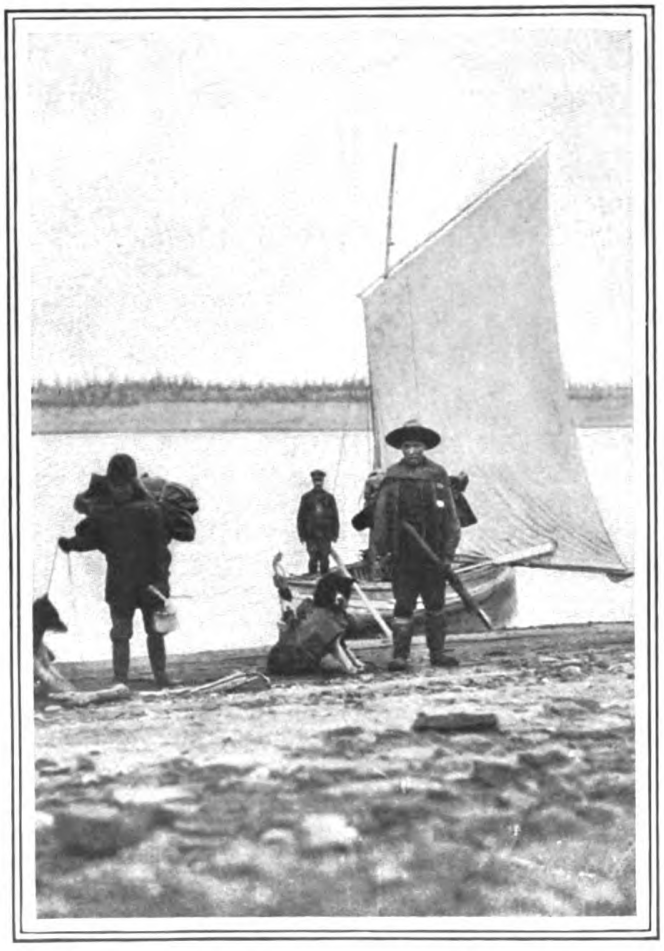
Once my uncle advised me to winter at Kingnak,
Anga-ya, anga-ya, etc.,
He is a wise one, my uncle.

I tried to catch fish, but there were no fish,
Anga-ya, anga-ya, etc.,
He is a wise one, my uncle.

I built a house, but the wood was bad,
Anga-ya, anga-ya,
He is a wise one, my uncle.

I set my traps, but no marten were caught,
Anga-ya, anga-ya,
He is a wise one, my uncle.

And so the song went on through a recital of the various hardships consequent on wintering where the uncle had advised, and ended with the statement that if any one wanted competent advice as to where to spend the winter, "Just go and ask my uncle!" All but the uncle had joined in the refrain, and when the song was over there were shouts of laughter and cries of, "Do you give your advice to everybody or only to your relatives?" "Where would you advise me to spend the winter?" etc. When the uproar died down the uncle borrowed a drum, and after beating it in silence for some time, broke into a song that was a sort of rebuttal of Ovayuak's: the wintering place had really not been so bad, but Ovayuak was then young and inexperienced and did not know how to build houses or catch fish. Such a tilt as this often furnished us amusement for a whole evening.



INDIAN CARRIERS AND PACK-DOGS

Although our midwinter days were merely twilight noons, we usually had the house astir by seven o'clock in the morning. About that time one of the women would rise on her elbow on the sleeping platform, trim afresh the lamp nearest her (for occasionally the lamps begin to burn dim towards morning), and, calling out a name, would challenge some other woman to a race in dressing

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and getting outdoors to the fish cache for an armful of fish for breakfast. Their talk would awaken those of us who were still sleeping, and by the time they returned to the house with their piled armfuls all of us were awake. The rock-frozen fish were thrown on the floor with a clatter to remind of cedar firewood being dumped in heaps on a farmer's kitchen floor. When the flinty, resonant hardness of our breakfast was thawed to a temperature where it was merely frozen, the skin of each fish was given a lengthwise slit from head to tail with a sharp knife. Then, getting hold of the edge of the skin with their teeth, the women stripped it off in a manner remotely resembling the peeling of a banana. The frozen fish were then placed in troughs and passed around to the rest of us who were still in bed. Each would rise on his elbows, take a fish and gnaw it after the manner of eating corn from the cob; the residuum of "insides" and backbone was left behind, as one might the core of an apple, and put back upon the food tray. This—frozen raw fish—was our invariable breakfast. In telling this I am telling of no hardship; in the long run fish frozen raw is more palatable than cooked in any form, just as most people would tire less readily of raw than fried oysters.

Breakfast finished, we would dress and turn to the day's occupation. Most of the men and two or three of the women ordinarily spent the day in fishing. In summer nets are used, but in winter the fish are caught with ivory hooks through holes in the ice. The variety most abundant is the *inconnu* of the Hudson Bay trader—a white fish ranging in weight from ten to forty pounds. Our best catch last winter was sixty-eight of these fish caught in about six hours with a single hook.

One day as Ovayuak and I sat on our snow blocks with backs to the wind, fishing, I asked him why he was not satisfied with the huge pile already stored away—more than our family of twenty-two could eat in two years. He then told me that he was a chief. And why, did I suppose, was he a chief? Or, now that he was chief, did I suppose he would continue being a chief if he were lazy? We had plenty fish for ourselves there at Tuktuyaktok, but who could tell if the people who had gone inland after reindeer might not return any day with empty sleds, or possibly with no sleds—carrying their children on their backs because the dogs were dead of starvation? And how about the people west of the Mackenzie at Shingle Point? True, they had caught plenty fish in summer, but they catch none in winter, and they are not sensible now as they formerly were, but will haul a big load of fish a long distance to sell to the whalers at Herschel Island for a little tea, which tastes good, but does not keep a man alive. And what of the people up the Mackenzie? They depend largely on rabbits. Some years there are plenty of these, and other years, for some reason, there are few or none. Might we not some day see many sleds coming from the southwest along the coast? And may



ESKIMO MOTHER AND CHILDREN

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not these sleds turn out to be empty because there are no rabbits in the willows? Did I suppose that if all these people came we would have too much fish? And why was he a chief, if not for the fact that people twenty days' journey away could always say when they became hungry, "We will go to Ovayuak, he will have plenty food"? He had heard that in the white man's land a man was a chief because he was rich. But that is not the way among the Eskimos. Last winter, as I knew, Kakotok, who is a fine hunter, caught two black foxes and a silver fox. Did I suppose all the fish at Tuktuyaktok could be sold for as many rifles and copper kettles as those three skins? And had I ever heard Kakotok called a chief? Did people go long distances to his house when they were hungry? If Kakotok should say to some man, "Stefánsson is my friend, lend him a dog to help pull his sled to Baillie Island," would the man do anything but laugh? But if Ovayuak should say that same thing, would not the man reply, "Your friend may take as many of my dogs as he needs; and if he does not know the road my son will go with him"? Kakotok is no chief because he does not gather things together for the purpose of giving them away. No man who wants to be called a good man stops fishing when he has just enough for his own household. Seeing Ovayuak is a chief, how can there ever be too much fish on his fish platforms?

Thus it seems that he who gives to the needy all he has is as great a figure in the life of the heathen Eskimo as he is in the sermons of the Christian white. I lived long enough with Ovayuak to see that his kindly power over all his neighbors rested on the watchful energy with which he worked to keep himself in readiness to give when others needed help. There were not many families that did not keep the same end in view, but some had sickness among them, and others the gambler's instinct led in pursuit of fox and marten. Besides, Ovayuak had the magnetic qualities that tend to inspire confidence and that make for leadership anywhere. Among the Eskimo a man is "chief" not by formal election, but through the consensus of public opinion, much as certain men of breadth and integrity have influence among us.

Although I fished many a day at the next ice hole to Ovayuak's, I learnt few of the more interesting things about him and his people on these occasions. It is not so much that a temperature of fifty below zero is very uncomfortable, for the skin suit keeps you warm, but the wind is usually blowing a bit and the snow drifting, and this makes conversation difficult. The evening was the time for discussions, stories, and songs.

By three in the afternoon the midday twilight had darkened to a glimmer in the southwest and our working day was over. If we came home a little early we usually had a meal of raw fish on coming to the house, but by four or five a kettle of boiled fish would be ready, and this was our heaviest meal of the day.

It was after dinner one evening that I asked Ovayuak why he had two wives while no other man in the country had more than one. That was, he said, because he was a prominent man, had a big household, and many visitors continually. A few years ago his first wife, Anaratziak, had said to him: "I am becoming old now; my first daughter will soon be married; there is much work in preparing food for all your guests. Why don't you get a young wife who can help me with the housework?" That was why he married Illerok, who is young and strong. "But Illerok is not so important as Anaratziak. See how Illerok cooks the fish, puts them on a platter, and brings them to Anaratziak so she may pick out for herself and her favorite son as many of the heads and tails as she likes. Illerok does what she is told, for she is the younger wife." And never did two women get along more amicably together than these two wives of Ovayuak's. When Illerok's youngest baby was about ten months old, Anaratziak brought out some especially fine tobacco she had long treasured for the purpose and taught the baby girl to chew. Though Eskimo babies are seldom weaned till they are four to five years old, they ordinarily learn to chew (and swallow the tobacco juice) between the ages of nine and twelve months. Before whites came to northern North America they seem to have received their tobacco

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RABBITS MAKE A SUBSTITUTE FOR DOLLS

as well as their Chinese pipes from Siberia across Bering Strait by prehistoric trade routes. The customs, practically universal with both sexes, of inhaling tobacco smoke and swallowing the juice of tobacco seem to be of no recent growth. No conspicuous evil results of either practice are readily apparent.

Our family seldom had an evening to themselves, for visitors were continually coming and going.

The approach of a sled was usually hailed with rejoicing, but one day the announcement brought quite the opposite result. The visitor was Direksina, from Kiglavait on Richard Island. When he was gone the next day I learnt the following facts about him:

A few years ago (I believe not more than five; one can never get definite ideas from the Eskimo if more than three years are involved) a man, whose name I neglected to make note of, was living with his wife Ekopterea and two children in a little fishing-house, for it was not yet quite time to go into winter quarters. One day, when the woman and smaller boy were a little way from shore fishing, Direksina came to the house where the man was sleeping after a hunt and shot him with a rifle; then he shot the boy who was outside playing, and came out on the ice to shoot the woman also. But the woman shouted to him that if he did not kill her she would tell everybody that he had killed her husband in self-defence. With many vows and promises the woman agreed to always tell this story. Direksina believed her and did not kill her. That evening she hitched up her dogs, drove to Ovayuak's, and told him the whole story. He took her and the boy into his house, and kept both, until last winter Ekopterea died, shortly after this visit of Direksina's.

The circumstances connected with this murder throw many a side-light on Eskimo character and views of life. Most striking perhaps (at least on first thought) was the fact that although the announcement of Direksina's visit spread gloom for the moment, yet when he actually arrived he received a welcome only a trifle less hearty than did visitors customarily. Even his victim's widow, who was the oldest and most decrepit member of the household, joked with him and told him in great detail her various sufferings from rheumatism and oncoming age. I, who as yet did not know his story, saw nothing unusual in his entertainment, and concluded for the time that I had been mistaken in thinking the announcement of his coming to have been unwelcome news.

The next day, when he was gone, I

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learnt the story. "But," I asked Ovayuak, "is it, then, not true, as the Hudson Bay trader told me, that you formerly used to kill several men each year in blood revenge and perpetual feuds? And is it not true that Taiakpanna, your next neighbor to the south, killed six men for the murder of his father?" Oh yes,



A TYPICAL YOUNG ESKIMO COUPLE

that was all true, but it happened long ago before the whalers came and the epidemics which sometimes killed ten where there were thirteen in a house. There were so many people then that there were as many able hunters in the single village of Kittegaryuit as there are men on two whaling ships; now, on the whole length of coast, five men can count the hunters on their fingers and toes. When the epidemics were gone the people began to talk and say, "We must not fight among ourselves any longer; we are too few." And then all agreed, after talking about it a whole summer, that there should be no more killing for revenge, not even though a murder were committed. Since then there has been one murder only, and Direksina will not be killed for it. When I asked why he was so well treated, even by the relatives of the murdered, the answer was characteristic: "To kill him, that might be sensible, for he is a bad man and may commit more crimes; but to treat him badly and make him miserable, what good would that do?" It may be said, in passing, that this consideration for the feelings of others is carried to a point where we consider it a grave fault; it is found among many other "uncivilized" people. Their range of "white lies" is much larger than with us; if they once find out what you want to hear, they will tell you it, whether it happens to be true or not, their motive being the same as ours when we praise the poor handiwork of a friend, or compliment a young woman on good looks that are largely imaginary.

Later I found out that Direksina was a thief also, a liar (one who told mischievous rather than considerate untruths), and (worst of all) a "man who speaks badly of others." Except under certain restricted conditions, when the fact is pointed out as necessary information, it is a worse offence to say of a man that he is a thief than it would be to be in reality a thief. If I am about to leave my rifle on the fish platform outside a house, it is good form —it is even the host's duty—to tell me, "Do not leave it there; Direksina may steal it." But if, as a matter of gossip or news, he were to say, "It is never safe to leave a rifle on the fish cache when Direksina or his partner is around," the speech would be a very reprehensible one, and any one who made it would fall greatly in public esteem.

It may perhaps be called a general rule that the more primitive a people are the more numerous and complicated are their ceremonials. In this as in many other things the Eskimos stand high, for they dispense with a few of those formalities which even we have not yet abandoned. Marriage, for instance, has with them little of rite or ritual about it.

The complete history of a first marriage came under my observation. One

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September forenoon, when ours was one of fourteen tents at Shingle Point, a boat arrived from the west bound for the Mackenzie delta. In this boat, among other passengers, was the young man Sitjak, later my travelling companion on several sled trips. In our tent at this time was a marriageable girl of fourteen, the daughter of Oblutok, Roxy's fishing partner and a man famous in distant communities for his patriarchal beard. These young people had seen each other once or twice before, but Sitjak assured me that now for the first time he thought of Pannigak as a possible wife. When the visiting boat was about to leave, Sitjak asked them to wait while he asked Pannigak's father for her hand in marriage, saying that he would like to go on eastward with them if he should be refused, but would otherwise stay at Shingle Point. Oblutok, when approached, called his wife in consultation. They agreed the match was not a brilliant one, but thought they might broach the subject to Pannigak. When asked, the girl said she had not particularly noticed Sitjak, but would go and have a look at him. In a few minutes she came back to our tent and told her parents she was not particularly struck with the young man, but would nevertheless marry him. The boat accordingly set sail without Sitjak, and from that day on he was a member of Oblutok's household.

Later in the winter this young couple furnished me with an illustration of the corresponding ease and simplicity of divorce. I had come from Tuktuyaktok on my way to Herschel Island in February. At that time food had become very scarce with Roxy and Oblutok, who were the only two men living at Shingle Point. On inquiry, we told them that at Ovayuak's house there was plenty of fish, and Oblutok at once announced his intention of going there. But this did not quite suit Sitjak, who said he was tired of fish, and would rather go up the Mackenzie, where his uncle probably had plenty of lynx meat and rabbits. He accordingly suggested that his parents-in-law should go to Tuktuyaktok, while he and Pannigak went up the river. Pannigak, however, said that his uncle's rabbits were a bit problematic, while Ovayuak's fish were a certainty; besides, she was not very fond of rabbits anyway. She would therefore go with her parents. It was forthwith agreed, with no apparent feeling on either side, that the two were no longer man and wife, since neither was willing to yield to the other. There may have been deeper reasons for this divorce than difference in taste for fish, but whenever either husband or wife



TRAVELLING WITH DOG-TEAM IN WINTER

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prefers permanent separation to doing as the other wishes, divorce takes place.

The history of this marriage was typical of that of first marriages in general among these people. With them the condition seems, in a measure, the converse of that ordinarily found among us. We frequently marry for love and stay married a long time without it; theirs are "marriages of convenience" more often than ours, but are never long endured unless a strong affection develops. It is rarely a first, sometimes a second, and more often a third marriage that proves permanent. With their absolute equality of the sexes and perfect freedom of separation, a permanent union of uncongenial persons is well-nigh inconceivable. But if a couple find each other congenial enough to remain married a year or two, divorce becomes exceedingly improbable, and is much rarer among middle-aged people than it is among us. People of the age of twenty-five and over are usually very fond of each other, and the family life, when once it becomes settled, appears to be on a higher level of affection and mutual consideration than is common among us. Whether it be better to require love as the essential of the beginning of married life, as we do, or as the requirement of its continuance, as the Eskimos do, is a question which a student of society arrived here from the planet Mars might conceivably answer otherwise than in our favor.

In an Eskimo home I have never heard an unpleasant word between a man and his wife, never seen a child punished nor an old person treated inconsiderately. Yet the household affairs are carried on in an orderly way, and the good behavior of the children is remarked by practically every traveller. These charming qualities of the Eskimo home may be due largely to their equable disposition and the general fitness of their character for the communal relations, but it seems reasonable to give a portion of the credit to their remarkable social organization, for they live under conditions for which some of our best men are striving, conditions that with our idealists are as yet merely dreams.

The communism which most of us admit would remedy the worst of our social ills, "if our nature were less selfish" or "if it could be made to work," is the foundation of their every-day life; active co-operation is conditional of possible existence in their land of uncertainties, where one village may have tons of food while another's nets are continually empty; and these conditions in turn have made him who gives all he has the first man of them all.

This communism in the necessities of life has, among other things, made it impossible for the Eskimo to even conceive of "marriage problems" and "divorce problems" after the manner in which they present themselves to us. The economic factor is removed. An Eskimo wife with a baby at her breast could, if she wished, leave a husband who mistreated her, without a single thought of "How shall I support myself and bring up my child?" As long as there are food and clothing in the community, she and her baby will be as well fed and clothed as any one there. She suffers neither materially nor in social standing; neither economic condition nor public opinion binds the wife or the husband to a union that seems to either of them to have disadvantages outweighing its advantages. If discord develops, separation follows, but between congenial people there grows an affection that continually develops towards middle life and old age.

These "uncivilized" heathen communists, more interesting to the sociologist than our parlor experimenters in co-operative living, are apparently facing strange new conditions, for the traders are coming nearer and the Church of England already has an outpost on Herschel Island to the westward. These people, who are now living with a higher average degree of material well-being than any non-white people in America, under whose benevolent protection they may be, are facing economic changes that have in the past brought misfortune on their kinsmen in the east and west; the home life that stands above ours in the uniformly pleasant picture it presents and the happiness it yields will probably not long escape the influence of the missionaries whom our spare pennies support in their work of "carrying light to the dark places of the earth."

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Three on the Steppe

BY FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

ONLY one of alien race who at late afternoon has walked out over the Russian steppe can realize the impression of its vastness and loneliness upon the mind. Swallowed up in the endless sweep of earth and sky the human entity shrinks to the merest point in space.

Sergiéi Vladimírovitch, Prince Agabiékoff, was walking with her whom courtesy named his wife. They had ridden a considerable way, and then descended. Now, far behind, the apathetic, deaf old Cossack awaited them at the intersection of two steppe roads. Quarrelling (as usual), they had come on foot even farther than they had imagined.

It was a hot August afternoon.

Green and gold and umber-tinted, spattered with multiple stains, the level expanse stretched wearily out in a boundless sea of earth, long and broad and undulating. Here bristled a mere scorched stubble; there rich waves of lush grass, induced by the proximity of the eastern sea, lay flat and levelled. Seeking to avoid the flaming radiations of the molten sun, the tortured steppe flowers burrowed close to the earth,—the *volóshki*, blue, purple, lilac, peeping with the slightest tinge through the prostrate blades of green; the yellow *drok*, with its conical apices, splashing out but faintly its wheatlike stain; the white, mushroomlike *káshka*, drooping languidly its anæmic face upon the capacious bosom of the heated earth.

It was a strangely assorted pair that walked beneath the scooped-out bowl of the steppe sky.

The Prince, tall and wiry, was treading close to the heels of middle age. A great sweep of black mustache and carefully kept beard stained the sides and lower portion of his sallow face like an extended blot of ink. It was this physical characteristic, coupled with his reputation, which had won for him in his own "government" the sobriquet of the "black" Prince. A saffron tinge percolating through his pale skin, the definite slant of his tawny eyes, and the way in which the high maxillary bones pushed their way out from beneath the close-stretched tegument of his meagre cheeks, urged cogently the conclusion that in his veins there ran a strong infusion of Tartar blood.

Hardly more than a girl in years, his companion, Olga Stepánovna, was a purely Slavic type. Beneath a soft cloud of golden hair, the large gray eyes, widely set apart, sparkled with animation and intelligence; the nose, with its typical Russian widening at the base, was shapely and proportional; white and perfect as ivory, her teeth, as she spoke, flashed in the hot pallor of the shimmering horizon's haze. At the present moment anger, revolt, defiance, gleamed in her beautiful eyes.

The Prince had reached that stage of irritation which makes an outburst practically inevitable.

"Now mind, Olga Stepánovna!" he vociferated, despotically, "I won't discuss this matter with you again! You take heed of what I say, or else—"

"What?" goaded Olga Stepánovna, as he paused, laughing the reckless laugh of mingled irony and contempt with which none better than she knew how to lash the Prince to fury.

"Or else you'll find yourself back again in 'Peter'—where I found you!" cut back the Prince, brutal always when enraged. "I'll not live with any woman who insists on turning my estates into a charitable asylum. What are you, anyway,—a disciple of that senile old idiot at Jásnaya Polyána—or what? Such a pose hardly becomes you," he added, with an unmanly sneer,—"*considering!*"

The warm rich blood streamed redly up into Olga Stepánovna's face. Her blond little head, almost lost in the lat-

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est Parisian creation that surmounted it, drooped for a moment over the golden chains crossing and recrossing her throat and breast. Then she looked up, and bestowed on the Prince an indefinable glance.

Regardless of the insult which he had inflicted, or, to be more exact, well pleased with its effect, the Prince went on with his tirade.

"Things have gone to the dogs in Russia in the last thirty years!" he cried, in his high-pitched, nervous voice; "the whole country is overrun with anarchy, revolution! And you, with your ideas and ideals, are simply helping to roll the stone along! Do you," he demanded, stopping short and looking Olga Stepánovna in the face, with a contemptuous sneer, "seriously believe that muzhiks have souls — in the scientific sense, of course!—as you asserted a few minutes ago?—Those filthy, stupid, bestial, besotted wretches!" Overcome by the intensity of his disgust, he took out a blue-bordered, perfumed handkerchief from the pocket of his *surtouk*, and, removing his *fourazhka*, wiped the perspiration from his pallid brow.

"Yes, I seriously believe that muzhiks have souls — in the scientific sense, or any other!" responded Olga Stepánovna. "As for their being all the things you say," she went on, after an almost imperceptible pause, "surely you could not expect them to be better than yourself. And what are you, despite all your advantages of birth? Stupid, filthy, bestial, besotted, unchivalrous, utterly vile!"

The Prince's pallid face, beneath the seathing indictment of this deliberate insult, flushed now in its turn, but not with shame.

"Curse your impudence, Olga Stepánovna!" he burst out, swept away at last by one of the blind, brutal rages characteristic of his temperament. "How dare you talk like that to me? I'll show you!"

He seized her violently by the arm.

Unobserved by either, a black point had stood out against the luminous haze of the horizon's line; imperceptibly augmented in size, it assumed more definite shape, became a dwarf, and then finally resolved itself into a man, slowly plodding along the green scorch of the steppe, solitary and alone. Olga Stepánovna's glance, as she turned her face, convulsed with anger and hatred, toward the Prince, fell on this plodding figure steadily lessening the distance between them,—and a lightning flash seemed to leap into her eyes at the sight.

"Let go my arm, Sergiéi Vladimírovitch!" she cried, with repressed fury. "You might as well know here and now, once and forever, that I'm *through* with all this! I'm sick of your brutality! You think because we're on the steppe that you can act the wild beast with me to your full satisfaction. Now *I'll* show *you* that even a Prince, on occasion, must abstain from woman-beating!"

The Prince, following her gaze, looked somewhat startled to the right.

"*Shtò takói!*" he growled. "There's only a barefooted peasant padding the hoof across the steppe!" He still held her rounded arm in a crushing grip.

"Only a barefooted peasant!" Olga Stepánovna repeated, with disquieting significance. "*Znáchit*, a man,—strong as an ox; in your own description, a beast, — with human feelings and instincts underneath. What would he do, do you think, if I told him who you are?—Ah!"

For the Prince had suddenly let fall her arm. He looked again at the approaching figure, with a new interest in his gaze.

"Don't talk nonsense, Olgitchka!" he said, his rage suddenly falling, an impulse of conciliation indicated in his unusual use of the diminutive.

"Sergiéi Vladimírovitch!" responded Olga Stepánovna, very simply and directly, "you are a bad man—an evil man, in every way. It is to such as you that the sufferings of Russia are due. As an officer of the Czar you've been little more than a professional butcher—of your own people! As a tyrant and oppressor you are notorious all over Little Russia. The Revolutionary Committee of the South has had you marked for execution for months!"

An expression of triumphant disdain flickered across her lips as she gazed at the Prince's startled face.

"The lot has fallen on me!" she admitted further, with her sudden reckless smile, in answer to the question in his staring eyes.

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"On you!" cried the Prince, stunned, —"on *you!* How could they—?"

"Don't say it, Sergiéi Vladimírovitch!" interrupted Olga Stepánovna, her tone hard and bitter alike. "Yes, they would take even me—if that's what you mean—to rid Russia of such as you!

"It isn't your fault," she went on, gazing at him as one would gaze at some poisonous reptile, "that I haven't had courage to kill you! I'm a fool, I suppose. But salt as it tasted, I've eaten your bread; been fed and clothed and kept in luxury by you—for a consideration—ever since I was a young girl. I couldn't do it, in spite of the way you've treated me,—in spite of all you are,—of all you represent. I made up my mind only yesterday to notify the committee, whatever the consequences might be. But now—"

She paused, and gazed strangely at the approaching man.

"What?" gasped the Prince. He was considerably shaken by the revelations that had just fallen from her lips.

"Perhaps," replied Olga Stepánovna at last, slowly, almost thoughtfully, "it may not be necessary to notify them!"

Her meaning was unmistakable. Stealthily the Prince's yellow hand crept around to the back of his *surtouk*. Then a mocking though still nervous smile twisted apart the blackness of his bearded lips as he shot a covert glance at Olga Stepánovna's pale, determined face.

In complete silence they watched the figure approach them. He was now only a few rods away. His feet and head were bare, his face was so scorched by the sun's glare as to resemble in hue his tattered red *rubáshka:* in one brawny fist he bore a stout and formidable-looking stick.

He came straight toward them. The Prince's heart, degenerated from dissipation, accelerated markedly its beat. It was nothing short of dangerous to meet muzhiks nowadays alone on the steppe. And then Olga, with her disconcerting change of moods—her sudden depths and incomprehensible exaltations! With her one never knew quite what to expect. Ever since he had discovered and introduced her to the gay officers' set at St. Petersburg, he had never, at heart, felt at ease with her. He regretted with all his heart that he had come so far.

The peasant, if such he was, stopped within a few feet of them. His apology for trousers hung in tatters around his bare, sinewy red legs. His feet, encased in a thick layer of dust and grime, were bleeding from the sharp spearlike stubble. His *rubáshka* was merely a red rag. The Prince noted, with a disagreeable sinking feeling at his heart, that there were spots upon it darker in hue than the rest—round, wide splashes. The man was a veritable giant, with swollen veins and knotted muscles, and the neck and shoulders of a bull.

But it was his face which was chiefly remarkable. Red, congested, yellow-bearded, it was wild, vicious, ferocious. Unkempt masses of towy hair, shot strangely here and there with gray, fell in tangled, sweat-soaked disorder over his brow. His eyes, small and bloodshot, bespoke the habitual vodka drunkard: narrow and deep-set, they blazed forth an unnaturally blue light from beneath the straggling profusion of blond-white hair. Under the heavy sweep of the yellow-gray mustache the cruel, sensual mouth smiled a strange, utterly reckless, terrifying smile.

"You walk far to-day, Bárin!" was all he said, leaning heavily on his long cudgel as he spoke. His voice was hoarse and rasping; the vocal chords were evidently half burned away from excessive potations of the Russian poison.

"That," said the Prince, with an attempt at assurance which he was far from feeling, "is not thy affair, brother. Go thy way, and God with thee."

But the man, unmoved, continued to smile the same reckless, terrifying smile as before.

"I saw you coming from afar, Bárin!" he replied. "I have walked twenty versts to-day, and twenty yesterday, and twenty the day before. It is lonesome business—I am glad to have company."

"Seek company with thy fellows, brother!" answered the Prince again, in a contemptuous tone which he could not control. "We with thee do not make company together!"

The smile faded from the peasant's lips. A sombre cloud crept over his face. He ceased leaning on his stave and straightened up to his full height.

"On the steppe, Bárin," he replied, "it's man and man!"

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Now Olga Stepánovna stepped forward and approached the peasant until they stood facing one another.

"When ships cross each other's way at sea," she said, slowly, in a low, even tone, "they 'speak' each other—destinations—names—"

"Olga!" cried the Prince, savagely.

"*Names* are exchanged!" continued Olga Stepánovna, firmly, without even glancing at the Prince. "So should it be on the steppe, for the steppe is the Russian sea. What is thy name, comrade?"

"Ivan!" growled the man, gazing at her with surly suspicion from beneath his lowering brows.

"Ivan-- What patronymic?"

"*Niej ímniaschi!*" (He who does not remember.)

"Very well! . . . It makes no difference. . . . This—" she turned as she spoke and pointed to the Prince.

"Olga!" exclaimed the Prince again. There was deadly menace in his tone.

"—is Prince Agabiékoff!" she continued. The man's face seemed to change like lightning as she pronounced the name; a cruel joy flamed up into the sombre eyes; "and I"—she laughed the scarlet woman's hard and bitter laugh—"am commonly known as *lútshaya padrúga!*"

For a moment all three were silent; the Prince, standing apart, half turned away, nervously twisting his luxuriant mustachios, as was his habit when excited, within the palm of either hand; the squalid, ferocious peasant and the beautiful, elegantly attired young woman outstaring one another. The former's expression had changed again; a mournful look, as of some painful recollection, seemed suddenly to have dulled the blue brilliance of his reckless eyes; the cruel mouth was contorted by a strangely intense bitterness. . . . In a moment it was gone and his face became even more terrifying than before.

"The 'black' Prince!" he croaked, in his chordless voice; "with his *lioubórnitza*. So far away from home."

He turned and gazed about him. The sun was sinking with haloed flame and molten splendor in the west. The steppe was vast and lonely.

"I've footed it a long way," he said at last, hoarsely, turning again toward Olga Stepánovna and the Prince. "Walked my feet raw! Gone hungry and thirsty so long that I'd have killed a man for a hunk of bread or a nip of vodka!"

He paused, while a fierce, disquieting smile distorted his mouth again; then he added:

"But I'd have walked my legs to stumps, friends, and starved, and rotted from thirst for the sake of meeting the noble Prince face to face, alone, on the steppe."

"What hast thou against me, fellow?" interrupted the Prince, haughtily.

"You don't remember me!" responded the man, with a savage laugh. "Well, you've had time to forget it. It was sixteen or seventeen years ago—when you were a young lieutenant in the Second Kíeffski Dragoons. I brought you one day a petition from our men protesting against bad treatment. And you struck me in the face, and had me sent to Siberia for life—for rebellion! You don't remember me, eh?" he continued, advancing with sudden menace, and thrusting his sweaty face almost into that of the Prince. "You look at me good and hard, and you'll remember me, all right!"

"Faugh, fellow, thou smellest bad!" said the Prince, disgusted, as he took his perfumed handkerchief from his pocket and held it a moment before his face. "*Rádi Bóga*, stand farther away! Yes, I remember thee—now. Thy name then was—Stépan—Stépan—"

He hesitated and paused, searching his memory for the fitting patronymic.

"Petróvitch!"

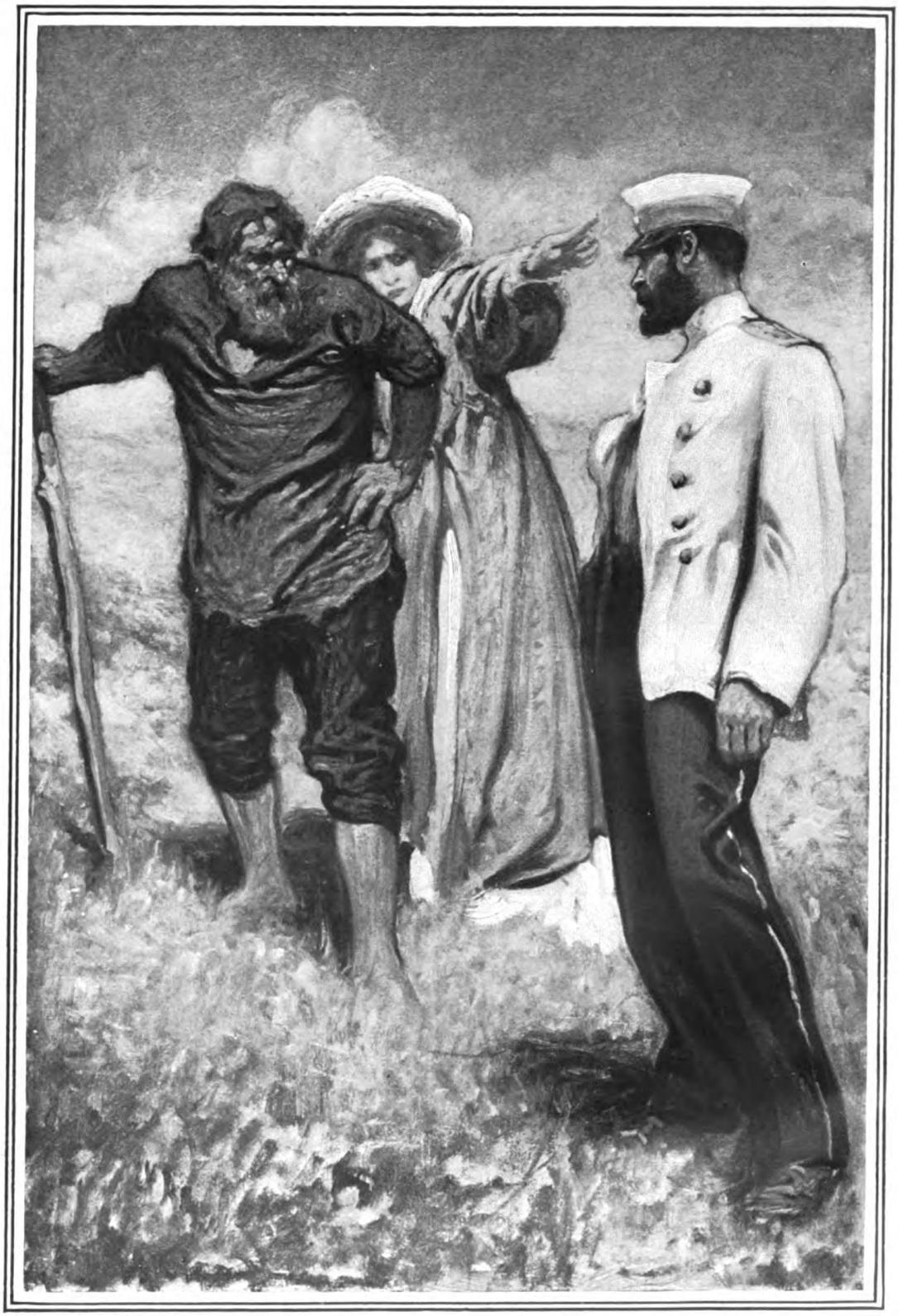
A little cry came from Olga Stepánovna's lips and passed unnoticed.

"Da, Petróvitch! Nú, Stépan Petróvitch, how didst thou get away from Siberia?" The Prince seemed utterly unconcerned as he stood there, with his hands in his pockets, face to face with his victim.

"I escaped—nailed up in a barrel!" replied Stépan Petróvitch, grimly; "after seventeen years—of hell!"

The Prince took out of his breast pocket a gold cigarette-case, embossed with his initials; selected a cigarette, put back the case; tapped one end of the cigarette against the palm of his hand, then lighted it. Blowing a stream of thin

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Drawn by S. de Ivanowski

A CRUEL JOY FLAMED INTO THE PEASANT'S EYES

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smoke into the air, he asked, almost casually,

"And why art thou returning now—in this direction?"

The peasant smiled—a terrible smile,—exposing between the whitish sweep of mustache and tangled beard his blackened, yellow teeth.

"I was looking for you!" he said.

"I suppose thou intendest to kill me!" said the Prince, the faint, somewhat nervous smile still hovering about his bearded lips.

"*Kanyéchna,*" replied Stépan Petróvitch, abstractedly. His eyes were fixed with strange intentness upon Olga Stepánovna's face; he frowned, as though he were trying to remember something which persistently eluded him. He passed his enormous grimy hand across his forehead. Then he threw himself of a sudden down on the stubbly ground, and stretched out with a sigh of appeasement his aching limbs, propping up, however, his head upon one elbow and keeping always a watchful eye upon the Prince.

"Sit down, *gaspodá!*" he commanded, like a man who feels himself thoroughly master of the situation. "We will talk. But first, for the sake of Christ, give me a cigarette!"

"If you please," rejoined the Prince, politely, offering him the gold-embossed cigarette-case.

Stépan Petróvitch, with his enormous, dirty, hairy hand, scooped out half a dozen cigarettes, then lighted one from the silver match-box which the Prince threw over to him, and which, after, using, he calmly stowed away in his own pocket.

"*Ach, Bózhe!*" he sighed, as he wantoned, with the physical satisfaction of the animal, in the pungent smoke. "*Bózhe,* I'm tired! Beastly business walking, walking, walking all day long on the steppe. Nothing but grass and sky—grass and sky. Up at sunrise and down at dusk. And the heat! It's like a great big blazing furnace over your head all day.

He spoke with evident enjoyment of his words, like a man who, for days cut off from intercourse with his fellow men, finds pleasure in conversing even with his enemies.

"Stépan Petróvitch," said the Prince, staring at him, with his slanting eyes closed until they were mere slits, "seventeen years ago thou wast as mild and harmless an animal as ever cut a throat! Thou didst want to cut mine, I remember. Thou hadst, I admit, some justification. And before that thou wouldst not have hurt a fly. Did the time thou servedst in Siberia change thee to such an extent as that?"

The man, blowing out the thin smoke from his broad nostrils, did not at once reply. Then he raised himself up and gazed away into the purple haze of the eastern horizon.

"Siberia and forced labor is hell!" he rasped. "I saw a lot there that I never suspected. I talked with many people. I learned more about life than I ever knew before. I was only a dolt of a muzhik when I was sent there—thanks to you. I believed in God and the Little Father—went down on my knees in front of churches, and took off my hat before the Czar's portrait."

He laughed sardonically as he lighted another cigarette.

"And what," asked Olga Stepánovna, with a strange appeal in the slant of her updrawn brows, "dost thou believe in now, Stépan Petróvitch?"

"Vodka—women—loot!" answered Petróvitch, laconically and succinctly. "Revenge!" he added, with a sudden ferocious glance at the Prince, who, seated but a few feet away, continued, seemingly quite unmoved, to blow the bluish spirals of smoke from his mouth.

"Dost thou believe in justice?" asked Olga Stepánovna, in a low, clear voice. With her two white, jewelled hands clasped about her knees, she gazed intently off over the sombre stretch of steppe to where it seemed to end in the darkening horizon.

"*Niét!*" growled the man.

"Supposing," she went on, earnestly, as though seeking to argue out a point of vital importance to herself,—"supposing that there is a man who all his life has been bad—born rich, brought up to fine linen, white hands, plenty to eat and drink, education, travel, pleasure—everything! And suppose all these things were got and kept by sacrificing the happiness of hundreds of other human beings—by the practice of every kind of cruelty, tyranny, oppression. Let us say

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that this man has never in his whole life done a good deed; everywhere, always, he has outraged human feelings; wronged men, women, whole families!

"And then," she went on, calmly, oblivious to the Prince's upraised eyebrows, "suppose there is a woman—a young girl of the people. Her mother is dead; her father has long been missing—like you, perhaps, Stépan Petróvitch, rotting away in Siberia, having committed no crime. Poor and unprotected, she is tempted, and falls—into this man's clutches. And this fine gentleman continually beats and insults her, taunts her with her origin and her condition. And let us suppose that these two go out riding together and that they meet an old victim of the same man—a man who has been waiting years to take revenge for having his whole life spoiled—a man who has been wronged even more than he imagines."

The Prince smiled approvingly.

"I always said you had the devil of a tongue, Olga," he remarked, with obvious admiration. "I wonder who you take it from—from your mother, or perhaps your father?"

"Yes," replied Olga Stepánovna, "perhaps—from my father!"

She rose and shook the dust from her delicate skirts. Her face was hard and cold—like marble.

"Stépan Petróvitch," she said to the peasant, "remember—all the wrong he has done you and me—and hundreds besides us. I will wait for you, a little way ahead."

After a moment's hesitation she went up to the man, leaned over, and whispered something in his ear; drew off and looked him straight in the eyes; then slowly walked away. Stépan Petróvitch, with a guttural oath, rose heavily to his feet; his terrifying countenance contracted by some inexplicable emotion, he stared after her like a man struck dumb. Then he looked slowly back at the Prince; and the Prince, in spite of himself shrank before his gaze.

Olga Stepánovna walked slowly along, her hands clasped behind her back, her head lowered upon her breast. Her mind was seething with strange, unaccustomed thoughts. At last, by an eminently fitting agency, she would be free of her Babylonian captivity. At last she would become an honest woman. She would pluck from her ears and fingers the costly jewels which sparkled there. She would tear the fine soft raiment from her back. She would dress like the peasant race from which she sprang and to which she belonged, in kerchief, and cheap fustian bodice and skirt, and, barefooted and barehanded, go out into the world to earn her bread. Ah, she was glad to leave her shame behind her! Loathing seized her as she thought of what her life had been. And the Prince, with his black sweep of beard and slanting yellow eyes and polished manners, with the beast's heart beating within his breast, loomed up before her mind like a great human spider entangling and smothering men's souls within his web. He had been cool, brave even, she thought—face to face with his certain doom. It was more than she had expected of him.

Of the other man she tried for the moment not to think.

After walking some little way, she sat down on the flat steppe, with her face turned to the western horizon, now swathed in funereal sashes of purple and black. The dew had begun to fall, and the first cool puff of the evening breeze blew fresh across her face.

Turning, she gazed back fixedly in the direction whence she had come. At the same moment, as it seemed, there broke almost instantaneously upon her senses the sharp, whiplike crack of a revolver;—a jet of scarlet flame;—a cloud of creamy smoke, which rose slowly into the upper air. Then silence.

Justice was done—the justice of the steppe. She caught herself entertaining a vague emotion of pity for the Prince. He was a bad man, but he had not gone to his death like a craven.

Her ear caught the stir of feet scraping through the stubbly blades of grass. She rose and stood with her back to the dying horizon, her eyes fixed on the gathering gloom surging up almost visibly before her. The thought of the coming interview with Stépan Petróvitch shook her now, as she realized what it meant, from head to foot. A sudden emotion welled up within her soul—a

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strange unwonted emotion of long-forgotten childish days.

A dark figure came toward her. It was—the Prince!

Speechless, she gazed at him. The polished barrel of a revolver gleamed in his hand. A moment later he shoved it into the back pocket of his *surtouk*, after wiping away the soot from the muzzle with his scented handkerchief. He met her appalled, tragic gaze with a smile of cold, almost contemptuous amusement.

"Well, Olga Stepánovna," he said, "we can go home now! The little farce was well played by all of us, I must admit. You were a fool to think that I would come out on the steppe without my revolver. I could have shot him easily at the very beginning, but you and he, sooth to say, were so amusing, each in his own way, that I thought I'd see the thing through. After you went away with the air of a Russian Nemesis (it was devilish becoming, I'll say that much for you), I asked your friend—yonder—who, judging by his look, was already murdering me by way of anticipation, what he intended to do.

"'(I don't know what you whispered to him, but it seemed to have made him wilder than before.) 'Do!' he snarled. 'I intend to cut your black heart out!'

"'And would he show no mercy?'

"'Mercy!' he growled, with that sweet, reassuring little smile of his which you observed when he came up to us,—'mercy? . . . for you?'

"With that he whipped out a big dirty knife, which had cut throats before if looks are any indication, and came at me with murder sticking out all over him. So I let him have it—straight in the heart. He never knew what struck him. So there he is, your avenging Justice, dead as the proverbial door nail!"

He took out his gold cigarette-case; opened it with a hand which, in spite of his bravado, trembled considerably, and drew out a cigarette.

"Dead?" repeated Olga Stepánovna, in a faint voice, as though not comprehending.

"Yes, dead!" affirmed the Prince, with evil triumph. "Dead as a door nail, I tell you! I leaned over to make sure. Faugh! he smelled of sweat and vodka most disgustingly! *He* is a fine specimen of your noble, great-hearted Russian people!" he went on, with a grating laugh,—"this malodorous slaughterer of innocents! And yet you say that these vile, filthy, murderous wretches have souls! Do you think *he* had one?"

But Olga Stepánovna, her face faintly illumined against the blackness of the now extinct embers of the horizon, gazed at him strangely in the gathering gloom.

"Yes, I think he had one—once," she replied at last, in an indefinable tone. "Years ago!"

"You speak as though you had known him," said the Prince, curiously, ceasing for a moment to search for his silver match-box.

"Yes," assented Olga Stepánovna, almost in a whisper, "I knew him!"

She threw herself down upon the dew-swept bristle of the lonely steppe and pressed her face hard against the cool, damp earth to stifle the storm of sobs that swept up in a strangling succession.

"*Father! Father! Father!*" she cried, in a peculiarly soft, smothered voice, repeating the unaccustomed name over and over again: "*Father! Father!*"

Around about, the steppe, stirred at last into a vast mysterious life, seemed to rock and cradle itself in the all-enveloping arms of the dusky night. The earth's exhalations rose thicker and thicker; every flower, every blade of grass, emitted an amber sweetness. Like a flat, enormously extended censer, the whole steppe seemed to smoke and send up clouds of perfumed incense into the dusky air. The evening stars broke out their shimmering spurs of light against the heaven's mantle of dark blue.

"*Pápotchka! Pápotchka!*" cried Olga Stepánovna again, in a child's voice, with a little whimpering moan.

But Stépan Petróvitch paid no heed. An unresolved question in his sightless eyes, he lay sprawled out upon his back where he had fallen. Strangely rigid, he stared up intently into the hollow curve of the illimitable skies.

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AT THE SIGN OF THE "SWAN," PANGBOURNE

The Tin Honeymoon

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IT was just such a morning ten years ago when they took the river road for Pangbourne: there was a remarkable amount of blue sky and yet no sun, a way the English weather has of accommodating itself to the color-loving American guest and its master, the more sombrely inclined Briton.

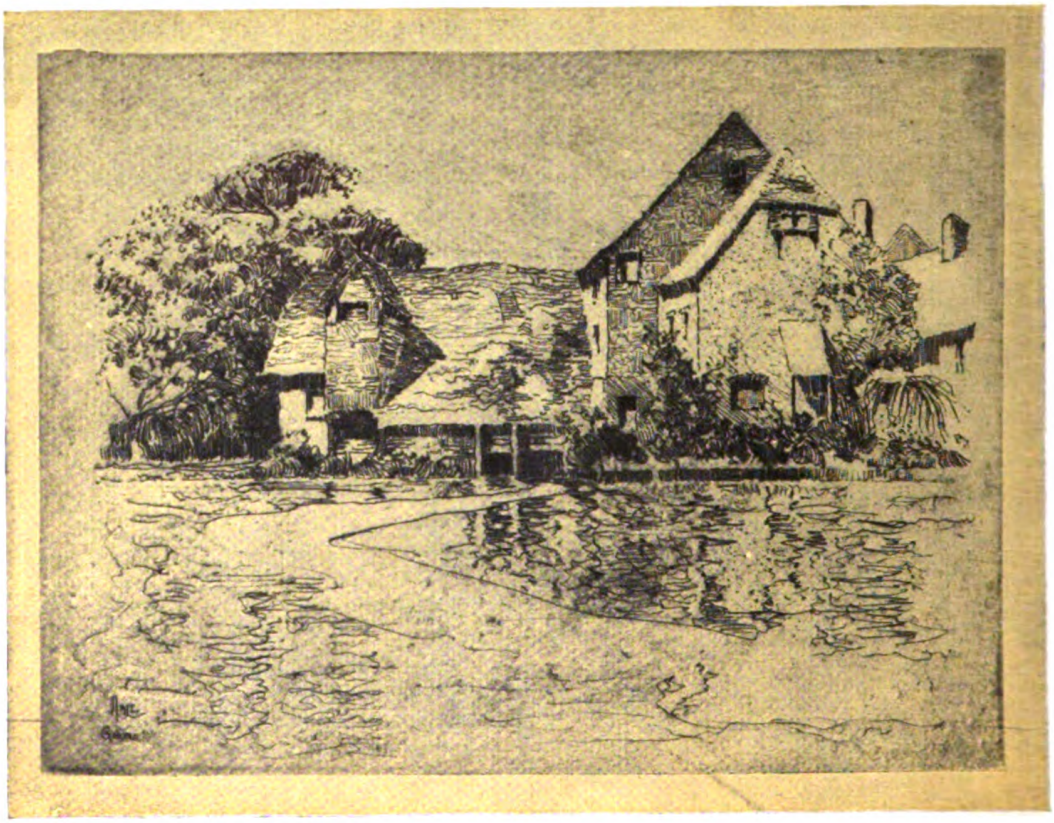
Albeit there are many such days in summer, the middle-aged couple felt in their middle-aged bones that all signs were auspicious, and that this tin-wedding trip, from the fleecy cloud arrangement of the heavens to the bounding of their middle-aged hearts, would be a repetition of their first bashful attempt at journeying together.

The couple in no ways looked upon themselves as middle-aged. Her hair was only "prematurely" gray, and what the vulgar might call "bald" was kindly admitted by his friends to be but the necessary expansion of a high forehead—to make room for higher thoughts. Once upon a time, when they were twenty-five—or thereabouts,—they admitted that thirty-five—or thereabouts—was far from an agreeable age; a decade earlier it had seemed much older, and earlier yet, thirty-five was, it goes without saying, quite synonymous for senility.

There was nothing in the attitude, at least, of this gay pair in middle life suggestive to the outsider that they had reached the stage when birthdays are not things to bruit about—no, not even with the balm of gifts ensuing. Occasionally they were heard to assert, with a touch of defiance, that a woman was as old as she looked, a man as he felt, and this trite boast evidently gave them new confidence in the possibility of being what they wished, and they would go about sternly keeping very young and very prankish.

It was at Pangbourne that the first

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THE CLEEVE MILL, NEAR STREATLEY-ON-THAMES

blow fell. The hour preceding had been one of recollections and recognitions. Heads were wagged over the rows of stiff brick houses that were filling the valley of the Thames, but, even so, one stile was discoverable where they had rested, one great chestnut that had sheltered them from rain, and one tiny garden where they could pick an armful for twopence. In excitement he dug her affectionately in the ribs, and for just an instant she remembered that in other days he had leaned over from his machine to hers and pressed her hand. But in other days they were pedalling on their way. To-day he kept his hands on the steering-wheel of a motor car.

If this difference had not occurred to the owners of the car, so gently had been their graduation from two wheels to four, the landlord of the "Swan" took in the situation at a glance. Bang! went the taproom door, there was a scurry of skirts, and a becapped maid opened up the parlor and beckoned in the lordly guests. This was a mournful proceeding; for, since it is forbidden in America, there is no greater joy to her womankind than to sip a cup o' kindness in the bar of pub or inn, unquestioned —more, unnoticed — one of the privileges of a country whose watchword is not Freedom.

There was a large manufactured perch, glass encased, in the parlor, as an intimation that there are as many good fish in the Thames as ever were made out of papier-maché; also the date of the catching of that fish, and the announcement that tackle could be rented. The middle-aged couple laughed, for once the perch had hung in the common room, and, seeing it, they had fished an idle blissful day. Not till sundown did they discover the sophistication of the fry they sought, every one of which knows well the difference between the tea-time crumbs of a rich punt's table and the hooked worm.

The becapped maid was politely in-

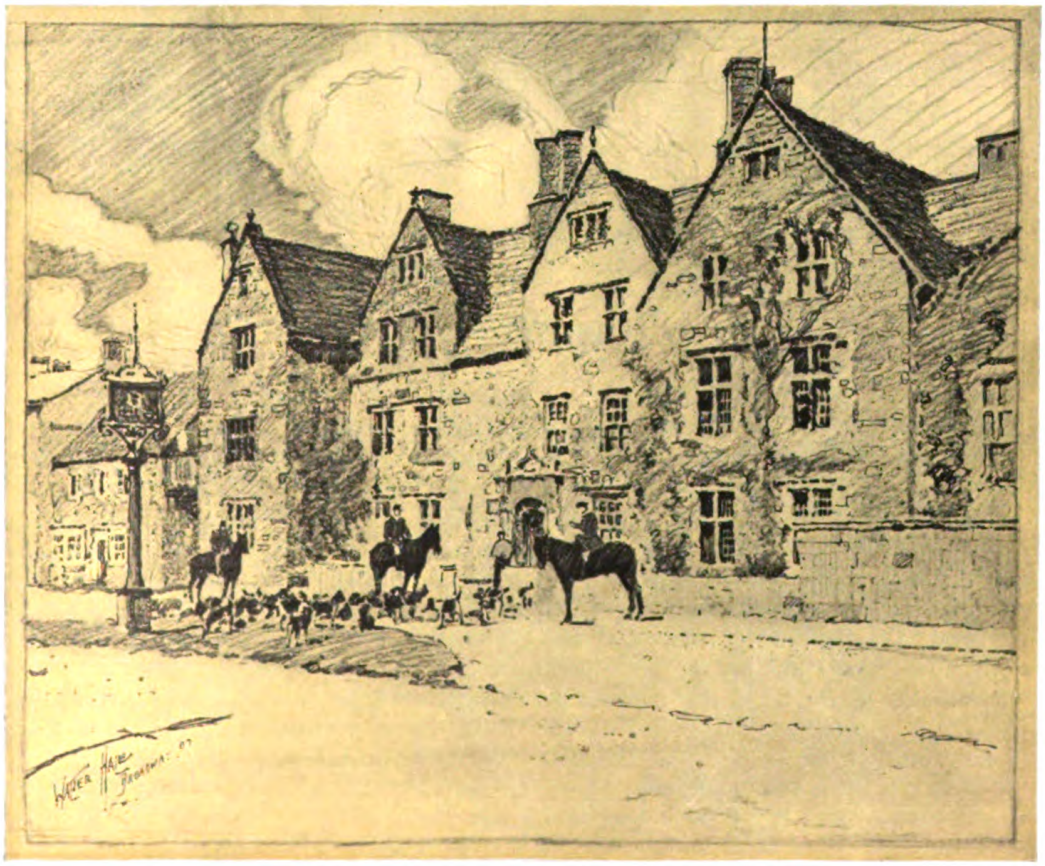
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terested when the couple told her they had been there ten years before. She was but a little girl then, she said (this, tight lipped, they refused to entertain), but she hoped the lady and the gentleman noticed the great changes. The couple across the best mahogany sighed at this, looked longingly into the cheerful taproom, and replied that they believed they were beginning to. Pleased at their powers of observation, she went on to boast of the new American porch on the Thames side; some day the master would run it all around the inn—it would be fine for tea, as so many "trippers" on bicycles came there Sundays.

Now the word "tripper" should not have frightened the tin bridegroom into diving hastily for change and driving on with his tin bride. Ten years ago these two were trippers also. Yet so inconsistent were the creatures that they would have their low estate of other days remain, as indeed an ideal should, in far perspective, even while they stretched greedily for all the joy of it.

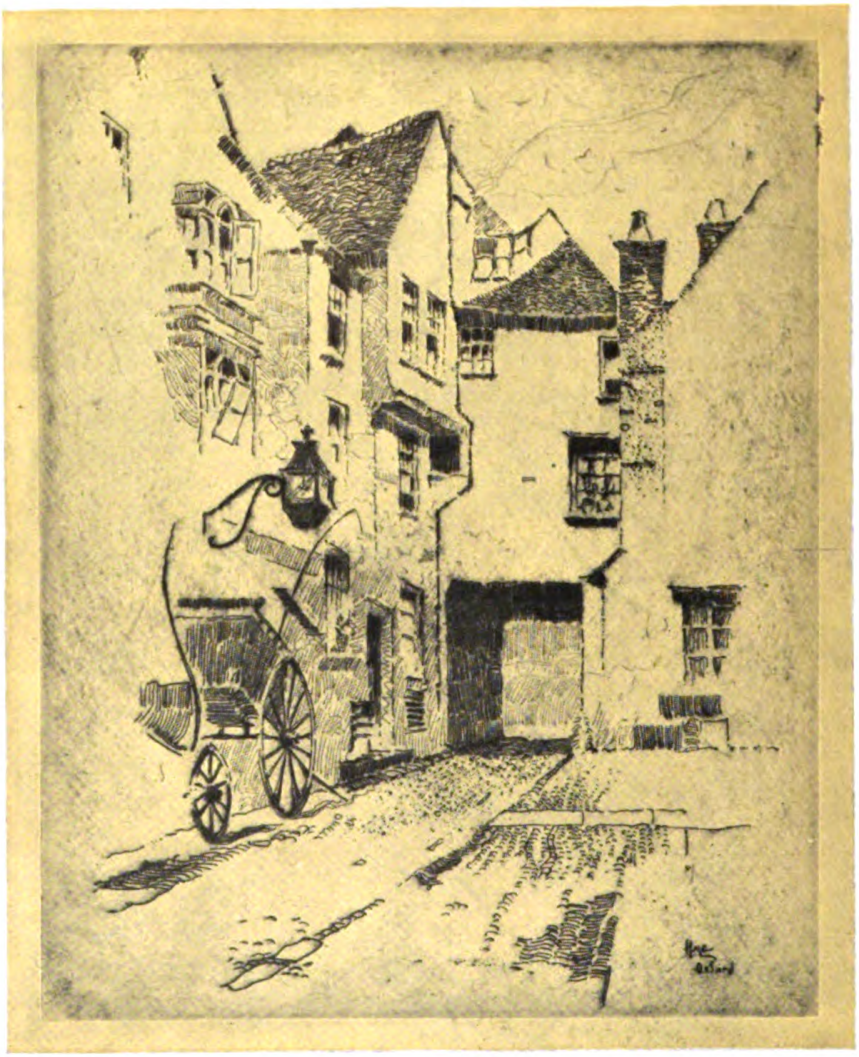
It is possible that there was more joy in the retrospect than in the actual occurrence, but the couple did not know this, and the gratifying of a ten-year-old wish is surely more satisfying than to supply hurriedly a momentary want. At Streatley, for instance, they motored straight to the inn on the river without discussion, for ten years ago they had longed to have a luncheon there, but knowing the cost of a river hotel, they could only look at it wistfully from the bridge, conjecture what the proud ones were eating, then trundle their wheels through the village until a Cyclists' Rest, quite full of trippers, came to view.

And so this day, as they sat at the best table overlooking the water, they asked that the extra covers be not removed, and while there were two visible guests, four portions were devoured; "for we are very hungry," said the



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF HOSTELRIES—THE "LYGON ARMS"

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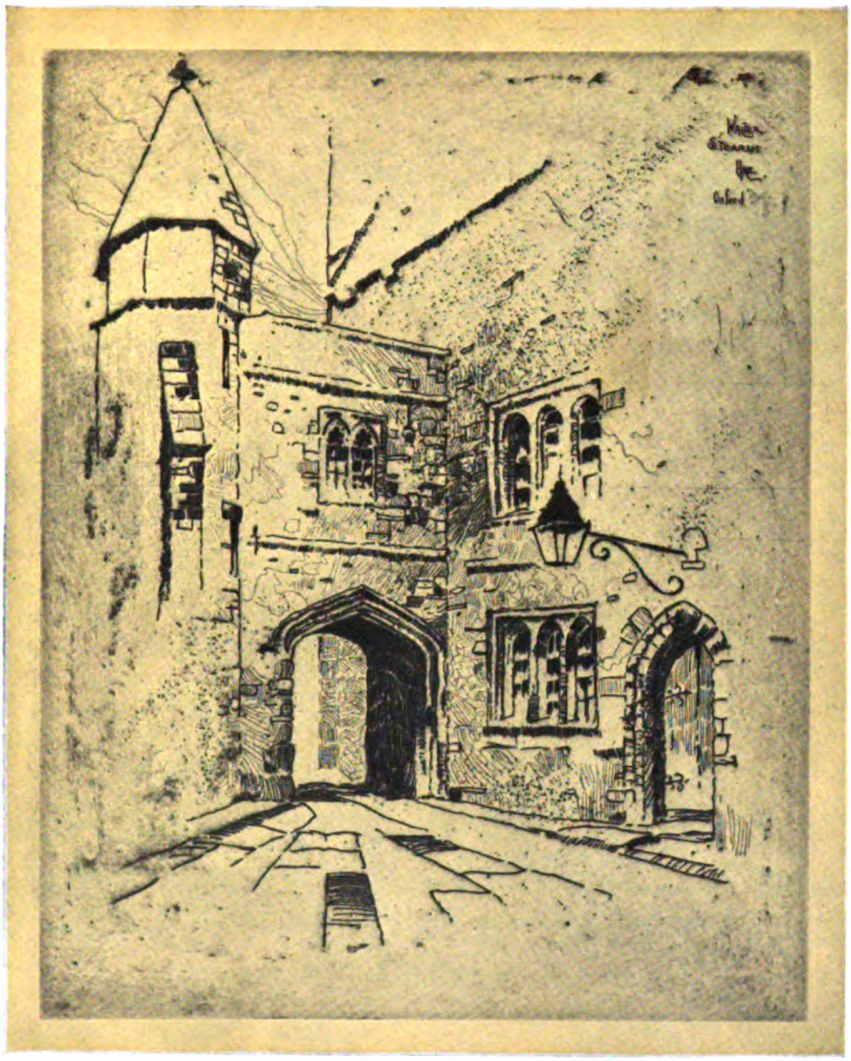
COURTYARD OF THE "GOLDEN CROSS," OXFORD

middle-aged couple to the astonished butler; "we have been waiting ten long years to eat this luncheon."

A little girl by the river's edge was feeding the swans. From the bridge they had seen just such a child once before. Of course she was not the same little girl; the maid at Pangbourne had taught them that; but she brought back the memory of the first shy jesting as to their own probable family, and whether they would or they would not call their first little girl Felicia or Dulcinea. Douglas, naturally, would be the first boy (one could see they did not intend to stint themselves on children, whatever other luxuries must be denied), and afterwards would come a Peter and a Jane to save the family honor; but not the first-born boy and girl—they were to be the children of romance. A few years passed, and the jesting ceased, for there was no humor in the Douglas and the Dulcinea who were not. Then passed a few more years, and the deep-felt loss for what had never been ceased to be a poignant grief, and they laughed again over their family, while in some subtle, unadmitted way she became to him the Dulcinea, he to her was the small boy Douglas.

On the way to Oxford they missed several landmarks, or came upon them suddenly as though the objects had run

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MERTON COLLEGE, OXFORD

down the road to welcome their return; but when the spires of Oxford shot into view a full four hours earlier than they had once before, the couple realized that this rushing age had very little time for roadside acquaintance, and that the horizon was the only bit of scenery a motor car could not devour in its mad haste.

If this tin honeymoon is ever touched upon by the two most vitally concerned, they will slur over Oxford, the reason being that beyond a cup of tea in the yard of the "Golden Cross" they never left their engine. Once upon a time they lazed in the meadow, and looked with half-closed eyes from the young green of the grass to the old gray of the buildings, and, like Hardy's Jude, the bridegroom sighed (quite secretly) that the outside of the walls only would be his. Then, immediately conscience-stricken, smiled at the bride entirely, reproving himself that he could waver for a moment in the perfect wisdom of his choice.

To-day, as she nicely discriminated between the tools in the motor chest, he felt himself all-wise. With gleaming eyes they hung over the exquisite adjustment of the tremblers, and, conquering the difficulty, drove on to Broadway—classics, culture, Cupid, crowded out of their exultant mechanical hearts.

The hills are immutable even in crowded Britain, and the sun sets in the same place beyond the vale of Evesham, as though refuting the charge that times

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THE SHAKESPEARE HOTEL, STRATFORD

are changing. This is a comforting thought to a tin bride and bridegroom, grown a little anxious. From the Cotswold Range across the valley is a view that brings a pain to one's nose if he attempts to hide his emotions, and forces the tears down one's throat in a surprising manner. But the middle-aged couple, remembering the days when they were unashamed, bathed in the flood of sentiment.

"We can't grow old," he cried to her, "so long as we can *feel* so."

"And *look* so," she responded, fluffing up her hair.

Yet half an hour afterwards that middle-aged couple, installed in the most beautiful of all hostelries, the Lygon Arms, were complaining bitterly that they perforce must feast a second time on the cold meat of an English Sunday. This was a transition too delicate for a bridegroom, real, tin, silver, or gold, ever to perceive; but the tin bride, even as she gazed reproachfully at her well-done beef, was conscious that the finger of time was laid most heavily of all upon the menu. She felt the weight of it as the two politely sniffed at boiled potatoes and pleaded for a touch of garlic in the salad dressing. With all the bright memories of that other night in Broadway so clearly in their minds, there was no recollection of the meal they ate beyond that, hot or cold, it had been quite perfect.

It would have been a tragedy otherwise; for how well did they remember the halt at the top of the long, wide street, and the careful going over of their funds to determine if they really could afford the Lygon Arms! In little piles of silver they apportioned off the dinner and the lodging and the breakfast—yes, and a little more even than the red book said; for one could never know the vagaries

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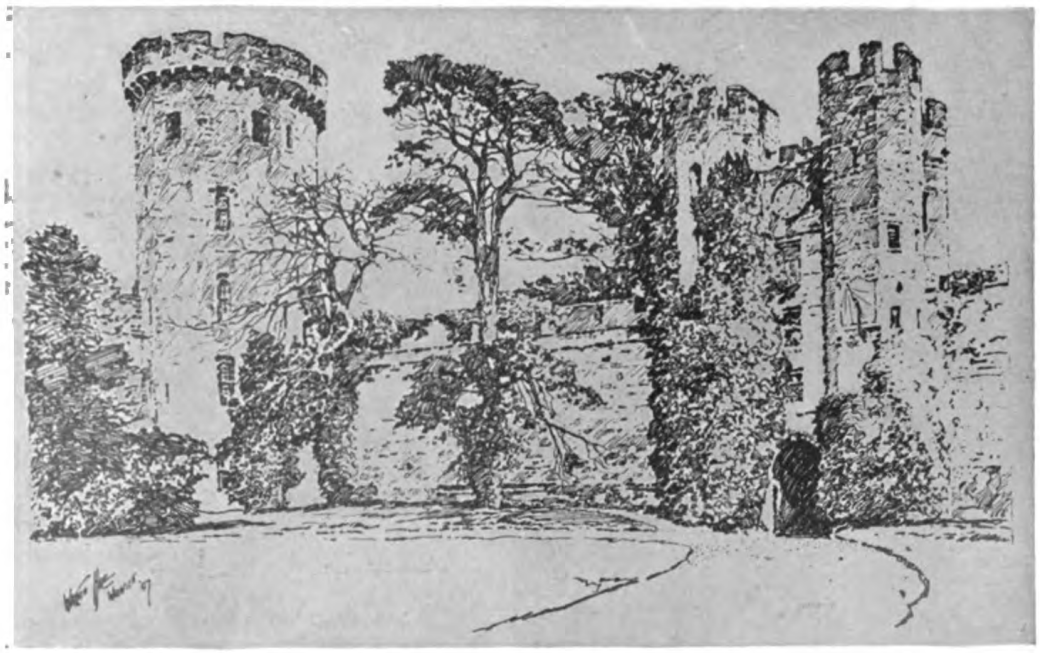
of a stylish inn. Then there was a fourth pile of small change for the tips. "If we do the thing at all, we ought to do it well," the bridegroom had commented, and the bride nodded acquiescently.

Night comes to Broadway gently. The after-dinner stroller lifts his chest and sniffs the air with a proprietary manner; for are not many of these great ones who have lived here of his own country? and admitting the appealing beauty of the scene, he is content that they have become expatriates, since his own Broadway offers so little to the artist, save a market for his wares.

Contrary to all expectations, the middle-aged couple slept that night in Stratford. Having traversed the street once in the twilight, once in the moonlight, while still twittering of the joy of it, the welcome simplicity, there came a call to arms from the open courtyard gate. It was but the reflection of a passive moon upon well-polished motor lamps, a silent cry, but the possibilities of darting through the white lanes once more before they slept laid hold upon this couple who talked of simple living. Within the hour they were in Stratford, somewhat ashamed, laughing a little craftily at that old-fashioned bridal party they had left ten years behind in Broadway.

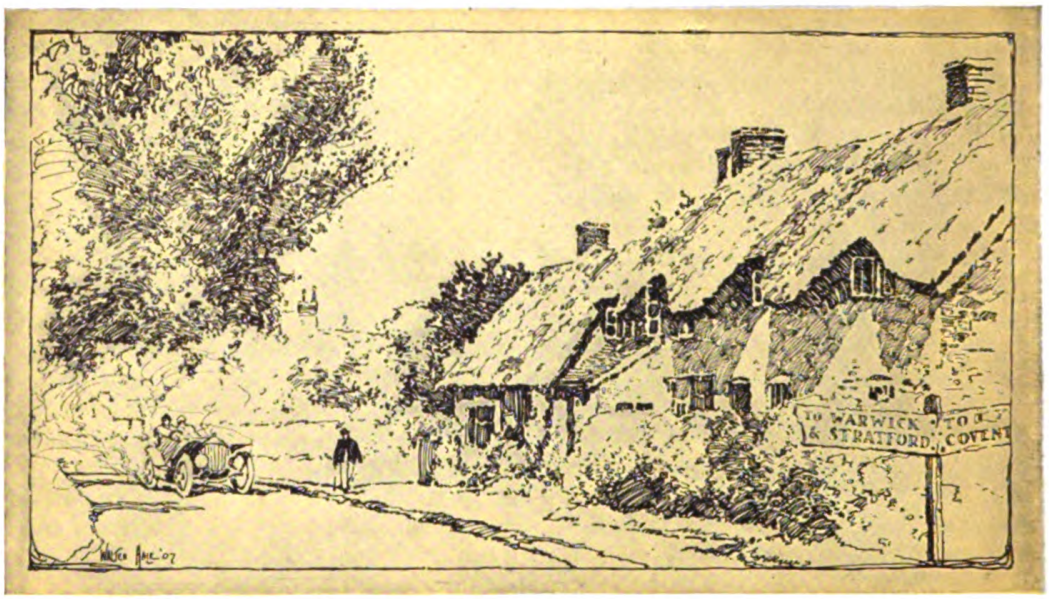
As the tin bridegroom said in Stratford, there is little profit in growing old unless one's made of china or of some such stuff. In a measure it must placate one to increase in value with one's years. This was as he paid dearly for sleeping in a sixteenth-century bedchamber, where the floor waved like a ship at sea, and the uncurtained, leaden-paned windows admitted twentieth-century sunlight at 4 A.M. We of this generation indulge in these absurdities to feel we are nearer Shakespeare; but beyond a night of some discomfort—the beds of the poet's time were not of roses—we still find a something more than ages in the gap between the bard and us.

Nor did the revisiting of the church, the birthplace, and the cottage of Ann Hathaway lessen the void for the middle-aged couple. They were impatient of the ever-knitting girl, who bade them "look up the fireplace, look out the window, look in the chest." Once before they had looked obediently with the rest; now they fled to the garden, and, comparing fearful notes, discovered that they were nearer Shakespeare, nearer Ann, when they brought to memory the yielding virtues of the two happy lovers. This was an evil state of mind. Ten years before it had been their deep regret that



THE TOWERS OF WARWICK CASTLE

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ROWS OF THATCH-ROOFED COTTAGES

the perfect poet could not be embodied in a perfect man. Now they breathed more freely as they basked in the thought of a fellow creature's peccadilloes.

In a fit of penitence they dogged the footsteps of the guide at Warwick Castle —a sop to the first bride and bridegroom who had found the fee too large for an hour's wandering. Decorously they traversed eight of the show rooms, an integral part of the mute body of sight-seers, who, although of many climes, become an unvarying unit without detached thought when the curator starts them on their rounds. At the ninth door the tin bride and bridegroom were heard to groan, "If we were but poor again," and so startled was the custodian by this departure from the unit that an exit was devised, and the unfortunate incident closed with the shutting of the door of Warwick Castle upon the rebellious pair.

Two hours later, the strength of their convictions reinforced by food and drink at the "Warwick Arms," as they sat among the ruins of Kenilworth the couple admitted stormily that they were individualists—each for the other if could be—but firstly each one for himself.

The far view was beautiful to them for the stretching of their souls; men and women interesting for the purpose of contrast with themselves; the old red walls of Kenilworth, crying of Elizabeth and Leicester, meant less to them as a historical ruin than its present beauty of line and color and sullen power.

The man having confessed his sins aloud, was ready to condone them. The woman sighed for penance. This sinning and confession should not be so pleasant.

"Once we accepted these things for themselves alone," she said, sadly.

"And now we are not content unless we shape them to our own lives," he completed.

"Is it because we are growing old?" inquired the tin bride, still perplexed.

"It certainly is not," replied the tin bridegroom, stoutly. "It is simply this: once we viewed the world from the outside—longingly, you will bear in mind, though half afraid; now we've climbed into the hollow of it and are looking out."

"I think I'm still afraid—of going on," said the tin bride, after a long pause; "couldn't we go back?"

But this time the tin bridegroom did not grasp her meaning.

"Go back?" he echoed. "Why? The road is good. Let us go on."

So the middle-aged couple motored on to Coventry, for that was the end of the tin honeymoon.

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The Testing of Diana Mallory

A NOVEL

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

CHAPTER XXIII

"HOW is she?"

Mrs. Colwood shook her head sadly.

"Not well—and not happy."

The questioner was Hugh Roughsedge. The young soldier had walked up to Beechcote immediately after luncheon, finding it impossible to restrain his impatience longer. Diana had not expected him so soon, and had slipped out for her daily half hour with Betty Dyson, who had had a slight stroke, and was failing fast. So that Mrs. Colwood was at Roughsedge's discretion. But he was not taking all the advantage of it that he might have done. The questions with which his mind was evidently teeming came out but slowly.

Little Mrs. Colwood surveyed him from time to time with sympathy and pleasure. Her round childlike eyes, under their long lashes, told her everything that as a woman she wanted to know. What an improvement in looks and manner,—what indefinable gains in significance, and self-possession! Danger, command, responsibility, those great tutors of men, had come in upon the solid yet malleable stuff of which the character was made, moulding and polishing, striking away defects, disengaging and accenting qualities. Who could ever have foreseen that Hugh might some day be described as "a man of the world"? Yet if that vague phrase were to be taken in its best sense, as describing a personality both tempered and refined by the play of the world's forces upon it, it might certainly be now used of the man before her.

He was handsomer than ever; bronzed by Nigerian sun, all the superfluous flesh marched off him, every muscle in his frame taut and vigorous. And at the same time a new self-confidence—apparently quite unconscious, and the inevitable result of a strong and testing experience—was enabling him to bring his powers to bear and into play, as he had never yet done.

She recalled with some confusion that she—and Diana?—had tacitly thought of him as good, but stupid. On the contrary, was she perhaps in the presence of some one destined to do great things for his country? to lay hold—without intending it, as it were, and by the left hand—on high distinction? Were women, on the whole, bad judges of young men? She recalled a saying of Doctor Roughsedge, that "mothers never know how clever their sons are." Perhaps the blindness extends to other eyes than mothers?

Meanwhile she got from him all the news she could. He had been, it seemed, concerned in the vast operation of bringing a new African empire into being. She listened, dazzled, while in the very simplest, baldest phrases he described the curbing of slave-raiders, the winning of populations, the grappling with the desert, the opening out of river highways; whereof in his seven months he had been the fascinated beholder. As to his own exploits, he was ingeniously silent; but she knew them already. A military expedition against two revolted and slave-raiding emirs, holding strong positions on the great river; a few officers borrowed from home to stiffen a local militia; hot fighting against great odds; half a million of men released from a reign of hell; tyranny broken, and the British *pax* extended over regions a third as large as India,—smiling prosperity within its pale, bestial devastation and cruelty without:—these things she knew, or had been able to imagine from the newspapers. According to him, it had been all the doing of other men. She knew better; but soon found it of no use to interrupt him.

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Meanwhile she dared not ask him why he had come home. The campaign indeed was over; but he had been offered, it appeared, an administrative appointment—

"And you mean to go back?"

"Perhaps." He colored, and looked restlessly out of window.

Mrs. Colwood understood the look, and felt it was indeed hard upon him that he must put up with her so long. In reality, he too was conscious of new pleasure in an old acquaintance. He had forgotten what a dear little thing she was; how prettily round-faced, yet delicate—ethereal—in all her proportions; with the kindest eyes. She too had grown,—by the mere contact with Diana's fate. Within her tiny frame, the soul of her had risen to maternal heights, embracing and sustaining Diana.

He would have given the world to question her. But after her first answer to his first inquiry, he had fallen tongue-tied on the subject of Diana, and Nigeria had absorbed conversation. She, on her side, wished him to know many things, but did not see how to begin upon them.

At last she attempted it.

"You have heard of our election? And what happened?"

He nodded. His mother had kept him informed. He understood Markham had been badly hurt. Was it really so desperate?

In a cautious voice, watching the window, Muriel told what she knew. The recital was pitiful; but Hugh Roughsedge sat impassive, making no comments. She felt that, in this quarter, the young man was adamant.

"I suppose"—he turned his face from her—"Miss Mallory does not now go to Tallyn."

"No."— She hesitated, looking at her companion, a score of feelings mingling in her mind. Then she broke out—"But she would like to!"

His startled look met hers; she was dismayed at what she had done. Yet, how not to give him warning?—this loyal young fellow, feeding himself on futile hopes!

"You mean—she still thinks—of Markham?"

"Of nothing else," she said, impetuously—"of nothing else!"

He frowned and winced. She resumed.

"It is like her—so like her!—isn't it?"

Her soft pitiful eyes, into which the tears had sprung, pressed the question on him.

"I thought there was a cousin—Miss Drake?" he said, roughly.

Mrs. Colwood hesitated.

"It is said that all that is broken off."

He was silent. But his watch was on the garden. And suddenly, on the long grass path, Diana appeared, side by side with the Vicar. Roughsedge sprang up. Muriel was arrested by Diana's face, and by something rigid in the carriage of the head. What had the Vicar been saying to her? she asked herself angrily. Never was there anything less discreet than the Vicar's handling of human nature!—female human nature, in particular.

Hugh Roughsedge opened the glass door, and went to meet them. Diana at sight of him gave a bewildered look, as though she scarcely knew him,—then a perfunctory hand.

"Captain Roughsedge!—They didn't tell me—"

"I want to speak to you," said the Vicar, peremptorily, to Mrs. Colwood; and he carried her off round the corner of the house.

Diana gazed after them; and Roughsedge thought he saw her totter.

"You look so ill!" he said, stooping over her. "Come and sit down."

His boyish nervousness and timidity left him. The strong man emerged and took command. He guided her to a garden seat, under a drooping lime. She sank upon the seat, quite unable to stand; beckoning him to stay by her. So he stood near, reluctantly waiting; his heart contracting at the sight of her.

At last she recovered herself, and sat up.

"It was some bad news," she said, looking at him piteously, and holding out her hand again. "It is too bad of me to greet you like this."

He took her hand,—and his own self-control broke down. He raised it to his lips, with a stifled cry.

"Don't—don't!—" said Diana helplessly. "Indeed—there is nothing the matter—I am only foolish. It is so—so good of you to care." She drew her hand from his, raised it to her brow, and draw-

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ing a long breath, pushed back the hair from her face. She was like a person struggling against some torturing restraint; not knowing where to turn for help.

But at the word "care" he pulled himself together. He sat down beside her, and plunged straight into his declaration. He went at it with the same resolute simplicity that he was accustomed to throw into his military duty, nor could she stop him in the least. His unalterable affection; his changed and improved prospects; a staff appointment at home if she accepted him; the Nigerian post, if she refused him:—these things he put before her, in the natural manly speech of a young Englishman, sorely in love, yet quite incapable of "high flights." It was very evident that he had pondered what he was to say through the days and nights of his exile; that he was doing precisely what he had always planned to do, and with his whole heart in the business. She tried once or twice to interrupt him, but he did not mean to be interrupted; and she was forced to hear it out.

At the end she gave a little gasp.

"Oh, Hugh!"—His name, given him for the first time, fell so forlornly,—it was such a breathing out of trouble and pity and despair, that his heart took another and a final plunge downwards. He had known all through that there was no hope for him; this tone, this aspect settled it. But she stretched out her hands to him, tenderly — appealing. "Hugh—I shall have to tell you—but I am ashamed."

He looked at her in silence a moment,—then asked her why. The tears rose brimming in her eyes—her hands still in his.

"Hugh — I — I — have always loved Oliver Markham—and I—cannot think of any one else. You know what has happened?"

He saw the sob swelling in her white throat.

"Yes!" he said passionately. "It is horrible. But you cannot go to him—you cannot marry him. He was a coward, when he should have stood by you. He cannot claim you now."

She withdrew her hands.

"No!" — The passion in her voice matched his own. "But I would give the world, if he could—and would!"

There was a pause. Steadily the woman gained upon her own weakness and beat it down. She resumed.

"I must tell you—because—it is the only way—for us two—to be real friends again—and I want a friend so much. The news of Oliver is—is terrible. The Vicar had just seen Mr. Lankester—who is staying there. He is nearly blind—and the pain!" Her hand clenched—she threw her head back—"Oh! I can't speak of it. And it may go on for years. The doctors seem to be all at sea. They say he *ought* to recover,—but they doubt whether he will. He has lost all heart,—and hope,—he can't help himself. He lies there like a log all day—despairing. And, please—what am *I* doing here?" She turned upon him impetuously, her cheeks flaming. — "They want help—there is no one. Mrs. Fotheringham hardly ever comes. They think Lady Lucy is in a critical state of health too. She won't admit it—she does everything as usual. But she is very frail and ill; and it depresses Oliver. And I am here! —useless—and helpless. Oh, why can't I go?—why can't I go?" She laid her face upon her arms, on the bench, hiding it from him; but he saw the convulsion of her whole frame.

Beside a passion so absolute, and so piteous, he felt his own claim shrink into nothingness. Impossible even to give it voice again. He straightened himself in silence; with an effort of the whole man, the lover put on the friend.

"But you can go," he said, a little hoarsely,—"if you feel like that."

She raised herself suddenly.

"How do I know that he wants me? —how do I know that he would even see me?"

Once more her cheeks were crimson. She had shown him her love unveiled; now he was to see her doubt—the shame that tormented her. He felt that it was to heal him she had spoken; and he could do nothing to repay her. He could neither chide her for a quixotic self-sacrifice, which might never be admitted or allowed, nor protest, on Markham's behalf, against it, for he knew in truth nothing of the man; least of all could he plead for himself. He could only sit,

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staring like a fool, tongue-tied; till Diana, mastering, for his sake, the emotion to which, partly also for his sake, she had given rein, gradually led the conversation back to safer and cooler ground. All the little involuntary arts came in, by which a woman regains command of herself, and thereby of her companion. Her hat tired her head; she removed it, and the beautiful hair underneath, falling into confusion, must be put in its place by skilled instinctive fingers, every movement answering to a similar self-restraining effort in the mind within. She dried her tears; she drew closer the black scarf round the shoulders of her white dress; she straightened the violets at her belt,—Muriel's midday gift:—till he beheld her, white and suffering indeed, but lovely, and composed,—queen of herself.

She made him talk of his adventures, and he obeyed her, partly to help her in the struggle he perceived, partly because in the position—beneath and beyond all hope—to which she had reduced him, it was the only way by which he could save anything out of the wreck. And she bravely responded. She could and did lend him enough of her mind to make it worth his while. A friend should not come home to her from perils of land and sea, and find her ungrateful,—a niggard of sympathy and praise.

So that when Dr. and Mrs. Roughsedge appeared, and Muriel returned with them, Mrs. Roughsedge, all on edge with anxiety, could make very little of what had —what must have—occurred. Diana, carved in white wax, but for the sensitive involuntary movements of lip and eyebrow, was listening to a description of an English embassy sent through the length and breadth of the most recently conquered province of Nigeria. The embassy took the news of peace and Imperial rule to a country devastated the year before by the most hideous of slave-raids. The road it marched by was strewn with the skeletons of slaves; had been so strewn probably for thousands of years. "One night, my horse trod unawares on two skeletons—women—locked in each other's arms," said Hugh; "scores of others round them. In the evening, we camped at a village where every able-bodied male had been killed the year before—"

"Shot?" asked the Doctor.

"Oh dear, no! That would have been to waste ammunition. A limb was hacked off, and they bled to death."

His mother was looking at the speaker with all her eyes; but she did not hear a word he said. Was he pale, or not?

Diana shuddered.

"And that is *stopped*—for ever?" Her eyes were on the speaker.

"As long as our flag flies there," said the soldier, simply.

Her look kindled. For a moment she was the shadow, the beautiful shadow of her old Imperialist self, the proud disinterested lover of her country.

The Doctor shook his head.

"Don't forget the gin—and the gin-traders on the other side, Master Hugh."

"They don't show their noses in the new provinces," said the young man quietly; "we shall straighten that out too, in the long run,—you'll see."

But Diana had ceased to listen. Mrs. Roughsedge, turning towards her, and with increasing foreboding, saw, as it were, the cloud of an inward agony, suddenly recalled, creep upon the fleeting brightness of her look, as the evening shade mounts upon and captures a sunlit hillside. The mother, in spite of her native optimism, had never cherished any real hope of her son's success. But neither had she expected, on the other side, a certainty so immediate, and so unqualified. She saw before her no settled or resigned grief. The Tallyn tragedy had transformed what had been almost a recovered serenity, a restored and patient equilibrium, into something violent, tumultuous, unstable,—prophesying action. But what—poor child!—could the action be?

"Poor Hugh!" said Mrs. Roughsedge to her husband on their return, as she stood beside him, in his study. Her voice was low, for Hugh had only just gone up-stairs, and the little house was thinly built.

The Doctor rubbed his nose thoughtfully,—and then looked round him for a cigarette.

"Yes," he said slowly; "but he enjoyed his walk home."

"Henry!"

Hugh had walked back to the village

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

HE FELT HIS OWN CLAIM SHRINK TO NOTHINGNESS

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with Mrs. Colwood, who had an errand there, and it was true that he had talked much to her out of ear-shot of his parents, and had taken a warm farewell of her at the end.

"Why am I to be 'Henry'-ed?" inquired the Doctor, beginning on his cigarette.

"Because you must know," said his wife in an energetic whisper, "that Hugh had almost certainly proposed to Miss Mallory before we arrived, and she had refused him!"

The Doctor meditated.

"I still say that Hugh enjoyed his walk," he repeated;—"I trust he will have others of the same kind—with the same person."

"Henry—you are really incorrigible!" cried his wife. "How you can make jokes—on such a thing—with that girl's face before you!"—

"Not at all," said the Doctor, protesting,—"I am not making jokes, Patricia. But what you women never will understand, is, that it was not a woman, but a man that wrote—

> If she be not fair to me—
> What care I"—

"Henry!" and his wife, beside herself, tried to stop his mouth with her hand.

"All right—I won't finish," said the Doctor, placidly disengaging himself. "But let me assure you, Patricia, whether you like it or not, that that is a male sentiment. I quite agree that no nice woman could have written it. But then Hugh is not a nice woman—nor am I."

"I thought you were so fond of her!" said his wife reproachfully.

"Miss Mallory? I adore her. But to tell the truth, Patricia—I want a daughter-in-law — and — and grandchildren," added the Doctor deliberately, stretching out his long limbs to the fire. "I admit that my remarks may be quite irrelevant and ridiculous—but I repeat that —in spite of everything—Hugh enjoyed his walk."

One October evening, a week later, Lady Lucy sat waiting for Sir James Chide, at Tallyn Hall. Sir James had invited himself to dine and sleep, and Lady Lucy was expecting him, in the upstairs sitting-room, a medley of French clocks and china figures, where she generally sat now, in order to be within quick and easy reach of Oliver.

She was reading, or pretending to read by the fire, listening all the time for the sound of the carriage outside. Meanwhile the silence of the immense house oppressed her. It was broken only by the chiming of a carillon clock in the hall below. The little tune it played, fatuously gay, teased her more insistently each time she heard it. It must really be removed. She wondered Oliver had not already complained of it.

A number of household and estate worries oppressed her thoughts. How was she to cope with them? Capable as she was, "John" had always been there to advise her, in emergency,—or Oliver. She suspected the house-steward of dishonesty. And the agent of the estate had brought her that morning complaints of the head gamekeeper that were most disquieting. What did they want with gamekeepers now? Who would ever shoot at Tallyn again? With impatience she felt herself entangled in the endless machinery of wealth and the pleasures of wealth, so easy to set in motion, and so difficult to stop, even when all the savor has gone out of it. She was a tired, broken woman, with an invalid son; and the management of her great property, in which her capacities and abilities had taken for so long an imperious and instinctive delight, had become a mere burden. She longed to creep into some quiet place, alone with Oliver, out of reach of this army of servants and dependents, these impassive and unresponsive faces.

The crunching of the carriage wheels on the gravel outside gave her a start of something like pleasure. Among the old friends there was no one now she cared so much to see as Sir James Chide. Sir James had lately left Parliament and politics, and had taken a judgeship. She understood that he had lost interest in politics after and in consequence of John Ferrier's death; and she knew of course that he had refused the Attorney-Generalship, on the ground of the treatment meted out to his old friend and chief. During the month of Oliver's second election, moreover, she had been

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very conscious of Sir James's hostility to her son. Intercourse between him and Tallyn had practically ceased.

Since the accident, however, he had been kind—very kind.

The door opened, and Sir James was announced. She greeted him with a tremulous and fluttering warmth that for a moment embarrassed her visitor, accustomed to the old excess of manner and dignity, wherewith she kept her little world in awe. He saw, too, that the havoc wrought by age and grief had gone forward rapidly since he had seen her last.

"I am afraid there is no better news of Oliver?" he said gravely, as he sat down beside her.

She shook her head.

"We are in despair. Nothing touches the pain but morphia. And he has lost heart himself so much during the last fortnight."

"You have had any fresh opinion?"

"Yes. The last man told me he still believed the injury was curable—but that Oliver must do a great deal for himself. And that he seems incapable of doing. It is of course the shock to the nerves, and—the general—disappointment—"

Her voice shook. She stared into the fire.

"You mean—about politics?" said Sir James, after a pause.

"Yes. Whenever I speak cheerfully to him, he asks me what there is to live for. He has been driven out of politics—by a conspiracy—"

Sir James moved impatiently.

"With health—he would soon recover everything," he said, rather shortly.

She made no reply, and her shrunken faded look—as of one with no energy for hope—again roused his pity.

"Tell me," he said, bending towards her,—"I don't ask from idle curiosity—but—has there been any truth in the rumor of Oliver's engagement to Miss Drake?"

Lady Lucy raised her head sharply. The light came back to her eyes.

"She was engaged to him,—and three weeks after his accident she threw him over."

Sir James made a sound of amazement. Lady Lucy went on—

"She left him and me barely a fortnight afterwards—to go to a big country-house party in the north. That will show you—what she's made of. Then she wrote—a hypocritical letter—putting it on *him*. *He* must not be agitated, nor feel her any burden upon him; so for *his* sake—she broke it off. Of course they were to be cousins and friends again just as before. She had arranged it all to her own satisfaction,—and was meanwhile flirting desperately—as we heard from various people in the north—with Lord Philip Darcy. Oliver showed me her letter—and at last told me the whole story. I persuaded him not to answer it. A fortnight ago—she wrote again—proposing to come back here—to 'look after' us—poor things! This time, *I* replied.—She would like Tallyn, no doubt, as a place of retreat, should other plans fail; but it will not be open to her!"

It was not energy now—vindictive energy—that was lacking to the personality before him!

"An odious young woman," exclaimed Sir James, lifting hands and eyebrows. "I am afraid I always thought so,—saving your presence, Lady Lucy. However, she will want a retreat; for her plans—in the quarter you name—have not a chance of success."

"I am delighted to hear it!" said Lady Lucy, still erect and flushed. "What do you know?"

"Simply that Lord Philip is not in the least likely to marry her, having, I imagine, views in quite other quarters:—so I am told. But he is the least scrupulous of men—and no doubt if, at Eastham, she threw herself into his arms,—'what mother's son'—et cetera. Only, if she imagined herself to have caught him—such an old and hardened stager!—in a week—her abilities are less than I supposed."

"Alicia's self-conceit was always her weak point."

But, as she spoke, the force imparted by resentment died away. Lady Lucy sank back in her chair.

"And Oliver felt it very much?" asked Sir James, after a pause, his shrewd eyes upon her.

"He was wounded, of course,—he has been more depressed since,—but I have never believed that he was in love with her."

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Sir James did not pursue the subject, but the vivacity of the glance bent now on the fire, now on his companion, betrayed the marching thoughts behind.

"Will Oliver see me this evening?" he inquired presently.

"I hope so. He promised me to make the effort."

A servant knocked at the door. It was Oliver's valet.

"Please my lady, Mr. Markham wished me to say he was afraid he would not be strong enough to see Sir James Chide to-night. He is very sorry—and would Sir James be kind enough to come and see him after breakfast to-morrow?"

Lady Lucy threw up her hands in a little gesture of despair. Then she rose, and went to speak to the servant in the doorway.

When she returned, she looked whiter and more shrivelled than before.

"Is he worse to-night?" asked Sir James gently.

"It is the pain," she said, in a muffled voice; "and we can't touch it—yet. He mustn't have any more morphia—yet."

She sat down once more. Sir James, the best of gossips, glided off into talk of London, and of old common friends, trying to amuse and distract her. But he realized that she scarcely listened to him, and that he was talking to a woman whose life was being ground away between a last affection and the torment it had power to cause her. A new Lady Lucy, indeed! Had any one ever dared to pity her before?

Meanwhile, five miles off, a girl whom he loved as a daughter was eating her heart out for sorrow, over this mother and son; consumed, as he guessed, with the wild desire to offer them, in any sacrificial mode they pleased, her youth and her sweet self. In one way or another he had found out that Hugh Roughsedge had been sent about his business, of course with all the usual softening formulæ.

And now there was a kind of mute conflict going on between himself and Mrs. Colwood on the one side—and Diana on the other side.

No, she should not spend and waste her youth in the vain attempt to mend this house of tragedy!—it was not to be tolerated—not to be thought of. She would suffer, but she would get over it; and Oliver would probably die. Sooner or later she would begin life afresh, if only he was able to stand between her and the madness in her heart.

But, as he sat there, looking at Lady Lucy, he realized that it might have been better for his powers and efficacy as a counsellor if he too had held aloof from this house of pain.

CHAPTER XXIV

IT was about ten o'clock at night. Lankester had said good night to Lady Lucy and Sir James, and had slipped back again to Markham's room. Markham had barred his door that evening against both his mother and Sir James. But Lankester was not excluded.

Off and on, and in the intervals of his Parliamentary work, he had been staying at Tallyn for some days. Generally speaking it was impossible to lure Roland Lankester from the East End and the House of Commons. He lived in lodgings in Poplar, and was courted by great ladies and the country houses, because of a certain charm, a certain wit, a certain spiritual force, which belonged to him. He flouted and refused the great ladies,—with a smile however, that gave no offence; and he knew, notwithstanding, everybody that he wished to know. Occasionally, as now, he made quiet spaces in his life and disappeared from London, for days, or weeks. When he reappeared, it was generally with a battered and exhausted air, as of one from whom virtue has gone out.

He was a mystic, in a secular way: very difficult to class religiously; though he called himself a member of the Society of Friends. Lady Lucy, who was of Quaker extraction, recognized in his ways and phrases echoes from the meetings and influences of her youth. But, in reality, he was self-taught and self-formed, on the lines of an Evangelical tradition, which had owed something, a couple of generations back, among his Danish forebears, to the influence of Emanuel Swedenborg. This tradition had not only been conveyed to him by a beloved and saintly mother; it had been appropriated by the man's inmost forces.

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What he believed in, with all mystics, was *prayer,*—an intimate and ineffable communion between the heart and God. Lying half asleep on the House of Commons benches, or strolling on the Terrace, he pursued often an inner existence, from which he could spring in a moment to full mundane life,—arguing passionately for some Socialist proposal, scathing an opponent, or laughing and "ragging" with a group of friends, like a schoolboy on an *exeat.* But whatever he did, an atmosphere went with him that made him beloved. He was extremely poor, and wrote for his living. His opinions won the scorn of moderate men; and every year his influence in Parliament,—on both sides of the House,—and with the Labor party, increased. He came to Tallyn with the shabbiest of carpetbags, and rarely dressed for dinner. But every servant in the house marked and befriended him. On the staircase near his room some young footman, or odd boy, was generally to be found hanging about, on the chance of doing him a service.

When he entered Markham's room he found the invalid asleep under the influence of morphia. The valet, a young fellow, was noiselessly putting things straight. Lankester noticed that he looked pale.

"A bad time?" he said in a whisper, standing beside the carefully regulated spinal couch on which Markham was sleeping.

"Awful, sir. He was fair beside himself till we gave him the morphia."

"Is there anybody sitting up?"

"No. He'll be quiet now for six or seven hours. I shall be in the next room."

The young man spoke wearily. It was clear that the moral strain of what he had just seen had weighed upon him as much as the fatigue of the day's attendance.

"Come!" said Lankester, looking at him. "You want a good night. Go to my room. I'll lie down there." He pointed to Markham's bedroom, now appropriated to the valet, while the master, for the sake of space and cheerfulness, had been moved into the sitting-room. The servant hesitated, protested, and was at last persuaded, being well aware of Markham's liking for this queer, serviceable being.

Lankester took various directions from him, and packed him off. Then, instead of going to the adjoining room, he chose a chair beside a shaded lamp, and said to himself that he would sleep by the fire.

Presently the huge house sank into a silence even more profound than that in which it was now steeped by day. A cold autumn wind blew round about it. After midnight the wind dropped, and the temperature with it. The first severe frost laid its grip on forest, and down, and garden. Silently the dahlias and the roses died; the leaves shrivelled and blackened, and a cold and glorious moon rose upon the ruins of the summer.

Lankester dozed and woke, keeping up the fire, and wrapping himself in an eider-down, with which the valet had provided him. In the small hours, he walked across the room to look at Markham. He was lying still and breathing heavily. His thick fair hair, always slightly gray from the time he was thirty, had become much grayer of late; the thin handsome face was drawn and damp, the eyes cavernous, the lips bloodless. Even in sleep, his aspect showed what he had suffered.

Poor, poor old fellow!

Lankester's whole being softened into pity. Yet he had no illusions as to the man before him — a man of inferior *morale* and weak will, incapable indeed of the clever brutalities by which the wicked flourish; incapable also of virtues that must, after all, be tolerably common, or the world would run much more lamely than it does. Straight, honorable, unselfish fellows—Lankester knew scores of them, rich and poor, clever and slow, who could and did pass the tests of life without flinching; who could produce in any society—as politicians or greengrocers—an impression of uprightness and power, an effect of character, that Markham, for all his ability, had never produced, or, in the long run, and as he came to be known, had never sustained.

Well, what then? In the man looking down on Markham, not a tinge of Pharisaic condemnation mingled with the strange clearness of his judgment. What are we all—the best of us? Lankester had not parted, like the majority of his

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contemporaries, with the "sense of sin." A vivid, spiritual imagination, trained for years on prayer and reverie, showed him the world and human nature—his own first and foremost—everywhere flecked and stained with evil. For the man of religion, the difference between saint and sinner has never been as sharp as for the man of the world; it is for the difference between holiness and sin that he reserves his passion. And the stricken or repentant sinner is at all times nearer to his heart than the men "who need no repentance."

Moreover, it is in men like Lankester that the ascetic temper common to all ages and faiths is perpetually reproduced, the temper which makes of suffering itself a divine and sacred thing—the symbol of a mystery. In his own pity for this emaciated arrested youth, he read the pledge of a Divine sympathy, the secret voice of a God suffering for and with man, which, in its myriad forms, is the primeval faith of the race. Where a thinker of another type would have seen mere aimless waste and mutilation, this Evangelical optimist bared the head, and bent the knee. The spot whereon he stood was holy ground; and above this piteous sleeper, heavenly dominations, princedoms, powers, hung in watch.

He sank indeed upon his knees beside the sleeper. In the intense and mystical concentration, which the habit of his life had taught him, the prayer to which he committed himself took a marvellous range, without ever losing its detail, its poignancy. The pain, moral and physical, of man—pain of the savage, the slave, the child; the miseries of innumerable persons he had known, whose stories had been confided to him, whose fates he had shared; the anguish of irreparable failure, of missed, untasted joy; agonies, brutal or obscure, of nerve and brain!—his mind and soul surrendered themselves to these impressions, shook under the storm and scourge of them. His prayer was not his own; it seemed to be the Spirit wrestling with Itself, and rending his own weak life.

He drew nearer to Markham, resting his forehead on the bed. The firelight threw the shadow of his gaunt kneeling figure on the white walls. And at last, after the struggle, there seemed to be an effluence—a descending, invading love—overflowing his own being—enwrapping the sufferer before him—silencing the clamor of a weeping world. And the dual mind of the modern, even in Lankester, wavered between the two explanations;—"It is myself," said the critical intellect, "the intensification and projection of myself."—"*It is God!*" replied the soul.

Markham meanwhile, as the morning drew on, and as the veil of morphia between him and reality grew thinner, was aware of a dream slowly drifting into consciousness; of an experience that grew more vivid as it progressed. Some one was in the room; he moved uneasily, lifted his head, and saw indistinctly a figure in the shadows standing near the smouldering fire. It was not his servant; and suddenly his dream mingled with what he saw, and his heart began to throb.

"Ferrier!" he called under his breath. The figure turned, but in his blindness and semi-consciousness he did not recognize it.

"I want to speak to you," he said in the same guarded, half-whispered voice. "Of course I had no right to do it, but—"

His voice dropped and his eyelids closed.

Lankester advanced from the fire. He saw Markham was not really awake, and he dreaded to rouse him completely lest it should only be to the consciousness of pain. He stooped over him gently, and spoke his name.

"Yes," said Markham, murmuring, without opening his eyes. "There's no need for you to rub it in. I behaved like a beast, and Barrington—"

The voice became inarticulate again. The prostration and pallor of the speaker, the feebleness of the tone—nothing could have been more pitiful. An idea rushed upon Lankester. He again bent over the bed.

"Don't think of it any more," he said. "It's forgotten!"

A slight and ghastly smile showed on Markham's lip as he lay with closed eyes. "Forgotten! No, by Jove!" Then after an uneasy movement he said in a stronger and irritable voice, which seemed to come from another region of consciousness:

"It would have been better to have burnt the paper. One can't get away from the thing. It—it disturbs me—"

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"What paper?" said Lankester close to the dreamer's ear.

"The *Herald*," said Markham impatiently.

"Where is it?"

"In that cabinet by the fire."

"Shall I burn it?"

"Yes—don't bother me!" Evidently he now thought he was speaking to his valet, and a moan of pain escaped him. Lankester walked over to the cabinet and opened the top drawer. He saw a folded newspaper lying within it. After a moment's hesitation he lifted it, and perceived by the light of the night-lamp that it was the *Herald* of August 2—the famous number issued on the morning of Ferrier's death. All the story of the communicated article and the "Barrington letter" ran through his mind. He stood debating with himself, shaken by emotion. Then he deliberately took the paper to the fire, stirred the coals, and, tearing up the paper, burnt it piece by piece.

After it was done he walked back to Markham's side. "I have burnt the paper," he said, kneeling down by him.

Markham, who was breathing lightly with occasional twitchings of the brow, took no notice. But after a minute he said in a steady yet thrilling voice:

"Ferrier!"

Silence.

"Ferrier!" The tone of the repeated word brought the moisture to Lankester's eyes. He took the dreamer's hand in his, pressing it. Markham returned the pressure, first strongly, again more feebly. Then a wave of narcotic sleep returned upon him, and he seemed to sink into it profoundly.

Next morning, as Markham, after dressing, was lying moodily and exhausted on his pillows, he suddenly said to his servant:

"I want something out of that cabinet by the fire."

"Yes, sir." The man moved toward it obediently.

"Find a newspaper in the top drawer, folded up small—on the right-hand side."

Richard looked.

"I am sorry, sir, but there is nothing in the drawer at all."

"Nonsense!" said Markham angrily. "You've got the wrong drawer!"

The whole cabinet was searched to no purpose. Markham grew very pale. He must of course have destroyed the paper himself, and his illness had effaced his memory of the act, as of other things. Yet he could not shake off an impression of mystery. Twice now, weeks after Ferrier's death, he seemed to have been in Ferrier's living presence, under conditions very unlike those of an ordinary dream. He could only remind himself how easily the brain plays tricks upon a man in his state.

After breakfast Sir James Chide was admitted. But Oliver was now in the state of obsession, when the whole being, already conscious of a certain degree of pain, dreads the approach of a much intenser form,—hears it as the footfall of a beast of prey, drawing nearer room by room, and can think of nothing else, but the suffering it foresees, and the narcotic which those about him deal out to him so grudgingly, rousing in him, the while, a secret and silent fury. He answered Sir James in monosyllables, lying, dressed, upon his sofa; the neuralgic portion of the spine packed and cushioned from any possible friction; his forehead drawn and frowning.

Sir James shrank from asking him about himself. But it was useless to talk of politics; Oliver made no response, and was evidently no longer abreast even of the newspapers.

"Does your man read you the *Times*?" asked Sir James, noticing that it lay unopened beside him.

Oliver nodded. "There was a dreadful being, my mother found a fortnight ago.—I got rid of him."

He had evidently not strength to be more explicit. But Sir James had heard from Lady Lucy of the failure of her secretarial attempt.

"I hear they talk of moving you for the winter."

"They talk of it. I shall oppose it."

"I hope not!—for Lady Lucy's sake. She is so hopeful about it, and she is not fit herself to spend the winter in England."

"My mother must go," said Oliver, closing his eyes.

"She will never leave you."

Markham made no reply; then, without

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unclosing his eyes again, he said between his teeth—"What is the use of going from one hell to another hell—through a third—which is the worst of all?"

"You dread the journey?" said Sir James, gently. "But there are ways and means."

"No!" Oliver's voice was sudden and loud.—"There are none!—that make any difference."

Sir James was left perplexed, cudgelling his brains as to what to attempt next. It was Markham however who broke the silence. With his dimmed sight, he looked, at last, intently, at his companion.

"Is—is Miss Mallory still at Beechcote?"

Sir James moved involuntarily.

"Yes, certainly."

"You see a great deal of her?"

"I do—I—" Sir James cleared his throat a little. "I look upon her as my adopted daughter."

"I should like to be remembered to her."

"You shall be," said Sir James, rising. "I will give her your message. Meanwhile, may I tell Lady Lucy that you feel a little easier this morning?"

Oliver slowly and sombrely shook his head. Then, however, he made a visible effort.

"But I want to see her. Will you tell her?"

Lady Lucy however was already in the room. Probably she had heard the message from the open doorway where she often hovered. Oliver held out his hand to her, and she stooped and kissed him. She asked him a few low-voiced questions, to which he mostly answered by a shake of the head. Then she attempted some ordinary conversation, during which it was very evident that the sick man wished to be left alone.

She and Sir James retreated to her sitting-room, and there Lady Lucy, sitting helplessly by the fire, brushed away some tears of which she was only half conscious. Sir James walked up and down,—coming at last to a stop beside her—

"It seems to me this is as much a moral as a physical breakdown. Can nothing be done to take him out of himself?—give him fresh heart?"

"We have tried everything—suggested everything. But it seems impossible to rouse him to make an effort."

Sir James resumed his walk,—only to come to another stop.

"Do you know—that he just now—sent a message by me to Miss Mallory?"

Lady Lucy started.

"Did he?" she said faintly, her eyes on the blaze. He came up to her.

"*There* is a woman who would never have deserted you!—or him!" he said, in a burst of irrepressible feeling, which would out.

Lady Lucy's glance met his—silently, a little proudly. She said nothing; and presently he took his leave.

The day wore on. A misty sunshine enwrapped the beechwoods. The great trees stood marked here and there by the first fiery summons of the frost. Their supreme moment was approaching which would strike them, head to foot, into gold and amber, in a purple air. Lady Lucy took her drive amongst them as a duty; but between her and the enchanted woodland there was a gulf fixed.

She paid a visit to Oliver, trembling, as she always did, lest some obscure catastrophe, of which she was ever vaguely in dread, should have developed. But she found him in a rather easier phase, with Lankester, who had just returned from town, reading aloud to him. She gave them tea, thinking as she did so of the noisy parties gathered so recently, during the election weeks, round the tea tables in the hall; and then she returned to her own room to write some letters.

She looked once more with distaste and weariness at the pile of letters and notes awaiting her. All the business of the house, the estate, the village,—she was getting an old woman; she was weary of it. And with sudden bitterness she remembered that she had a daughter; and that Isabel had never been a real day's help to her in her life. Where was she now? Campaigning in the north—speaking at a by-election—lecturing for the suffrage. Since the accident she had paid two flying visits to her mother and brother. Oliver had got no help from her—nor her mother; she was the Mrs. Jellyby of a more hypocritical day. Yet Lady Lucy in her youth had been a very moth-

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erly mother; she could still recall in the depths of her being the thrill of baby palms, pressed "against the circle of the breast."

She sat down to her task, when the door opened behind her. A footman came in saying something which she did not catch. "My letters are not ready yet," she threw over her shoulder, irritably, without looking at him. The door closed. But some one was still in the room. She turned sharply in astonishment.

"May I disturb you, Lady Lucy?" said a tremulous voice.

She saw a tall and slender woman, in black, bending towards her, with a willowy appealing grace, and eyes that beseeched. Diana Mallory stood before her. There was a pause. Then Lady Lucy rose slowly, laid down her spectacles, and held out her hand.

"It is very kind of you to come and see me," she said, mechanically. "Will you sit down?"

Diana gazed at her, with the childish short-sighted pucker of the brow that Lady Lucy remembered well. Then she came closer, still holding Lady Lucy's hand.

"Sir James thought I might come," she said breathlessly. "Isn't there—isn't there anything I might do? I wanted you to let me help you—like a secretary—won't you? Sir James thought you looked so tired—and this big place!—I am sure there are things I might do—and oh! it would make me so happy!"

Now she had her two hands clasping, fondling Lady Lucy's. Her eyes shone with tears, her mouth trembled.

"Oh, you must—you must!" she cried suddenly; "don't let's remember anything but that we were friends—that you were so kind to me—you and Mr. Oliver—in the spring. I can't bear sitting there at Beechcote, doing nothing—amusing myself—when you—and Mr. Oliver—"

She stopped, forcing back the tears that would drive their way up; studying in dismay the lined and dwindled face before her. Lady Lucy colored deeply. During the months which had elapsed since the broken engagement, she, even in her remote and hostile distance, had become fully aware of the singular prestige, the homage of a whole district's admiration and tenderness, which had gathered round Diana. She had resented the prestige and the homage, as telling against Oliver, unfairly. Yet, as she looked at her visitor, she felt the breath of their ascendency. Tender courage, and self-control,—the woman, where the girl had been,—a nature steadied and ennobled,—these facts and victories spoke from Diana's face, her touch; they gave even something of maternity to her maiden youth.

"You come to a sad house," said Lady Lucy, holding her away a little.

"I know." The voice was quivering and sweet. "But he will recover—of course he'll recover!"

Lady Lucy shook her head.

"He seems to have no will to recover."

Then her limbs failed her. She sank into a chair by the fire, and there was Diana on a stool at her feet—timidly daring—dropping soft caresses on the hand she held, drawing out the tragic history of the preceding weeks, bringing indeed to this sad and failing mother what she had perforce done without till now,—that electric sympathy of women with each other, which is the natural relief and sustenance of the sex.

Lady Lucy forgot her letters, forgot in her mind-weariness all the agitating facts about this girl, that she had once so vividly remembered. She had not the strength to battle and hold aloof. Who now could talk of marrying or giving in marriage? They met under a shadow of death; the situation between them reduced to bare elemental things.

"You'll stay and dine with me?" she said at last—feebly. "We'll send you home. The carriages have nothing to do. And"—she straightened herself—"you must see Oliver. He will know that you are here."

Diana said nothing. Lady Lucy rose and left the room. Diana leant her head against the chair in which the older lady had been sitting, and covered her eyes. Her whole being was gathered into the moment of waiting.

Lady Lucy returned and beckoned. Once more Diana found herself hurrying along the ugly, interminable corridors, with which she had been so familiar in the spring. The house had never seemed to her so forlorn. They paused at an open door, guarded by a screen.

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Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I. Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HER HEAD BESIDE HIS, THE BLACK HAIR MINGLING WITH THE GRAY

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"Go in, please," said Lady Lucy; making room for her to pass.

Diana entered, shaken with inward fear. She passed the screen, and there beyond it was an invalid couch—a man lying on it—and a hand held out to her.

That shrunken and wasted being, the Oliver Markham of two months before! Her heart beat against her breast. Surely she was looking at the irreparable! Her high courage wavered and sank.

But Markham did not perceive it. He saw as in a cloud the lovely oval of the face, the fringed eyes, the bending form.

"Will you sit down?" he said hoarsely.

She took a chair beside him, still holding his hand. It seemed as though she were struck dumb by what she saw. He inquired if she was at Beechcote.

"Yes." Her head drooped a little. "But Lady Lucy has asked me to stay here a little while."

"No one ought to stay here," he said abruptly, two spots of feverish color appearing on his cheeks. "Sir James would advise you not. So do I."

She looked up softly.

"Your mother is so tired; she wants help. Let me stay a little!"

Their eyes met. His hand trembled violently in hers.

"Why did you come?" he said suddenly, breathing fast.

She found no words, only tears. She had relinquished his hand; but he stretched it out again and touched her bent head.

"There's no time left," he said impatiently, "to—to fence in. Look here! I can't stand this pain many minutes more." He moved with a stifled groan. "They'll give me morphia—it's the only thing. But I want you to know. I was engaged to Alicia Drake — after — we broke it off. And I never loved her—not for a moment—and she knew it. Then, as soon as this happened she left us. There was poetic justice, wasn't it? Who can blame her? I don't. I want you to know—what sort of a fellow I am."

Diana had recovered her strength. She raised his hand, and leant her face upon it.

"Let me stay," she repeated, "let me stay!"

"No!" he said with emphasis. "You should only stay if I might tell you—I am a miserable creature, but I love you. And I may be a miserable creature—in Chide's opinion—everybody's. But I am not quite such a cur as that."

"Oliver!" She slipped to her knees. "Oliver! don't send me away." And her being spoke in the words. Her dark head sank upon his shoulder; he felt her fresh cheek against his. With a cry he pressed her to him.

"I am dying—and—I—I am weak," he said incoherently. He raised her hand as it lay across his breast and kissed it. Then he dropped it despairingly.

"The awful thing is that when the pain comes, I care about nothing—not even you—*nothing*. And it's coming now. Go!—dearest. Good night. To-morrow!—Call my servant." And as she fled, she heard a sound of anguish, that was like a sword in her own heart.

His servant hurried to him; in the passage outside Diana found Lady Lucy. They went back to the sitting-room together.

"The morphia will ease him," said Lady Lucy with painful composure, putting her arm round the girl's shoulders. "Did he tell you he was dying?"

Diana nodded, unable to speak.

"It may be so. But the doctors don't agree." Then with a manner that recalled old days: "May I ask—I don't know that I have the right—what he said to you?"

She had withdrawn her arm, and the two confronted each other.

"Perhaps you won't allow it," said Diana piteously. "He said I might only stay, if—if he might tell me—he loved me."

"Allow it," said Lady Lucy vaguely—"allow it?"

She fell into her chair, and Diana looked down upon her, hanging on the next word.

Lady Lucy made various movements as though to speak, which came to nothing.

"I have no one—but him," she said at last, with pathetic irrelevance. "No one. Isabel—"

Her voice failed her. Diana held out her hands, the tears running down her cheeks. "Dear Lady Lucy, let me! I am yours—and Oliver's."

"It will perhaps be only a few weeks—

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or months—and then he will be taken from us."

"But give me the right to those weeks. You wouldn't — you wouldn't separate us now!"

Lady Lucy suddenly broke down. Diana clung to her with tears and kisses; and in that hour she became as a daughter to the woman who had sentenced her youth. Lady Lucy asked no pardon in words, to Diana's infinite relief; but the surrender of weakness and sorrow was complete. "Sir James will forbid it," she said at last, when she had recovered her calm.

"No one shall forbid it!" said Diana, rising with a smile. "Now may I answer some of those letters for you?"

For some weeks after this Diana went backwards and forwards daily, or almost daily, between Beechcote and Tallyn. Then she migrated to Tallyn altogether; and Muriel Colwood with her. Before and after that migration, wisdom had been justified of her children, in the person of the Doctor. Hugh Roughsedge's leave had been prolonged, owing to a slight but troublesome wound in the arm, of which he had made nothing on coming home. No wound could have been more opportune,—more friendly to the Doctor's craving for a daughter-in-law. It kept the Captain at Beechcote—but it did not prevent him from coming over every Sunday to Tallyn to bring flowers or letters, or news from the village; and it was positively benefited by such mild exercise as a man may take, in company with a little round-eyed woman, feather-light and active, yet, in relation to Diana, like a tethered dove, that can only take short flights. Only here it was a tether self-imposed and of the heart.

There was no direct wooing, however; and for weeks their talk was all of Diana. Then the Captain's arm got well; and Nigeria called. But Muriel would not have allowed him to say a word before departure, had it not been for Diana —and the Doctor—who were suddenly found to have entered, in regard to this matter, upon a league and covenant not to be resisted. Whether the Doctor opened Diana's eyes, need not be inquired; it is certain that if, all the while, in Oliver's room, she and Lady Lucy had not been wrestling hour by hour with death—or worse—Diana would have wanted no one to open them. When she did understand,—there was no opposing her. She pleaded—not without tears—to be given the happiness of knowing they were pledged, and her Muriel safe in harbor. So Roughsedge had his say; a quiet engagement began its course in the world; Brookshire as yet knew nothing; and the Doctor triumphed over Patricia.

During this time Sir James Chide watched the development of a situation he had not been able to change, with a strange mixture of revolt and sympathy. Sometimes he looked beyond the tragedy which he thought inevitable, to a recovered and normal life for Diana; sometimes he felt a dismal certainty that when Oliver had left her, that recovered life could only shape itself to ascetic and self-renouncing ends. Had she belonged to his own church, she would no doubt have become a "religious"; and he would have felt it the natural solution. Outside the Catholic Church, the same need takes shape—he thought —in forms less suited to a woman's weakness, less conducive to her dignity.

All through he resented the sacrifice of a being so noble, true, and tender to a love, in his eyes, so unfitting and derogatory. Not all the pathos of suffering could blunt his sense of Markham's inferiority—or make him think it "worth while."

Then, looking deeper, he saw the mother in the child; and in Diana's devotion, mysterious influences, flowing from her mother's fate,—from the agony, the sin, the last tremulous hope and piteous submission of Juliet Sparling. He perceived that in this broken, tortured happiness to which Diana had given herself, there was some sustaining or consoling element that nothing more normal or more earthly would have brought her; he guessed at spiritual currents and forces linking the dead with the living, and at a soul heroically calm among them, sending forth rays into the darkness. His religion, which was sincere, enabled him to understand her; his affection, his infinite delicacy of feeling, helped her.

Meanwhile, Diana and Lankester be-

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came the sustaining angels of a stricken house. But not all their tenderness and their pity could, in the end, do much for the two sufferers they tried to comfort. In Oliver's case the spinal pain and disorganization increased, the blindness also; Lady Lucy became steadily feebler, and more decrepit. At last all life was centred on one hope—the coming of a great French specialist, a disciple of Charcot's, recommended by the English Ambassador in Paris, who was an old friend and kinsman of Lady Lucy's.

But before he arrived, Diana took a resolution. She went very early one morning to see Sir James Chide. He was afterwards closeted with Lady Lucy, and he went up to town the following day on Diana's business. The upshot of it all was that, on the morning of New-year's eve, a marriage was celebrated in Oliver Markham's room, by the Rector of Tallyn, and Mr. Lavery. It was a wedding which, to all who witnessed it, was among the most heart-rending experiences of life. Oliver, practically blind, could not see his bride, and only morphia enabled him to go through it. Mrs. Fotheringham was to have been present; but there was a feminist congress in Paris, and she was detained at the last moment. The French specialist came. He made a careful examination, but would give no decided opinion. He was to stay a week at Tallyn in order to watch the case and he reserved his judgment. Meanwhile he gave certain directions as to local treatment, and he asked that a new drug might be tried during the night, instead of the second dose of morphia usually given. The hearts of all in charge of the invalid sank, as they foresaw the inevitable struggle.

In the evening the new doctor paid a second visit to his patient. Diana saw him afterwards alone. He was evidently touched by the situation in the house, and, cautious as he was, allowed himself a few guarded sentences throwing light on the doubt—which was in effect a hope—in his own mind.

"Madame, it is a very difficult case. The emaciation, the weakness, the nerve depression—even if there were no organic disease—are alone enough to threaten life. The morphia is, of course, a contributing cause. The question before us is—have we here a case of irreparable disease caused by the blow, or a case of nervous shock producing all the symptoms of disease—pain, blindness, emaciation—but ultimately curable? That is what we have to solve."

Diana's eyes implored him.

"Give him hope," she said with intensity. "For weeks—months—he has never allowed himself a moment's hope."

The doctor reflected.

"We will do what we can," he said slowly. "Meanwhile, cheerfulness!—all the cheerfulness possible."

Diana's faint, obedient smile, as she rose to leave the room, touched him afresh.

As he opened the door for her he said with some hesitation, "You have, perhaps, heard of some of the curious cases that a railway collision produces. A man who has been in a collision, and received a blow, suffers afterwards great pain, loss of walking power, headache, impairment of vision, and so forth. The man's suffering is real—the man himself perfectly sincere—his doctor diagnoses incurable injury—the jury award him damages. Yet when the money is paid the man recovers. Have we here an aggravated form of the same thing? *Ah, madame, courage!*"

For in the doorway he saw her fall back against the lintel for support. The hope that he infused tested her physically more severely than the agonies of the preceding weeks. But almost immediately she controlled herself, smiled at him again, and went.

That night various changes were made at Tallyn. Diana's maid unpacked, in the room communicating with Markham's; and Diana, pale and composed, made a new arrangement with Oliver's male nurse. She was to take the nursing of the first part of the night, and he was to relieve her at three in the morning. To her would fall the administration of the new medicine.

At eleven o'clock all was still in the house. Diana opened the door of Oliver's room, with a beating heart. She wore a dressing-gown of some white stuff; her black hair released from the combs of the day, was loosely rolled

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up, and curled round her neck and temples. She came in with a gentle deliberate step; it was but a few hours since the ceremony of the morning, but the transformation in her was instinctive and complete. To-night she was the wife—alone with her husband.

She saw that he was not asleep, and she went and knelt down beside him.

"Oliver, darling!"

He passed his hand over her hair—

"I have been waiting for you—it is our wedding night."

She hid her face against him.

"Oh! you angel!" he murmured to her—"angel of consolation! When I am gone—say to yourself—'I drew him out of the pit—and helped him to die'—say 'he suffered—and I forgave him everything'—say 'he was my husband—and I carried him on my heart—so.'" He moved towards her. She put her arms under his head and drew him to her breast, stooping over him and kissing him.

So the first part of the night went by, he very much under the influence of morphia, and not in pain; murmured words passing at intervals between them, the outward signs of an inward and ineffable bond. Often, as she sat motionless beside him, the thought of her mother stirred in her heart,—father, mother, husband,—close, close all of them,—"closer than hands and feet"—one with her and one with God.

About two o'clock she gave him the new drug, he piteously consenting for her sake. Then in a mortal terror she resumed her place beside him. In a few minutes surely the pain, the leaping hungry pain would be upon him, and she must see him wrestle with it defenceless. She sat holding her breath, all existence gathered into fear.

But the minutes passed. She felt the tension of his hand relax. He went to sleep so gently, that, in her infinite relief, she too dropped into sleep, her head beside his, the black hair mingling with the gray, on the same pillow.

The servant coming in, as he had been told, looked at them in astonishment, and stole away again.

An hour or so later Oliver woke.

"I have had no morphia—and I am not in pain. My God, what does it mean?"

Trembling, he put out his hand. Yes!—Diana was there—asleep in her chair. His *wife!*

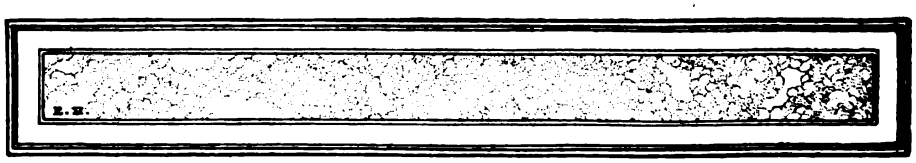
His touch roused her, and as she bent over him he saw her dimly in the dim light—her black hair, her white dress.

"You can bring that old French fellow here whenever you like," he said, holding her. Then faintly, his eyes closed, "This is New-year's day."

Once more, Diana's kisses fell "on the tired heart like rain"; and when she left him he lay still, wrapped in a tangle of thought, which his weakness could not unravel. Presently he dropped again into sleep.

Diana too slept, the sleep of a young exhaustion; and when she woke up, it was to find her being flooded with an upholding, enkindling joy, she knew not how or whence. She threw open the window to the frosty dawn, thinking of the year before, and her first arrival at Beechcote. And there, in the eastern sky,—no radiant planet—but a twinkling star, in an ethereal blue; and from the valley below, dim joyous sounds of bells.

THE END.



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The Use of Fathers

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A WOMAN, writing lately about the failure of American parents to raise their children properly, declared that the whole of that hugely important duty fell on the mothers, and that the fathers were of very little use in it. The mothers, she said, are the gardeners "working among the human seedlings and growing plants in the great garden called society," whereas "fathers are seldom more than the florists connected with the hothouses. They deal," she said, "almost solely with effects after the mothers have done, well or ill, the work down in the dark, under the blossoming plant, digging, sometimes very blindly, among the twisted roots of causes." And again, speaking of education, she said, "The fathers in the United States leave it to the mothers; the mothers, to the schools." So a newspaper reports a well known schoolmaster as saying in an address to teachers that the most important cause of certain evils which he was discussing was "the fact that men leave to their wives the moral training of their sons." "Men do not see," he said, "that the boy will do what he sees his father do, or that their influence is worse than their lack of interest in the children."

Apparently these authorities have received the same general impression, that contemporary fathers are not of much use in bringing up children, and no doubt the impression is based on observation or experience, and is entitled to respect. The schoolmaster has had experience with parents, and undoubtedly has due grounds for his allusion to fathers whose example is not a means of grace to their sons. Such fathers undoubtedly abound; not bad men, but men engrossed in the pursuit of business or of pleasure, with easy standards of conduct and morals; self-indulgent, spiritually torpid; whose aims do not rise much higher than to get money, get pleasure, and keep in good standing with men of their own order. Such fathers are often efficient in raising sons in their own likeness, and guiding them through some dangers in youth, but they cannot help much, even if, as seldom happens, they should want to, in getting high ideals into their offspring. What a father *is* is the thing that counts. Children shed exhortation wonderfully, and paternal behavior, put on for the sake of example, is not much more penetrating than exhortation. But character and habitual conduct count, and fathers whose characters are sound and their conduct duly geared to them have a value in families that is not fairly measured by the sum of their direct labors in raising and training the children. For to train children is primarily the mother's job. She is at home; the father, as a rule, is away from home during most of the daylight hours of the working day. But if fathers were of no use and the whole burden of training fell upon the mothers, fatherless families would grow up just as well (provided they had the means of support) as families that were fathered?

But do they? As a rule, they don't. One of the objections to protracted war is that it takes too many fathers off their job. Besides the children that are not born because the fathers that naturally belonged to them were prematurely killed, there are all those who were born but were not fathered as they should have been or when they needed it. Our Civil War lasted long enough to yield its sufficient store of examples of that. And to be intensely occupied in political or public life is almost as prejudicial to good fathering as to be gone to war. Of half a dozen boys that I remember in one Civil War family where the father was for three or four years in the field and for years before and after in intense political life, only two came to satisfactory

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maturity, and they were the older ones whose boyhood was passed under their father's eye, and whose father's shaping hand could reach them while their characters were forming. Disaster, moral or mental, befell the others, first or last, though not until several of them had demonstrated the exceptional quality of their natural abilities. It has always seemed to observers who knew that family, and the father's extremely valuable public services, and how they tore him out of his family life and monopolized him for fifteen years, that his younger boys were as much sacrificed to their country as though they had been killed in war.

On the other hand, my friend Tozier's father was excessively busy with both public and private duties during the Civil War and nearly all his life, and yet, because he was attentive to so many things, I had always thought of him as an attentive parent, especially as he was not a soldier and did not himself go to the front, and, being a rich man, was always able to take his family with him wherever public duties compelled him to live. But when I asked Tozier if he had not been pretty thoroughly fathered, he said no, and that he had never really known his father until he went into his office. "He was in Congress," he said, "for sixteen years, and then he served a term as Governor. But if he had had time to give attention to raising us, we could never have grown up. You see, he had a great deal more energy than all the rest of the family put together." So that looks like an exception, but only looks so. The truth is that it illustrates one form of the high usefulness of fathers, and also the important truth that they often are doing the most when they are not visibly much concerned with paternal duties. For Tozier the elder not only set a pace, but a very remarkable example. He had immense industry, remarkable capacity, great scope of knowledge and interests, and incurable public spirit. His children take life somewhat easier, but all of them, too, are busy, adding to knowledge in one way or another, or performing unobtrusively but with steady persistence public services of very great value.

Not all fathers are Toziers. There are fathers and fathers, and some are useless, and some are worse than useless; but judging loosely from comparison of the fathered with the unfathered, the mere average father is a good deal better than no father at all. On the mother falls, usually, almost all that concerns diet, clothes, and health, and most that concerns manners and the rudiments of education. Nevertheless, there will be no difficulty in getting affidavits from competent and responsible mothers that a tolerable father is handy and helpful in training a family. It is convenient often for the mother to have authority behind her to fall back upon, and it is profitable often for the children to have what may be called the indoor point of view tempered by one that has been acquired outside of the home and beyond the front gate. It is a pretty poor father whose experience and counsel will not be of use to even the ablest mother.

Landsmen who go to sea on sailing-vessels—if there is one left somewhere—are apt to wonder why a ship carries a captain. Evidently the mates do all the work—boss the crew, give the orders, and see them carried out. One of them is usually on deck, and the first mate commonly takes an observation at noon, whereas the captain's duties seem very casual. He appears and disappears at his convenience, turns out in storms sometimes, addresses the crew sometimes when they complain of the food, but seems not at all necessary to the ship's well-being. Nevertheless, the habit of having captains persists. What seems to be expected of them is, mostly, to think, and to be on hand if they are needed.

If no more than that was expected of fathers, it might still pay to have them, provided they met these moderate expectations. But fairly good fathers do more. They help to love the children, which is a very important detail and constantly pressing, and ought to be shared among several competent performers. And at times they can expound what's what to the children to good purpose, making it seem more like important news to them than when it comes by the usual channel from the mother.

There is no time when a father cannot be useful if he knows how, but per-

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haps the period when he seems least superfluous is that at which the boys and girls are passing from the condition of doing as they are told into doing as they think best. To teach children obedience is one of the most necessary processes of training, but the end of training is to make them wise in their own right, self-reliant, self-directing, free. That does not mean that they are not to obey orders any more, but it means a gradual development of responsibility as to what orders they shall obey. There is no sharp break between the age of tutelage and the age of emancipation, but along where the 'teens begin to run into the twenties the sons and daughters begin to have purposes of their own and to make plans of their own, and the parental function gradually changes from giving commands to advising, suggesting, and giving counsel.

With the average boy at this age the father's counsel carries more weight than the mother's, because the boy thinks the father understands his situation better than a mother can. The boy is just entering the world of men; the father already moves and has his being in that world, and if the boy respects his father he is apt to respect and accept his opinion as to matters whereof the father has had experience and the son not.

As to girls, it is reported by persons in a position to observe to advantage the girls of this generation that many of them emerge from the contemporary processes of education with ideas, standards, and intentions of their own, so definite and positive as to bring the contemporary mother to confusion and dismay. The mother has her views and plans for her daughter's next proceedings; wise plans, probably, based on sound experience; but the education of women has changed very much in a generation, and perhaps it is not to be wondered at that it should be a common thing for such a disparity to obtain between the mother's hopes and the daughter's preferences as to strain maternal patience and filial affection. At such crises a father, knowing less about the particular mould in which it is proper that girls should be run, is apt to be less scandalized than the mother at the reluctance of his own girl to be run in it. Sympathizing with both attitudes, he is sometimes able to temper both the mother's expectations and the daughter's reluctances, and so ease along the modification of tradition, and help to keep peace and love in the family.

No father wants to throw a daughter away. Mothers in their perplexity sometimes feel that it is a choice between that and running away themselves. To see that neither disaster happens is a worthy work of which ever so fallible a father may contribute very much, provided he brings to the task a proper spirit of patience and humility.

And contrariwise when the mother sees only with the daughter's eyes and has no wishes but hers, and is ready to be her door-mat and her drudge—in that wheel too a father can be an important spoke, and make it turn in better accord with natural propriety.

A large part of a man's business in life is to get on with women. The more intelligent men become skilful at it. Fathers should be so to begin with, and become so more and more as they go on. And there the father's value is increased by the discipline he has undergone and the experience he has gathered as a husband. Being himself in many important particulars under the government of his wife, he may be expected to be skilled in the phenomena of that condition, knowing its strong points and its weaker ones, where it is a condition of safety, comfort, and profit, and also where the discernment that regulates it is less sagacious or less tolerable and the consideration that cushions it more uncertain. In so far as the growing-up children are fellow subjects with him of however beneficent and wholesome a tyranny, it is impossible that he should not have for them a fellow feeling, born of likeness of condition, and fruitful of involuntary sympathies and comprehensions.

What! A traitor in the domestic citadel! An officer whose sympathies undermine discipline in the command!

No, no; not a traitor; or if one traitor, then two; for what the mother has learned about getting along with a man do not all the children profit by? No treason in either case, but merely two perennial schools of philosophy, each de-

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voted to the instruction of the rising generation in a branch of knowledge that is indispensable to comfort in life, and each school the complement of the other.

It is a loss when either school is wanting, when either of these branches has to be neglected. For very perceptibly in our day the civilized world is relying more and more on the diffusion of knowledge to make it wag as it should, and less and less upon authority and compulsion. Whatever the reason is, whether our convictions as to what is right and necessary are less definite than they used to be, or that our backbones are less stiff, or that the gentle influences of the Christian religion are penetrating deeper into mankind,—whether it is that we have more sense than our forebears had or less, it is evident that we grow more and more averse to compulsion and to punishment. We don't want to compel anybody. We prefer to try persuasion. It is hard in this country to get any one hanged for murder or punished for crime. Juries won't hang if they can help it. They will mulct a corporation for the benefit of a living plaintiff, but they are as tender of a corporation's officer as of any one else. The desire of our own communities as expressed in the prevailing tendencies of legislation is not so much to make people behave as they should or take the consequences as to eliminate temptation so that every one can do as he likes and nobody need be punished. It is a very indulgent world just now, a prevalent complaint about it being that it is indulgent to persons at the cost of property. It is particularly indulgent to the young, and as loath to compel them as to compel any one else.

So much the more need is there that to the shaping of the characters of the young there should go all available variety of human sympathy and experience. The fuller the sympathy and the more complete the understanding, the less need there will be of compulsion. Compulsion at its best has pretty straight limitations, and is of restricted value in making character. Discipline, which savors of it, is of great use, but the chief value of that is system. Ireland had compulsion for centuries, but without system. Look at it! Indulgence has been prescribed and is now being tried. You can compel a young child to do this or that, and with profit sometimes, but you can hardly use compulsion steadily for motive power.

The more need there is in the world, in communities and in families, for leadership. If folks in general, the grown-up and the young, are no longer to be driven, the more need that they should be influenced, stimulated, and led. The more need of sound and compelling example—real example based on inwardness, and not the bogus sort that is mere hypocrisy. And the more need and the more use of fathers in families, not to drive the children, but to set a pace for them; not so much to exhort them as to make a standard for them—of honor, of integrity, of self-restraint and self-denial, of work, and noble aims and constant love.

Fathers are of plenty of use; particularly good ones. It is important that they shall have sense, good habits, good tempers, and steady employment. If they have good wages also, so much the better. It takes all kinds to make the world, and it is desirable that at least two of the kinds should be represented in every family, the feminine and the masculine. No family is quite complete without a father, though a family that has once had a good one never loses him altogether, for he will keep cropping out down to the third and the fourth generation, and so on, world without end.

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The Soldiers

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

WE are all soldiers, and I am the Little Corporal. "Lights out," I say when the clock ticks nine, and Benny answers, "Ay, ay," promptly, as if he was still bunkin' in the fo'c's'l'. He has been watching the clock, but Harold looks around in a puzzled way before saluting without a word.

Then at the first crow from the barnyard—black dark it is of a winter morning—I pull my drum, old Battledore, over to my side of the bed, and "br-r, boom" sounds the long roll. "Tumble out, you soldiers!" I shout, and Benny's candle sparkles up as if he had been listenin' for it. But Harold takes alarm slowly, for he is always last to fall in. Of course I am considered to have fallen in when I rap the drum.

Benny, who is really my grandfather, sometimes whispers, "Let him sleep a little longer," and I pretend to while I put on my clothes an' braces.

If there ever was a lucky hump, it isn't mine, and I admit having a deuce of a time getting equipped. Benny says it's no so bad, but he's mistaken. I know a hump back when I see one, and feel it, too. I have a picture of a hunchback cut out of a book, and look at it sometimes, though Benny doesn't know it. The best of soldiers feel a scare sometimes, but as that can't stand alone as the proof of a good one, I don't make a fuss about this dressin' business.

One morning I hobbled over to the fireplace as trim as a corporal should be, and gave a rap on the drum that made Harold sit up in his bed clothes.

"You are not a soldier," I said, as fiercely as I could, for I could see into his room.

I waited for his slow smile and "Hello, Nap," but he sat perfectly still lookin' at me, while the color gradually left his face.

Somehow I felt that he had been awake and I had surprised his thoughts. Then, of course, I knew better. Why, Harold can break a wagon spoke across his knee and cracks black walnuts between his teeth!

"What's the matter?" I said at last, with my heart beatin' pretty fast.

"Where's father?" he asked, in a strained voice.

"Benny's out with the horses," I answered. "There's a big storm blowin' in from the ocean. Don't you hear it beatin' on the windows? And the surf sounds as if it was breakin' over the hills."

"I hear it—always," he said, moodily; then he rose and dressed.

He did not wait for breakfast, but went straight out into the storm, not even bending as he walked directly against it, past the barn and across the corn-field.

I watched from the window, proud of him, and thinking: "He is certainly a soldier; the snows of Moscow would have been nothing to him. Benny or I would not face that storm as he does."

I hoped Benny's rheumatism would not get worse in that cold, draughty barn, and was glad to see him coming back to the house.

"Harold is out trampin' in this fierce weather," I said as he came stamping in; "he is afraid of nothing."

"Not he," said Benny.

"And I believe he has a grudge against me because I said he was not a soldier."

"That was a good one," laughed Benny.

After breakfast he lit his pipe and sat down in the chimney-corner.

"This would be," he said, after thinking it over, "a first-rate day for the capture of Fort Donelson; we marched around down there in '62 like an army of icicles."

"It's too snowy; more like Eylau," I insisted, and pulled down the Great Emperor's campaigns.

He put on his spectacles and looked at the picture of the battle waging duskily in the snow.

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"You are right, Corporal," he said, "but I wasn't there, you know, and couldn't tell where the batteries were set up. Now I can see Donelson as plain as day, and General Grant, all spattered, sitting on a horse with his teeth chattering."

With that I got out the cedar blocks and rigged up the fort without any more talk, for Benny hates to be reminded of a battle he wasn't in. Then my army that has marched all the way from Egypt to Pittsburg Landing was placed in position. A good many are scarred veterans now, for wood won't stand as much as flesh and bone, and they talk pretty rough about their officers in camp, though they are devils in a fight. Our language around camp is not always what it should be.

"Confound these arms!" I said as I got Battledore on my knees to sound the charge; "they're as stiff as the sticks this mornin'."

"An officer mustn't kick about his arms," said Benny. "You'd better send in that brigade before I open this battery."

Then he opened with his bean-shooter, and, though I moved 'em as fast as possible, only one man got over the parapet; but he captured the fort.

"That chap ought to be promoted," Benny was saying, when we both looked up and saw Harold at the window. He came in covered with snow and sat down quietly. I had remarked that guard duty was harder than any other in such weather, just to let him know we had been thinking of him while the fight went on, but he gave a kind of groan and interrupted:

"That's all I'm fit for, Nap. You were right this mornin', and I ain't a soldier."

Benny and I sat lookin' at each other in surprise; then I said: "The mischief you ain't! Nobody else would stand guard out there to-day."

"It's rank mutiny," cried Benny, flourishing his pipe.

"An'—an' I'm goin' to ask for my discharge," said Harold, heavily, "because if I don't I'll be a deserter."

The rest of us could not say a word, and he went on: "A look out o' the window will tell you why I must get away. What do you see?" as I peeped over the sill. "Tumble-down stone fences; cellars with old trees growin' in 'em, an' not a stick of the buildin's left; houses deserted except for field-mice an' wasps; an' farms—farms that are nothin' but floors of stone with moss an' cursed laurel growin' over 'em, abandoned for a hundred years."

"You root up that laurel like it was nothin' but twigs," I said.

He looked at his big hands, clenching and unclenching them. "How many men have put their lives into all this," he said, "an' what did they get out? Nothin', except poverty an' rheumatism. It's got thirty years of my life an' I can't stand it any longer—with the ocean soundin' over it all like a bell at a funeral."

"I fished down there forty years, before an' after the war," said Benny, lookin' into the fire and listenin' to the surf boomin' through the wind. He did not seem to understand exactly what Harold meant.

"Where would you go?" I remember asking, almost in a whisper.

"Out into the world; to New York. I know it's my duty to stay here an' help you an' father—but I just can't; I've been afraid I'd go away without—"

Benny had turned his head, and at these words his weak old eyes opened with *such* a look of alarm; he put both hands to his breast as if a great pain was stopping his heart.

"Harold," I said, as loud and clear as I could, "you are ordered to forage among the enemy," and old Battledore helped out with a lively march. I discovered that I was not as much of a soldier as I had pretended; but this gave me time to brace up, and I felt discipline must be enforced all around right then.

"Attention, Private Benny!" I exclaimed. "Harold has volunteered for dangerous duty an' deserves the thanks of the army. Why, I wouldn't dare go down into the cities! Would you, Benny?"

"Not me," said Benny in a scared voice. "I nearly got run over by a 'bus once. You must be very careful, Harold."

There was something in Harold's eyes and voice and manner that had warned me he meant what he said, so I felt that the least I could do was to act like a man

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myself. No sooner had Harold heard us than he jumped to his feet.

"You don't know how much this means to me an' all of us," he said, eagerly. "Corporal, I'll report often by letter. An' after I've been workin' awhile I'll come to see you, too. I'm goin' this night."

He acted like a prisoner who had knocked his jail to pieces—stuffing his things into an old travelling-bag, and sayin', as he ran from one room to another, that he was a free man with his face set from the old times.

I had thought the old times pretty good, and this hurt a little, though Benny, as if he hardly knew what was goin' on, hurried about after things to put in the bag—till suddenly it was full and Harold in his best clothes lifted it from the floor.

Then Benny seemed to realize a little what was about to happen, and I saw the cheek toward me was wet; but I tapped the drum, pretendin' I didn't notice, and after a long look at Harold he turned to the wall.

"Here's a little money for you, son," he said, taking it out of the clock. "It's been there so long I'd almost forgot it."

"But I have fifteen dollars of my own," said Harold, hanging back. "You may need that for clo'es or shoes."

"Pshaw! Haven't I wore these clo'es for five years? Catch me playin' the dandy!"

"And my shoes will be as new as ever when you come back," I laughed, which was a good one, as I can only stand in 'em a few minutes at a time.

Of course we made him take it, and then he told me all he would do for us in the big city, while Benny was hitchin' the horses to take him to the railroad, six miles away.

I suppose a corporal must cry once in a while like any one else; but he can afford to admit it only after some great action. I haven't done any great action.

What heavy days there are in quarters! what still nights, with quick dreams and long waking thoughts! I've been there, I can tell you. Benny has, too; but the two of us went on with the campaigns and managed to get through somehow. We got a long letter, then a short one, and then none at all.

"If I was only sure about those 'buses," said Benny, "I wouldn't worry a bit."

Then one day came a great announcement: War; real war—and Harold had gone in as a volunteer.

"Hurrah!" I said. "He'll take Havana like you did Atlanta."

"They are only Spaniards; they surely can't hurt *him*," said Benny, and we sat right down to fight the battle of Cuba. As neither one would defend it, we took it every day after that with a great slaughter.

Benny bought me a new flag, and then we worked two days melting lead and moulding a captain six inches tall; that was Harold.

"I guess he will fix 'em, the darned Dons!" said Benny.

"The confounded Dons! he certainly will," I answered; and after the next day's victory Harold himself came in upon us.

He had pushed the door open quietly, and only when we saw his big, looming figure through the evening dusk did we know our real soldier had returned. I scrambled across the room on my knees to clasp his hands, while Benny began patting him on the back as if he was still a very little boy.

"Harold," he said, huskily, "you have come to see us on your way to the war. But you are not in uniform."

"No," answered Harold; "I thought I'd feel more at home in my old clo'es."

I was disappointed at first, for it would have been something to see one of my old recruits in blue, and brass buttons, but I pulled him over to the bivouac by the fireplace and showed him how Havana was taken.

"Of course he wouldn't wear a uniform when we sent him scoutin' among the enemy," I told Benny.

"When we heard war was comin' on I kept sayin', 'You can't keep Harold out o' this,' didn't I, Nap?" said Benny.

"Both of us did. Benny and I would give a thousand dollars apiece to go along. I'd like to start the army against Santiago with a charge on old Battledore."

"It was pretty dull down there in the city; enlistin' was about the only job I could get," said Harold.

We both laughed at this. The man who was really going didn't have to brag.

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When Harold came into the firelight I noticed his eyes seemed very big and dark; his face was drawn, too, as if he hadn't eaten enough lately.

"Well, are we goin' to mess to-night?" I asked the cook. Good manners around camp would never get anything done.

Benny saluted with a grin, and got busy makin' the johnnycakes. Then he fried some bacon, for we could afford to be reckless on such an occasion; and last of all I saw him shake the can at his ear.

"A soldier couldn't get along without coffee," he declared, and in a few minutes he had us sniffin' the steam.

I can tell you we had a good supper, though Harold did not eat as much as he should; then Benny lit his pipe and we settled down for a campaign. Harold had come home on a ten days' furlough, and his regiment, already in barracks, was to move right after he got back. He had the captain's word they wouldn't go without him, which made us feel easy.

As Harold was there in person, I promoted him to be captain, and put the lead one on sick leave. Benny defended Morro Castle, and though he killed a good many of our men, the rest took it, and pitched the garrison into the sea.

"But don't you think it is goin' to be any such picnic," said Harold, when it was all over. "They say the Spaniards are the best sharpshooters in the world. Of course our big fellows will get hit first."

Benny passed his hand across his forehead, but I said the Dons would run from the Yankee drums. Then taps sounded and we all turned in.

Benny and I were happy to have our old comrade back, and Harold did not seem to dislike the farm as much as he had once. He went about the premises, examining and handling everything, much as I have seen a cat smell over a house it had left and come back to.

He told us not to tell any neighbor he was there, and we understood he didn't care to be praised. But we hardly ever saw a neighbor in the winter, anyhow.

He became even more silent than usual, and would look at me as if greatly troubled that he had to leave his old comrade so far behind; and it rather dazed me to think of him away down in the middle of the world.

"Though there's the cable to keep us in touch," I said.

It was the afternoon of Harold's third day at home; Benny had gone to the village after some garden seed, and I had watched Harold cross the hill, nearly a mile away, toward the ocean.

I sat down on the floor and was rolling out a march on Battledore to keep up my spirits, with my mind full of armies, when there was a flash in my eyes and across the window I saw a bayonet move.

My heart leaped as it had never done before; it was inspiring, though I knew it was only imagination, and the roll of the drum rose till it was almost deafening. Then I let it die away.

"Detail, halt!"

A man in a brown, dusty uniform dropped his gun to the floor with a crash, while another, with stripes on his sleeves, stepped to the middle of the room. I held the sticks over the drum, not knowing what to make of it. The last man was small and wiry, with sharp, sunburnt features, and had a reckless, good-humored air about him as he said, after looking me over carefully:

"You are a wonder with that drum."

I saluted with one of the sticks and said: "Thank you, corporal."

"Well, I'll be damned!" he said, without turning his head.

"So will I, sir," said the guard.

"Silence in the ranks! Won't you ever learn anything?" roared the corporal.

I could not help laughing, the poor fellow looked so awkward and uncomfortable.

"How did you know I was a corporal?"

"By your stripes. I'll just bet you're one of Harold's company, on your way to the war."

"You've guessed it," he said, unbending a little.

"He went out in the woods awhile ago," I went on. "That's the way he enjoys his furlough. He'll be back pretty soon. Sit down."

"If I hadn't seen you with those sticks in your hand," he said, sitting on the arm of Benny's old chair, "I'd say you couldn't do it. Try that last one over again."

I did so with all the vim I could put into it, while he listened with his head on one side.

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"Great," he commented; "an' I know what I'm talkin' about, young feller."

"Anybody could see you are a veteran," I told him.

He seemed immensely pleased and admitted he had licked the Apaches once or twice. "I quit the service, but when this war broke out I couldn't help but go in again," he added.

"Benny and I don't think you'll have much trouble down there," I told him. "See, here's the plan of Santiago—where they say the fightin' is goin' to be—chalked on the floor."

"Who's Benny?"

"He was my mother's father. We take the town nearly every night; but it costs men, for Benny has taken to usin' bird-shot in the shooter. He says the Spaniards will use canister."

"You must all be soldiers around this place," he suggested.

"We are," and I told him how the whole house had been run on a military plan ever since I could play the drum. "They call me the Little Corporal," I couldn't help bragging.

"By—hem—you are a great soldier," he said.

He looked at me and the wooden army always drawn up for battle with a curious kind of interest. Then turning to the guard, he spoke a few words in a low tone, and the latter, shouldering his gun, marched out to the barn.

"I told him to go out there and rest awhile," explained the corporal, and without any more hesitation he took the shooter and some shot and dared me to come on.

Explaining that the lead captain was Harold, I placed him at the head and began moving the troops along the chalk marks. At first he couldn't use his battery very well, for he would sputter and the shot would roll out on the floor. He said the powder was no good, but he would soon get the range; and when he did he peppered us so that only two men got into the town. He had upset Harold at the first broadside.

The corporal laughed till the tears stood in his eyes. "That's more fun than I've had in a long time," he declared. "Would you believe it, I haven't been inside a real home or played with a kid since I lost mine ten years ago." Then with a solemn look he said, "Sound the Last March, comrade."

As I played he listened with his head bowed a little, but quick and light he rose to his feet as Harold came in the door.

I expected to see Harold run up to shake his hand, but instead he stood in his tracks; the surprise made him shiver, and a grayness spread over his face. Then without a word he swung a heavy oak chair above his head, with a look that made my blood run cold.

Harold is tremendously strong, but the corporal did not move back a step; in fact, there was no need of it, for at that very instant the door flew back and the guard had his bayonet at Harold's breast.

Then I recovered enough to clasp Harold around the knees. "Do you know what you are about?" I cried, for I thought he had suddenly gone crazy.

He looked down at me and slowly lowered the chair to the floor. The corporal turned to the guard:

"Attention!" he said, quietly, and the bayonet was whisked away.

We all remained so for a moment, and then the corporal went on: "Nap, I'll explain that Harold and I had a pretty fierce quarrel just before we got our furloughs—you understand a corporal travels with a guard even on furlough—but, as I thought we were goin' out to fight together, we'd better make up an' be friends. Harold, I have word that the regiment is to move to-morrow, and came by to tell you so you wouldn't be left behind."

He said this looking down at me all the time, and held out his hand.

"Take it, Harold," I begged. "Think how good he is to come by for you after a quarrel. How badly we'd all have felt if you had been left behind."

Harold did as I asked hesitatingly, and the good corporal, still lookin' at me, gripped it till the cords stood out.

"Now pack up," he said, cheerfully. "We haven't any time to lose."

Harold got the old gripsack that he had never even unpacked—like a good soldier, he kept ready to move at once—and shook hands with me. "Good-by, Nap," was all he said in the house that afternoon, and I could scarcely hear that, his voice was so low.

"Now I want you to be Harold's

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friend," I said to the corporal as earnestly as I could. "I'm sure I wouldn't ask for a better one."

"I'll fight for him—and lie for him, too," he added, with a grim smile. Then he stooped to whisper: "I wouldn't tell the old man about all this. He might worry if he thought Harold had quarrelled with his officer. Just say that he got orders to report at once."

"I promise," I said, and have kept my word to this day.

Then straightening up, he brought his heels together with a click. "Any soldier you have commanded ought to make a fighter," he said, in a loud voice. "I salute you."

And he actually did; then they all filed out, leaving me alone at the window.

There is nothing more annoyin' when you are hoein' corn than to have your legs crumple up under you, particularly if your arms won't push you up again, and I'm afraid I wasn't much use to Benny in the field that summer. He tried to persuade me not to work, but his old back was getting bent as my own, so I was bound to help a little.

I found that Harold was right; that ground was certainly a stone floor, and made me wonder why King Philip, whose old fort is in the swamp to the west, fought for it instead of selling out for good beads. There was a lot of grumblin' around camp, and it was pretty hard to maintain discipline, but we would think of poor Harold fightin' for us way down in that awful country, and bore up as well as we could.

We heard from him once after Santiago, savin' he was all right, so being too tired to carry on a battle in the evenin', I let my troops occupy the town in peace. All except the lead captain; I couldn't find him, though I ransacked the house.

One evenin' late in the summer Benny said he'd go for a doctor. There was nothing particular the matter with me, only I couldn't get out of bed, and I had got so I rather liked the people and things that hung around my bed every night; but he was stubborn.

He felt in the clock, though there was nothing in there but a Canadian penny, and started away.

I pulled Battledore over on my chest and beat it hard as I could, for I thought, "Suppose my arms are getting stiff; then I can't play."

Just as if it had been a signal, two soldiers appeared in the room, but I'd seen 'em so often at night lately that I only grinned and went on beating.

Then two big warm hands took hold of mine softly, and there was Harold himself.

"I've come back to re-enlist with you, Nap," he said.

"Oh, the war is over," I cried, wanting to put an arm around his neck, but I couldn't raise the darned thing. "And there is the corporal, too. Then you are true friends. I've worried so much about that."

"Ha! I should say we are, Nap. Why, when we got in a close corner, Harold had to fight for me instead of my fightin' for him."

"But he was the bravest; he lied for me," said Harold, gravely, which I have never understood, exactly.

"An' that ain't all," continued the corporal, laughing. "I guess I've come back to stay."

I was so excited by this that I forgot Benny had gone for the doctor, and pushed up on my elbow.

"You understand he's got a wooden leg down there, though you can't see it," explained Harold, "an' when I told him I was comin' back here to fight it out like a man, he said he'd come too."

"An' I'm goin' to enlist, too," put in the corporal; "for, Nap, I never saw your beat, makin' new soldiers fight an' keepin' old ones in good trim."

"We'll promote Harold, and you can take the place of the lead captain," I said, between cryin' and laughin'.

The corporal gave a loud laugh. "Why, the cap'n's come back riddled with glory! You didn't know he'd been to the war too. Look."

Harold was holding the old lead captain before my eyes.

"I put him in my pocket the day I left," he said, "because— Well, he was with me in the fight. You taught him the way into Santiago, you know. An' I can say that he wasn't the last one up that big hill, either—"

Just then the doctor came in, and I drummed him out of camp.

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Winning the Iron Cross at Gravelotte

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

The battle of Gravelotte, one of the fiercest and bloodiest struggles of the Franco-Prussian war, was fought on August 18, 1870. The Germans had 230,000 men and lost about 20,000. The French had 180,000 and lost 12,000. The battle was won by the Germans, and was the most important in its results of any battle of the war, for it meant the cooping up in Metz of the army of Marshal Bazaine, and the subsequent surrender of the city and its fortress, and of three marshals, some fifty generals, thousands of other officers, and nearly 175,000 men. The fiercest fighting at Gravelotte was at St.-Privat. Guldner, a veteran whose story of the battle the author has here set down, carried the colors of his regiment.

"I WAS of the Second Regiment of Grenadier Guards. We were stationed at Berlin. The Emperor of Austria was our honorary colonel, but our actual commander was Lieutenant-Colonel Von Boehn, who had been captain and major in the regiment before becoming its commander. Our helmets had the star and the flying eagle, and were thus a little different from those of the regiments of the line.

"And before we left Berlin for the front, in the war with France in 1870, the King came to our quarters, and the Queen was with him. And all the men came running and surrounded them.

"King William was a kindly man; a big, tall man, of pleasant face. And he liked to stop on the street and speak to little children and pat them on the shoulder. I call him King, for he did not become Emperor till some months after this. And all the soldiers—everybody!—loved him. See, this is his picture, here above me on the wall.

"We saw the King was going to speak, and we stood all silent.

"'You are going to march to France?' he said.

"'*Ja! Ihre Majestät!*' we cried.

"'Well, be sure and bring your colors back again,' he said.

"And, '*Ja! Ihre Majestät!*' all the men shouted again.

"I was the color-sergeant. It is not an officer, but it is above the ranks. It is the same in your army, is it not? I was the color-sergeant, and I had run and got the colors, and I felt glad and proud. And I was holding the colors, and the King called me, and he took me by the arm and led me to the Queen.

"'The regiment will defend its colors,' he said, 'and this man will bring them back again.'

"And the Queen smiled very gracious, and bowed, and said, '*Ja.*'

"And I was proud to be thus spoken to by the King and by the Queen, and I was proud that I was color-bearer. Thus I was on the regimental roll: 'Wilhelm Guldner, color-sergeant.' And I felt within myself, 'The colors, yes, I will bring them back again.'

"We went by train to the Pfalz, and from there we marched, and we soon knew that Marshal Macmahon was in front of us in Elsass. There were some engagements, and he kept retreating, and we advanced. It was talked of in the regiment that Marshal Bazaine had his headquarters at Metz. We knew that it was before us to beat those two generals, and we were sure that with our generals to lead us we could do it. We had served, and were veterans, so that when news came to us we could sometimes understand what it meant, although there were new recruits who did not understand much of war.

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"Our regiment was of the army of Prince Frederick Charles. He was a broad-built man, a whiskered man. He was a little over forty years old. He was a quick and eager general, and the French feared him. He was called the 'Red Prince,' but that was because he was a hussar and always wore a red tunic.

"Often, on the march, it was a fine sight, from some hill road, to see miles and miles of infantry and cavalry and artillery and wagons, and with the music of bands and drums one might have thought it was a great fair.

"But we were almost from the first in the enemy's country, and it was not a pretty sight for them. The peasant people, women and men, would stand at their cottage doors as a regiment came on, and then stare, silent and sullen, or look at the ground while the regiment passed. Never a word or a sign unless spoken to. But, although it was the enemy's country, we could take nothing. The peasants were safe from us, and their property was safe. There would be sharp punishment, the men knew, if orders were disobeyed. If we ever needed anything, an officer would requisition it and give an order, and the peasant could get the money. Sometimes they would try to overcharge, but our officers only laughed then and gave the price that it would cost in Prussia. As I was color-sergeant I saw more than if I had been in the ranks.

"Every night we camped as if we had been at exercise manœuvres. Every rifle, every knapsack, every bread-cart, had its place. The officers camped in front, the men behind. The colors stood erect in the centre of the camp. There was an exact space between every line of men and every stack of guns, and we slept on the ground in rows. It was summer, and we did not need tents. I am speaking of my own regiment, you understand.

"But though there were discipline and order there was not hardness. We had plenty of food, of meat and bread, and of coffee, and we could always buy wine or beer of the sutlers. We played games, and smoked, and sang soldier songs and folk-songs and church songs. The bugle would sound to go to sleep and we would go to sleep, and it would sound early in the morning to get up, and we would get up, ready always to march or to fight.

"It did not seem a long time before we were well into France. In all, the war was short and bloody. And as the days went by we came to understand that around Metz was to be great fighting, for our armies were gathering toward that city, and a great army of the French was known to be there.

"I never saw Metz until after the battle of Gravelotte, although what my regiment did was of such importance in gaining it. It was altogether hidden from us by hills. And it seems strange to me that after having been one of the Grenadier Guards, stationed at Berlin, and having fought to gain Metz, my home and my family and my work are now here at Metz. In those days I could never have thought of such a thing.

"It was August, the middle of August, and on the 14th we started early and marched hard and long. Next day we marched as far, or perhaps even farther. The officers were silent, and seemed only anxious to hurry, and so the men were silent too, for we all knew something of importance was to come. Silent, yes, but light-hearted, for with our King and our cause we were sure to win. Had not the French forced us into war and begun it by crossing into Prussia?

"The 16th was another day of long, hard marching, and it was talked of among us that we were pursuing an enemy. We knew we were swinging to the south, and we thought we were south of Metz. From the peasants, grudgingly, we found out that we were. There were always some of us who could make talk with the people of the border-land, by words and signs. Well, then, we were south of Metz, and we were either going toward Paris or marching between Paris and a French army. I take no credit for understanding this, for to a soldier it ought to be clear. Just which of the two it was we had no way, for a time, of telling, and of course we could not ask an officer.

"I wish I could tell you how far we marched in those few days. And when I say 'we' I mean not only my regiment, but the army of Prince Frederick Charles.

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I have read, since the war, that it was a wonderful march. But we thought nothing of anything like that. We knew that it was a hurry march, and we did it gladly, and only a few men dropped out of the ranks and there was no grumbling. It took us to a position where the French were very anxious not to have us, and if we had not marched fast and got there, it would have been bad for Prussia, for there would have been no other soldiers to spare for this.

"I take it that you understand that General Von Moltke was in command of all, and that we were divided into armies under him.

"The King was with us, and so, of course, General Von Moltke was under him, but we believed that the King did not interfere much with him. And we were proud that the King was with us to see us fight for him and for Vaterland, and we were glad because he was a kindly man and we loved him, and we knew he would always do what he could for us. And we were glad that he let Von Moltke do the generalship.



WILHELM GULDNER
Veteran of the Battle of Gravelotte

"Well, we continued our long march. On the morning of the 16th we were ordered to leave our knapsacks, and so that day we travelled more lightly. In our knapsacks were an extra shirt and unterhosen and stockings and an extra pair of shoes and some cartridges, besides what we had in our cartridge-boxes, and on top of the knapsack were kettle and greatcoat. A load, you see, yet no one had complained of it.

"At times, now, there came the sound of cannon, so we knew that at least some of the French were still north of us. We were making such a sweep of a march that we did not see much of even our own men. And we were too far away to hear the cannon very plainly; and then, too, the sound was kept from us by hills. But rumors began to come, toward the end of our march, of a great battle, and of Marshal Bazaine being held in Metz.

"Then some said, 'We are marching between Bazaine and Macmahon.' Others said, 'We are marching between both these generals and Paris.' You see, we could understand a good deal of it, but not being officers and not having their information, we could not always know. We could only guess.

"The French boasted that Metz had never been captured. It had often been besieged. It had never been taken. They called it, even the peasant folk called it, 'the Virgin,' and they said that no Prussian could ever touch the Virgin. It is a city, as you have seen, built upon two rivers, and so surrounded by hills, upon which forts are built, as to be a very strong place.

"It was far over there, far beyond that farthest hill that you see from this window—it was miles away over yonder—that we marched those August days to form for battle between Metz and Paris.

"Well, on the 16th we came to where there had been fighting, and many dead were on the ground. And even all the wounded had not been cared for. It made us sober again. Yet we did not pay much attention to it, for we were so busy thinking of our march and of what was to be the end of it.

"When a soldier is busy and interest-

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ed, even a young soldier, he pays little attention to dead men or wounded. If he did, there would soon be no wars, for soldiers cannot think of such things and fight.

"We passed some great graves, new made, and at the head of each would be a wooden cross and a few words saying that here rested in God perhaps sixty, a hundred, a hundred and twenty soldiers. No names; just totals. And I think we thought more of these graves than we did of the dead men. But even of these graves we thought but little.

"Some men of the Crown Prince's army, who were there, told us that it was Mars-la-Tour. They said the French were badly beaten there. They said the King and General Von Moltke had seen it.

"Well, after it went through the ranks that we had won another battle, and that the King had been there, we marched on quite cheerful. We thought not of the dead and the wounded or that we ourselves might soon be of the dead or the wounded. We were not tired, and that night we camped as orderly as ever. And we sang a little, too—a *Kamerad* song.

"When, after another long march, we camped on the night of the 17th, we knew we were very near to the enemy. We threw out more pickets, and there was much skirmishing. Prisoners and wounded were taken past us, and once there came a French officer of high rank—from his uniform we took him to be a general. He was in a carriage, and we tried to look at him, but he kept his face down.

"We did not sleep much the night of the 17th. Every little while there would be an alarm and firing, and every time we all turned out under arms. There would come picket firing, and then perhaps a volley, and then sharp orders, and we would all spring up and form.

"The commissary department usually kept us well supplied, and we were expected to carry with us three days' rations, but on this long march the commissary did not keep up with us, and for two days we had no bread. Then we came across some French provision wagons, and we captured them, and we had plenty.

"On the morning of the 18th, the day that there was to be the great battle of Gravelotte, we were up early. We had had little sleep. We were formed in line, and we all felt ready.

"An adjutant from another division rode up and said to one of our officers—a sergeant heard it and the words were passed along—'Better not form in masses.' And all of us, even the youngest, knew what that meant.

"We had reached the end of our march. We were south of Metz. It is a German city now, for we kept it after capturing it. We had once come near the main body of our army, and had then swung still westward. We all believed that our army was in a separated position, and if that was so it was important.

"We did not get our coffee till seven that morning, and then we knew there was to be a battle, for the men were divided into Protestant and Catholic, and the priest and the pastor spoke each to his own men. Many of the men gave to them letters and messages. But I never knew of any soldier giving them his watch or his money before a battle.

"Well, and so we were to fight. And we were glad, for it was better to fight and to finish.

"We had been separated from the other division of the Guards, but now it came up, and we broke ranks, and friends and brothers greeted each other.

"Then we waited. There were hills about us, and we were in a valley, and we were restless with waiting while the hours passed. And we heard much heavy firing, but it was far away.

"We were in fighting order, and there was artillery with us and there was cavalry. I had kept the colors in their waterproof cover, and now I took it off. They were old colors, and had belonged to the regiment before the time of any of us. When I shook out the colors the men looked stern, but there was no cheer. Sometimes men will cheer when you do not expect them to, and sometimes they will not cheer when you are sure that they will cheer.

"The cannon sounded heavier and louder. It was as if a heavy *Donnersturm*.

"We knew afterward that the battle of Gravelotte was fought all day, and we, the soldiers of the Red Prince, were set to do the holding of Marshal Bazaine from the path to Paris. And that was why

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so many French were sent to fight us there and why they fought so hard.

"The *Donner* of the cannon grew louder. It was a great roar, but yet it was not near us. Soon we began to hear the rattle of rifles, and we heard the *mitrailleuse*. At each fire, twenty-five bullets! And a bad sound, so: *Gr-r-r-r-r!* A rise and fall of sound, a very deadly sound. And we saw shells go sailing through the air like balloons.

"Wounded men began to pass our regiment, and they said the French were just around the corner and very strong. But even the words of the wounded were not disheartening. I saw no sign of fear, and if any man felt it he hid the fear and stayed in the ranks, and it was the safest place for him. But I do not believe there was any fear.

"It was a hot day, very hot, and noon came and our bottles were empty, and the men were very thirsty. Then the major of my battalion allowed a party to go to a near-by village for water—a little village it was, with white houses and red-tiled roofs.

"And the officers, they talked together, and the men, they talked together, standing at will but in line.

"We were marched to higher ground, and we could see, in a way, for miles, except that there was much of smoke. But we could see some of the French. We could see the flashes from cannon. And it seemed better when we could see than when we could only hear. The cannon firing, and regiments running or marching, and batteries galloping — it was a grand sight, but still it was not near us. Even yet our turn had not come. When it did come it was terrible.

"It must have been, I think, about four o'clock when Colonel Von Boehn rode to the head of the regiment, and we all straightened, quick, as on parade. And he said, sharp, a few words, something like, 'Men, the regiment has a good name, and you will give it a still better one.' I was in front, and could hear part of what he said.

"The colonel led us to the left, and we crossed a railroad track and went through another little white village, and then we faced a slope, a long slope, with a village on it which the French had made into a fort, and we, our regiment and others, were to capture it, and there were many Frenchmen and cannon there. We did not know the name of it then, but it was St.-Privat, and we could understand that it was important, but we did not then know that if we took and held it it was cutting off Marshal Bazaine's last hope.

"The colonel rode on a horse, he and the majors and the adjutants. Our captains usually rode too, but this day the captains sent their horses back and went on foot.

"And soon our first men began to fall, for we came under the fire of the *chassepot*. It was hard, for we could not see the enemy. These first ones were many sharpshooters, in a ditch, and the noise of their firing was like that of a coffee-mill—*Kr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!* They drew off as we went forward. It was only at a walk that we went, a steady walk, just as if there were no bullets there.

"As we got nearer there were storms of bullets. They buzzed over our heads and past us. Many of them struck, for many of our men fell.

"And now we would run forward fifty yards and throw ourselves flat; then another fifty yards and the halt and the falling flat; and each time we could see the village that was a fortress nearer; and we were very fierce with anger, and what we wanted was to reach that village, and many more of us were falling fast.

"And once, when we were lying down, and I saw that the officers were standing, just cool and quiet, it came to me that a man has to pay in such ways to be an officer.

"Now shells were bursting among us, for they had trained batteries on us as we advanced. You can see a shell fall and the fuse sputter, and if you had time you would be wondering where the pieces would go. It is well that a soldier in battle has no time to wonder. You are too busy to think of anything at all but getting at the enemy and killing him.

"I saw the colonel fall. He was shot from his horse and carried back. The wounded men could not be carried back till the battle was over, but of course it must be different with high officers. For them it was right.

"The first major, he took command,

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and he galloped to the skirmish line, and he was shot. Then the second major, too, was shot, and he tried to get up, but he could not stand, and he sat on a big stone and shouted: 'Go on! Go on!' And he took a gun from a dead man and fired it. And with all of us it was as if there was nothing in the world to do but to get to that village.

"We were ordered to fix bayonets, and that made us glad; but even yet the men carried their rifles on their shoulders as they ran. We were not near enough to charge with bayonets.

"I wish I could tell you what it was like as we got near that village of St.-Privat. The noise, the smoke, the flashes, the falling men, and only one desire in our hearts.

"There were three sergeants in the color section, one at each side of me. And first the one at my right was killed. Then the one at my left was shot. Eight big bullets in his body from a *mitrailleuse*—eight! Yet he afterwards got well, while many a man died from only one little bullet.

"And at last we went at a bayonet charge, and for the first time there was a cheer, a wild and savage cheer, and we ran on, eager to plunge the bayonets; and we could see, as we came near the village, that the French were firing from behind barricades and garden walls and from windows. But I do not believe any one of us thought of death. We thought only of killing the enemy.

"And we looked into the wild faces of the French, and they met us hand to hand. Ah! we climbed over walls and barricades, and we fired and bayoneted, and we fought them in the streets.

"On and on we went. It was a wild time of shooting, bayoneting, wrestling, clubbing, shouting. On and on, but it was slow work and terrible, for the French fought for every step. Now it would be all smoke; and the flash of a cannon or rifle would show men fighting and falling, and then there would be a space clear of smoke, and you could see bayonets lunging and men grappling.

"I was at the front, for I had the colors. There were a few officers still left, and they were shouting and waving their swords, and other regiments stormed into the village with us, and after a while—I can't say how long—the place was ours.

"As I tell it to you it seems perhaps a simple thing. But when the regiment was paraded before the battle began, we were more than 2900 men and more than fifty officers, and we lost in the fight forty officers and more than a thousand men. Yes; that was the loss of just my regiment alone. It was *mörderisch,* but it was necessary.

"Well, it was over. The village was blazing, and many a dead man lay in the ruins; some sat upright, dead, with their backs against walls.

"We bivouacked near the town, and we saw women and children come out of the burning houses. Women and children! And the children were too frightened to cry. And the women came shiveringly around the wounded, helping a little when they could. And an old man found the body of his son and he buried it. And the old priest came out. He, too, had stayed in St.-Privat. He came with milk for the wounded and he blessed the dying.

"We made our fires and had supper. We had food in our haversacks. Some talked of our losses and of what the battle would mean. But most of us, the first we did was to write letters to the parents at home.

"Well, Gravelotte was over, and then came Sedan, and we marched toward Paris. We were glad to think that our regiment had not disappointed our King, and I remembered that he himself had told me to bring the colors back; and I was glad that I still had them after that terrible fight.

"And one *mittag,* as we halted, my captain spoke to me: 'Guldner!'

"'Yes, sir,' I said, saluting.

"'You won the Iron Cross at Gravelotte,' he said.

"And I could only stammer. 'I?' I said, still standing at salute — like this. 'I?'

"He smiled a little. 'Yes; it has been sent for you. Here it is.' And he handed it to me.

"I have won other medals, service medals and battle medals, but there is nothing to compare with the Iron Cross."

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Top Floor Back

BY ZONA GALE

"I ONCE knowed a man in New York city," said Peleg Bemus, "that done some sacrificin' that ain't called by that name when it gets into the newspapers." He looked over at us expectantly, and with a manner of pointing at us with his head. "You come from New York," he said; "ain't you ever heard o' Mr. Loneway—Mr. John Loneway?"

We regretted that we might not answer "yes." Instinctively one longed to make his pointed eyes twinkle.

"Him an' I lived in the same buildin' in East Fourteenth Street there," he explained. "That is to say, he lived top floor back an' I was janitor. That was a good many years ago, but whenever I get an introduction to anybody from New York I allus take an interest. I'd like to know what ever become o' him."

Not so much in concern for Mr. John Loneway as in expectation of what the old man might have observed, we questioned him.

"It was that Hard Winter," he went on, readily; "I'd hev to figger out what year, but most anybody on the East Side can tell you. Coal was clear up an' soarin', an' vittles was, too—everybody howlin' hard times, an' the winter just commenced. Make things worse, some phi-lanthropist had put up two model tenements in the block we was in, an' property alongside had shot up in value accordin' an' lugged rents with it. Everybody in my buildin' most was rowin' about it.

"But John Loneway, he wasn't rowin'. I met him on the stairs one mornin' early an' I says, 'Beg pardon, sir,' I says, 'but you ain't meanin' to make no change?' I ask him. He looks at me kind o' dazed—he was a wonderful clean-muscled little chap, with a crisscross o' veins on each temple an' big brown eyes back in his head. 'No,' he says. 'Change? I can't move. My wife's sick,' he says. That was news to me. I'd met her a couple o' times in the hall—pale little mite, hardly big as a baby, but pleasant spoken, an' with a way o' dressin' herself in shabby clo'es that made the other women in the house look like bundles tied up careless. But she walked awful slow, and she didn't go out much—they had only been in the house a couple o' weeks or so. 'Sick, is she?' I says. 'Too bad,' I says. 'Anything I can do?' I ask him. He stopped on the nex' step an' looked back at me. 'Got a wife?' he says. 'No,' says I, 'I ain't, sir. But they aint never challenged my vote on 'count o' that, sir—no offence,' I says to him, respectful. 'All right,' he says, noddin' at me. 'I just thought mebbe she'd look in now and then. I'm gone all day,' he added, an' went off like he'd forgot me.

"I thought about the little thing all that mornin'—lyin' all alone up there in that room that wa'n't no bigger'n a coal-bin. It's bad enough to be sick anywheres, but it's like havin' both legs in a trap to be sick in New York. Towards noon I went into one o' the flats—first floor front it was—with the coal, an' I give the woman to understand they was somebody sick in the house. She was a great big creatur' that I'd never see excep' in red calico, an' I always thought she looked some like a tomato-ketchup bottle, with her apron for the label. She says, when I told her, 'You see if she wants anything,' she says. 'I can't climb all them stairs,' she answers me.

"Well, that afternoon I went down an' hunted up a rusty sleigh-bell I'd seen in the basement, an' I rubbed it up an' tied a string to it, an' long in the evenin' I went up-stairs an' rapped at Mr. Loneway's door.

"'I called,' I says, 'to ask after your wife, if I might.'

"'If you might,' he says, after me.

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'I thank the Lord you're somebody that will. Come in,' he told me.

"They had two rooms. In one he was cookin' somethin' on a smelly oil-stove. In the other was his wife; but that room was all neat an' nice—curtains looped back, carpet an' all that, an' she was settin' up in bed. She had a black waist on, an' her hair pushed straight back, an' she was burnin' up with the fever.

"'Set down an' talk to her,' he says to me, 'while I get the dinner—will you? I've got to go out for the milk.'

"I did set down, feelin' some like a sawhorse in church. If she hadn't been so durn little, seems though I could 'a' talked with her, but I ketched sight of her hand on the quilt, an'—law! it wa'n't no bigger'n a butternut. She done the best thing she could do an' set me to work.

"'Mr. Bemus,' she says, first off—everybody else called me Peleg,—'Mr. Bemus,' she says, 'I wonder if you'd mind takin' an old newspaper—there's one somewheres around—an' stuffin' in the cracks of this window an' stop its rattlin'?"

"I laid my sleigh-bell down an' done as she says; an' while I fussed with the window, that seems though all Printin' House Square couldn't stuff up, she talked on, chipper as a squirrel, all about the buildin', an' who lived where, an' how many kids they was, an' wouldn't it be nice if they had an elevator like the model tenement we was payin' rent for, an' so on. I'd never 'a' dreamt she was sick if I hadn't looked 'round a time or two at her poor, burnin'-up face. Then bime-by he brought the supper in, an' when he went to lift her up she just naturally laid back an' fainted. But she was all right again in a minute, brave as two, an' she was like a child when she see what he'd brought her—a big platter for a tray, with milk toast an' an apple an' five cents' worth o' dates. She done her best to eat, too, and praised him up—an' the poor soul hung over her, watchin' every mouthful, feedin' her, coaxin' her, lookin' like nothin' more'n a boy himself. When I couldn't stand it no longer I took an' jingled the sleigh-bell.

"'I'm a-goin',' I says, 'to hang this outside the door here, an' run this nice long string through the transom. An' to-morrow,' I says, 'when you want anything, just you pull the string a time or two, an' I'll be somewheres around.'

"She clapped her hands, her eyes shinin'.

"'Oh, *goodey!*' she says. 'Now I won't be alone. Ain't it nice,' she says, 'that there ain't no glass in the transom? If we lived in the model tenement, we couldn't do that,' she says, laughin' some.

"An' that young fellow, he followed me to the door an' just naturally shook hands with me, same 's though I'd been his kind. Then he followed me on out into the hall.

"'We had a little boy,' he says to me, low, 'an' it died four months ago yesterday, when it was six days old. She ain't ever been well since,' he says, kind of as if he wanted to tell somebody. But I didn't know what to say, an' so I found fault with the kerosene lamp in the hall, an' went on down.

"Nex' day I knew the doctor come twice. An' 'way 'long in the afternoon I was a-tinkerin' with the stair rail when I heard the sleigh-bell ring. I run up, an' she was settin' up just the same, in the black waist — but I thought her eyes was shiny with somethin' that wasn't fever—a sort o' scared excitement.

"'Mr. Bemus,' she says, 'I want you to do somethin' for me,' she says, 'an' not tell anybody. Will you?'

"'Why, yes,' I says, 'I will, Mis' Loneway,' I says. 'What is it?' I ask her.

"'There's a baby somewheres downstairs,' she says. 'I hear it cryin' sometimes. An' I want you to get it an' bring it up here.'

"That was a queer thing to ask, because kids isn't soothin' to the sick. But I went off down-stairs to the first floor front. The kid she meant belonged to the Tomato Ketchup woman. I knew they had one because it howled different times an', I judge, pounded its head on the floor some when it was maddest. It was the only real little one in the buildin'—the others was all the tonguey age. I told what I wanted.

"'For the land!' says Tomato Ketchup, 'I never see such nerve. Take my baby into a sick-room? Not if I know it. I s'pose you just come out o' there? Well, don't you stay here, bringin' dis-

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eases. A hospital's the true place fer the sick,' she says.

"I went back to Mis' Loneway, an' I guess I lied some. I said the kid was sick—had the croup, I thought, an' she'd hev to wait. Her face fell, but she said 'all right an' please not to say nothin',' an' then I went out an' done my best to borrow a kid for her. I ask all over the neighborhood, an' not a woman but looked on me as a cradle-snatcher—thought I wanted to abduct her child away from her. Bimeby I even told one woman what I wanted it for.

"'My!' she says, 'if she ain't got one, she's got one less mouth to feed. Tell her to thank her stars.'

"After that I used to look into Mis' Loneway's frequent. The women on the same floor was quite decent to her, but they worked all day, an' mostly didn't get home till after her husband did. I found out somethin' about him, too. He was clerk in a big commission-house 'way down-town, an' his salary, as near as I could make out, was about what mine was, an' they wa'n't no estimatin' that by the cord at all. But I never heard a word out'n him about their not havin' much. He kep' on makin' milk toast an' bringin' in one piece o' fruit at a time an' once in a while a little meat. An' all the time anybody could see she wasn't gettin' no better. I knew she wasn't gettin' enough to eat, an' I knew he knew it, too. An' one night the doctor he outs with the truth.

"Mr. Loneway an' I was sittin' in the kitchen while the doctor was in the other room with her. I went there evenin's all the time by then—the young fellow seemed to like to hev me. We was keepin' warm over the oil stove because the real stove was in her room, an' the doctor come in an' stood over him.

"'My lad,' he says, gentle, 'there ain't half as much use o' my comin' here as there is o' her gettin' strengthenin' food. She's got to hev beef broth—eer'als—fresh this an' fresh that'—he went on to tell him, 'an' plenty of it,' he says. 'An' if we can make her strength hold out, I think,' he wound up, 'that we can save her—but she's gettin' weaker every day for lack o' food. Can you do anything more?' he ask him.

"I expected to see young Mr. Loneway go all to pieces at this, because I knew as it was he didn't ride in the street-car, he was pinchin' so to pay the doctor. But he sorter set up sudden an' squared his shoulders, an' he looked up an' says:

"'Yes!' he says. 'I've been thinkin' that to-night,' he says. 'An' I've hed a way to some good luck, you might call it—an' now I guess she can hev everything she wants,' he told him; an' he laughed some when he said it.

"That sort o' amazed me. I hadn't heard him sayin' anything about any excruciatin' luck, an' his face hadn't been the face of a man on the brink of a bonanza. I wondered why he hadn't told her about this luck o' his, but I kep' quiet an' watched to see if he was bluffin'.

"I was cleanin' the walk off when he come home nex' night. Sure enough, there was his arms laid full o' bundles. An' his face—it done me good to see it.

"'Come on up an' help get dinner,' he yelled out like a kid, an' I thought I actually seen him smilin'.

"Soon's I could I went up-stairs, an' they wa'n't nothin' that man hadn't brought. They was everything the doctor had said, an' green things, an' a whol' basket o' fruit an' two bottles o' port, an' more things besides. They was lots o' fixin's, too, that there wa'n't a mite o' nourishment in—for he wa'n't no more practical *nor* medicinal 'n a wood-tick. But I knew how he felt.

"'Don't tell her,' he says. 'Don't tell her,' he says to me, hoppin' 'round the kitchen like a buzz-saw. 'I want to surprise her.'

"You can bet he did, too—if you'll overlook the liberty. When he was all ready he made me go in ahead.

"'*To-ot!*' says I, genial-like—they treated me jus' like one of 'em. '*To-ot! Lookey-at!*'

"He set the big white platter down on the bed, an' when she see all the stuff—white grapes, mind you, an' fresh tomatoes, an' a glass for the wine—she just grabs his hand an' holds it up to her throat, an' says:

"'Jack! Oh, Jack!' she says—she called him that when she was pleased—'how did you? *How did you?*'

"'Never you mind,' he says, kissin' her an' lookin' as though he was goin' to bust

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out himself, 'never you ask. It's time I had some luck, ain't it? Like other men?'

"She was touchin' things here an' there, liftin' up the grapes, lookin' at 'em—poor little soul had lived on milk toast an' dates an' a apple now an' then for two weeks to my knowledge. But when he said that, she stopped an' looked at him, scared.

"'John!' she says, 'you ain't—'

"He laughed at that.

"'Gamblin'?' he says. 'No—never you fear.' I had thought o' that myself, only I didn't quite see when he'd had the chance since night before when the doctor told him. 'It's all owin' to the office,' he says to her; 'an' now you eat—lemme see you eat, Linda,' he says, an' that seemed to be food enough for him. He didn't half touch a thing. 'Eat all you want,' he says, 'an', Peleg, poke up the fire. There's half a ton o' coal comin' to-morrow. An' we're goin' to have this *every day*,' he told her.

"Land o' love! how happy she was! She made me eat some grapes, an' she sent a bunch to the woman on the same floor, because she had brought her an orange; an' then she begs Mr. Loneway to get an extry candle out of the top dresser draw'. An' when that was lit up she whispers to him, and he goes out an' fetches from somewheres a guitar with about half the strings left on; an' she set up an' picked away on 'em, an' we all three sung, though I can't carry a tune on more'n what I can carry a white-oak log.

"'Oh,' she says, 'I'm a-goin' to get well now. Oh,' she says, 'ain't it heaven to be rich?'

"No—you can say she'd ought to 'a' made him tell her where he got the money. But she trusted him, an' she'd been a-livin' on milk toast an' dates for so long that I can pretty well see how she took it all as what's-his-name took the wild honey, without askin' the Lord whose make it was. Besides, she was sick. An' milk toast an' dates 'd reconcile me to 'most any change for the better.

"It got so then that I went up-stairs every noon an' fixed up her lunch for her, an' one day she done what I'd been dreadin'. 'Mr. Bemus,' she says, 'that baby must be over the croup now. Won't you—won't you take it down this orange an' see if you can't bring it up here a while?'

"I went down, but, law!—where was the use? The Ketchup woman grabs up her kid an' fair threw the orange at me. 'You don't know what disease you're bringin' in here,' she says—she had a voice like them gasoline wood-cutters. I see she'd took to heart some o' the model-tenement social-evenin' lectures on bugs an' worms in diseases. I carried the orange out and give it to a kid in the ar'y, so's Mis' Loneway'd be makin' somebody some pleasure, anyhow. An' then I went back up-stairs an' told her the kid was worse. Seems the croup had turned into cholery infantum.

"'Why,' she says, 'I mus' send it down somethin' nice an' hot to-night,' an' so she did, and I slips it back in the Loneway kitchen unbeknownst. She wa'n't so very medicinal, either, bless her heart!

"'Tell me about that baby,' she says to me one noon. 'What's its name? Does it like to hev its mother love it?' she ask me.

"I knew the truth to be that it didn't let anybody do anything day or night within sight or sound of it, an' it looked to me like an imp o' the dark. But I fixed up a tol'able description, an' left out the freckles an' the temper, an' told her it was fat an' well an' a boy. That seemed to satisfy her. A fat, healthy boy is a woman's idea o' perfection in a kid. Its name, though, sort o' stumped me. The Tomato Ketchup called it mostly 'you-come-back-here-you-little-ape.' I heard that every day. So I said, just to piece out my information, that I thought its name might be April. That seemed to take her fancy, an' after that she was always askin' me how little April was—but not when Mr. Loneway was in hearin'. I see well enough she didn't want he should know that she was grievin' none.

"All the time kep' comin', every night, another armful o' good things. Land! that man he bought everything. Seems though he couldn't buy enough. Every night the big platter was heaped up an' runnin' over with everything under the sun, an' she was like another girl. I s'pose the things give her strength, but I reck'n the cheer helped most. She had the surprise to look forward to all day, an' there was plenty o' light, evenin's; an' the stove,

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"I TRIED TO SLIP AWAY BUT SHE CALLED ME BACK"

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that was kep' red hot. The doctor kep' sayin' she was better, too, an' everything seemed lookin' right up.

"Seems queer I didn't suspect from the first something was wrong. Seems though I ought to 'a' known money didn't grow out o' green wood the way he was pretendin'. It wasn't two weeks before he takes me down to the basement one night when he comes home, an' he owns up.

"'Peleg,' he says, 'I've got to tell somebody, an' God knows maybe it 'll be you that 'll hev to tell her. I've stole fifty-four dollars out o' the tray in the retail department,' says he, 'an' to-day they found me out. They wasn't no fuss made. Lovett, the assistant cashier, is the only one that knows. He took me aside quiet,' Mr. Loneway says, 'an' I made a clean breast. I said what I took it for. He's a married man himself, an' he told me if I'd make it up in three days he'd fix it so's nobody should know. The cashier's off for a week. In three days he's comin' back. But they might as well ask me to make up fifty-four hundred. I've got enough to keep on these three days so's she won't know,' he says, 'an' after that—'

"He hunched out his arms, an' I'll never forget his face.

"I says, 'Mr. Loneway, sir,' I says, 'chuck it. Tell her the whole thing an' give 'em back what you got left, an' do your best.'

"He turned on me like a crazy man.

"'Don't talk to me like that,' he says, fierce. 'You don't know what you're sayin',' he says. 'No man does till he has this happen to him. The judge on the bench that 'll send me to jail for it, he won't know what he's judgin'. My God — *my God!*' he says, leanin' up against the door o' the furnace-room, 'to see her sick like this—an' *needin' things* —when she give herself to me to take care of!'

"Course there wa'n't no talkin' to him. An' the nex' night an' the nex' he come home bringin' her truck just the same. Once he even hed her a bunch o' pinks. Seems though he was doin' the worst he could.

"The pinks come at the end of the second day of the three days the assistant cashier had give him to pay the money back in. An' two things happened that night. I was in the kitchen helpin' him wash up the dishes while the doctor was in the room with Mis' Loneway. An' when the doctor come out o' there into the kitchen he shuts the door. I see right off somethin' was the matter. He took Mr. Loneway off to the back window, an' I rattled 'round with the dishes an' took on not to notice. Up until when the doctor goes out—an' then I felt Mr. Loneway's grip on my arm. I looked at him, an' I knew. She wasn't goin' to get well. He just slimpsed down on the chair an' put his face down in his arm, the way a schoolboy does—an' I swan he wa'n't much more'n a schoolboy, either. I s'pose if ever hell is in a man's heart—an' we mostly all see it there sometime even if we don't feel it—why, there was hell in his, then.

"All of a sudden there was a rap on the hall door. He never moved, an' so I went. I whistled, I rec'lect, so's she shouldn't suspect nothin' from our not goin' in where she was right off. An' a messenger-boy was out there in the passage with a letter for Mr. Loneway.

"I took it in to him. He turned himself around an' opened it, though I don't believe he knew half what he was doin'. An' what do you guess come tumblin' out o' that envelope? Fifty-four dollars in bills. Not a word with 'em.

"Then he broke down. 'It's Lovett,' he says, 'it's Lovett's done this—the assistant cashier. Maybe he's told some o' the other fellows at the desks next, an' they helped. They knew about her bein' sick. An' they can't none of 'em afford it,' he says, an' that seemed to cut him up worst of all. 'I'll give it back to him,' he says, resolute. 'I can't take it from 'em, Peleg.'

"I says, 'Hush up, Mr. Loneway, sir,' I says. 'You got to think o' her. Take it,' I told him, 'an' thank God it ain't as bad as it was. Who knows,' I asks him, 'but what the doctor might turn out wrong?'

"Pretty soon I got him to pull himself together some, an' I shoved him into the other room, an' I went with him, an' talked on like an idiot so nobody'd suspect—I didn't hev no idea what.

"She was settin' up in the same black waist. All of a sudden:

"'John!' says she.

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"He went close by the bed.

"'Is everything goin' on good?' she ask him.

"'Everything,' he told her, right off.

"'Splendid, John?' she ask him, pullin' his hand up by her cheek.

"'Splendid,' he says, after her.

"'We got a little money ahead?' she goes on.

"Bless me if he didn't do just what I had time to be afraid of. He hauls out them fifty-four dollars an' showed her.

"She claps her hands like a child.

"'Oh, *goodey!*' she says; 'I'm so glad. I'm so glad. Now I can tell you,' she says to him.

"He took her in his arms an' kneeled down by the bed, an' I tried to slip out, but she called me back. So I stayed, like a axe in the parlor.

"'John,' she says to him, 'do you know what Aunt Hettie told me before I was married? "You must always look the prettiest you know how," Aunt Hettie says,' she tells him, '"for your husband. Because you must always be prettier for him than anybody else is." An', oh, dearest,' she says, 'you know I'd 'a' looked my best for you if I could—but I never had—an' it wasn't your fault!' she cries out, 'but things didn't go right. It wasn't anybody's fault. Only—I *wanted* to look nice for you. An' since I've been sick,' she says, 'it's made me wretched, wretched to think I didn't hev nothin' to put on but this black waist—this homely old black waist. You never liked me to wear black,' I rec'lect she says to him, 'an' it killed me to think—if anything should happen—you'd be rememberin' me like this. You think you'd remember me the way I was when I was well—but you wouldn't,' she says, earnest; 'people never, never do. You'd remember me here like I look now. Oh—an' so I thought—if there was ever so little money we could spare—won't you get me somethin'—somethin' so's you could remember me better? Somethin' to wear these few days,' she says.

"He breaks down then an' cries, with his face in her pillow.

"'Don't—why, don't!' she says to him; 'if there wasn't any money, you might cry—only then I wouldn't never hev told you. But now—to-morrow—you can go an' buy me a little dressing-sack—the kind they have in the windows on Broadway. Oh, *Jack!*' she says, 'is it wicked an' foolish for me to want you to remember me as nice as you can? It ain't—it *ain't!*' she says.

"Then I give out. I felt like a handful o' wet sawdust that's been squeezed. I slid out an' down-stairs, an' I guess I chopped wood near all night. The Tomato Ketchup's husband he pounded the floor for me to shut up, an' I told him—though I never was what you might call a impudent janitor—that if he thought he could chop it up any more soft, he'd better engage in it. But then the kid woke up, too, an' yelled some, an' I's afraid she'd hear it an' remember, an' so I quit.

"Nex' mornin' I laid for Mr. Loneway in the hall.

"'Sir,' I says to him when he come down to go out, 'you won't do nothin' foolish?' I ask him.

"'Mind your business,' he says, his face like a patch o' poplar ashes.

"I was in an' out o' their flat all day, an' I could see't Mis' Loneway she's happy as a lark. But I knew pretty well what was comin'. Mind you, this was the third day.

"That night I hed things goin' in the kitchen an' the kettle on, an' I's hesitatin' whether to put two eggs in the omelet or three, when he comes home. He laid a eternal lot o' stuff on the kitchen table, without one word, an' went in where she was. I heard paper rustlin', an' then I heard her voice—an' it wasn't no cryin', lemme say. An' so I says to myself, 'Well,' I says, 'she might as well hev a four-egg omelet, because it 'll be the last.' I knew if they's to arrest him she wouldn't never live the day out. So I goes on with the omelet, an' when he come out where I was I just told him if he'd cut open the grapefruit I hed ever'thing else ready. An' then he quit lookin' defiant, an' he calmed down some; an' pretty soon we took in the dinner.

"She was sittin' up in front o' her two pillows, pretty as a picture. An' she was in one o' the things I ain't ever see outside o' a store window. Lord! it was all the color o' roses, with craped-up stuff like the bark on a tree, an' rows an' rows o' lace, an' long, flappy ribbon. She was allus pretty, but she looked like an angel

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in that. An' I says to myself then, I says: 'If a woman *knows* she looks like that in them things, an' if she loves somebody an', livin' or dead, wants to look like that for him, I want to know who's to blame her? I ain't—Peleg Bemus, he ain't.' Mis' Loneway was as pretty as I ever see, not barrin' the stage. An' she was laughin', an' her cheeks was pink-like, an' she says,

"'Oh, Mr. Bemus,' she says, 'I feel like a queen,' she says, 'an' you must stay for dinner.'

"I never seen Mr. Loneway gayer. He was full o' fun an' funny sayin's, an' his face had even lost its chalky look an' he'd got some color, an' he laughed with her an' he made love to her—durned if it wasn't enough to keep a woman out o' the grave to be worshipped the way that man worshipped her. An' when she ask for the guitar I carried out the platter, an' I stayed an' straightened things some in the kitchen. An' all the while I could hear 'em singin' soft an' laughin' together . . . an' all the while I knew what was double sure to come.

"Well, in about an hour it did come. I was waitin' for it. Fact, I had filled up the coffee-pot expectin' it. An' when I heard the men comin' up the stairs I takes the coffee an' what rolls there was left an' I meets 'em in the hall, on the landing. They was two of 'em—constables, or somethin'—with a warrant for his arrest.

"'Gentlemen,' says I, openin' the coffee-pot careless so's the smell could get out an' circ'late—'gentlemen, he's up there in that room. There's only these one stairs, an' the only manhole's right here over your heads, so's you can watch that. You rec'leet that there ain't a roof on that side o' the house. Now, I'm a lonely beggar, an' I wisht you'd let me invite you to a cup o' hot coffee an' a hot buttered roll or two, right over there in that hall window. You can keep your eye peeled towards that door all the while,' I reminds 'em.

"Well, it was a bitter night, an' them two was flesh an' blood. They 'lowed that if he hadn't been there they'd 'a' had to wait for him anyway, so they finally set down. An' I doled 'em out the coffee. I 'lowed I could keep 'em an hour if I knew myself. Nobody could 'a' done any different, with her an' him settin' up there singin' an' no manner o' doubt but what it was for the last time.

"I'd be'n 'round consid'able in my time an' I knew quite a batch o' stories. Well, I let 'em have 'em all, an' poured the coffee down 'em. They was willin' enough—it wa'n't cold in the halls to what it was outside, an' the coffee was boilin' hot. An' if anybody wants to blame me, they'd hev to see her first, all fluffed up, same as a kitten, in that pink jacket-thing, afore I'd give 'em a word o' hearin'.

"In the midst of it all I heard the Tomato Ketchup's kid yell. I remembered that this 'd be my last chanst fer *her* to see the kid when she could get any happiness out of it. I didn't think twice—I just filled up the cups o' them two, an' then I sails down-stairs, two at a time, an' opened the door o' first floor front without rappin'. The kid was there in its little nightgown, howlin' fer fair because it had be'n left alone with its boy brother. The Tomato Ketchup an' her husband was to a wake. I picked up the kid, rolled it in a blanket, grabbed brother by the arm, an' started up the stairs.

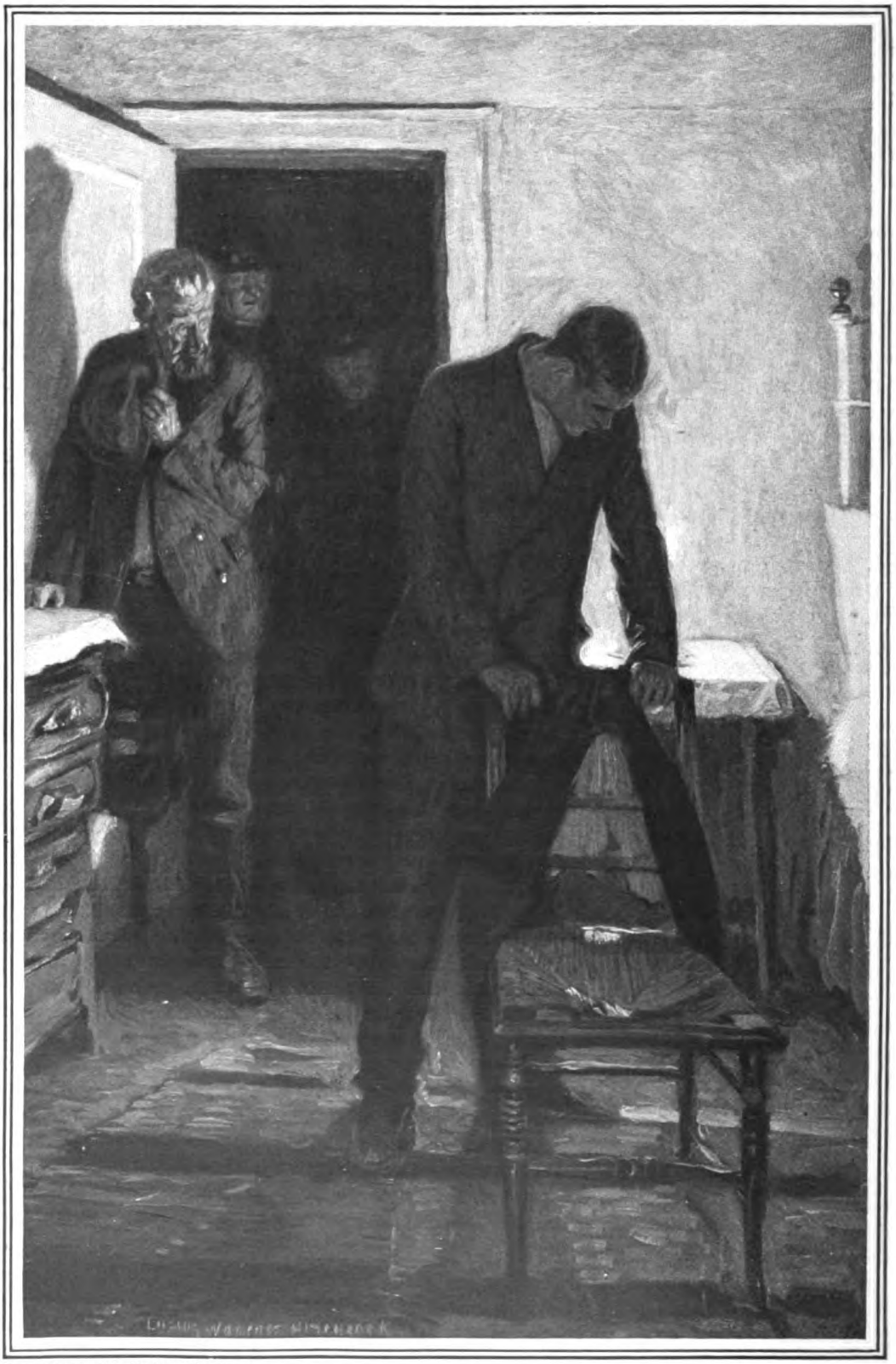
"'Is the house on f-f-fire?' says the boy brother.

"'Yes,' says I, 'it is. An' we're goin' up-stairs to hunt up a fire-escape,' I told him.

"At the top o' the stairs I sets him down on the floor an' promises him an orange, an' then I opens the door, with the kid on my arm. It had stopped yellin' by then, an' it was settin' up straight, with its eyes all round an' its cheeks all pinked up with havin' just woke up, an' it looked awful cute, in spite of its mother. Mis' Loneway was leanin' back, laughin', an' tellin' him what they was goin' to do the minute she got well; but when she see the baby she drops her husband's hand and sorter screams out, weak, an' holds out her arms. Mr. Loneway, he hardly heard me go in, I reckon—leastwise, he looks at me clean through me without seein' I was there. An' she hugs the kiddie up in her arms an' looks at me over the top of its head as much as to say she understood an' thanked me.

"'Its ma is went off,' I told 'em, apologetic, 'an' I thought maybe you'd look after it a while,' I told 'em.

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"SOMEHOW I KNEW THERE WASN'T NOTHIN' MORE TO WAIT FOR"

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"Then I went out an' put oranges all around the boy brother on the hall floor, an' I hustled back down-stairs.

"'Gentlemen,' says I, brisk, 'I've got two dollars too much,' says I—an' I reck'n the cracks in them walls must 'a' winked at the notion. 'What do you say to a game o' dice on the bread plate?' I ask 'em.

"Well, one way an' another I kep' them two there for two hours. An' then, when the game was out, I knew I couldn't do nothin' else. So I stood up an' told 'em I'd go up an' let Mr. Loneway know they was there—along o' his wife bein' sick an' hadn't ought to be scared.

"I started up the stairs, feelin' like lead. Little more'n half way up I heard a little noise. I looked up, an' I see the boy brother a-comin', leakin' orange peel, with the kid slung over his shoulder, sleepin'. I looked on past him, an' the door o' Mr. Loneway's sittin'-room was open, an' I see Mr. Loneway standin' in the middle o' the floor. I must 'a' stopped still, because somethin' stumbled up against me from the back, an' the two constables was there, comin' close behind me. I could hear one of 'em breathin'.

"Then I went on up, an' somehow I knew there wasn't nothin' more to wait for. When we got to the top I see inside the room, an' she was layin' back on her pillow, all still an' quiet. An' the little new pink jacket never moved nor stirred, for there wa'n't no breath.

"Mr. Loneway, he come acrost the floor towards us.

"'Come in,' he says. 'Come right in,' he told us—an' I seen him smilin' some."

The Winds of God

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

THE wind is blowing across the world: it is lifting my brother's hair
Lightly from off his forehead, and bringing the light to his eyes;
Listen, and you may hear it come, stirring the empty air:
O lift your faces, folk of the world, and feel the wind arise!

Feel it? ay, ye may see it far, in the tops of the gusty trees
Where the beam of a day that is passing borrows a poignant grace.
Lo, some are scattered before the gale, as a leaf that flutters and flees—
But we that have waited long stand up, and take it full in the face!

It comes we know not whither; yea, and it hastens we know not where;
And boisterous is its coming, the swoop of its healing wings;
Yet dainty as breath of clover-fields it washes in waves of air
O'er a wistful world that has half forgot to dream of its visitings.

No blame to our patient fathers, they born to the moment of calm;
The great winds blow not alway; the tempest itself must rest.
They shunned not the wounds of the weary fight, though their wise men knew no balm:
Though the air was stale and empty, they breathed it and did their best.

But ours was the happy cradle, the trough of the rising wave!
Up to its crested summit shall our lives, perforce, be flung.
In the great world's battle-ages, even the cowards are brave:
The winds of God are blowing—and we, ah, we are young!

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The Earth as a Magnet

BY F. A. BLACK, F.R.S.E.

THE power possessed by the lodestone, or natural magnet, of attracting iron and of taking up its position in a northward and southward direction, is supposed to have been first discovered by the Chinese. Indeed, according to Eastern tradition, the magnet was used as a guide in travelling by the Chinese monarch Hoang-ti in the twenty-seventh century B.C.—that is to say, some 4600 years ago. Be this as it may, it is certain that at least as far back as the beginning of the Christian era the Chinese had a contrivance which they called "*tchi-nan*," which practically means "a south-indicating car." This is supposed to have been a coach or wagon, in the upper part of which was fixed a vessel containing a magnet, or magnetic needle, floating freely in water. The needle was attached to the arm of a diminutive human figure, and by maintaining its position notwithstanding the motion of the vehicle, it caused the arm of the figure to point constantly towards the *south*.

The Chinese appear to have early discovered that artificial magnets could be produced by simply rubbing a piece of iron with lodestone, and they were also aware, by at latest the eleventh century of our era, that the position taken up by a magnetic needle is not necessarily exactly northward and southward. The Frenchman Biot, who was a most eminent mathematician and scientist at the time of Waterloo, quotes the following interesting passage from a Chinese author of the eleventh century as descriptive of the ancient Chinese method of preparing the magnetic needle.

Those who perform the trick rub the needle with a magnet stone: then it will mark the south: it will, however, decline always a little toward the east. It does not exactly indicate the south. When such a needle floats on water it is very much agitated; if one's finger nails simply touch the edge of the basin where it floats they throw it into agitation. It is better to suspend it, in order to manifest its virtue as much as possible. This is the method: Take a thread out of a new skein of cotton and stick one end of the thread to the exact middle of the magnet with a piece of wax as big as a mustard seed. Then hang it in a place free from draughts. The needle will then point steadily to the south.

The magnetic needle or compass was introduced into Europe by the Arabs in the eleventh or twelfth century, in its original form of a floating needle. In the fourteenth century the balanced needle came into use, the inventor probably being Flavio Gioja, a native of Amalfi in Italy.

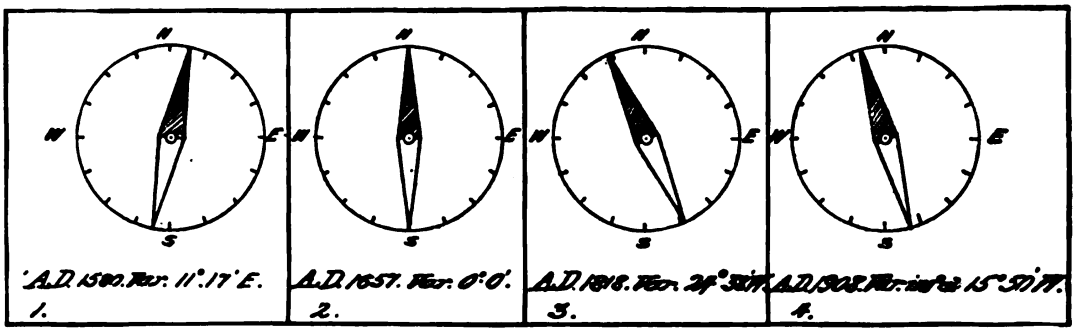
The introduction of the compass to Europe and its subsequent improvement were undoubtedly strong factors in bringing about the great exploring expeditions of the middle ages. Had the compass been unknown in his day, it is very doubtful whether Columbus would have ventured to cross the unknown seas: whereby, indeed, he incidentally and independently ascertained that the direction of the compass may diverge from the true north, and also that the divergence varies from place to place.

The discovery of the compass is, of course, the foundation of the science of terrestrial magnetism, the main purpose of which may, indeed, be said to be to decide *why* the magnetic needle takes up a certain definite position, and why and in what manner its position is subject to variation.

"True as the needle to the pole" is a saying which, even to this day, is sometimes made as a declaration of constancy. Yet even King Henry the Eighth was not more fickle in his affections than is the magnetic needle as an indicator of the true north.

In 1657 the compass in London pointed to the true north, but this has not been the case since then. Previous to 1657

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VARIATION OF MAGNETIC NEEDLE AT LONDON DURING 300 YEARS

the needle pointed to the east of north, its direction in 1550—the date of the earliest observation recorded — having been 11° 13′ to the east of north. It would appear that this easterly variation was then increasing, as there is a record of 1580 which is 11° 17′ E. About that date, however, the needle certainly began to move westward. It attained the true north in 1657, but continued its westward movement till 1818, when it had a westerly variation of 24° 38′ 25″. In 1818 it began to move towards the east, and its easterly movement still continues, there being still, however, a westerly variation of nearly 16°. It has been calculated that the needle in London will once again indicate the true north in or about the year 1973. It is supposed that in 1560 the needle had in London its greatest easterly variation, and we know that in 1818 it had its greatest westerly variation. This makes the time occupied in the swing from one extreme to the other 258 years, which would make the period of the complete movement about 516 years.

In New York the swing of the needle is very much less than in London. The complete period there is calculated to be about 240 years, and the swing of the needle does not cover the true north. The direction indicated by the compass needle at New York is estimated to vary from 4° 43′ west of north to about 9° west of north. The needle was in its most easterly position (4° 43′ W.) in 1803, and since then the westerly variation has continued to increase. It is supposed that the needle will attain its most westerly position in or about the year 1923.

Thus in London the needle is at present moving eastward, while in New York it is moving westward. The movement of the needle in these two cities is illustrative of what occurs all the world over, the action in no two places on the surface of the globe being exactly similar in all respects to each other.

Besides changing constantly in its relation to the cardinal point—a change which is known as the declination, or, as we have called it, the variation—the needle has another and quite dissimilar movement. This is the movement of dip, or inclination. In the ordinary compass the needle is virtually prevented from exhibiting the dip through the method in which it is fixed. In order that the dip may be evident, the needle has, of course, to be so adjusted as to have freedom of movement in deviating from the horizontal. In the tropics there is an irregular belt around the earth, partly to the north and partly to the south of the equator, in all parts of which there is no dip. This is the magnetic equator. To the north of the magnetic equator the north-indicating end of the needle dips, and to the south of the magnetic equator the south-indicating end of the needle dips, the dip in each case increasing with separation from the magnetic equator and approach to the magnetic pole. At the magnetic pole the dipping needle takes up a vertical position. The action of the needle as regards dip in different geographical positions is, in fact, exactly similar to the corresponding action of a suspended magnetic needle when moved along above a magnetized bar.

The earliest record of the dip of the needle in London is for the year 1576.

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The dip was then 71° 50′, and it was increasing. The greatest dip appears to have been attained in or about the year 1723, when it was 74° 42′. Since then the dip has been slowly decreasing, and it is now about 66° 55′. There is some reason, through the lessening amount of the annual movement, to believe that the dip is now at or near its turning-point.

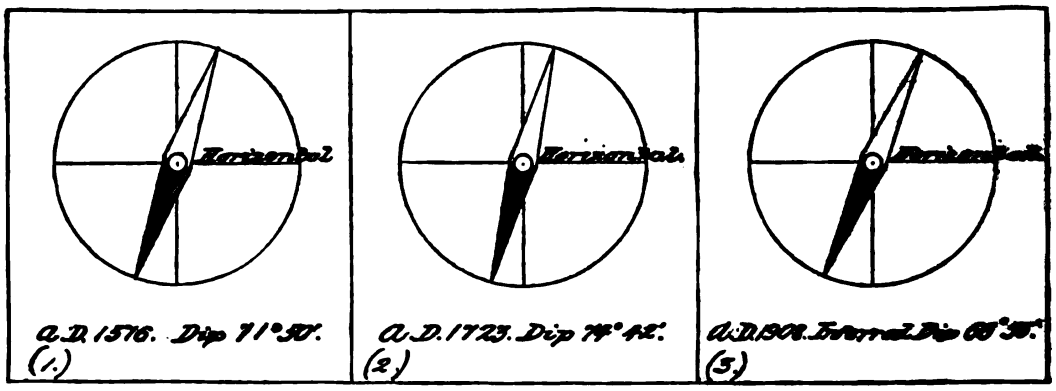
Similar changes in the dip of the needle—perhaps more marked, perhaps less marked—occur all over the globe, the magnetic equator, or region of no dip, not being definitely fixed on the earth's surface, but itself subject to slight change of position.

Besides the change in declination and dip, there is another inconstant "element," as it is called, in connection with terrestrial magnetism. This is the intensity or force of the magnetism which affects the needle. It is indicated by the vibrations of the needle, when diverted from its true direction, or, perhaps we should say, by the strength of its effort, when diverted, to return to its natural position.

Thus, the position taken by the magnetic needle is subject to change in horizontal direction, in dip, and in intensity, the cycle of which in general occupies centuries, although the periods differ in every separate locality. Not only is this so, the needle also has a corresponding *daily* movement, which is subject to seasonal variation, and the characteristics of these short-period movements are also locally diverse from each other.

In London at present, as we have seen, the needle points about 16° to the west of north, and the dip is about 66° 55′. If we take these figures as absolutely correct for the mean position, it will be the case that during certain hours daily the needle will point slightly more than 16° to the west of north, and that during part of the day the dip will be slightly more than 66° 55′: while at other times daily the westerly deflection and dip will be correspondingly less than the amount mentioned. Of course, although imperceptible, it must be the case that at present the daily swing of the needle in London is, on the average, infinitesimally greater towards the east than towards the west, and towards the horizontal than towards the vertical, seeing that secularly the westerly variation and the dip are both now decreasing.

About 11 A.M. (local time) the needle in London in its small daily swing points nearest to the true north. As the variation is at present westerly, this, of course, means that the needle then attains its easterly extreme for the day. The needle then begins to move towards the west, and this westward movement continues until about 7 P.M. About that hour the movement is reversed, and the needle then moves towards the east until about 11 A.M. next day. The daily movement in London covers about thirty-four minutes of the arc of the circle in summer and about twenty-three minutes in winter. Corresponding movements of the needle occur all over the earth, but the times at which the daily extremes occur, the extent of the daily swing, and the constancy of the movement vary in different localities. In low latitudes a slight intermediate reversal of the movement is

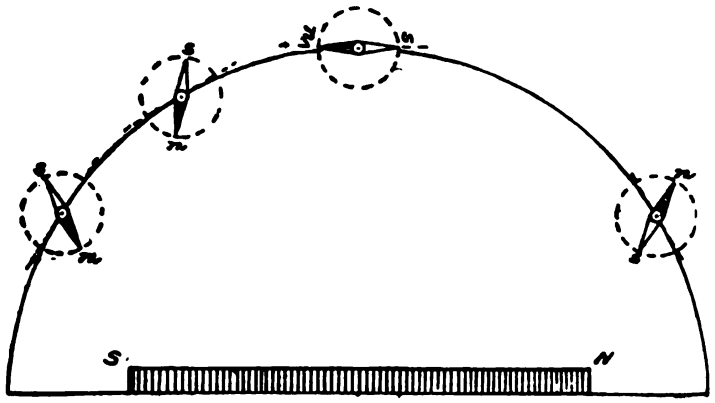


VARIATION IN DIP OF MAGNETIC NEEDLE AT LONDON

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not uncommon. In general it may be said that the extent of the swing is least at and near the region of the magnetic equator, and increases with separation from that region.

The daily change of the dip in London is, on the mean, about five and a half minutes of arc, the dip being least at about 6 A.M., and greatest at about 3 P.M. The daily change in the dip, like the daily change in the variation, is greater in summer than in winter. Doubtless this is also the case with the intensity, or force, although fluctuations in this element of terrestrial magnetism are peculiarly difficult of observation.



SIMILARITY OF ACTION OF THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE AS REGARDS DIP ON THE SURFACE OF THE GLOBE AND ON A MAGNETIC BAR

What, then, are the causes of these mysterious movements of the magnetic needle with their daily, seasonal, and secular characteristics?

There can be little doubt that the inquirers must at a very early date have been forced to conclude that the power of directive tendency possessed by the magnetic needle must flow from the earth itself. The whole circumstances indicate that this must be the case. This, then, being accepted, the fact that the needle was liable to be deflected by the proximity of any other magnet, whether natural or artificial, and could be made to follow the movement of the magnet, would naturally suggest that the earth, in causing the needle to take up a certain position in relation to the cardinal points, and to vary in dip with geographical situation, was really acting on the needle exactly like another magnet. The conclusion necessarily followed that the earth itself must either be a magnet or must contain within it a great magnet or combination of magnets.

Thus a fascinating and puzzling problem would, by a natural and simple train of reasoning, be presented to those interested in the discovery of natural laws.

Dr. William Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was one of those who specially interested himself in the subject of terrestrial magnetism. He published in 1600 a famous work which he called *New Physiology of the Magnet and Magnetic Bodies and the Earth as a Great Magnet.* He conjectured that there must exist inside the earth a large magnet whose poles lay near the geographical poles.

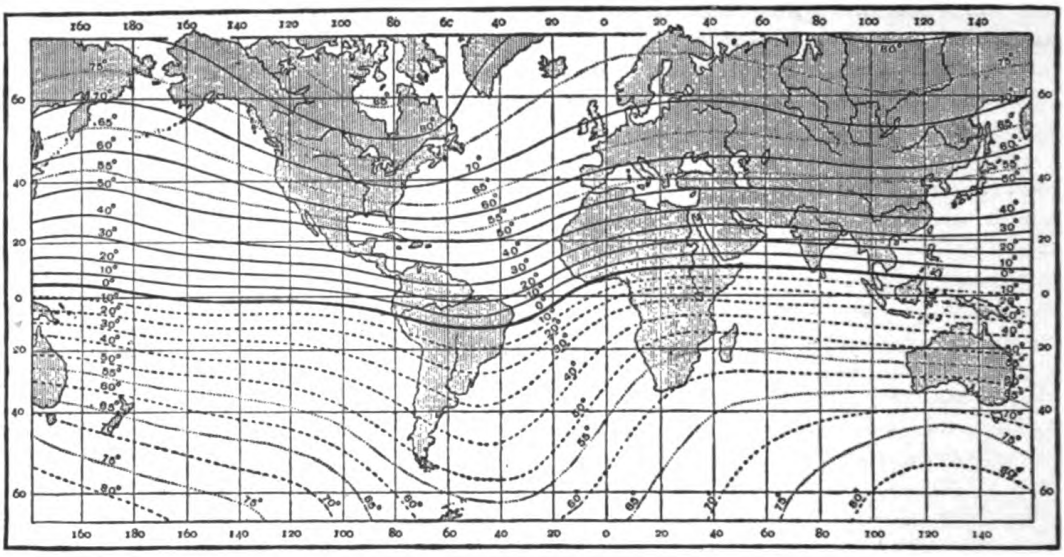
Barlow, who was professor of mathematics at Woolwich from 1806 to 1847, and who made many valuable contributions to the literature of this subject, suggested the existence of electric currents passing around the earth's surface from east to west as an explanation of the earth being itself a magnet —which by his day was generally accepted as incontrovertible.

It may be said that no explanation suggested has secured general acceptance as being *completely* satisfactory. But, while this is so, much progress has undoubtedly been made.

In view of recent advances in physical science, it is especially interesting to notice Professor Barlow's view that the earth is magnetized by surface electric currents circulating from east to west. Barlow's hypothesis, although defective in not satisfactorily accounting for the existence of the conjectured electric currents, is noteworthy as a scientific argument.

Early in the nineteenth century Arago and Ampère, two French scientists, whose names are specially associated with

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LINES OF EQUAL MAGNETIC DIP IN 1908

electricity, discovered that magnetism is energetically induced in iron or steel if the latter is enclosed in a spiral coil of wire and an electric current is caused to flow through the wire. The process adopted was to coil the wire from an electric battery around a glass tube, place the needle which it was desired to magnetize inside the tube, and then pass the current. The needle is thus immediately magnetized, the magnetization being temporary in the case of iron, but permanent in the case of steel. It was found that the nature of the poles formed in the extremities of a needle magnetized in this way depended on the manner in which the enclosing wire was spirally wound. Supposing the tube to be in a vertical position, with the wire coiled from top to bottom, and the current caused to traverse the coil from the top downwards, it was found that if, in its descending spiral course on the tube, the wire passed from *right to left* on the side of the tube turned towards the operator, the south-indicating pole of the magnetized needle occurred at the upper extremity, the north-indicating pole at the bottom. If, on the other hand, the wire was passed around the tube from *left to right*, the conditions otherwise being unchanged, the north-indicating pole was formed at the upper end of the needle, and the south-indicating pole at the lower end. It was thus found that the deciding cause as to which end of the needle was to point northward depended entirely on the apparently insignificant detail whether the course of the encircling electric current was right to left or left to right.

If, now, the earth is magnetized by electric currents passing from east to west, as suggested by Barlow, are such currents of the right to left or the left to right description? It will be seen at once by a glance at a globe or map that an east to west movement of an electric current on the earth is exactly equivalent, as seen from outer space, to a right to left passage of the flow of electricity. Thus, electric currents passing around the earth from east to west would, as in the case of the magnetization of the needle, give rise to the formation at the "top" or north of the earth of a south-indicating pole, and at the "bottom" or south of the earth of a north-indicating pole. Now, as is well known, one of the first principles of magnetism is that unlike poles attract, and like poles repel. Consequently a south-indicating pole at the north of the earth would attract the north-indicating end of the needle, and a north-indicating pole at the south of the earth the south-indicating end of the needle. Thus, the existence of such electric currents, as Barlow surmised, would, if the substance of the earth be magnetizable, exactly meet the condi-

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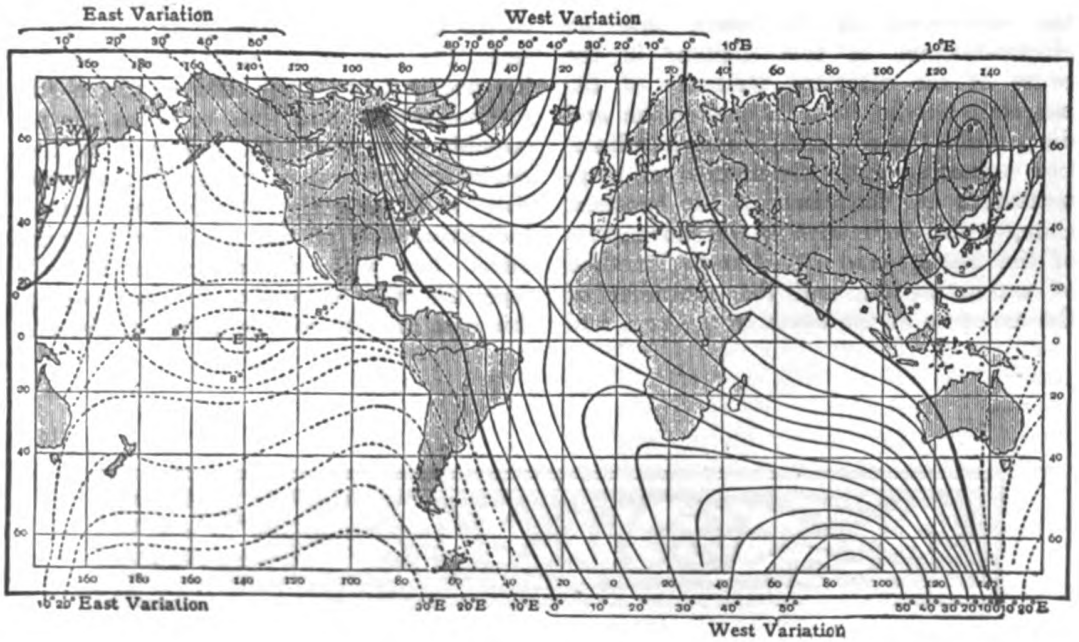
tions required to induce the magnetic needle to take up its position, generally speaking, northward and southward, and would be consistent also with the needle's directive tendency as regards its converse poles.

Since Barlow's time it has been discovered that when the sensitive magnetic needles of the observatories exhibit the tremulous agitation which is recognized as indicating the occurrence of what is called a "magnetic storm" there are invariably, at or about the same time, displays of aurora and conspicuous spots on the sun. It has also been ascertained that the sun-spot period of about eleven years is recognizable in connection with magnetic disturbances. These facts have been accepted as proving, what other facts also indicate, that solar action is intimately associated with terrestrial magnetism.

The advances in electrical science, in its relation to nature, have of late years brought many to believe that the sun is our great storehouse of electricity: that the ether of surrounding space is electric in character, and that electricity itself may even be atomic in structure.

Thus the sun, in pouring out light and heat, is believed to be also pouring out electricity, or electric energy, to all surrounding space. Whether in the form of waves of the surrounding ether or of physical particles, this electrical stream flows on to the earth on the side of the globe which is exposed to the sun. As the earth in its daily motion rotates eastward, causing the sun apparently to pass around the earth daily in a westward direction, this stream or flow of electricity is caused to wind constantly around the earth in a westward direction, a coil, so to speak, being completed in each daily rotation. Thus the magnetization of the earth very probably results in a manner exactly analogous to that employed when a needle is magnetized by an electric current through a right-handed spiral coil.

The writer, in a small volume on this subject, issued in 1905, took occasion to point out the close similarity which the magnetization of the earth, in the manner indicated, bears to the method discovered by Arago and Ampère of magnetizing iron or steel by means of an electric current. A copy of the book was presented to the distinguished physicist whose recent death the scientific world continues to deplore. In acknowledging the volume, Lord Kelvin took occasion to state very briefly his attitude in re-



LINES OF EAST AND WEST VARIATION IN 1908

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gard to the recent progress of this branch of natural science. His letter is as follows:

15 EATON PLACE, S.W.,
27th Oct., 1905.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the copy of your book on Terrestrial Magnetism, which you have kindly sent me.

It has long seemed to many, and seems to be your opinion also, that terrestrial magnetism is attributable to influences connected with the rotary motion of the earth and ether. But present knowledge does not suffice to found any definite theory on that idea. Yours truly, KELVIN.

From this view no careful inquirer can dissent. The facts, so far as known, suggest, but they by no means *prove,* that the earth is magnetized in the manner described—that is, through solar-electric influence in association with the earth's rotation.

There would seem to be reason for believing, at least tentatively, (1) that the earth in its physical structure consists to such an extent of magnetizable material that it is capable, as a whole, of being converted into a magnet; (2) that an electrical stream, or current, is received by the earth on the side exposed to the sun, which, through the earth's rotation, is coiled around the earth from east to west, causing the earth to become an electro-magnet; (3) that the conversion of the earth into an electro-magnet in this manner is the cause of the directive tendency of the magnetic needle, both in declination and dip; while the diversities and peculiarities connected with the method of magnetization are the cause of the constant changes and anomalies in the movements of the needle; and (4) that the method of magnetization, and the character of the exposure of the earth to the sun, and the irregularities of the earth itself in both form and composition, are the causes which decide the position of the terrestrial magnetic poles and equator, and the changes which occur in relation thereto.

It might not unreasonably be supposed that the attraction exercised by the earth on the magnetic needle, or, we may say, on any magnet, whether great or small, would have a bearing on terrestrial gravity. We can well imagine that a magnetic bar under terrestrial attraction would require the exercise of greater power to keep it away from the attracting earth than a similar bar unmagnetized, and consequently that *weight* would be increased by magnetization. This, however, is not the case. A magnetic needle, or magnetized bar, or any similar magnetic body, is so infinitely small compared with the earth that the earth's magnetism acts on it as a "couple,"—that is to say, two opposite forces are in operation at the same time, counteracting each other so far as interference with gravity is concerned, so that only the directive influence has full effect. We may suppose that the north magnetic pole is drawing the north-indicating end of the needle northward and repelling the opposite end with exactly the same force as the south magnetic pole is drawing the south-indicating end of the needle and repelling the north-indicating end. To take an extreme case, suppose the needle to be suspended at the north magnetic pole, and thus to be as far as possible away from the influence of the opposing power, then the north magnetic pole will certainly attract the north-indicating end of the needle with great effect, but with similar power it will repel the other extremity, so that even in this case gravity will be quite unaffected.

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Editor's Easy Chair

THE old novelist and the young novelist had the common advantage of being Americans, and they met on such neutral ground as England, which refuses to call us foreigners, may be, for the purposes of argument, supposed to afford. Their differences began with the fact that the old novelist was going home, and the young novelist was going to stay on.

"Yes," the young novelist contended, "life is so much denser over here. It isn't only that there are more people to the acre, but there are more characteristics, more motives, more circumstances to the individual, and of course more incidents. I don't mean incidents of the gross, material sort that supplies excitement and anxiety to the *hoi polloi* type of reader, but the collisions of varied temperaments, the refined catastrophes resulting from traits keeping their saliency through all the processes of culture, the dénouements in which the threads of manifold intrigue are as clues running to the future as well as from the past of your persons."

"Yes, that is all perfectly true," the old novelist asserted, with a provisional air.

"We seem, over there," the young novelist continued, indicating the direction of the Western Hemisphere, with a twist of his head, as he lay back in his chair, "to have a vast extent of opportunity, which presents itself to me in the image of a race-course, where as soon as we are born we begin to try our speed, but not so much comparatively as positively. The course is so broad that we are almost without rivalry in our running. We have no common goal; we arrive, somehow, at what we each feel to be an ultimate point, and then we each feel that we have done our best; but whether it is the best of all, neither we nor the spectators are able to say. We have no standard, and there is no supreme recognition of any one of us as the supreme victor. We have no inside or outside assurance that any one of us is the first of his kind. But I don't so much object to the fact that we are running against time, instead of against one another, as to the fact that there is no more diversity among the spectators than there is rivalry among the runners. They are divinely lenient, but they also seem divinely indifferent. As I pant along the course, I see them thin, thin, like the figures of some immeasurable fresco in the flat, and not in the round as the figures are over here. When I have arrived at the end of my book, and review my characters, they also appear thin, thin, like figures in the flat. I suppose you would consider that a merit; you would call it being like life."

"If American life were really thin and flat, I should," the old novelist said.

"And you don't really see it so?"

"In a sense, yes; but in a better sense, no."

"But variety, complexity, density?"

"Yes, yes. But if I were speaking to myself instead of to you—"

"Oh, do be frank! Regard me as personally, as pitilessly as you do yourself when you are morbid."

"Then I should say, make sure that the monotony, the incomplexity, the tenuity are not subjective."

"Ah, that's good. I've wondered, sometimes. But go on."

"No, that is far enough. But I should say that as we fill up more and more with the sparse figures from the ampler vacuity of the life outside of us, we begin to accuse the environment, and to posit ourselves in wholly different circumstance where we see our native material as slighter than it really is. We no longer see it constructively; we see it critically; and that takes substance and vitality from it; reduces it from an object to a subject."

"I see," the young novelist said, closing his eyes to a line.

"I congratulate you: I *don't* see, myself—yet," the old novelist said. "But

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I hope I shall, as I keep on. I mean, or I am trying to mean, that every human being is of planetary content, of stellar content. When the human being is male and female, for so created He them, we have the double star revolving as one, and containing in its unified duality all the possibilities of love and life, of hate and death. Such stars do not contain less of these in the American firmament than they contain in the European firmament. Of course I am supposing the stellar pair to be of an equal intellectual and spiritual quality, whether they are in one firmament or the other."

"Ah, but that is just the question!" the young novelist exclaimed. "Are they? Can they be?"

"I should like to dodge the question as you intend it. But I should answer boldly that they are of equal intellectual and spiritual interest."

"Do you really believe that?" the young novelist demanded, with respectful incredulity. "If you will dump your metaphor and come down to business, can you say that the American man and woman, with the limited experience which can come to them in our unlimited space, are as interesting as the English man and woman, with the unlimited experience which comes to them in their limited space?"

"Well," the old novelist replied, "that depends upon what you find interesting in people; upon whether you care more for the drama or for the theatre, for the action or for the scene. I'll allow—it would be folly to deny—that there are more social contacts on the more densely peopled English stage; but are there more vital encounters? I doubt it. Take such of the English novels as deal most with their social varieties and complexities, with their classes and the differences which their classes create: they are the most tiresome of their novels. The most delightful, the most interesting, are those which escape from their cramping conventions into the space and freedom of the simpler life, which is still ours on all the levels. Something like the space and freedom of that life, something essentially simple, if not the external simplicity of that life, is the fortunate conditioning of the supreme human experience with us. Whenever we refuse the knowledge of this fact, and attempt what is vainly imagined to be society fiction, we produce a poor imitation of the poorer sort of English fiction, just as our endeavor for conventional society has resulted in an imitation of English society. This accounts for the want of convincingness in attempts at society fiction. They may be true copies of the copy, but the mind refuses to accept them because they are not representations of an original. If you were to offer pictures of scenes from Shakespeare's plays in the theatre as examples of Shakespeare's dramas, they would not satisfy, because they would be representations of representations."

"Yes, all that is true enough," the young novelist contended. "But I think the very truth of it tells in my favor. You have been saying that we have no variety, no abundance, of self-derived social forms, and that is just what I began by saying, or meaning. Our American world, without authentic society, is lean, gaunt, bare. Fiction soon exhausts its little tale of types, and then gasps in the vast, airless, lifeless ambient."

"And what has happened with English fiction? Every type in the apparently endless variety of the social life here has been recognized again and again until you shrink in anguish from a fresh presentation of characters which have lost their novelty. The clubs, the sports, the cottages, the castles, the halls, the city houses, the suburban villas, have been as closely studied and as often shown as the people who live in them. Certainly there is no new thing under the English sun; perhaps that is why he comes out so seldom; he will always see the old things."

"But that doesn't prove that our gaunt, empty environment is not as shopworn as I have said."

"No, it doesn't. But it brings me to a point, which I fancy we shall not so easily agree on. I will grant you that the outside of our simpler life is as shopworn as the outside of their complexer life. But I don't see what you will gain by staying over here and exchanging one for the other. I should say that what fiction on both sides of the water had got to do was to pierce more than it has yet done below the surface. Our earliest

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great fictionist had the instinct of this. The art of Hawthorne, in fact, went so deep that you knew his people by the look of their souls rather than their bodies. He is careful to give us an outward portrait of each, but you forget this, and they remain psychical, not physical, presences, they affect us by what they are rather than by what they seem. I should say, if I were very bold, that this was what our conditions did for each of us. You complain that we appear thin, thin to you, like figures studied in the flat, and I have allowed you a certain amount of reason in this. But I have now got to the point where I must ask whether you would not see them in the round if you looked deep enough, if you looked into their minds. I think you might. The fact is that if fiction is going to see us and show us truly, it must change its point of view."

"I get your meaning, I believe," the young novelist replied. "But in order to convince of the inside you have got first to persuade of the outside. Unless the will expresses itself in action there is no proof of the will. But I think the trouble is not so much with the tenuity of our figures as with the absence of background in our life."

"And what constitutes the background in life here in England? I suppose you will say the whole order of things: upper and middle and lower classes; clergy and laity; civilians and soldiers; lawyers and scientists; all the other divisions into which society is cast and fixed. But these divisions, which may be said to form a background, do not make for character, for personality. The man fitted into a groove has been pared of much of his individual outline; but the man who has fitted himself into a groove has done so because he has found a groove of his size; and I hope that will always be the case with Americans. It is what will forever keep them interesting—the most interesting people in the world, if you look on the inside and not the outside of them. You say that our careers are positive and not comparative; but there I think you are wrong. They seem merely positive because the competition that enters is not an obstacle, but an incentive; it is emulation; and each arrives unhindered at whatever point his native force can carry him to. There is with us more qualification for the end achieved than there is with any other people. I don't mean that we are naturally more gifted; but the state of things is so much more fluid. To put it crudely, caste, which in England fixes the destiny of nine men out of ten, has nothing to do with destiny in our conditions. We have some round men in square holes, of course; but so few that it is a matter of surprise with the English how well our affairs are managed by men who are apparently not selected by authority for their places in life. The fact is they are self-selected, else they would not be in them; whereas in this older civilization they are selected by others, and crammed into their round holes or their square holes because they are of this class or that family, and without regard to their natural shape."

"Now," the young novelist declared, "you are getting on the moral ground, the social ground. Keep to the æsthetic ground, please, and say why their round men in square holes are not fitter for fiction than our self-selected rotundities in their circular orifices. As material they are in fact perpetually interesting, while our material is interesting only in the process of self-selection. Mind, I am not saying that the English system is right and ours is wrong; I have nothing to do with that. I say that the English system produces a greater variety of more constantly interesting types."

"Yes, if they had not had their edges all worn out by wobbling round in their misfit holes, and by being taken up and handled by generations of novelists! How tired one has got of them all! The soldier, the statesman, the scholar, the diplomat, the local gentleman, the local nobleman, the local clergyman, the local solicitor, the peasant, the shopkeeper, the doctor, the agitator, the preacher—all the square men in the round holes, even the round men in the round holes—how blunted and dulled and defaced they are with the novelists' use! But take our fellows, with the delicious feel of their keen angles, their sharp edges, the thrill of their fresh emotions, the glow of their modern ambitions, the leap of the achievement that fits them into the holes for which nature shaped them from their

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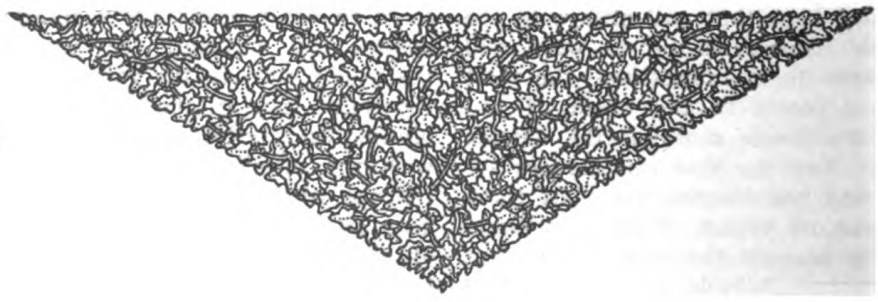
birth! We, we only, are the free men, the men free to choose their career and to run it. Of course, one leaves out of the count the vast mass of those who are the slaves of condition, and one includes only the masters of circumstance. But so long as the rough work of our American world is done by the various sorts of aliens, we need only count the natives, the masters of circumstance, and not the slaves of condition. It seems to me, my dear young friend, that you are trying to shirk the task for which you were sent into the world. I am taking it for granted that you are a square man, and that you are looking about for the round hole of the English novelist as something you can slip into easily, and be more comfortable in. But don't flatter yourself; you will find the process of wearing off your edges extremely trying. What you ought to do is to go home and grapple fearlessly with the empty native ambient. You have already recognized that it is very sparsely peopled; that its interests are elemental and its motives few. But if you will begin to deal with them you will find them of a size commensurate with the environment. If you penetrate their interiors you will discover whole new worlds of spirituality, of personality. You have been looking at them with alien eyes, with the glasses which we have got on over here, and which show the outsides of men—their social shells, rubbed smooth by the social shells round them, and hardened against community of thought. But use the eyes you were born with, and with which we pierce to one another's hearts, we Americans, like the children of one family, eager for intimacy, and hospitably open to curiosity. So far, such realism as we have had has been occupied in recognizing the varying *as*pects of our life; the new realism must concern itself with the *in*spects —with the psychical physiognomies which our earlier, our Hawthornian magic unveiled. You must—"

"Do you remember what was said by the criticism which killed my last—my first—book?" the young novelist demanded. "One American critic said that he did not see why I should have labored so hard to make my readers believe that my action took place in Massachusetts when it might as easily have happened in Asia Minor from anything national in my characters. An English critic accused me of being one of those fellow countrymen of his who have tried to pass themselves off for Americans by using a spurious Yankee parlance counterfeited from study of the Biglow Papers: the characters were all essentially cockney. If you will recall the book you will acknowledge that it realized the very ideal of a psychologized American ambient—But perhaps you haven't read it?"

"Well," the old novelist confessed, "not yet. But I am going to put it into my bag for the voyage home, and I shall be all the more interested—"

At this the young novelist seemed to become very embittered, and he said, apparently with the wish to entrap his elder, "I would like to know how you would apply your principles of a new American fiction to the study of the American woman, who can't very well be left out."

"Ah," the old novelist said. "I hadn't reached that phase of the subject yet. But at a venture I should say, Very easily; for what the American woman outwardly seems, that she inwardly is."



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Editor's Study

THE distinction made by De Quincey between the literature of power and that of knowledge—that is, of information,—though often quoted by writers of to-day, was more pertinent to his own generation than to ours. He began his literary career when in poetry a new creative era was at its height, while in prose the didactic habit of the preceding century still persisted, especially in the writings of philosophers and men of science, whose speculations and discoveries were conveyed in strictly formal terms as much in contrast with the quaint and imaginative discursions of Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne in the sixteenth century as with the illuminative expositions of Clerk-Maxwell, Faraday. Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer a generation later. With the writers of our own time in the same field, such as John Fiske and William James, the contrast is still more striking.

It would never occur to us to call a formal treatise literature in any sense. Yet analysis, description, scientific exposition, criticism, and narrative, which, as formally presented, do not belong to literature, may by imaginative power and insight be lifted to that dignity, while the novel, which ought always to have that exaltation, may be an utterly feeble and insignificant production, or, even if interesting and important in its matter, being devoid of imagination, may fall short of the distinction.

There is really no literature but the literature of power, which in our day covers an immense and varied field. The thoughtful reader finds himself engaged, during every waking moment he can spare for books and periodicals, by some embodiment or interpretation of life which has imaginative value, appealing to his higher curiosity and to his most widely varied tastes. His newspaper is not merely a chronicle; it charges the day's doings with their meaning and tendency, investing incident and circumstance with the guise of fancy and humor; even the reporter—who may be a budding novelist—does not fail of the picture; and well equipped critics disclose with varying degree of charm the freshly emergent novelties in science, literature, society, art, and even archæology. His magazines, of which there are so many, and so many that are good, deepen the best of these satisfactions and offer him, in fiction and essay, a store of imaginative literature, richer, more diversified, and of a higher order than was ever before thus current in the world. In books, the whole treasury of human literature is at his command, and so much of the best of it is of his own generation that he will find in this alone the full complement of his culture, including the truest interpretation of the past.

All this is literature with the stamp of imagination upon it. Very little of it that is contemporary will ever meet the eyes of a future generation. The eminent writers of the past who have won immortality did not strive for it; they were helped to it through features which our writers have missed or repudiated—impressive accessories, association with heroic or religious themes, and, in times when there were few authors of any note, a singular assurance of prosperity with many generations. Their intrinsic excellence, which is undisputed, while an indispensable condition to lasting fame, would not alone have sufficed to save them from oblivion.

Our writers, unconsciously, it is true, but perseveringly, court evanescence. That is the course of evolution in Nature. The inorganic endures, but all living things pass, and return only in their successors. Never the same harvest blooms again. As literature comes nearer to life it partakes more of its evanescence, which, in the case of humanity, is more pronounced than it is in Nature. This comparative disadvantage, as it seemed to our predecessors, found a partial compensa-

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tion in the durable monuments of art. But we do not look upon it as such a disadvantage, and instead of seeking durability we promote mutation and expedite the passing.

The word "duration" suggests hardness, immovable permanence, the stability of Cathay. Men were used to think of eternity as endless duration. Now we have come to think of it as a quality of the psychical life. Water wears away and outwears the rock. Only that which freely flows, which is mobile, quick in change and passage, can have real stability. Our modern conservatism is not a clinging to old modes, a plea for stereotyped fashions; it is rather a plea for time—however brief the moment—in which to change. The obstinacy of the old conservatism, a protest against mutation, insured the ruin, through brittleness or rot, of all it sought to preserve, leading the way to precisely the same meaningless dust or refuse that iconoclasm leaves in its wake. Iconoclasm, therefore, belongs wholly to the past—to those periods in which its precipitate corrosions were invited; in our day the general sense waits upon conservatism and deprecates destruction of values. The stability of our civilization is secured by those mutations which are a distinctive feature of modern constructive organization. The destruction of values by war is coming to be looked upon as an intolerable barbarism.

To expedite the passing is the law of our modern life. We reinforce all sane and wholesome currents, all that are not impelled by rages and hatreds, and in time shall thus prevent the waste and futility of attempts to sustain decrepitudes. Even in our pathology we stimulate fevers and send after disease its own specific virus or, what is better, preveniently anticipate it by the same means —so clearing the stream.

All of our life which has for us beauty, interest, and meaning is made up of evanescences, of things that are passing and which we willingly let pass. This is as true of past generations as of our own, and those generations found in the shifting scenes and situations a by no means stinted share of human delights and satisfactions; but for us the phenomena are different. Life, so generous for them, is yet for us far more abundant and varied in its bounty, and we have quite another perspective of its real values. They were more exacting, formal, and tenacious in the outward conduct of life, and more jealously guarded a visible integrity. We have more faith in life, confident of its inward harmony, and let it freely flow, seeking its own levels; we are not afraid of inconsistency, and readily give up the outward for an invisible integrity. We are sure of our harmony and do not strain to keep it at high pitch; chaos will not ensue upon our relaxation. Ours is not the burden of Atlas. Souls will not be lost for lack of our inquisition. Yet the currents of the world's life, thus freely flowing, are strong enough for their own issues and for the salvation of all who yield to them. Response to the truth is more important than that old mistaken sense of responsibility to which more than half of the almost unthinkable cruelties of the past were due.

Literature as well as life has been released from an unnatural strain through our new sense of values. Walls are for the garden, not the garden for walls; and our real life, certainly our real literature, is wholly concerned with the garden and with its living and evanescent flowers and fruits. Formerly the imagination dwelt in the house of Fame, exalting heroic or saintly deeds and personalities; now it is not busy with things that are memorable or monumentally lasting; it dwells in the house of Life. The phenomena which appeal to it and which engage its powers do not crystallize in fixed external features or traits, are always in flux and have no permanence, are, therefore, not matters of record in memorial, but, being moments of mind and heart or, at their firmest, moods that take shapes as clouds do in the sky, have no statics and are caught only in passing. Such moments or moods have, in all times, made the best part of human life—the very life of life—but not the best on the same psychical plane as ours, and, therefore, not having the same high esteem in critical appreciation or in imaginative selection. The values which our present generation most cherishes in literature have not distinguished the literature and, still less, the art of former ages.

Even in our interpretation of the past we seek, as far as possible, to get back

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of the memorial, back of those things which formerly seemed most worthy of record, and so made up the body of human history; yet if we were successful, we should not find psychical phenomena of the same order as those which abound in our modern life, and which have our preference as imaginative motives because of their higher interest and excitement—more than compensating those we have surrendered. If every part of the world's life were brought within the full operation of this dynamic psychical harmony, we should have as reasonable a millennium as we could hope for—and should no longer make history, certainly not after the manner of former generations. Already we are puzzled how fitly to commemorate a three hundred years old poet, we are so tired of outward monuments. For records shall we hereafter be obliged to content ourselves with those of commerce and industry and athletics, of the best sellers in the book market, of the speed of automobiles and ocean liners, the flights of air-ships, and the long-windedness of Congressional speech-makers, or of the applause given to Presidential candidates in political conventions? All these are fluctuating enough to meet the modern note of change and of absolute contemporaneity, but have no psychical significance and no imaginative value; they belong to the mere routine of journalism.

Each new generation suffices more and more for itself, and, whatever regard it may have for antiquity, it has little for an invisible posterity—none at all for any glory that posterity may confer upon it. It is faithfully reflected in its imaginative literature—in that portion of it which is either an interpretation or representation of contemporary life. What matter if the next generation, in its own self-sufficiency, is oblivious of the reflection, and treats this passing literature as in a palimpsest, writing its own above it?

There is another portion of literature in each generation, not so entirely contemporary in its aim, but, as in the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward's fiction, linking itself with the past, while wholly modern in its psychical method and meaning. We should say that modernity is with Mrs. Ward a passion, whatever the background of her work. This class of literature is especially important for its culture-values. Whether on that account it will last any longer is by no means certain. It may be that we have reached the time when even the torch-bearers are illuminated only by the passing flame.

But there remains still another kind of imaginative literature—a more unconscious, indeed an absolutely spontaneous, manifestation of genius, and more distinctively creative than any other. In our day it is sure to be fiction, and just because it is so purely creative it is profoundly and inevitably interpretative. We speak of it as if it were actually in evidence, but we should rather say that there are in certain works of fiction of our time, beginning with the early novels of Thomas Hardy, indications of it, samples showing its kind rather than works fully illustrating its possibilities. Thus we have in one writer a native quaintness of characterization which has fascinated European as well as American readers, but lacking in might of thought or feeling; in another, might enough of humor and fancy to have made his name known in the most secluded nook of Christendom; in another, the power beyond any one in her generation to create living men and women; in another, just beginning her career, a plain portraiture which sometimes seems like a bravura of realism; and in still another, this realistic representation made especially significant by a subtle imagination. In all the work coming within the class now under consideration perhaps that of Thomas Hardy and Mark Twain comes nearest to a large and significant realization of the possibilities of the new literature.

This kind of imaginative creation we do not associate with culture-values. It is all modern—could indeed only spring up in our time; but we do not look upon the creators of it as passing on the torch—they have no place in that light-bearing procession. When we read Conrad's *Lord Jim* or Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*, we do not give them a definite place in the course of human culture, as we do the writings of Thackeray, George Eliot, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Henry James. This kind of work seems, in a way, almost dateless, as Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman's stories seem.

If we are to be surprised by some new

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Immortal, he will come in this dateless fashion, like a Melchisedec, "without generation or length of days." And we are, not altogether without hope, looking for him, or, it may as well be, for her. This coming author will be a modern of the moderns—it is only thus that he can surprise his contemporaries, ourselves or those who come after us. His genius may remind us of the greatest of the old Immortals—of Shakespeare or, as Hardy's did when it first dawned upon us, of the Greek masters of tragedy; but it will not come in the guise of any of these. He will not be compared as to excellence with writers past or present so that criticism can point out that in this or that respect he is in the advance. He will not be praised for his subtle analysis or his exquisite art. Without any of the tricks of the showman, any theatrical poses or effects, or any such masterfulness as will lose him the reader's intimacy, he will have the large appeal and be popular.

We cannot give away the secret of such an author's charm, or combination of charms, since he is to be a surprise, the Unprecedented, dealing with the unprecedented phenomena of the new world which his creative and interpretative imagination shall discover. Psychical phenomena, surely—that way must lie the supreme excitement, play, humor, and enchantment.

In the mean time—that is, while we are still awaiting the emergence of a genius which shall fully illustrate the possibilities that we hopelessly attempt to define—we must listen to the tiresome complaint of the mediocrity of contemporary literature

Every modern advantage which we may reasonably consider an excellence, as indicating an advance in our departure from the life and literature of the past, seems to involve just that kind of disadvantage which makes for mediocrity. We might therefore infer that mediocrity itself is the distinctive excellence of modernity. And such it is negatively—that is, as precluding certain kinds of superiority. But it has only this negative virtue. Mediocrity invites disaster to literature and to every other human interest not sordidly material. Our hope is in our belief that the mediocrity characterizes only the outward fashions of our life; that the appearance of a dead level is due only to the absence of the kind of eminences which we have repudiated; that some new psychical sovereignty or compulsion—more native to life, more vitally uplifting and significant—has displaced that mock show of mastery which, in the past, has proved wholly inadequate to a full realization of humanity.

The manifestation of this less obvious but only real aristocracy seems to us to be shown in our life and in our literature. But there is room for its more buoyant expression, for the ampler expansion of its power—such as shall expel the word "mediocrity" from the critic's vocabulary. This consummation cannot be reached in our fiction—and it is there that it must be realized—by *finesse* of art or any masterful legerdemain of treatment, by study or by mental or emotional stress, and, least of all, by reversion to old methods and motives. It may come, as we have intimated, through some exceptional genius which will give to our era such distinction as Shakespeare gave the Elizabethan and Dickens the Victorian; or a group of writers may emerge, each in his separate and distinct eminence, whose genius shall fully illustrate the imaginative values of the new order with such creative power as shall bring on the Summer of our literature, in its glowing light and brooding heat; its expanse and abundance as well as variety and free play under loftier skies; its natural excess, through reinforcement without exaggeration—showing that a psychical realism involves supreme excitement and passion; dramatic movement without theatrical show; the pulsation, vibrancy, and full volume of life.

We are not confessing to the weakness of our new literature, which we do not regard as either mediocre or anæmic, though we are looking for better examples of its strength. Probably the complaining critic might more justly be brought to the confessional, so blind does he seem to values not meeting expectations based on an old habit of judgment. Criticism is apt to lag far behind creative power, as it did in the days of Jeffrey and Keats. Ours is not a period of transition, in respect of the attitude of the imaginative writer, but one of waiting for his mightiest achievement.

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Editor's Drawer

Mr. Flickinger's Vacation

BY BESSIE R. HOOVER

"I COULD have an arm broke as well as not now," said the head of the Flickinger family, jovially, to his wife one night after supper.

"What fool notion's took you now?" inquired his wife, sharply.

"My money's in," cried he, jubilantly.

"In where?"

"The bank—my bank."

"What's that got to do with havin' an arm broke?" questioned his wife.

"Why, I could have an arm broke now and stand the expense," explained Pa. "We've got thirty-five dollars in the bank."

"I dun'no' but you ought to 'a' kept it out'n the bank," worried Ma.

"Where'd you 'a' put that much money in this house?"

"I'd 'a' found a place."

"Name one," grunted Pa, incredulously.

"I'd 'a' put it in my Mother Hubbard pocket."

"A fool 'd find it there," jeered Pa.

"Who'd ever expect to find even a penny in a woman's pocket; and who could find a woman's pocket, anyway?"

"There's summat in that," admitted her husband; "but I couldn't have my money in a safer place than the National Merchants'."

"I dun'no," said Ma, anxiously; "it kinder seems to me as if we was goin' to lose it—since it's gone into a bank."

This somewhat dampened Pa's ardor, though he had unlimited confidence in the National Merchants', which he proudly called "my bank." And his account slowly crept up to five hundred dollars; for he had finished paying the instalments on his home and was out of debt.

"My rheumatism is a-grumblin' again," he announced one night, "and the boss says I oughter git into a warmer climate for a few months."

"But the expense—" began Ma.

"We've got the money in the bank," he reminded.

"And there's the place we want to keep it," put in his wife, prudently.

"Bistle's folks is goin' to Californy this winter, and I half promised we'd go with 'em."

"We won't do no such thing," contradicted Ma; "it 'd eat up all we've saved."

"But it might cure my rheumatiz. Besides, I need a vacation."

"Then take a few days off and rest up," advised his wife.

"It's a-seein' new things and a-gettin' new thoughts that rests a feller," maintained Pa. "I've been peggin' along in the factory and never had no vacation in all my life."

"But it worries me to think of usin' up what little we've got, on a foolish trip."

"Nothin' to worry about; you take a vacation to git away from worry," stated Pa.

The next morning his wife said: "I dun'no', Pa, but if your rheumatiz don't let up, and you still have a hankerin' to go, but what you'd better; for if you'd git sick for lack of a vacation, how'd I feel then? It's your money."



"HURRAY!" HE SHOUTED, "CALIFORNY FOR ME"

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"Hurray!" shouted Pa. "Californy for me." And they then and there began talking over plans. And Pa tasted all the delightful sweets of anticipation.

But somehow, as the time drew near for the journey, Pa Flickinger was not so cheerful as he had been; as soon as he knew he could go he unaccountably lost interest in the trip.

Gravely one evening he read the daily paper, wading laboriously through the locals and the long-winded, non-committal, clipped editorials. Suddenly he tightened his grasp on the paper, and with staring eyes groaned and shook his head.

"What's wrong?" demanded Ma.

"I make out," said Pa, running his finger frantically down a column of figures, "that the National Merchants' Bank has failed. They ain't got nothin' to pay up with."

"'Tain't so bad as if we was starvin'."

"But you don't take it in," cried her husband. "My bank has failed—*failed!*"

"I do, too, take it in," sighed Ma, "but I wa'n't unprepared for it—banks always fail."

"But think of the men back of it," urged the head of the house; "my boss!"

"It's always the bank that's run by the honestest men that fails first—I've noticed," observed Ma, dryly.

"I can't make it seem right," growled Pa, despairingly.

"'Tain't right," returned his wife; "but if you'd put that roll of bills in my Mother Hubbard pocket we'd 'a' had 'em yet."

"I was a thunderin' fool not to give 'em to you," Pa blamed himself; then he added, brightening: "Now we can't go to Californy as we planned—no small gain without some great loss. Still, I'd like yet to take a vacation; I'm gettin' turrible tired of the grind at the factory—I need a change."

"Then go over to Chicago and visit your half-sister Lobelia," advised Ma. "I don't want you gettin' sick for lack of a vacation."

"Too fur away," disapproved Pa. "I couldn't git home at night."

"How'd you 'a' got home at night if you'd gone to Californy?"

"I suppose I'd 'a' stuck it out in a strange bed," allowed Pa.

"You might go somewheres on the inter*ru*ban," suggested Ma.

"Inter*bur*ban, you mean," he corrected. "That's jest the thing; go down to South Bend in the mornin' and come home afore dark."

"Not much of a vacation," depreciated Ma. "And you'd git all fagged out tryin' to see somethin' where there ain't nothin' to see."

"Ever been to the Bend?" inquired her husband, offhand.

"No, nor neither have you. But if you want a vacation, why don't you take a day off, lay on the lounge, eat light, and rest up—that 'd do you good."

"I ain't so fagged," explained Pa; "but my spirits is a little ravelled out—'pears like."

"Well, if it don't rain Saturday—and it rains eight days in every week now—mebbe we'll go. I'd like to git it over."

"Gee!" said Pa, as they started for South Bend Saturday morning, "I feel as light as a feather. My vacation's workin' all right."

In a pleasant whirl of anticipation the two took the interurban car at St. Joe for South Bend, and went speeding swiftly through the country, among strange farms and alluring white roads.

"Here we are," shouted Pa, jovially, as they left the car at South Bend, "set down in the heart of a great city. We'll take this inter*bur*ban station for our headquarters. And we'd better keep on this one street mostly; it 'll save findin' ourselves lost."

"I've got my heart set on seein' the ten-cent store," declared Ma. "Mis' Bistle says it's a sight. What say?"

"Sure we'll take it in," responded Pa; "we're here to see the sights. Let's pike along till we find it."

"In we go," he cried, recklessly, when they reached the place. In the artificially lighted store a tumultuous piano deadened the clatter of the surging shoppers as Mrs. Flickinger started on her tour of inspection.

When she came back to the main entrance she found her husband still there, absorbed in front of the post-card counter, with a crowd that was clawing and hooking out cards in frenzied haste.

"Pa, they've got coat-hangers back there, two for five cents."

"No!" shouted Pa, incredulously; "they couldn't afford it."

"It give me a turn," admitted his wife; "but it says so on the card."

"Why didn't you git a couple?" inquired Pa, with masculine generosity.

"We're so pizen poor after losin' all that money—"

"Shucks!" laughed Pa. "Here's ten cents; git two. Bring back the other nickel. I might need a little change."

She hurried anxiously away, as if the wooden coat-hangers might melt in the mean time.

Pa was still turning over post-cards when his wife returned smiling with her purchase. "Blamed if I don't send this one," he said, sheepishly.

"Who to?" cried Ma, astonished.

"My boss. Mr. Peyton."

"Land o' Goshen!" began Ma, depreciatively, "what ever put that into your head?"

"I saw him git a card from Senator Preston from Europe, and Mr. Peyton was as tickled as a kid."

"Yes, to git a card from a big-bug on t'other side of the world. But you saw the boss last night, and you'll see him agin Monday mornin'—"

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Pa.

"It don't look *bright*."

"It don't need to look bright," stoutly defended Pa; "but it looks *friendly*."

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"I can tell you beforehand that he won't care anything about hearin' from you; if you want to waste two cents on a post-card, go on; you earn the money."

"I'd never miss the money," returned Pa, easily; "and Mr. Peyton 'd be tickled to death to git a post-card from me. I know Mr. Peyton. He'd say, 'Hello! how did Flickinger git 'way up there?' Then he'd see it signed, 'A. Flickinger and Wife,' and he'd know we was havin' a little outin'."

"No use puttin', 'and Wife,'" objected Ma.

"That 'll show him I ain't sneakin' a holiday with the stenographer," explained Pa.

"Land o' livin'! whose stenographer?"

"Nobody's; jest a joke. I'm goin' to send him this here post-card with the kittens on," decided Pa.

"Humblest one there," disparaged Ma.

"But it 'll tickle the boss," he assured her; "he's turrible fond of cats."



"I'LL TAKE THIS'N," HE SAID TO THE WAITING CLERK

"It says on the card, 'We are seven,'" read Ma. "What does that mean?"

"Seven cats," he informed; "count 'em. I'll take this'n," he said to the waiting clerk.

Then he hunted up the post-office and sent his card at once.

"You act as if there wasn't a minute to lose," remarked Ma.

"Now Mr. Peyton 'll git the card this afternoon afore we're home," explained her husband.

After the post-card was sent they walked up and down the main thoroughfare, with cautious excursions into side streets; but they never got far from the station—in fact, they ate their dinner there, which they had brought with them in a basket.

At four o'clock they sank gratefully down on the narrow seats of the interurban, homeward bound.

"I feel like a sure-enough tourist now, all right, all right," Pa confided to his wife, when they were about half way home; "dirty hands and face, clothes all gaumed up, and havin' a sharp attack of post-card fever; but I'll be fresh as a freak Monday mornin' to return to work."

"We've had a pretty good time," admitted Ma, "and I'm beginnin' to draw a straight breath now that the trip's most over; still, I can't help but worry for fear somethin' might happen yet—"

"Can't nothin' happen," broke in Pa, stubbornly. "The inter*bur*ban's as safe as—" He was going to say, from force of habit, "the National Merchants' Bank," when a strange clanging and crashing and bumping broke harshly on their ears above the accustomed noises of travel. Scared passengers jumped to their feet, and many climbed on to the seats.

After a great lurching and wabbling and groaning, the car stopped half way down a sandy embankment, still right side up, without a soul being hurt. Ahead the rails were sunken into the creek, for the recent heavy rains had undermined the road-bed.

The wildest consternation prevailed, while the Flickingers and the other passengers scrambled out of the car.

"How'll we git home now?" questioned Ma, despairingly.

"There'll be ways," answered Pa, vaguely.

But they soon learned that it would be several hours before a relief car could reach them. In the mean time a drizzling rain had set in. And the passengers waited as best they could.

"If I'd 'a' used my own judgment we'd never 'a' come on this fool chase," blamed Ma.

And Pa Flickinger began to think that his vacation was turning out miserably, when above them along the curving white road came a great red touring-car at high speed, and rolled up to the wreck.

"Hello, Flickinger! Are you folks hurt? Don't worry, Mrs. Flickinger. I came on purpose to get you." And Mr. Peyton, Pa's employer, bundled the two into his automobile and started home.

"Providence must 'a' sent you, all right, all right, Mr. Peyton," said Ma, gratefully.

"It was the post-card," answered the boss. "I'd just tacked it up and got over laughing

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HE BUNDLED THE TWO INTO HIS AUTOMOBILE

at the kittens, when somebody telephoned in about the wreck, and I started right up here, for Flickinger wrote that you were coming home on the four-o'clock car. And I saw by the way it was signed that he had his wife with him; so I thought I'd better come. I hope you didn't have much time to worry, Mrs. Flickinger."

"I didn't have much time to worry, but I worried turrible what time I had," she acknowledged.

"And a little post-card shall find 'em," laughed Pa. "And I'd say that this here had been a vacation without a blot if it wa'n't for that lost five hundred dollars."

"What's that?" inquired Mr. Peyton. Then Pa explained about the bank.

"No, sir; the National Merchants' has *not* failed," declared the boss, emphatically.

"But I saw it in the paper," affirmed Pa, doggedly.

"What you saw in the paper was just the yearly statement of the bank; you can get your money any time you want it."

"I could git an arm broke now, Ma," grinned Pa, by way of a joke.

The Anxious Farmer

BY BURGES JOHNSON

IT was awful long ago
That I put those seeds around;
And I guess I ought to know
When I stuck 'em in the ground.
'Cause I noted down the day
In a little diary book,—
It's gotten losted somewheres, and
I don't know where to look.

But I'm certain anyhow,
They've been planted 'most a week;
And it must be time by now
For their little sprouts to peek.
They've been watered every day
With a very *speshul* care,
And once or twice I've dug 'em up, to
See if they was there.

I fixed the dirt in humps,
Just the way they said I should;
And I crumbled all the lumps
Just as finely as I could.
And I found a nangle-worm
A-poking up his head,—
He maybe feeds on seeds and such,
And so I squushed him dead.

A seed's so very small,
And dirt all looks the same;—
How can they know at all
The way they ought to aim?
And so I'm waiting 'round
In case of any need;
A farmer ought to do his best for
Every single seed!

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Her Endorsement

"MADAM," said the teller of a bank in Baltimore to a woman who had handed him a check to cash—"madam, you have forgotten to endorse."

A worried smile came to the woman's face; but she took back the paper and wrote something on the back thereof.

When again the teller looked at the check he found that the woman had endorsed as follows:

"The —— Bank has always paid me whatever it owed, and you need have no worry. Therefore, I endorse this check.

"Very truly yours,
"ANNA M. BLANK."

Not Good Enough

"PHYSICIANS receive a great many odd calls," says a Baltimore doctor, "but I venture to claim that one within my own experience has never been matched by that of any colleagues.

"One day I was sent for by a new resident of my neighborhood. 'I have sent for you, doctor,' said she, 'to tell me what to do for my poor little dog. He mopes and—'

"'I am not a dog doctor, madam,' I interposed, with the proper degree of professional dignity.

"'You mean to tell me that you know nothing of the diseases of dogs?'

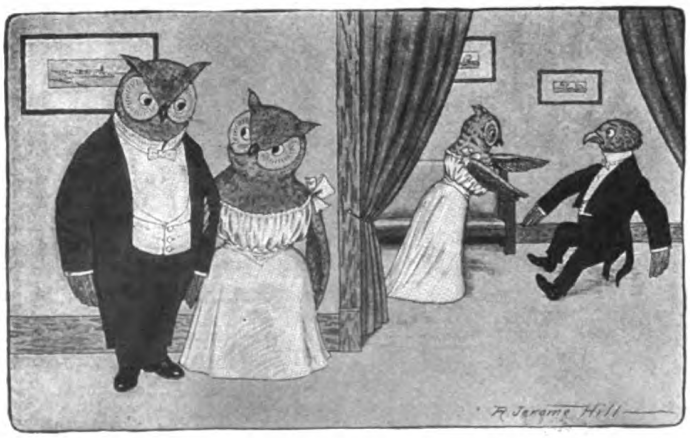
"'Most emphatically I do not.'

"'Then you really must excuse me, doctor,' she concluded, with a pitying smile, 'if I call in a more experienced physician. I think a great deal of my dog and cannot afford to take any chances.'"



One Way to Figure

ARTIST. "*I got more than I expected for that landscape.*"
FRIEND. "*Why, I thought your landlord agreed to take it in lieu of rent?*"
ARTIST. "*Yes, but he raised my rent.*"



Unfortunate

MRS. OWL. "*I'm afraid your daughter will be an old maid.*"
MR. OWL. "*Why?*"
MRS. OWL. "*Because, whenever she gets a proposal, she can't help hooting at the idea.*"

Helping

A MOTHER discovering one day that her small son was in that forbidden but most alluring spot, the kitchen, sent word that he was to come to her at once. After some delay the culprit appeared.

"Henry," said his mother, sternly, "why did you not come when I sent for you?"

"Oh, Mummie, I couldn't," he hastened to explain. "I was so busy helping cook unbutton the peas."

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Her Qualifications

A PROMINENT educator tells of a unique recommendation made by a board of examination with reference to certain questions put to a primary school in an Indiana town.

"I desire to recommend Mary Wilson also for a reward of merit," stated one of the board, in a note appended to the report. "Being very young, Mary naturally missed the point of all the questions in the examination papers, but her answers were in every instance so ladylike and refined that I think that she should be awarded a medal."

A Slight Mispronunciation

IT was exhibition day at the kindergarten, and the fathers and mothers and aunts and uncles were there in a delighted crowd.

Near the close of the entertainment the young minister came forward for a talk to the children on the value of promptness. "I wonder how many of you know what tardy means," he began.

Bertha was one of the show pupils, and her hand was up at once.

"You may tell me, little one," and the minister smiled down into the eager face.

Bertha threw a joyful glance toward her beaming family, and then: "It's what my papa drinks," she said.

The Only Use He Knew

THE "head of the family" was reading that vivid account of the departure of the Israelites from the land of Egypt, and the four-year-old son listened with intense interest.

At length the reader came to the passage, "And Moses took the *bones* of Joseph with him," when the boy, whose limited experience had taught him only one use for such articles, shocked his staid relatives by crying in excited amazement:

"To make *soup* wiv?"

The Parvenue

A STOUT overdressed woman sat talking to a friend. She said:

"Yes, since John came into his money we have a nice country house, horses, cows, pigs, hens, and—"

"That must be charming," broke in the other. "You can have all the fresh eggs you want and—"

"Oh, well," hastily interrupted the first speaker, "of course the hens can lay if they like to, but in our position it isn't at all necessary."



THE BRIDE. "*Have you any idea of the date, dearest?*"
THE GROOM. "*It must be about the tenth.*"
THE BRIDE. "*The tenth of what?*"

Not Too Late

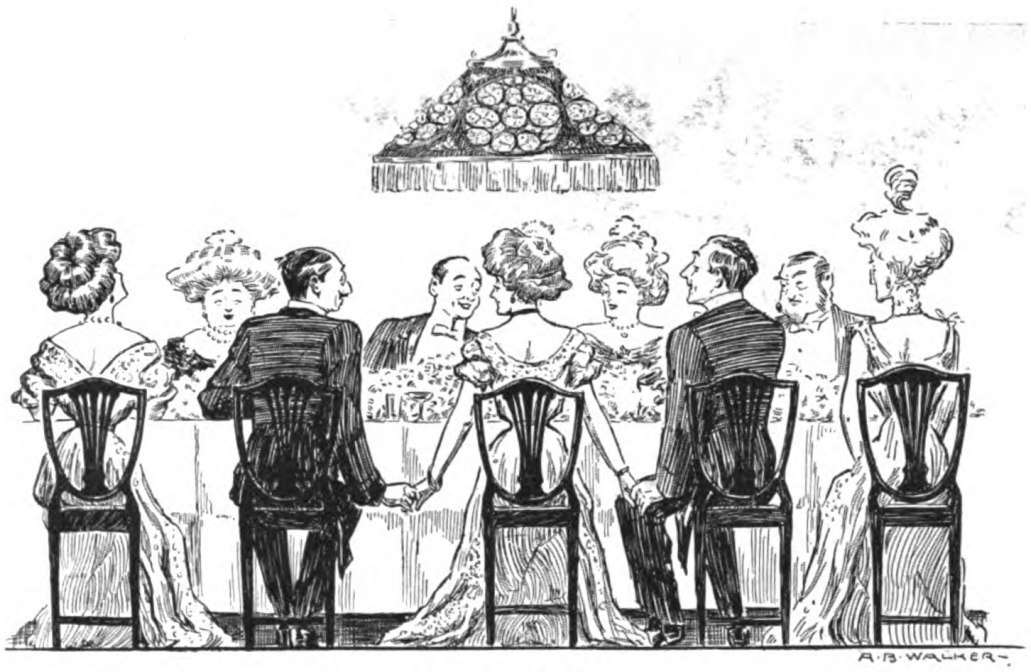
NOT long after the great Chelsea fire some children in Newton, Massachusetts, held a Charity Fair by which eighteen dollars were realized. This they forwarded to the rector of a certain Boston church who had taken a prominent part in the relief work, with a letter which read somewhat as follows:

"We have had a fair and made eighteen dollars. We are sending it to you. Please give it to the Chelsea sufferers.

"Yours truly, etc.

"P. S. We hope the suffering is not all over."

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Ambidextrous

The Inlander

BY THOMAS R. YBARRA

THE most inland chap on the face of the map
Has a yearning to contemplate
The tremendous sweep of the ocean deep
Ere he's knocked on the head by Fate
(Or I think so, at any rate).

Well, that's just what occurred with Inland Ferd.
He said: "I shall seaward scoot,
And enjoy a swim in the moon's sweet glim,
And the light of the stars to boot
(And a loud spangled bathing-suit).

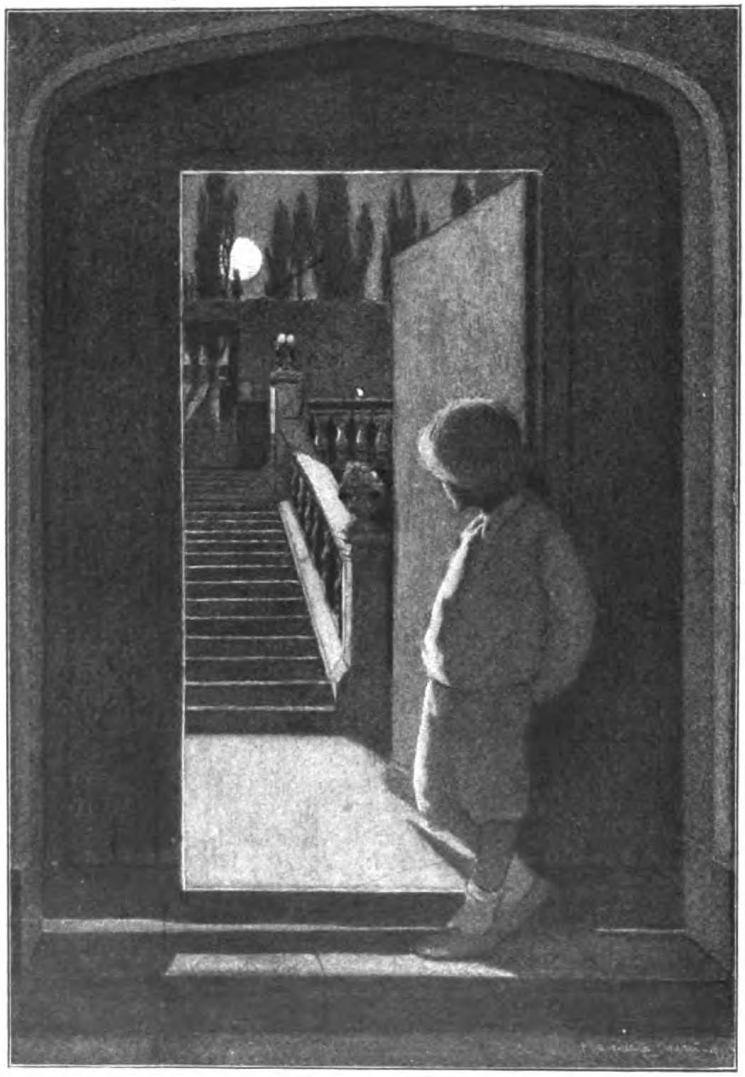
I'll observe with cheers where the buccaneers
Went pirating to and fro,
Where the great sperm whales wag their sportive tails
While the furious tempests blow
(And I'll frequently say, "Yo ho").

The Atlantic strand?—the Pacific sand?
Which lies within nearer reach?
"Quick! I'll view the map!" But, alas! poor chap!—
Equidistant was he from each.
(Meaning half way from beach to beach.)

And although to decide he tried and tried
Which sea he should visit "fust,"
Although with a roar he cried, "Which shore?"
And bellowed and bawled and cussed
(Till his whole nervous system bust),

Yet he never could choose which road to use,
And he died in the inland drear.
And the very last word from Inland Ferd,
Ere he lay on his inland bier,
Was "buhbuhbuh-buccaneer."

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The Nightingale

THE birds that have to wake the sun
Must sleep like him when day is done.
And sometimes, after they are still,
And he has gone behind the hill,
Just between night and afternoon,
I wonder who will wake the moon.

And so, although 'twas pretty late,
I stole down all alone to wait
Beside the garden door, and soon
I heard the song to wake the moon!
And then I saw her through the tree,
Watching that little bird—and me.

Not Enjoyable

IN a certain town of Mississippi there lives an old colored woman named Hetty Wilson who ever evinces a morbid interest in funerals. Hetty attends all funerals in the vicinity, even when she was unacquainted with the deceased.

On one occasion Hetty was met by a friend as she was returning from the obsequies of an unknown in a town three miles away. Hetty seemed very downcast.

"Been to the funeral, Hetty?" asked the other darky.

"Yas, I's been."

"Was de corpse a pertikular fr'en' o' yo's?"

"I never spoke to her in mah life."

"I thought she might be a fr'en', yo' looks so sad 'bout it."

"Well, honey," answered Hetty, "de truf is I couldn't seem to enjoy dat funeral somehow. Doan' know what de trouble was, but dere didn't seem to be no life to it."

Thrifty

"WELL, Parson, is your flock lib'ral in their 'nevolences?"

"Liberal? Well, I should say dey is not that. Why, when I asted them to sing 'Ole Hundred' dey done sung 'The Ninety and Nine.'"

A Restrained Grief

BACK in the ridges of Tennessee two mountaineers got into an argument. Words led to blows, and in the fight that followed one of the men was killed. A neighbor rode on ahead to the dead man's cabin to prepare his wife. He found her seated at a table eating apple dumplings. He broke the sad news to her as gently as he could. She listened quietly, with a dumpling poised in the air half way to her mouth. When the neighbor paused she stuffed the dumpling into her mouth and said: "You jest wait 'til I finish this hyer dumplin' an' then you-all 'll hear hollerin'."

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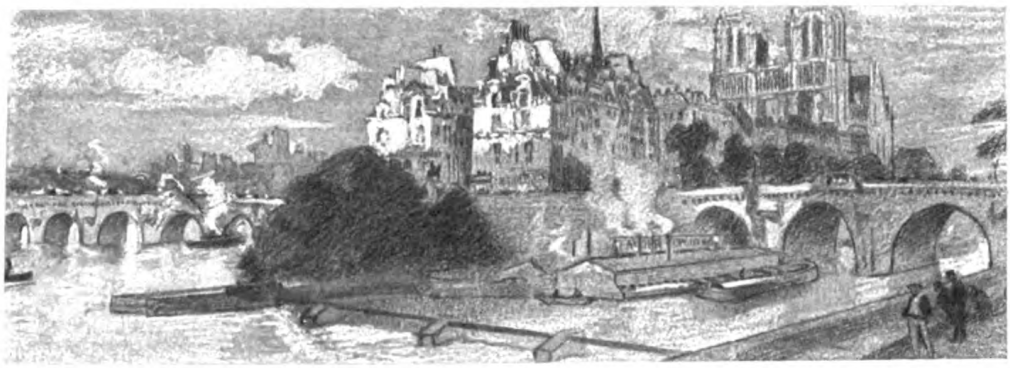
Painting by Howard Pyle Illustration for "The Ultimate Master"

DIANA SHERLEY

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXVII NOVEMBER, 1908 No. DCCII



PAST THE SOMBRE BEAUTY OF NOTRE DAME

The Seine

BY MARIE VAN VORST

THE Seine valley and the region through which the river runs, as well as the easy, happy flow of the stream itself, are typical and expressive of France and the French. In tracing the river to the Channel, civilization, refinement, and the bland culture of an intensely old people, the smooth fertility of soil tilled and harvested for thousands of years, combine to give a suave impression of mellow richness, accentuated by the beauty of the venerable cities, and in the luxurious plenty of the harvest, in charming farm lands that spread away from and border the length of the Seine.

From its birth, eighteen miles above Dijon, as far as the sea there is no suggestion at any time of a wilderness; there is no wild note to infract upon the harmony; not once does the tone of accomplishment and finish fail to sound out; and although there is nothing of either adventure or excitement to the traveller journeying alongside the tranquil river, whose current is never aggressive, there is with every mile a sense of grace and finish, and the pleasure one must indubitably take in the contemplation of a tasteful, highly lovely setting.

The Seine is born, as it were, in a discreet, finished, and perfectly decorous fashion. There is even something of coquetry in its environment. As the traveller picks his path through the muddy marshes in the high country of the province of Bourgogne he sees, wrapped in the solitude of a few pine trees, a shaded grotto whose cool remoteness secludes the mystery properly surrounding the birth of a

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great river. Across the marsh comes the flash of a brown stream, and very gently, with the freedom from *éclat* and display indicative of the entire nation's good taste, a clear, charming little rivulet oozes from the rocks, and just here France has seen fit to place the statue of a nymph in marble to guard and preside over the source of the Seine.



UNDER THE THIN SHADOW OF EIFFEL TOWER

From its beginning in Burgundy, at a little farm called Chanceau, the territory traversed by the Seine overflows with plenty, like a great basket of grain and fruits. Burgundy, of a summer's day, glows with luscious color and dazzles with its harvests, and in the lap of it lies the infant river, across whose waters fragrant winds blow, and into whose freshness the swallows dip their wings.

For many miles nothing breaks the serene quiet of outlying farm lands with their grazing flocks and herds, and until Châtillon's towers rise in the summer air one has the sense of wandering through a broad garden in the company of a peculiarly fresh and lovely stream.

The bright coolness of these upper waters and their rushing force are caused by the jets and spouts of underearth fountains and wells which from lower river beds feed the rivers throughout Burgundy, until "the Seine flows over countless Seines," as the saying has it, and the valley is said to be "a liquid vineyard of underground wines"!

The Seine flows directly north, and at the ancient Chastillon has descended already half of its altitude, which at the source is only four hundred and sixty metres above the sea-level. Little stone bridges compass it at Châtillon, mossy walls form its sides, and the dear old town, where the dukes of Burgundy drank and caroused in their chastels and led their vassals to war from the gates, dozes and radiates in the summer afternoon like an ancient at peace in the decline of life, and full of legends if he would but tell them. The dukes of those days loved Châtillon, with its crenellated towers and its good red wine. Of the medieval period there remain some ruins of the old chastel. The town's merits are still celebrated in minstrel songs which date from as far back as the fourteenth century.



A SUBURBAN LANDSCAPE

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IN THE HEART OF PARIS—THE GRAND PALAIS

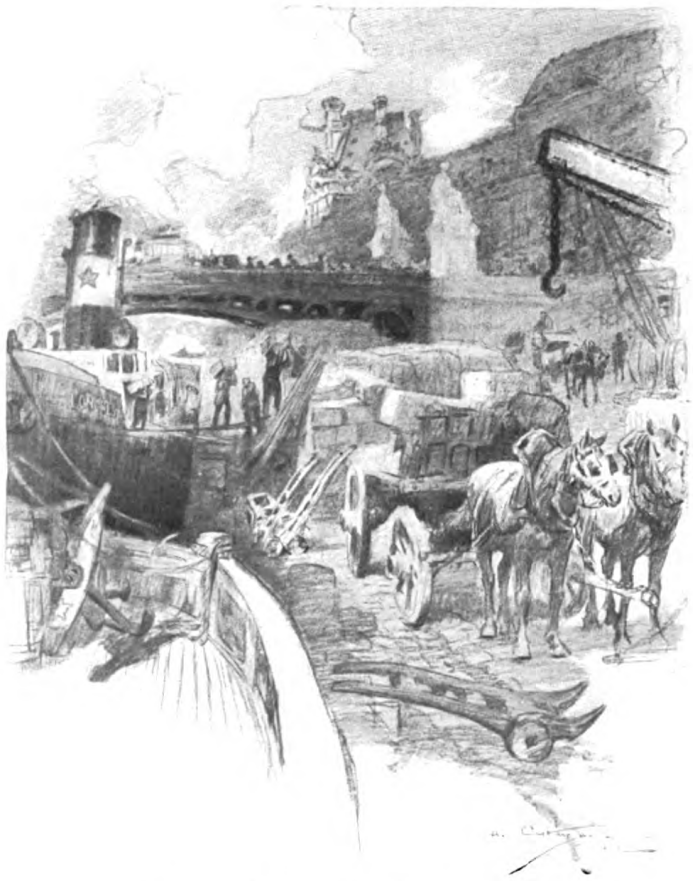
De plus un beau château
Qu'on nomme Chastillon,
Qui sert aux Bourguignonns
De gloire et de frontière. . . .

The Seine journeys through numerous little towns whose picturesque stones, almost falling into the river, date back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—Mussy-sur-Seine, Bar-sur-Seine, settling contentedly down in the fragrant valleys surrounded by plenty and peace. The churches in these hamlets are well worth the finding, and full of interest as relics of feudal and Roman times. There are other rivers whose pleasant streams intersect the country in this region — the Beauce, the exquisite little Yonne—and there is so much refreshment to the country that there is rarely any drought; here where the white grapes mellow, where the famous bunches of Burgundy globules grow red and warm to the wine harvests. White houses and old churches lie in the green of environing fields and hills, and the towers of an old abbey or Gothic spires of a precious cathedral blot against the sky. Roman or Norman gateways with pointed towers and sharp gables flank some little township, or face, like the eyes of a venerable seer, meadows where harvests have been reaped from Cæsar's time to the present; or the walls of a Roman ruin will rise up on the Burgundian plain, or the old walls will eat their way around a tumble-down modern village. Ever more and more complete in conception and workmanship as the tide of architectural creation progresses toward Rouen and Paris, the buttresses of cathedrals or church towers lose themselves in the distance or raise perceptible shadows in the summer atmosphere. Skirting the banks, growing broader and bigger every mile, the Seine cuts through the department known as Aube, which means nothing less poetic than the "dawn." Of this province Troyes is the chief city and ornament, and it is a jewel of a town. Splendid with stories of siege and invasion and spiritual triumph, it huddles, partly ancient and partly modern, on the banks of the Seine. The faith of the people of Troyes kept Attila, the curse of God, from feasting on their bodies one day of prayer in the fifth century! Curious striped wooden houses, whose low fronts butt out over the cobbled streets, bridges and walls which have served for battle and defence, legends of Saracen and Norman, brilliant histories and fable, fill Troyes with charm. And the church and cathedral, as they lift the soul of Troyes heavenward in their slender Gothic spires, seem to ring out the cadence of the past memories in the solemn notes of their angelus. . . .

The mad Charles the Sixth lodged here at Troyes, and the hateful union between France and England was signed and culminated in the marriage of Henry the

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Fifth and Catherine of France (1420). And here Jeanne d'Arc gave Troyes back to her King. The very stones, in their promises to reveal and talk of the past, lead away from pastoral contemplation, and the place is rife with memories of the brilliant Burgundian time when ducal feuds were hot against the King, when



ON THE QUAI OF THE LOUVRE PALACE

lèse-majesté was common, and the *laissez-faire* of the dukes threatened the tranquillity of the country from one end of the Seine to the other.

Farther along Bar-sur-Seine hangs its little old houses out above the river, and reflects the wings of old dwellings and mossy mills in the scarcely ruffled waters. As far down as Nogent the course is peaceful, washing the shores of hundreds of little hamlets skirting the forest of Fontainebleau and Marly. Nogent was the home of Flaubert, the refuge of Abelard, and the ruined abbey is green with the memory of Héloïse. A little farther on the Yonne meets the Seine, and from here to Paris the suburbs are familiar with the names of modern writers and artists and poets of France: Flaubert, Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, de Goncourt, Rosa Bonheur, Boutet de Monvel, and, farther along, Zola wrote the *Rougon-Macquart* near Poissy, and Rodin has his studios at Meudon, just above the river.

Ways of wood and meadow are now exchanged for the suburbs, and the crude ugliness of factories and seething little towns crowd to the banks, and as it comes to Paris, the Seine makes no triumphal entry. Gray and turbid, it steals and flows into the city whose laughter and whose sighs, whose tragedies and tears, whose gayety and whose pleasures, whose arts and whose commerce, have made it bright with all the luminance of a star and unique amongst the capitals. The first sight of the city, whose thirty-one bridges wait to cross the seven-mile flow of the Seine, is the round of the nave of Notre Dame and the pointed towers of the Parvis. Along the shores many cargoes lie of stone and brick and marble; the traffic on barges and canal-boats is important, transportation is easy along the swift current, and up and down, from the quays of the city, from suburbs and environs, past the Isle Saint Louis and the Ile de la Cité, rush and push the "bateaux mouches," light and agile and swift as the flight of the insects for which they are named.

Past the sombre beauty of Notre Dame with its Gothic face, past the cruel front of the old hospital called, in mockery,

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Drawn by Andre Castaigne

WITH THE HOLIDAY-MAKERS—THE SUNDAY EVENING BOAT

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Hôtel Dieu—"the asylum of God,"—around and between the big islands, the river takes its broad way through Paris. The witchery begins to enthrall the traveller in his boat as he passes before the relics of so much ancient history. The tales of the imprisonment of Marie Antoinette call across the stream as the towers of the Conciergerie, black and smooth, stand out in the clear summer's day. Narrow streets come winding down, bookstalls line the quays, the newer city rises freshly and brilliantly on the left; but there is not much remaining of old Lutèce, founded by the mariners who called themselves *Parisii*, and left a city already old when Cæsar conquered Gaul. And nothing is more modern than the banks to-day, along which palaces and museums, railway stations and private dwellings, lift their fine proportions; there is nothing more modern than these avenues, under whose chestnuts and lindens the march and progress of highest civilization take their way.



THE CANAL AT PONT NEUF

No country holds the palm for activity and life over France, and the Seine banks are agitated and ever swarming, at work, as it were, from morning until night; and so constantly does the soul of the city (for the river certainly is this) call to the soul of the people that in the busiest hours of the day as well as at midnight the unhappy ones seek it as one seeks a bed of rest, and the surface of the waters is too often disturbed by some desperate soul seeking to solve or to escape the problems of life in oblivion.

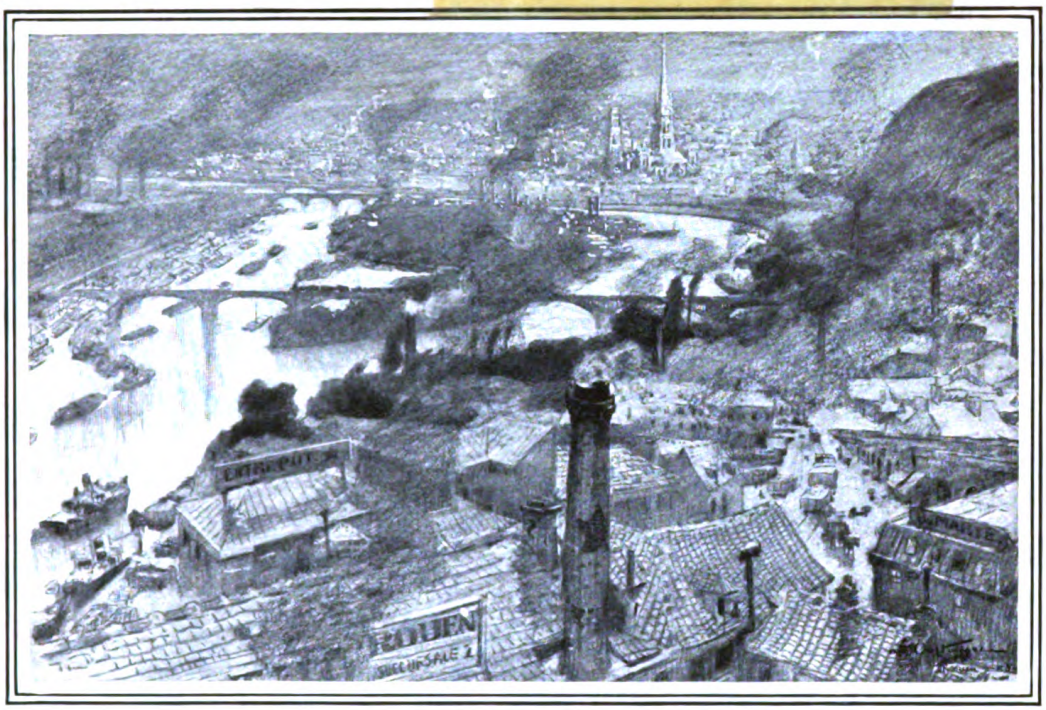
Charlemagne sailed here on the Seine at Paris in his vulture-prowed ship; and if the river to-day gave back the colors of the banners that have floated over it, it would appear like a glorious royal tapestry unfurled from Dijon to the sea.

All it could do for royalty and kings the guillotine did, not two hundred yards away, there on the Place de la Concorde, and those who went up the scaffold might almost have seen the Seine from their immortal height.

On the island of St. Helena, Napoleon bade them to bury him near the Seine that he might hear its music in his sleep: "*Je désire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine, au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé.*" and from his mausoleum the unbroken vista goes sweeping down to the banks and the bridges. The music of the Seine was once discordant in history, at the time of the Prussian victory, and it is to be hoped that Napoleon's sleep was sound on the day the German eagles swarmed over the city and the bridges of the Seine.

The river can spread calm as a lake, tideless as a basin here in midsummer, and then is the time to lean over the bridges to see Notre Dame white as a ghost rise against the sky: to see the straight, brave course the stream takes through the city; to see all the life and passion and beauty of Paris roll itself down to the water; to see the vistas that the bridges form, the vistas that the avenues make on either bank; to see the boat lights and the shore lights shine out like stars of yellow, red, and green; to see rows upon rows of city lamps with

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At Rouen clustering Vessels bristle and crowd along the Shore

their lemon-colored brilliance—the high dark line of turrets and gables and roofs of the harmonious buildings. The waters are unruffled by any breeze, and along their surface lie the reflections of the myriad lights, a singular fringe multicolored, that trembles and dips and quivers, shakes like the tongues of colored bells, like weird seaweed lying all along the Seine.

There are many beautiful bridges, and their arches and statues mark the triumph of kings and emperors. There are others whose names celebrate victories and battles. There is the newer bridge marking the alliance of Russia and France; and underneath them, and the scenes of warfare that Austerlitz and Jena and Alma suggest, the Seine flows swiftly, and in passing the golden dome of a certain mausoleum does not speak of Waterloo or 1814.

The course through Paris is one long triumph, and the river gains in its passing volume and force, to follow once more its pastoral ways as it finds again the banks of the suburbs at St.-Cloud, Meudon, and St.-Germain. From here on to the sea the long journey is an utter delight to the follower either by the shores or in a little boat, drifting, rowing, putting up at night at the towns whose lights beckon and whose bells call across the river. Below St.-Germain and Poissy to Mantes la Jolie the expanse is wide and lakelike, the current easy to row with. Shores with sheltering villages come pleasantly down to the stream, and lys and flowering rushes, poplars and willows, fold charmingly about the flashing tide.

Time seems to stand still throughout France once Paris is left behind, and the slumberous country, perfumed and odorous in the summer night, is nowhere lovelier than on the borders of the Seine.

Strewn with islands, the river takes its ways, until around one circle of land the bridge of Vernon appears, and to the right and left the old gray town extends along the bank. Blue-winged swallows circle the mossy piers, dip their wings in the stream, and rise into the blue. But they are neither so heavenly nor so rare as are the meadow-larks at Giverny. The road to the left cuts in across country, and close to little channels of the Seine finds a dear old village with pink and white farmhouses covered with roses, cozy, sweet, and still, the meadows

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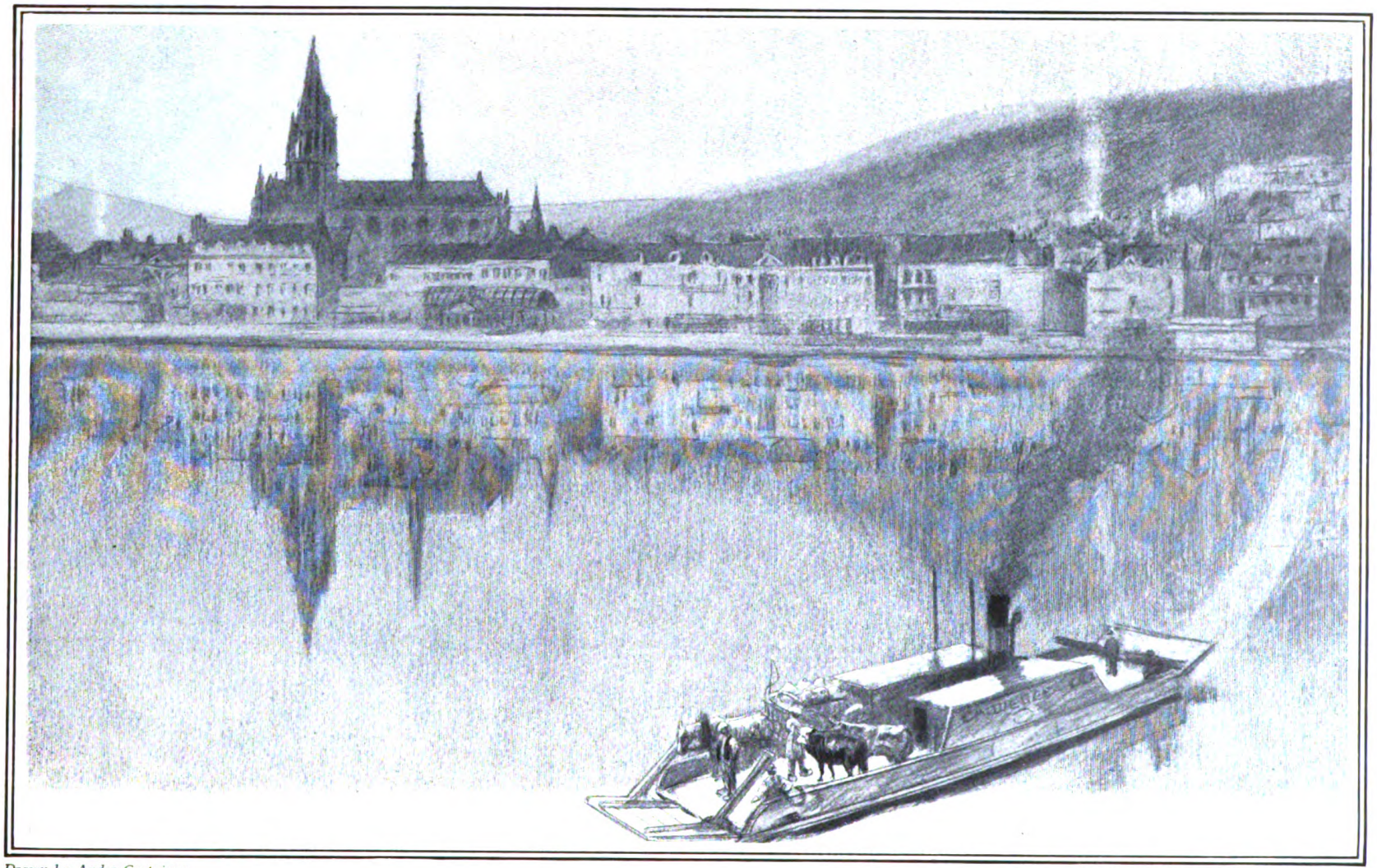
THE SEINE AT HONFLEUR

full of larks that rise, making the air quiver with their music. The land is ripe with grain and red with poppies, and at the foot of the town small, lovely rivulets enclose the shore of Giverny. Many such little villages make the roadside lovely all the way to Rouen; but they say, who know it and go to it from many points of the land, that Giverny is the best of all. As one leaves, it seems to be a cluster of dream houses, lost too soon to sight in the summer mists. The boat is left for the higher view from a motor-car that takes its way across country through another slumberous village. Here the lavender roofs of slate glimmer in the late light, and as one speeds through it, it is almost like severing a gray nest hidden deep in the meadows that fold the town so warmly about.

From slope to slope, winding in and out of the placid valley, the Seine is visible from the hills, and takes a shining, sparkling way into Normandy — the "white country," as it is called. The horn of plenty appears to be poured out upon the country: yellow mustard, pink and white clover, red clover, dark as heather; barley, maize, and wheat, all fill the fields in abundance, and the white chalk formation of the northern cliffs gleams out in the hillside bare and cold. These *falaises* are crowned with poppy and golden grain. So much of this province is crossed by the Seine that it is easy to think of it as a Norman river. Throwing their pretty bridges over the stream near by, tumbling into it, little Andelys creeps along the bank, and from the top of one of the cliffs the Château Gaillard, aged and peculiar ruin of the crusade period, frowns out above the valley and upon the town. Richard, the fervent, adorable, and faulty Cœur de Lion, built the château fortress, and it remains a landmark for the history of him which never fails to waken something of the glory and the love men give to those who have known how to win. . . .

From these narrow windows in the

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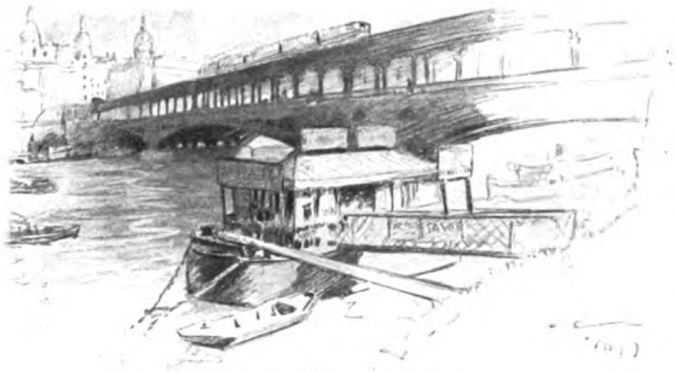
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

WHITE HOUSES AND OLD CHURCHES LIE IN THE GREEN OF ENVIRONING HILLS

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Château Gaillard, Richard watched out for his foes, here he drank and feasted, and here he fetched, one wild night, the woman he loved that he might compare her eyes with the stars as he saw them through his *flèche* windows. From the cliff-like hills one sees the river fold its



RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PASSY

islands round, wash the little town's walls, spread out into serene silver lakes, in which steeple and poplar and quaint old house mirror their reflection, and behind a fringe of willows a mill turns its splashing wheel.

Green summit rises to green summit, and in its ruined isolation the Château Gaillard hangs upon its velvet hill. The landscape in the Norman province is especially rich and ripe, and across the valley the Seine winds amongst its tree-topped islands.

If a river could be personal, the Seine would surely be so at Rouen. Proud and violent, meditative and melancholy as well, Rouen is the old Norman capital. Here Rollo, in the tenth century, came storming, and turned the Roman town to Norman. William the Conqueror took leave from Rouen for his victories, and the river along which his strange craft crept and floated as it washes the quays of the modern town might easily tell of great things done by the Norman dukes and the famous King.

If a river could be personal, the Seine would be tender and reflective here. No matter how golden old glories were, or how brave deeds of brilliant conquests illumined its history, Rouen wears a stain on her shields which nothing can efface. Jeanne d'Arc was tried and executed in the old town; the Lily Maid was burned alive at Rouen — the gentle saint who, above the insults of her trial, smiled upon her persecutors, albeit with fair, perplexed brows; her timid sweetness, and withal her courage and high holiness, conquered the spirit of her foes—if not their mercy—that made her, with her soldier honors, the charmingest figure in the history of any time, the bravest and the best in the story of women.

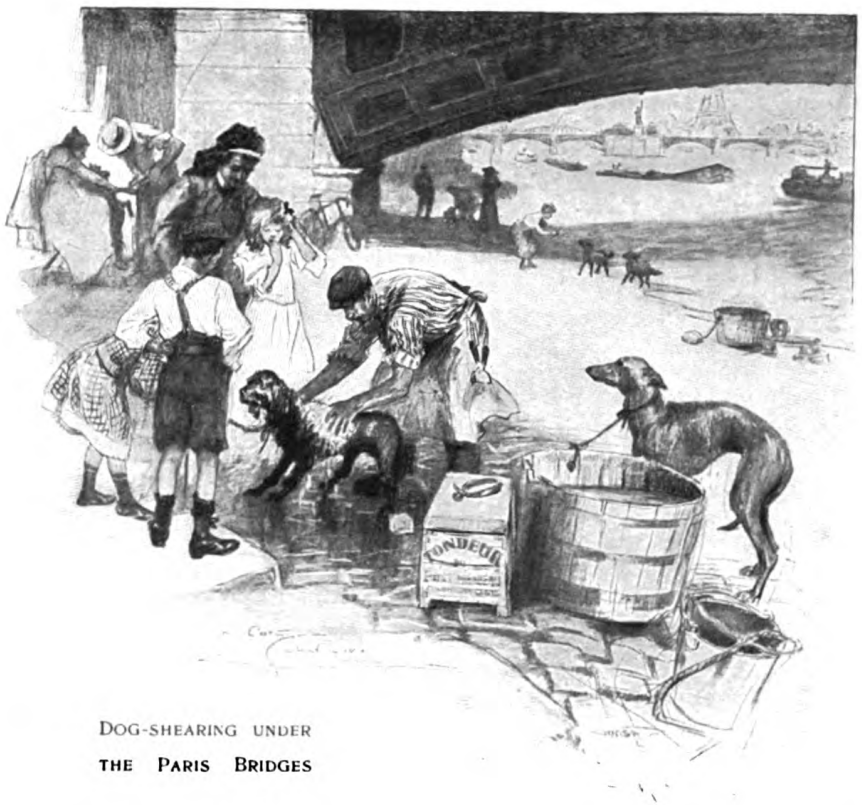
The church where she prayed and wept stands in a tiny narrow street; its stones still speak of her; the glimmer of the stained panes, where for centuries the sun has penetrated the mellow glass, seems again to shine on the illumined face of Jeanne d'Arc, on her conquest, her sacrifice, and death.

If Rouen has an apotheosis of grief and shame on her records, the city has also an apotheosis of pure beauty. There are no finer examples of medieval architecture than in Rouen's churches and the cathedral—Notre Dame, St.-Ouen, St.-Maclou. The Gothic art, whose expressions have made the smaller towns precious with relics, comes to its climax at Rouen, and the impression is vivid and remarkable and impressive in this city on the Seine.



FISHING ALONG THE RIVER'S EDGE

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DOG-SHEARING UNDER
THE PARIS BRIDGES

Profound, deep-set portals with inky blackness of time stains upon them; stones worn to brilliant enamel, softening in the eaves to palest white, like the pallor of old age itself, or shining with polish like glass; rows and lines of medieval saints and figures, faces of martyr and of knight and of king, stare from the niches and the corners; gargoyles that leer from the archways, the flight of aerial buttress, the blur of blue in the stone, the permeating enveloping stain over all the stone, the cool aisles and the treelike vistas of the columns . . . the climax of the altar, where the dimness of the cathedral meets the glory of the many-windowed nave . . . the suave round polish of the columns, the forest they make, the gleam and shine of white marble where it has withstood the touch of years . . . the delicate fret of clerestory, the circle of archway, the grace of the free sweep of the naves, the blue of the stone capitals where the shadows seem to have petrified, the bloom of the rose windows . . . and the inevitable march of the pilgrim steps to a single tomb, and the emotion that tomb awakens.

Richard! lying there all along the stone!

And his Heart! ah, Lion, and Heart of so much singular iniquity and passion and love! What human pulsing stories of the times the old tomb stirs! Richard burned his way hotly through Normandy, and he lies coldly here, and well. Filmy cobweb spectres of crusade banners seem to hang above his tomb; from the windows stains of red fall upon his effigy, stains of gules, like his glories and his sins. And his lion heart, which lay so long up there at the altar where the sacred bread is kept — as 'f at length purged and cleansed, sleeps here with his ashes! All these things the cathedral of Notre Dame holds and keeps sacredly.

As for St.-Ouen, the modern reader cannot go within its enclosure without recalling a bit of contemporaneous fiction and its clever realism—Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. Amongst the tombs of kings and knights whose implacable stony sleep is unruffled by her petty passions, under the shadow of column, under windows beautiful with stories of sacrifice and pardon, the pretty Emma Bovary walks absorbed in her egotistical desires. The smaller church of St.-Maclou, its pallid façade seem-

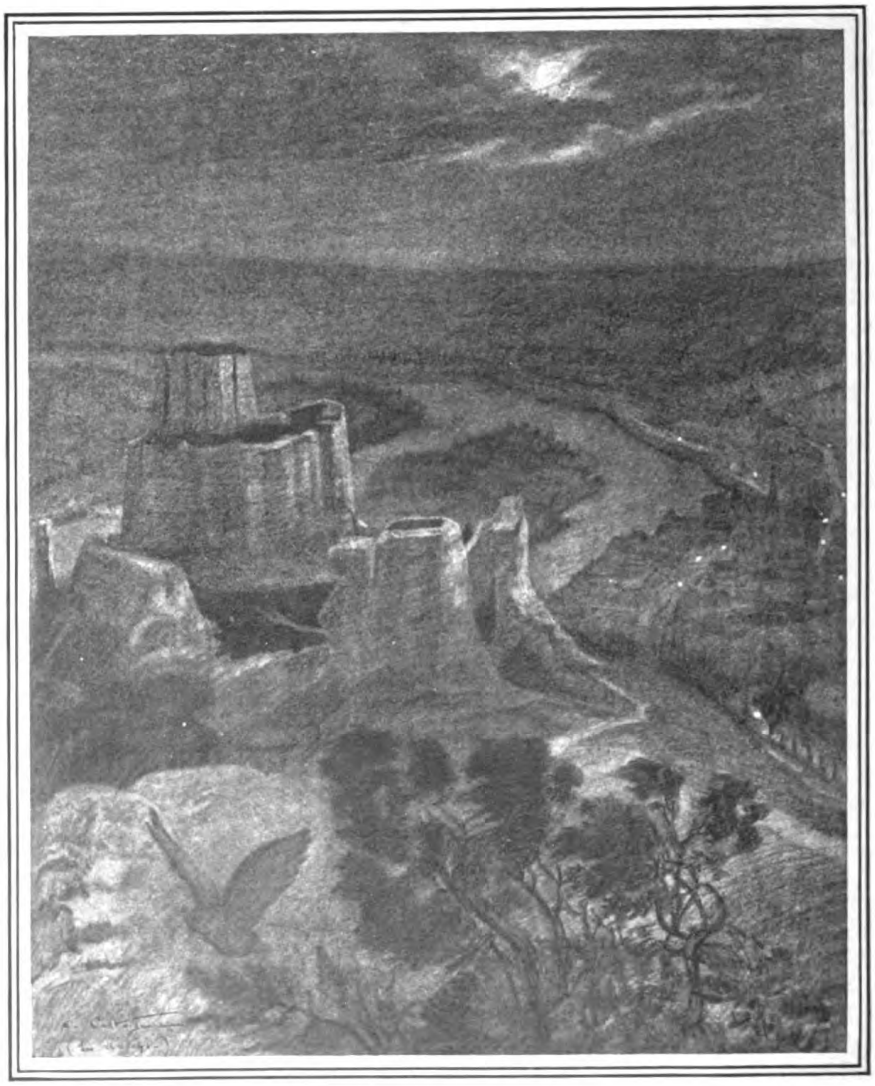
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ing to hang at the end of the old square, is found at a concourse of narrow little streets. Like a fichu of old lace perpetuated in old stone; or rather, it shines out like an ancient moonbeam transfixed, a light across which the mists and fogs of centuries have blown.

The river—broad and sealike at Rouen—filled at the port with all manner of crafts, makes its way toward the Channel, and to see the Seine again one must climb the hill. The sight and effect of Rouen as one looks down upon it from the height is like the opening of a wise book of legends. The wonderful city lies deep set in the Seine valley, surrounded by fertile country, and there it decays and crumbles away, tomb of the past, deep in the charming lap of a flowering garden. Its sea of slate roofs are clouds that form a blue maze, over which the gables and eaves, the towers of St.-Ouen and Notre Dame, rise like flowers, or like curious weeds from the depths of the sea of time.

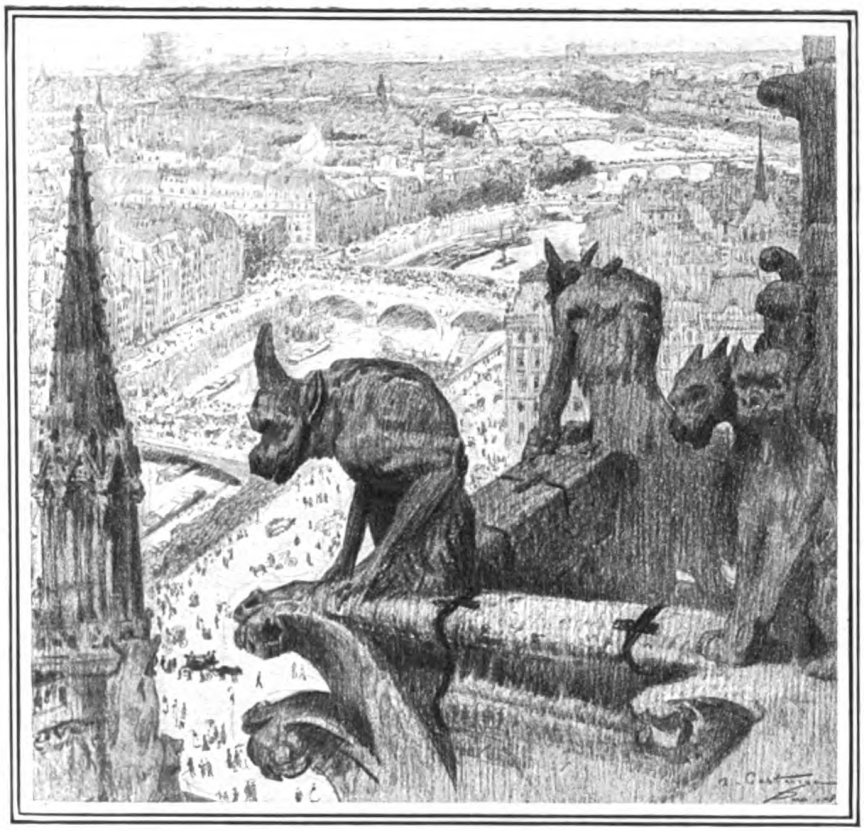
From this view of old Rouen the eyes wander to the Seine at the foot of the Quai, where the clustering vessels, the masts and the funnels of little steamers, and flying flags, bristle and crowd along the shores.

The sentiment throughout Normandy is of pure romance. For gallant deeds and love-stories the country has full pages. Jumièges, the old abbey dating back to the seventh century, a little dis-



THE AGED RUIN OF CHATEAU GAILLARD FROWNS OUT ABOVE THE VALLEY

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WHERE THE GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME LOOK DOWN ON THE CITY

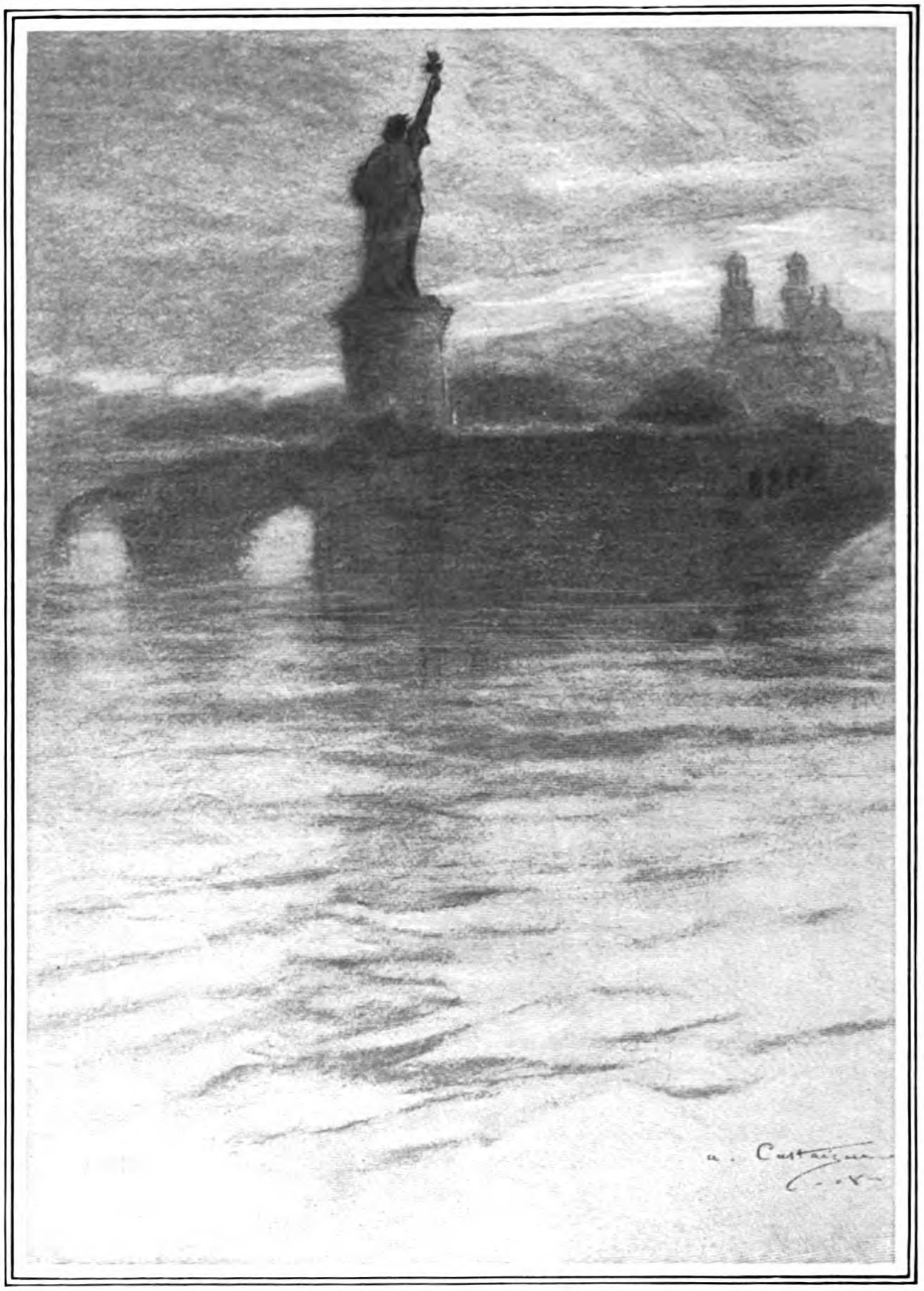
tance from Rouen, is eloquent of Agnes Sorel, the mistress of Charles VII., and through whose intercession the Maid of Orleans gained audience with the King. Standing back from the river a few miles from the shore, nothing is left of ancient Jumièges but a few pink and yellow ruins, of which the archways still stand out against the sky. What was once a tomb of beauty is filled in by ivy that clambers down and possesses the deep cavern with its green, eternal leaves, making an arbor, a trellis, from which the white hand of Agnes Sorel seems to beckon, to lift itself again in token of grace for Jeanne d'Arc. From Jumièges to Caudebec poppies fringe the road, and the river has become a sea that pours over the land, forming small lakes, to flow again to broad channels bordered by willows and poplars.

A strange phenomenon takes place at little Caudebec twice a year: the sea, announced by a thundering sound and an undulating swell that runs along the river's face, comes up from the Channel and flows into the Seine. Tranquil and hitherto unruffled, the river receives this violent visitor in one undulous wave that rushes like a tide along the surface of the water.

On either side of the river lie the Norman farms, exquisite bits of shadow on the landscape. Stucco or brick houses, thickly thatched, groups of farm buildings overgrown with red roses, the entire little property surrounded by a high wall of close-growing trees — these holdings, shut in from prying eyes, stand out green against the meadows. Curving, rounding cliffs and beautiful hill slopes, the motor winds in and out between these lovely farms, till the river is found once more spreading out over all the valley. In the early twilight of midsummer the stretches of clover appear thrown like fragrant cloaks across the country, and below, in the valley, the slate roofs of the little houses look like pebbles dropped into a pool.

As one draws near to the coast with

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THE STATUE OF LIBERTY AT AUTEUIL

nightfall, the smell of the sea, strong and refreshing, blows from the north. The pastoral stream has expanded into an ocean, and the valley is full of the pervading river, as over the lowlands the Seine spreads its silver hands. Here from the cliffs on the edge of Normandy comes the flash of the light of Havre-de-Grâce, the flash that guides all ships to port, from England, from the north and south and east and west. Over the whole land the coast light pours a stream like snow, and when at Havre and Honfleur the ocean through the Channel comes as it were to harbor—then the Seine itself, a veritable ocean, meets the sea.

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The Return of Eric Bancroft

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE Rev. Norman Byers sat in his study waiting for the clock to strike. When it should strike he would put on his overcoat and go to the Thursday evening meeting. After the service he had an appointment with his vestry.

The room in which the rector sat was not large — nor was it like the usual ministerial study. The circular walls were not filled with books, but with panes of clear glass, through which the light came with even glow. There was no sign of where the light came from; but only electricity could have given the white, unsheathed light that filled the room. It fell on the man seated at the desk and touched the few and simple objects in the room with clear directness. One seemed to breathe more freely in the tranquil presence of the light.

The man at the desk turned a little in his place. A door in the circular wall had swung noiselessly open and a servant stood in it, hesitating.

"Come in, Bliven," said the minister. "What is it?"

"I thought you had gone, sir," said the man. "I brought this to leave." He held out a crumpled piece of paper.

The minister laid it on the desk, glancing at it casually. "Did some one bring it?"

"A man. Yes, sir."

Norman Byers had bent suddenly toward the paper. He straightened himself. "Has he gone?"

The man hesitated. "I don't know, sir. I told him you was likely to be out—"

"Show him up," said the minister.

Bliven glanced at the clock. It gave its little, absent whir and waited a breath. Then the chimes fell, one by one, in the clear light.

The minister smiled. "There will be time. It is important that I see him." He touched the soiled paper.

When the door opened again, a curious figure stood in it—short and dark and a little bent, with eager, searching look. The darting eyes took in the round, lighted room with its lifted ceiling before they rested on the man who stood with outstretched hand smiling at him.

He came forward, looking doubtfully at the extended hand. "You are glad to see me?"

"I am very glad to see you." The low, grave voice filled the room.

The other smiled, a little bitterly. "You are sure you know me?" He had not touched the outstretched hand.

"I am not likely to forget you—Eric!"

Then the other held out his hand—thin, almost like a claw, and laid it in the smooth palm. "I didn't expect you'd be glad," he said, with a little, clouded laugh.

"Sit down." The minister had drawn forward a chair. "I have an engagement. I must go in five minutes. But I must see you again—"

The other looked up. His elbows rested on the arms of the chair and his finger tips were placed together. "I shall see you again," he said. "I came to see you. I want help."

"What kind of help?" The tone was non-committal, but not disagreeable.

"My kind—"

"What is that?"

The other looked at him curiously. "You don't know?"

The minister stirred a little. "You forget— It has been a long time."

"Yes, a long time." The dark man seemed lost in thought. He looked up with his curious, broken smile, half sinister. "And we did not work . . ." he said. "We played."

"We played," assented the other. "What is it I can do?"

"I want pupils—piano—organ." He spread out the thin hands. "I am a good teacher—when I choose." He laughed a little, but it was half lost under his breath.

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"You want *me* to recommend—you—to my parishioners?"

"That is all."

There was silence in the room, and the clear ticking of the clock.

"I want to be something worth while—to end with," said the man after a moment. "I have seen a doctor—and he doesn't give me—long—to be worth while. So I thought of you. I don't know how it will be to die," he said, simply. "I haven't tried it." The strange smile crept about the words. "But I thought it might taste better if I brought something to it—I seem to be coming empty-handed." He spread out the thin fingers again and looked at them.

The other did not speak. He rose from his chair and touched the bell. The man had risen and was looking at him.

"You must come again—in the morning," said the clergyman. "I have to go now."

"You will help me?"

"I must have time to think. There will be something. . . . It has been a long time." There was a note of strain in the voice.

"I said it was a long time," said the other. He had drawn himself together, with his broken smile, and his shoulders seemed to shrug a little as he turned away.

The minister went quickly toward him and laid a hand on his arm. "Do not misunderstand me, Eric. I am glad you came, but I must have a moment to think—what I can do best."

He was looking down at the man with grave, sincere eyes.

The dark face flushed, and the mocking smile died out slowly. "I have come a long way to hear you say that," he said. "And I will come back in the morning—if you say so."

"Yes—in the morning."

The door closed behind the short figure, and the soft light of the panels filled the room again.

The minister reached for his overcoat and put it on. He took up his hat and stood with it in his hand, looking down. The other hand rested on the back of a chair. His eyes had an intent look, as if they were watching down there a contest—that look of St. Michael, perhaps, when the dragon is thrown, and struggles to rise.

After a moment he roused himself. He glanced up again at the clock and went quickly toward the door. In the doorway he paused and lifted his hand. In a flash the room lay in darkness—as if the light had gone with him.

When he entered the room again, the clocks were striking ten. He stepped into the soft circle of moonlight that filled the room, and crossed to one of the windows and stood looking down—far below him the city sparkled and glowed; long lines of light marked the streets, and columns of light rose in the air, twinkling at a thousand points; here and there swift balls of light swung and sputtered, red and blue and green on the darkness, and overhead, planets swung in the cold and then grew red and shimmered. He pressed his forehead against the glass, looking down into the night. The room seemed suddenly stifling, and he threw open the window, leaning far out from his tower for a breath of air. Down below the city hummed. He caught the harsh roar and the roll of life. Up here there were no voices, no shriek of trains—only the still, long rhythm of a town, that deepened and rose and died away and rose again, like the beat of some sea with its hidden note. He breathed deep, looking down at it all. . . . It was strange how the man's coming had stirred him. He had been out of it all so long—and he had forgotten—almost! But now it seemed as if they had never really been apart. A little smile touched his lips as he leaned out, looking down into the moonlight. The curve of the lips was half sceptical—half sweet, and touched with a little fear. He strained his eyes toward the lights, looking down, as if somewhere below lay the answer. . . . It was all so sudden—the sight of the gaunt, strange face—the old sense of kinship . . . that had haunted him through the service and followed him out into the vestry, and the committee, and made him propose, in the middle of the meeting, Eric Bancroft as organist for the Church of the Ascension. The look on the lips deepened a little. . . . It seemed almost malign, some fatal happening . . . that the organist should fall ill—resign without an hour's notice,—and that he, Norman Byers, half in a dream, had spoken a name that was

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hatchcock

"I WANT TO BE SOMETHING WORTH WHILE—TO END WITH"

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half in a dream. . . . They had accepted him at once. They would have accepted any one—Mephistopheles, had he named him. He drew a quick breath. What was he afraid of? The man was equal to the place. He had not seen him for years, but he had heard . . . and he knew him—Ah, did he not know him! They had hired no mere professional organist. The man was a genius! . . . He dwelt on the thought, turning it in his mind, and his breath grew easier. He closed the window and sat down, still looking out. . . . He would not go to bed till he had set his house in order. . . . He had been thrown off from himself—frightened . . . but it was nothing— It was really nothing. Eric was always a disturbing person. It was so in the old days—a kind of happy unrest. But full, day and night—of courage and sorrow and delight. . . . How full of him the old college seemed as he looked back! They had been closer than chums—day and night—unlike in every trait, but unable to keep apart. "Bond-brothers." He went over it all—his first meeting with the dark, grotesque boy, the strange affinity between them, the life that followed . . . full of excitement—card-playing, drinking, good times, and singing—only spilling over a while, there had been no meanness in it, only high, full life at its tide. He had kept the dark spirit—he knew it now—from going down. His cool, untroubled touch had kept the balance. . . . His memory trembled in the strange, vague time . . . that was yet so keen to both of them . . . and he sighed a little. It had broken like a bubble. . . . He could close his eyes now—in this straight tower, rising in the moonlight, and see it—the low-ceiled room with rafters and the old fireplace and the little panes of glass and two boys with the foaming glasses between them—the high, sweet song—the bond-song, that Eric had written — music and words — sounding softly through the room, between the talk. . . . Then the door suddenly swung wide with Eric's father striding through it. He laid on the table by the glasses a piece of paper, signed with his name, and confronted his son. . . . Yes, the boy had done it. He smiled the dark, sinister smile. . . . The man recalling it now gave a quick sigh that was almost a groan. It had been for him that the money had been spent—all of it. He had been in need—in disgrace. Money that he had flung right and left was due—and he had nothing! He had told Eric one night. The next morning the money was in his hand. He had taken it—freely—as it was given. . . . But he had not known that there was a name forged—he had known nothing. He saw himself again—was it only six years ago?—staring at the writing, dazed and silent and shamed! How it cut! He had not spoken. He had let the boy go, silent and desperate, and he had not spoken! How it cut—the memory of it! The boy's father loved him . . . he would have listened—grudgingly, perhaps—but he would have listened. The boy had done it for his friend—out of love . . . and the father would have listened. . . . The man sitting in the moonlit room knew it now—he had known it then—and he had kept silent! It was the one minute in his life that he could never face. Everything looked clear but that. Everything had changed then— It seemed only a step to the "pious set," and to the theological seminary, the year afterward, and to the Church of the Ascension. . . . He had felt Eric Bancroft's arm through his shabby coat—and the thrill of life! Bond-brothers . . .? He rose and went over to the window. . . . The city was duller now. The columns of light were broken, here and there, and the sparkling balls had gone out. He must have sat long—thinking of it all. Bells sounded from below, and he counted the strokes—slowly—and turned away. It was to-morrow now, and his pulses stirred faintly, as if something were coming—out of the day.

When Norman Byers woke the next morning the sun was shining wide into his chamber. The room in which he slept was on a lower floor, far below the study, but the sun had climbed over the tops of the tall houses opposite, and shone straight down on him. He was a little ashamed, as he dressed, of his visions of the night before. The moonlit room seemed fantastic and unreal. There was no reason why Eric Bancroft should not act as organist. Shelborne would return, no doubt, in a few weeks—or months. The trouble with his lungs was not permanent, the doctor had said. The church

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was really fortunate in securing so competent a substitute. The only drawback was a personal one—a little uneasiness lest Eric should presume on their relations, should become troublesome and familiar—but he could control that. He had always been the stronger. . . . He finished dressing and went out to his work, fresh in mind and body—ready to repel anything annoying or familiar.

But his caution was unneeded. As the weeks went by he became aware that the new organist would not obtrude. He came and went silently, performing his duties with strictness and care.

When he had called the next morning and heard the news of his appointment, he had asked a few definite, practical questions and gone away. There was no trace of the emotion of the previous night. He might have been a stranger whom the minister had recommended. "It is a better position than I expected," he said.

He had stood up and was buttoning the shabby overcoat about him. "I thank you for it." He did not offer his hand—and the minister did not notice it—until later. He was wrestling with an unexpected feeling—a sudden sense of the injury done this boy who had trusted him—a quick, overwhelming desire to ask forgiveness and a kind of numbness that held him. Then—before he could speak, before he knew that he wanted to speak—the man was gone.

The minister had looked about him—in the clear high light of his study, wondering a little. He had been suddenly conscious of something that could not be atoned for—a rent in the wholeness. He stared at it, fascinated—and it was such a little thing! And as he looked it grew—it filled the room. He turned away with a shrug. He must ask Eric's forgiveness. He could not preach with his music flowing around him all these months unless he asked his forgiveness. He saw it now. It had lain concealed from him so long. He had wrestled in prayer for freedom of soul, for divine assurance that his work was accepted, and all the time it had been there—dark, unsuspected, tiny—a curse upon him and on all his acts. He spread his hands with a quick gesture. Now he would speak. . . . The peace that he sought would be his. He drew a deep breath.

But the opportunity did not come. They met and passed, coming and going from the church, or in the dark corridors that lay behind the chancel, and the organist greeted him always with deep, courteous gesture, but without stopping, and the minister found himself hampered and awkwardly constrained. He had determined again and again . . . the next time they met he would speak. But when the time came and the dark, care-lined face met his, he had passed by with a sense of defeat. . . . This thing that had been done could not be undone. His own soul might plead forgiveness and be saved, but that other soul—behind the dark sinister eyes . . . the soul that had gone away and sinned and drunk of bitterness—because *he* must be pure—that soul would never be whole. He grew afraid of the man—and the fear crept into his work.

His sermons, that had been like sunlight passing over clear water, grew vague and troubled—as if the water stirred above unseen things—life and slime and ooze—and the congregation listened with uneasy surprise to the words he preached. . . . He had been to them an apostle of light, and they were rich and heavy and comfortable and needed light . . . not this tremulous, groping, restive note that touched them and broke the quiet. With the new organist there was no fault found. The deep-voiced Allelujahs bore their souls aloft. He was acceptable to the parish of the Church of the Ascension.

And Norman Byers, listening each Sunday, grew subtly aware that a message was in the music, not for the congregation, but for him. It was as if the dark, forgotten youth had laid a finger on his arm, saying, "Listen—" and as he listened his trouble fell away. He grew to wait upon the voluntary as a man fallen in the desert waits upon the rain. He had walked steadfast and sure—telling men where to set their feet if they would be saved . . . and now his landmarks were swept away. But he was alive—as never before in the years of preaching. It had been easy to guide men along the wooden path—the brick-and-mortar way to heaven. But this . . . life—stirring everywhere . . . dark and sinister—full of sin and wickedness . . . but always life. He felt the thrill of it in the music . . . and

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in himself. His words grew quick and tipped with fire—and men sat up—and listened. Other men came, from outside . . . men and women out of the common life—stupid and slow and sinful—and men whose lives ran fast—slipped into the pews. It was as if a whole city were flinging itself upon the doors of the church—forcing a way in to listen to this man who could not save his own soul.

The god who ceases to play his part becomes a thing of derision—even of hate. For three years the Rev. Norman Byers had been worshipped by his congregation — by pure, narrow-minded women, with fixed ideals, and comfortable men with bank accounts—and it had been almost forgotten that he was not, in truth, divine. Devoted eyes, from week to week, had seen the halo about the magnificent figure—this man who knew no frailty, and who spoke comfortably to Zion. They had idolized him—for his words and for his untouched life. He was, to them, one set apart—the perfect man—a carefully guarded symbol of what they themselves would have been had not life pressed too hard. If he remained untouched, they were safe. He would speak each week—from the height—and they guarded him with quick care. They fostered the blameless life. . . . But now? . . . He was rejecting his godhead. He spoke as man to man—and the Church of the Ascension was affronted.

Vague whispers touched the air. Rumor rustled her skirts and passed with swift feet. Questions hummed. They did not touch the organist, bent in his dark corner of the church, sending great waves of sound pulsing down the long nave. But they played about the man of clean life and lofty thought. . . . He was as other men, it seemed. . . . He suffered and questioned . . . and reached out groping hands—to *them!* They turned away promptly, and cast down their eyes —waiting — little rumors flitted . . . deeds, out of the past, lifted their heads and gave little significant looks and glided away.

It was the morning of holy communion, Ascension day, and the great congregation filled the church to its farthest seat, to the little side doors under the arches. They were very common people—many of them—waiting in the side seats under the arches for a blessing. For as the weeks went by and dark whispers gathered about the rector, the number of those who came to wait upon his words grew as a mighty cloud. He no longer spoke comfortable things. It was the cry of the modern world—full of unrest and sin, and stern, despairing faith. . . . Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.

The minister had borne the burden of them all, on his way to church in the clear light—those who distrusted and waited, covertly, and those who prayed. And mingled with them was Eric Bancroft's face—the boy he had wronged—the soul that had gone away to sin. The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die, and Eric had sinned, and he and Eric were one. . . . He raised his face to the spring sky. The breath of budding leaves in trim yards came to him out of the earth.

The great church was filled to the doors. Music was on the air and the mellow light of windows, and through it came the voice of the priest, lifting high the sacred cup before the congregation. . . . It was a cup of clear crystal, richly cut and set with semi-precious stones. A devoted parishioner had brought it from abroad. Belonging once to a great monastery that had been sacked—and twice the goblet of an emperor—it gleamed again in the hands of a priest, held high in the light.

Day and night he had sought peace; and there was no peace—save once more courage for another day. He had come to rest in it, as he fought—as he rested in the music that filled the church—each day a fight—the living breath of men and women—and under all the sound of triumph, a mighty song that rose and filled the heavens—so that no man might despair, neither should any stay his hand.

His soul was full of the joy of it—and the mystery—as he held the cup high in the light, repeating the solemn words. The priest without, speaking to the man within, pardon and brotherhood and love; the deep, sincere voice filled the church, and above the bowed heads passed the words that bound him to them and all men to each other—and the *Parsifal* music, floating faintly, like a pulse that dies and quickens, lifted the words and touched them with quick light, as if a presence

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were in them that passed among the throng. . . . The priest stood with bowed head—slowly the music changed . . . a new melody—sweet and fresh—out of the past. . . . The priest had stirred a little. . . . The bond-song floated free . . . two boys in the low room—youth and the sound of joy. . . . The hand of the priest faltered and opened—and the crystal cup lay shattered, and along the marble floor ran the wine, spreading itself. No one stirred. They hardly knew, in the hushed light, with the presence upon them—of the shattered glass and the wine that was spilled . . . a rug was thrown hastily across, and a fresh cup rested in the priest's hand—a cup of common glass—light and frail—from which he drank the sacred symbol . . . and in the music was a new sound—love of earth and sky—the Word, made flesh, and dwelling among men.

The meeting was a private one—called behind closed doors. It was not even official. Certain members of the church, active in good works, had asked him to meet them to talk over matters relating to the welfare of the church.

No mention had been made of what the meeting was about. But the rector knew when he entered the room and saw the phalanx of respectable men that no word spoken that night would be forgotten, and that his soul would be probed to its deepest thought. The face of Eric Bancroft flitted before him as he greeted them courteously and took his seat. The organist had been absent for over a week. No word had come from him, and no one knew where he was. . . . Eric must be protected at any cost. The boy whom he had wronged should go free in this last trial. For weeks the rector had watched him passing to and fro, his strange face thinner and paler and more lighted from within. A kind of peace had seemed to come to the haunted eyes that followed one but did not speak. . . . The boy should be protected. . . .

A member of the church leaned forward, speaking rapidly. The meeting was not official . . . it was called in brotherly love. . . . Strange stories were about in the parish, the well-being of the church was threatened, a word from their pastor would clear the situation. These were the words spoken by the tongue, but behind them ran a meaning that the pastor of the church heard and understood. He bowed his head in assent.

"I shall be glad to answer any questions that may be put—any charges—"

"There are no charges—"

He raised his hand quietly. "I understand, but I must know specifically to what I speak."

There was silence for a moment. Then they brought forward the story, bit by bit, broken and distorted, and laid it before him. He sat with bowed head, listening, the little smile of light on his lips.

When they laid on the table an anonymous letter he bent forward to scan it more closely. . . . There had been a forgery—was its import—a sum of money, obtained under false pretences. The rector of the Church of the Ascension could throw light on it—if he chose.

They watched him covertly while he read it, turning a little in their places. They were gentlemen, and it was not comfortable. . . . But something must be done. . . . Wealth was being alienated. . .

He read it and raised his head. "The facts are substantially correct," he said, laying his hand on the note.

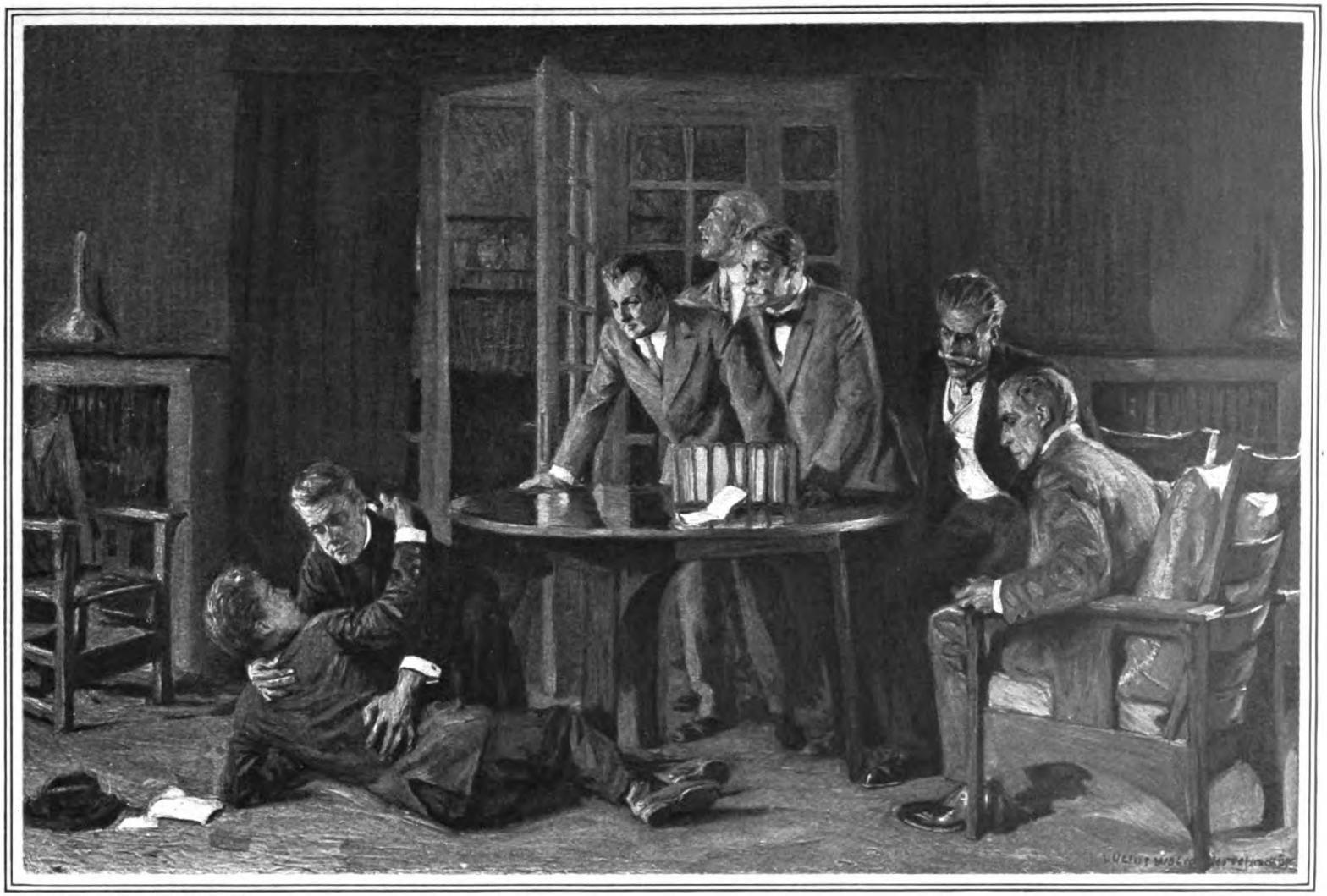
The quick tension in the room broke a little. He would clear himself. There would be no scandal.

But a little light had come into his eyes. "I was a boy," he said, "but culpable—more culpable than this note would make me. I . . ."

The word rested on his lip. The door had swung wide and the dark figure stood in it, trembling. He came forward slowly, catching a little at chairs, and resting his hand at last on the table. His quick look confronted them. "I came very fast," he said.

He laid a hand on his side, as if staying something there. . . . "I heard of the meeting. I am just back. . . . You are mistaken, gentlemen. . . . You do not know—him." His eyes were on the man beside him, looking down at him with deep, tender look. "He is incapable of a crime like that. Here—" He drew the bundle of papers from his pocket and thrust it toward them. "They are proofs. I heard the rumor and I went for proofs. I was afraid—I might be—too late. . . ." He pressed the hand closer to his side.

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THE EAGER WHISPER HELD HIM—"TAKE IT. I GIVE IT TO YOU"

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The men stirred in their places. They did not understand what was taking place, but underneath it they felt something and waited, intent.

The minister had raised his face and was looking into the strange eyes.

"Eric—"

But the dark man stayed him by a little gesture. He looked about him, dazed . . . at the circle of polite, curious faces and the lighted room. "The fault was mine, gentlemen. . . . He would try to shield me. . . . But there is no need—now—" The word came as a little gasp. He had fallen to his knees. . . . They were pressing forward. But he raised his hand fiercely. "You must not believe him . . . he is not capa—" Slowly he sank lower.

It was Norman Byers's arm that held him and laid him gently back. . . . A hand like a claw reached up to his shoulder and drew him down—close to the worn face. The eager whisper held him—"Take it . . . I give it to you."

Norman Byers raised his face, full of a strange light—of beauty and love. "Gentlemen, he speaks the truth—I am not capable of—a crime—like that—"

A breath of relief ran through the room and the face upon the floor grew full of peace. The look fluttered a little and the breath between the lips came more easily. Presently he opened his eyes and smiled faintly. "I did not mean to make a scene," he said, "but I came—very fast."

The June light was everywhere—the sounds of birds in the shrubbery outside—the breath of summer. Norman Byers drank it in with thankful heart. He had come early to the church and was waiting in the vestry-room by the open window. The sound of little birds filled him and the clear fragrance of the light outside fell around him. He had wakened with a sense of lightness, and the light had deepened as his thought had gone swiftly back over the night—the meeting in the vestry—the strange, quick turn—Eric's face—and the eager whisper—close to his, and the sudden sense of love and acceptance. . . . The boy had loved him and called to him . . . and he had known that the ache in his own heart had been, not for sin unconfessed, but for something loved—and injured. With his arm around the thin form and his heart full of tenderness for the labored breath, it had come to him.

He saw it now again in the clear light. . . . His heart was alive and the world was flooding in—not the world of unrest and doubt and sin—but the soul. Out there in the light, he felt it breathing to the flowers, lifting its face, the same power that flung itself in penitence and sacrifice . . . the world had become very simple to him this morning.

Half the night they had talked it through—while he sat by the dark face on the pillow. Again and again he had started to go, and the thin hand had reached out to him—for just one word more. . . . And the past had come back, with its pain and its laughter. . . . They were boys again, facing life . . . Eric was to be a great musician—and he . . . They had never quite seen what he would be—but something great—and always with Eric—because Eric needed him and because together— How strong they were! Back through the past they went, step by step, hardly halting at that last night in the low-ceiled room. . . . The worn face had lifted itself from the pillow to put it aside. "Let it go, Norman! It was nothing. . . . But the night when I wrote our bond-song— You remember? We sat till daylight! I think the day is coming now . . .?" He turned a little toward the window, and the gray light had shifted in while they talked. . . . They would not part again . . . Eric should grow strong. In the winter they would go away—go south . . . The rector of the Church of the Ascension had planned it all, and the dark smile had met his and flashed a little, and lain quiet, as if it would not miss a word.

And at last the rector had gone away and had slept the last hours—in a kind of clear glow—and had wakened to the day.

He was thinking of it now as he stood looking out of the open window where the light was green. Presently the organ would sound and he would go in. . . . He fell on his knees by the window, waiting.

The first faint notes of the organ, and the little birds that had been quiet. . . . The man by the window rose from his knees, his long robes falling about him—the priest—the man of God.

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Slowly he entered the church, the music deepening as he came, as if some mighty power were laid upon him—that he should be as the coming of light. The music quickened and ran, carrying it aloft like a banner—Hosanna! Hosanna! The choir had risen and caught the words—the pure voices of young boys—singing the mystery they could not understand. The church filled with it and sank to silence. But again and again, through the service, it broke upon them—a sense of the gates of light flung wide—something shining and clear—yet very simple—that the heart should not be afraid; and out of the sermon they had seen a vision of a woman who had sinned, but who drew near, weeping and bearing precious gifts, to the master of the feast, and was forgiven. It was a simple, natural sermon, without stress or emotion—like a bit of any human life that had groped a little and then shone with meaning—very still and beautiful—as if one might not wish to escape—but only to understand and love.

The service had come to an end, and the sound of recessional voices, dying away, had grown fainter and ceased behind closed doors. But still the congregation had not stirred.

The rector of the church, seated in his place, waited with bowed head for the voice of the organ, and the congregation, beyond the chancel rail, waited with him, loath to go—as if some word were to come—out of the silence. When the first notes should break the stillness they would move in their places and rise and go away.

It was a sacrament of stillness. . . . So still had it become that the chirping and stir of summer outside the tilted windows came in freshly, and the sound of a distant car whirred faintly down the street with its note of life.

But the dark figure, bent above the keys, did not stir. . . . The face had drooped a little—as if he listened to some sound that touched the ear; but the hands did not lift themselves . . . and when the priest had crossed swiftly the chancel space between them and touched the bowed head and taken it in his hands, turning the drooped face to the light, he saw only a faint, tender smile—like the day that was full of light outside—but fainter, as if the dawn had come unawares and lingered with a little breath of surprise.

Song

BY MARY ARNOLD

LOVE wove a song of weeping
To measure of heart-throbs,
And sang it to me sleeping
With cadences of sobs.

A mournful song of sorrow:
"A little love, life's dole;
To-day, a part; to-morrow,
In death the perfect whole."

Love wove a song of sorrow
And sang to me asleep:
"Lo, love is life's to borrow,
But it is death's to keep."

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A Hero of Inkerman

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

Ostensibly because of a dispute regarding the custody of the holy places in Palestine, war began between Russia and Turkey in 1853. Oddly enough, considering the ostensible cause, England and France joined with Turkey early in 1854, and later Sardinia also joined. Still later Sweden became one of the league, but not in time, like the others, to send an army. The real desire of the allies was to check Russian power. In September, 1854, an allied army landed in the Crimea. The battles of Alma and Balaklava were fought and the siege of Sebastopol was begun. On November 5 a Russian army of some 50,000 men attacked the British at Inkerman, but were completely repulsed. It was the fiercest battle of the war. Including reinforcements, the English and French who took part in the battle numbered only about 15,000. The Russians lost 15,000 men—as many as the total of the force they engaged! The allied loss was over 4000. More than any other battle of modern times, Inkerman is noted for its displays of individual bravery, its desperate personal encounters, its hand-to-hand fighting. It was practically a battle without manœuvring on either side. The war continued till after the capture of Sebastopol, in September, 1855. By the treaty of peace, Russia agreed to terms which for a time checked her encroachments upon Turkey.

"IT was a battle of many hours in the mist and the rain.

"It was a battle of close fighting, of much hand-to-hand fighting, of man to man. It was a rage, a madness, with cannon and rifles, with the bayonet, with clubbed muskets, with swords, with stones, with fists.

"It was the fiercest of all the fights of the Crimea, and I was in every battle of that war."

Thus Charles Patrick Conway, sergeant of artillery in the army of her Majesty the Queen, but now lying bedridden within the picturesque walls of pinky brick of the great pile at Chelsea, nobly founded by Charles II., and beautifully designed by Sir Christopher Wren, for the care of old and war-worn veterans.

"I enlisted in 1848. It was in Ireland. I am a north-of-Ireland man, and it was a famine year, and I wanted to be a soldier, and there didn't seem to be anything else to do, and I told the recruiting sergeant that I was eighteen, so that he would take me. I was only sixteen, but I was tall and strong, and if the recruiting sergeant suspected anything, he didn't say so, and he enlisted me, and off I went. And I took naturally to soldiering, and when the war began with Russia, in 1854, I was a sergeant. And I was sent to the Crimea and I was in every battle of the Crimean war."

As to this, his official record is explicit. Even on that day of scattered engagements known collectively as Balaklava he was busied with the artillery, and from a hillside saw the Six Hundred go on their immortal charge.

"It was a wild sight. But it was awful. And their horses were in poor condition and couldn't gallop well." A curious sidelight, this, from a practical and keen-eyed soldier; an artilleryman, accustomed to judging horses.

"That whole war in the Crimea was pretty bad, because our army was poorly taken care of. We were hungry. It got so that we didn't have clothes. For a long time I wore sacking for an overcoat. We had green coffee and no way to roast it. If it hadn't been for the French, we should have starved. The French

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commissary work was good, and they were comfortable, and they were good fighters and good comrades. They gave us *bisquee* and they gave us cognac. Without them we couldn't have lived. When the cold came we often had no water to drink except melted snow. Often we were so thirsty we wished it would snow. We had so little wood that if we built huts to keep out the snow we couldn't build fires to keep out the cold. Our tents were so thin you could spit through them.

"It was the most neglected British army," he summed up, quaintly; "the most neglected British army since the birth of Christ.

"But we kept at it. We didn't give up and we didn't let go. The Russians used to say that their best general was General Frost, but we fought even him and won, just as we won the battles with the Russian soldiers.

"And of all the battles of the Crimea, that of Inkerman was the hardest.

"It was on Sunday, the 5th of November—Gunpowder Plot day—and the Russians certainly made it a gunpowder day for us.

"And we didn't have any kind of church service that Sunday, either Protestant or Catholic! They did say afterwards that a priest or a minister was on his way to the ridge where we were camped, but that the battle was on long before he got to us.

"I was in Turner's Battery of field artillery — Captain John Turner. The actual siege of Sebastopol had begun after the first battles, and our battery was on what we called Home Ridge, near the village of Inkerman — a little village with old and crumbly-looking houses, and with caves in the rock near by where they said people used to live thousands of years ago.

"During the battle of Inkerman, so we learned afterwards, our ridge was the most important part of the whole position. And—well, we held it; and as there wasn't any place to retreat to except into the Black Sea, if we started to go, it was well we didn't start.

"The morning of November 5 was cold and raw, with a heavy mist and a cold and drizzling rain. Long before the time of daylight the church bells were ringing in the city of Sebastopol, and there was a rumbling for a long time, but nobody could tell what it all meant. Of course it seemed clear enough that if the church bells of Sebastopol were ringing at four o'clock in the morning, even though it was Sunday, there was something up, but it was all a guess as to what it was. We knew afterwards that they opened the churches to bless the soldiers who were going to attack us, and make them eager to drive us into the sea; and the rumbling, it was from the movement of artillery for the attack.

"There wasn't much to do in the darkness but watch for what was to come. If the sounds meant an attack, nobody knew what place the Russians would choose.

"And when the attack came, suddenly and before daylight—right out of the darkness and mist—it was a surprise. There was just a handful of us when the Russians struck us: perhaps three thousand in all. But of course reinforcements soon began coming in.

"It began with a furious shooting from our pickets, who held their ground stubbornly, but of course fell back. Then our men who were out on the morning's detail for wood and water came running in. And there was the sound that means the fast marching of a big force. But still it was too dark to see anything.

"An order came to Captain Turner to fire one gun into where the enemy seemed to be; our battery had six; and so the gun was fired into the mist, and there were shouts and yells and a great firing from the Russians, and they broke out of the mist and ran at us—a swarm of big hairy men in gray topcoats and muffin hats, and they charged with their bayonets.

"Queer-looking men they were, and they always had their mouths open when they charged, and their big teeth showed in a sort of snarl. Good soldiers, those Russians.

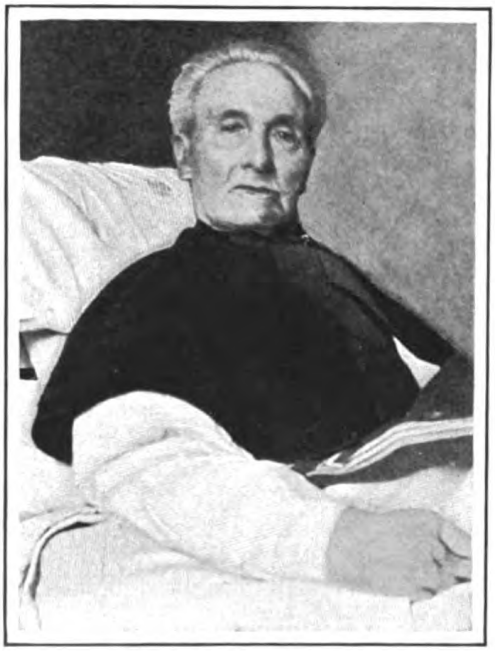
"And so the battle was on. We hadn't had any chance for breakfast. But you don't think of breakfast at such a time. You get so busy loading and firing and hacking and clubbing that you don't think of anything but just knocking over the enemy.

"From the first it was a hot battle, for the blackness of the mist and the rain

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and the roughness of the ground made it all close fighting.

"Our battery fired case-shot—six hundred and twelve small balls in a case—and when we blazed away at close range it was a sight to see those Russians just go down in squads and lines. They would just go pitching every way—some head first, some sidewise, some over backwards, with their arms thrown up—and I suppose it was awful, but when you're fighting you don't think of it as awful. You get excited, and you don't think of anything but knocking over the enemy. And why not? For if you didn't they'd be knocking you over and putting a bayonet through you. And we yelled with joy when whole lines would go over and the others would hesitate and retreat. We didn't think any more of it, in the way of caring, than if they'd been ninepins we were knocking over.



CHARLES PATRICK CONWAY
Veteran of Inkerman

"And always our infantry was there, doing great work all along the line. We couldn't see much of it, what with the mist and the powder smoke; but when we did see, they were bayoneting and shooting as hard as they could go, and we heard firing for a long distance on both sides of us, and so we knew that it was a general engagement.

"On the Russians would come again—mouths open, teeth showing, bayonets held ready to stick into us, and we loading and firing like mad, and sending six hundred and twelve bullets at each shot. But they would come swarming right up to us, and then it was cut and stab and hack, hand to hand, with our infantry helping with rifle and bayonet.

"A close grapple, over and over again. For no matter how often the Russians were forced back, they would come on again as if they didn't care for their lives and as if there was no end to their men. Down they would go again, whole lines of them, but we scarcely knew we saw them lying dead and writhing, for all we saw was the men who were still on their feet and facing us.

"There were hand-to-hand fights all over the field. It wasn't just at our battery. It was everywhere. And there was such a *melly* that officers and men, British and Russians, were often all mixed in together, with the officers cutting and slashing just like the men. And everybody was fierce, like the two who, fighting with the bayonet, stabbed each other so strong in the breast at the same moment that each fell back dead with the other's weapon sticking in him.

"It was all a swirl. Once in a while the mist would clear a little and the smoke would blow away, and then we could see that everywhere was the same close fighting.

"And once, when the mist let up, it showed a larger force than ever of Russians coming right at us, but just then the space out in front of our guns was filled with mixed-up parts of our regiments, and they were going to fight the Russians right there—they never thought of retreat—but they didn't know that Captain Turner wanted them out of the way so that he could give the Russians case.

"And the captain was mad. 'If those damned infantry would lie down,' he

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shouted, 'I'd take care of those Russians!' He didn't mean to abuse the infantry, you understand, but just wanted space to shoot. He was almost ready to fire at British and Russians together. For he knew that the charge must be stopped, and there were so many Russians he was afraid the infantry couldn't do it.

"But the infantry wouldn't lie down or fall behind the guns, but stood there with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed. It all happened quick, you understand, and Captain Turner, his eyes were flashing and he quivered like a big dog that wants to leap, and he hadn't a trumpet to give an order to the infantrymen, and he sent Sergeant West out to tell their officers to make them lie down. And there was a little space that he had to run across, and some Russian artillery had just got the range on it, and we saw him blown to bits.

"'Newton!' the captain called, sharp and quick, and Sergeant Newton ran out, and he too dropped dead.

"'Conway!'

"And out I ran, and I think that for the only time that day I thought of being hit. You don't often think of such things. If you did, you couldn't fight. But there were my two senior sergeants shot dead there on the same errand I was following them on. And for a moment I thought of it. But it was only a moment. The whole thing was like a flash, you understand. I ran out, and I didn't bother about the shells that were falling, for all my mind was on those infantry standing there in front, and my captain behind me, wild to pour his shot into the charging Russians. And I knew that every second counted.

"I didn't see any officer in particular, for it was parts of different regiments mixed together. I just thought I must get those men down. And I didn't stop to think I wasn't an officer and oughtn't to give any orders, but I just shouted: 'Lie down! Lie down! Lie down!' And many heard me and dropped, and others saw them and dropped, and I dropped too —I didn't forget that!—and over us came the shot, singing and shrieking through the air right over us; and the Russians stopped, kind o' dazed, for so many of them were hit, and up jumped our infantry and rushed at them, and off they went once more."

His voice rings out, strong and resonant, as he calls: "Lie down! Lie down!" for it is very real to him, and he is living over again the awful struggle of that day, and his gnarled fingers twitch, and he is quivering, and his eyes of hazel gray flash with eager fire. A helpless invalid now, this white-haired man, but his eyes still have their fearless look. He was never wounded in all of his fighting, but rheumatism has now seized him, and he lies on what he calmly says is his death-bed.

A great act, that of getting infantry down in the very heat of the battle, and it put him by name into the formal histories of the war.

"And when I got back, Captain Turner just called out, happy, 'Well, by God! they didn't get *my* guns!'

"He won that battle, did Captain Turner. If it hadn't been for him we'd 'a' lost. And afterwards they made a general of him.

"The leader of our division was General De Lacy Evans. He was a man! He was sick, and had gone to one of the ships for doctoring, but when he heard that his division was under fire he got right out of his sick-bed and hurried to us; but he didn't take the command away from General Pennefather, who had charge in his absence, but just helped him. General Raglan came near, too—the commander-in-chief, you know—but it was all so dark and misty that he couldn't see what needed to be done, and so he, too, left General Pennefather in command, for he knew that General Pennefather knew the ground there.

"What did the army think of their commander-in-chief? Well, not very much. Sort of an old woman, they thought. But he was brave enough, and I don't doubt he did his best." The army had no confidence in Raglan as a commander, and their distrust was justified. But one thing he did, which Conway himself does not tell, and that was to name the brave sergeant, in commendation, in one of his despatches.

"It was hours and hours of huddled and muddled fighting. And it was all artillery and infantry on both sides—no cavalry. This was largely because of the uneven ground, all slopes and

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rocks and gullies, with close and scraggy underbrush.

"Everywhere there were little groups of British fighting by themselves and mixed up with Russians. Everywhere hand-to-hand fighting and stabbing and shooting, and smoke and mist, and dead and wounded piling up in heaps.

"And if you chanced to look down at a dead man, if you stumbled over him, like as not he'd be grinning fierce just as if he was alive. But you didn't often look down at your feet except when some man who had acted dead was trying to stab you.

"There was a good many Russians did worse than that. Wherever they were waiting for a little for another charge they would look for our wounded, lying there, and bayonet them. Yes; many of our soldiers were killed that day while lying wounded.

"The close fighting kept on for hours and hours. For the Russians wouldn't stop charging, and we held our line, and our reinforcements kept coming up, and somewhere about noon the French began to come up beside us and help.

"It was hot work at those guns. Our men just dropped and dropped. And as to wheels and spokes, there wasn't much of *them* that wasn't shot away. And the elevating screw of one gun was broke, and many a time that day I held the gun in position with a handspike while it was fired, and for weeks afterwards I couldn't lift my arm as high as my shoulder, though I didn't think anything about it on the day of battle.

"We ran out of ammunition and went back to the Windmill, about a mile away, for more.

"We went back, and it was a wild, wild road. For shells were dropping there and bullets whistling around us, but all we thought of was to get that ammunition. And now that the men couldn't fight, but could only hurry along the road, they were queer and excited like, and some were laughing or crying or shouting; but all of us pressed on, and we got the ammunition and hurried back, and were in the thick of the fight again.

"Once, after that, when the Russians came at us, they were almost up to us before we knew they weren't our men. A terrible bad day for seeing, what with the mist and the smoke. Right up near us they were, and we blazed away, and they didn't seem to mind that they fell in whole lines, but ran right at us, leaping, with their long bayonets ready (they were longer than the British bayonets), and with snarling shouts, like growls.

"We struck. We hewed. We threw stones. We used swords. We used our fists. We used anything. We stabbed and clubbed and wrestled. And all about us was our infantry firing and stabbing and clubbing."

His voice took on a raucous rasp, for he was living it all over again, and his look was straight and fierce. Then he paused, and added quietly: "Often I've waked in the night with those hairy faces and long bayonets crowding around me.

"There was no quarter on either side in those hottest moments of man to man. It was just kill or be killed. It was just which could hit and kill the quickest. And after a while they went off again.

"On both sides men terribly wounded fought right on, and men who had dropped with death wounds pulled themselves together for a while and went back into the fight.

"Often our men and the Russians were so mixed up with each other that you couldn't tell which were advancing and which were retreating. All was in a whirl, with men fighting chest against chest so close they could hardly strike. At such times the artillery couldn't fire, but there was always something we could do; and when the sides fell apart, gasping and tired, we would pour in our shot. Sometimes we would double-shot our guns and let them have it close.

"They captured Sergeant Henry of our battery. He had desperately held his gun and they drew away, but he had a bright new jacket on, and I think they took him for an officer. Even if they had told you so you wouldn't know what they meant; for though we could easily learn to talk with the French, and even a little with the Italians, who came to fight with us in the Crimea, we could never make head or tail of the Russian lingo.

"Well, it seemed as if they took Henry for an officer, for they dragged him off with them as they retreated, and he was still struggling, and they were jabbing at him with their bayonets.

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"And Captain Turner — we had a breathing-spell as the Russians fell away —Captain Turner called out: 'There goes poor Henry! Who'll volunteer to get him back?'

"There were just three gunners with me at my gun—Cooke and Steve Hunt and Jim McGraw—and they followed me right out after Henry. It was a dash of fifty yards to come up with him, and before we got there Hunt and Cooke were shot dead, but McGraw kept right close along with me, and we came up with Henry just as he fell down under a juniper-tree, where he was still fighting with the men who were holding and stabbing him.

"He saw me as I went to him on the jump. 'Hello, Pat!' he called out; always a cool sort of a chap he was, even when excited—'hello, Pat! Are you a prisoner too?'

"There wasn't any time for answering questions. A Russian lunged at me—I remember noticing that he was a non-com.—and I hit him savage with my sword. I wasn't a weakling, and I weighed all of fourteen stone and a half, and I was mad, and my sword smashed his arm, and it looked as if it cut it off.

"That Russian went down, and McGraw struck in beside me, and for a little while it was just hit and smash.

"I wish I could tell you just how it went, but I've tried to think of it, and I just can't remember, except that McGraw and I were striking and parrying, mad and fierce, with Henry lying there, and that some of the Russians went down, and that all at once there was smoke and bullets again, and the Russians melted away, and there we were with Henry.

"I picked him up, and McGraw helped me to get him on my back, and we all started for the battery.

"'Leave me where I am, Pat,' said Henry. 'Save yourselves.'

"But we got him back to the battery and laid him down. Eleven bayonet wounds he had, about his face and neck. But he didn't die. And he got the V. C."

Sergeant Henry not only got the V. C. for the defence of his battery, but became captain and colonel; and as captain, although Conway himself does not tell this, one of his first acts was to send to his superiors a high commendation of the heroic bravery of Sergeant Conway at Inkerman. The major in command made a similar commendatory report, but Conway did not get the V. C. For his gallant rescue of Henry, however, the French did him honor, and the Emperor sent him the gold medal, *Pour valeur et discipline*.

"A gold eagle medal," said Conway, "for bravery in the field. My son wanted it, and I let him take it; he's in Australia; and the order, as they call it, is as old as Napoleon the Great—yes, it's as old as Charlemagne.

"I have a long line of medals and clasps. See! And here's one that the Turks gave me. They were with us, too, against the Russians, and for a while (but not at Inkerman, you understand) I had charge of one of their batteries; for though they had the guns, their men didn't know how to handle them, and while I was in charge of their battery I wore a red cap, just like the Turks! And their Sultan gave me this medal.

"Many was the officer lost at Inkerman, for they were right in the mix-up, and fought with their own hands just like the men. And it was the same with the Russians, of course.

"It got well past noon and we still fought, for it seemed as if the Russians would never get tired of charging us, and for our own part we wouldn't give way.

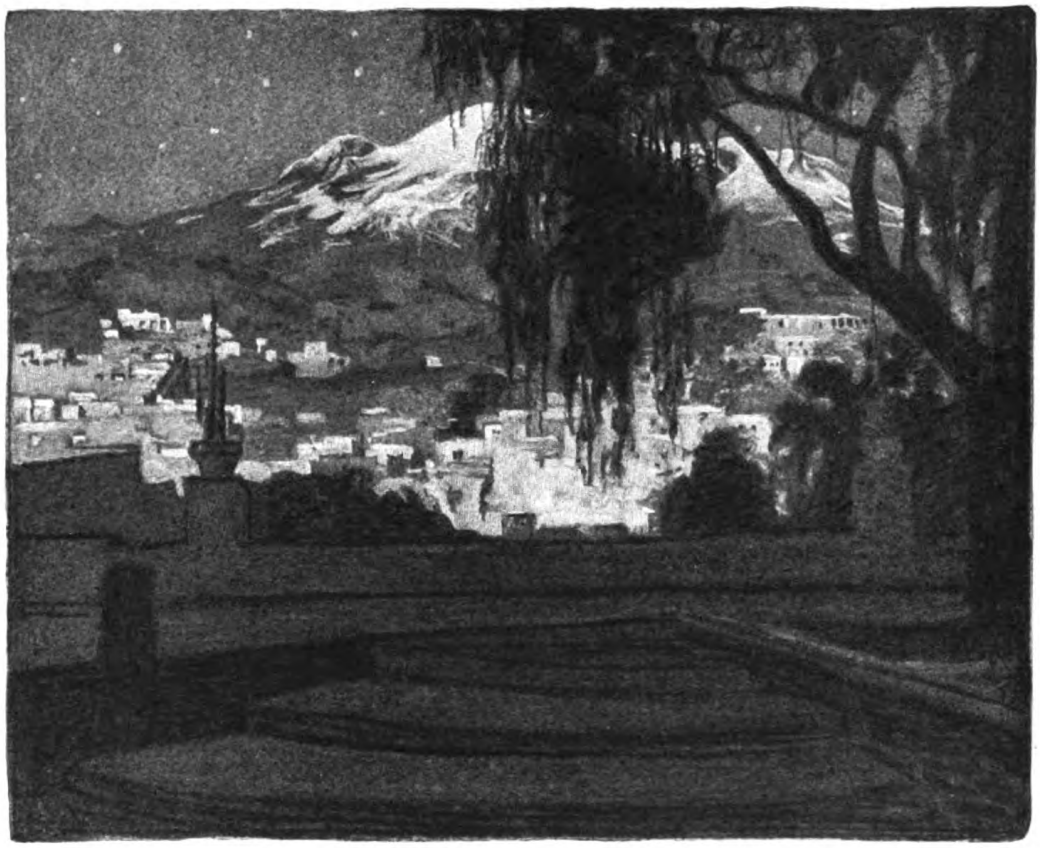
"Many was the soldier who, when the chamber of his rifle got wet and he couldn't fire it, gave up snapping it, and with a yell rushed at the Russians again with his bayonet.

"It was a queer battle; not much of order or regularity, but always a jumble, and yet always with us and the French holding fast to our line. And it was good to know that the French were in the battle along with us. Good comrades, the French.

"The fight went on till about the middle of the afternoon, and then the Russians drew off and wouldn't come back at us again.

"And we threw ourselves down by our guns, and we gasped and laughed and cheered, and all around us lay the dead and wounded in great heaps, and the cold rain fell on us, and the heavy mist blew slowly across the ridge."

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THE SLEEPING TOWN LAY IN NOCTURNAL SPLENDOR

The Empty House

BY BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

THE heat of noon hung over Cuernavaca.

Two dogs lay asleep in the shade of the hotel wall.

Not a being moved about in the little plaza, although on many benches were motionless white figures. One old woman nodded over her tray of dulce. Even the birds were quiet.

Under the portales of the hotel sat a woman in white, a boy of seven standing by her chair. A book hanging open upon her knees between her slender, languid hands, she seemed the very priestess of the hour. Not that she was in any way a product of the place. Every line of her dress, the perfection of her daintiness, were French. Yet the eyes and the hair were Spanish to a degree—dark, soft, and misty.

As the shackling public carriage which had brought him from the daily train came jolting over the round cobbles, Carlyle regarded her from his questionable vantage.

"New Orleans, probably," he said to himself. From the two in the vast doorway his eyes fell to the burden in his lap —the fairylike body of a little girl, her frock open at the throat, her hair falling in a rumpled mass of blond curls about her shoulders. She was very pale, and her little legs wobbled inertly with every reel of the carriage. Under the dark

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lashes of her half-closed eyes there was a double shadow, and between her unclosed lips her breath panted.

The vehicle lurched to the door.

Carlyle gathered the child closely to him as he stooped and crept out from under the hood of the carriage.

He had but reached the very informal office desk in the hotel, when the boy whom he had seen outside came eagerly following him.

"I beg your pardon—could I help you?"

"Help me?" repeated Carlyle. "Thank you—I—" He was for the moment at a loss. "Perhaps you could call the clerk, or the proprietor," he suggested, finally.

A smile lifted the corners of the boy's mouth. "Every one is asleep at this time," he said.

"But—the other people from the train we came on—"

"They have gone to the new hotel. We are very quiet here."

The baby on Carlyle's shoulder stirred impatiently. She had a desire to see this person to whom he spoke, and she continued to twist about his altitudinous shoulder until her eyes fell suddenly on the boy. Then she became quite motionless, regarding him with grave blue eyes. He, on the contrary, smiled, though he moved a bit uneasily under her steady gaze.

Carlyle laughed.

"And in this sleeping palace how does one get a room? I telegraphed from Mexico City yesterday."

"Oh, then it's all right," said the boy, with relief. "You'll be on the pad."

He walked in behind the desk with all the air of an experienced innkeeper and climbed up on the stool.

"Is your name Carroll?" he asked. "As you are the only one, it must mean you. You are to have No. 1. It's the room Maximilian slept in," he added, in an inscrutable undertone. "Shall I register you?"

"If you will be so good," said Carlyle. He came closer and looked over the edge of the book as the boy selected a pen. "We spell it C-a-r-l-y-l-e," he vouchsafed, tactfully. "Some don't, but we like it that way. My initials are M. P. Yes, I have suffered from it. And I live in New York. Thank you. By George! you write much better than I do. May I ask how old you are?"

"I'm just nearly seven," said the boy, flushing, while the small closed fist finished the task. "I wrote mother's name and mine in the book, too."

Carlyle gave courteous attention to the other entry up the page, where a small finger pointed.

Madame Dominique Troisclairs.

Dominick Troisclairs.

The different ways of spelling the same name interested him, but he felt that their friendship was too recent to permit of an intimate question.

"I'm only five and a quarter," said a weary little voice from his shoulder, with some suddenness, "and I'm terrible sick."

Both the man and the boy seemed to take the latter remark as a rebuke. The boy slipped down.

"I'll go up and unlock the door for you," he said, somewhat breathlessly, and as Carlyle turned to the stairs he ran past him, bearing a key.

The room where Maximilian slept was remarkable enough. The black and white marble floor stretched out in endless vistas of diminishing squares. Stranded in the corners of the incalculable space were double beds, a banquet-hall buffet which assumed the thin disguise of a dressing-table by displaying a hair-pin, and three distantly related chairs.

The man stopped involuntarily on the threshold, then went in. "I wonder why Maximilian slept here. It seems an eccentric thing to do," he said, pleasantly, as he carried the little girl toward her bed. "Now, Thistledown, I will make you comfortable at last, poor, patient Thistledown. Though upon my word I am half afraid that a draught of air might come and blow you off the bed, and then how should I ever find you again in this big room?"

Thistledown smiled, but as she lay looking up at him her eyes took in the immensity of the ceiling.

"Are we going to stay here?" she asked, faintly.

The boy came nearer and stood at the foot of the bed. "Where are you sick?" he asked, with characteristic directness.

"I am terrible sick," said the child, for the second time, with slight pride.

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"I can't breathe." She put her tiny hand to her side. "It bumps," she said.

"I know," said Dominick Troisclairs. "Mother had the same thing. It comes of being so high above the sea."

"I'm not above the sea. I'm 'way above the ground, and it is much worse, and I lost my living part. Did your mother do that, too?"

"You mean you fainted, sugar-plum," said the man, kneeling down beside her to take off her red, square-toed slippers.

"Fainted," repeated the child, dutifully. "Was that lady in the white dress your mother?"

"Yes," said Dominick.

Carlyle paused to look up at him. "Your mother!" he said. "Impossible. She looks so young."

Dominick lifted himself by his hands and supported himself on his toes in a bit of the bed-carving. "Well, she's not young," he said. "She is twenty-six years old. But she can remember lots of things she used to do when she was young."

A smile twitched the man's lips. "Don't kick the bed, lad," he said. "It disturbs the little woman."

The child turned her head hither and yon upon the pillows. "It bumps," she said, wearily.

Carlyle put the doll-like slippers on the floor, too occupied with his concern for her to notice that the boy had slipped from the room.

While he was still smoothing the hair from her forehead, wet with the water that had been splashed upon her face to bring her back to consciousness, the door, which had remained ajar, was pushed open again, and Dominick appeared, drawing by the hand the pretty lady in white.

"This is my mother, Mr. Carlyle," he said. "I am sure she can help Thistledown to get well."

Carlyle had turned his head at the sound of the voice, and had risen to his feet at the sight of the woman.

The lady—who could remember things that happened when she was young, for all that she was now so old—did not cross the threshold, but stood there, half willingly, half resisting Dominick's compelling hand.

"Please do not allow me to intrude," she said, gently. "He seemed to think, my Dominick, that you were somewhat at a loss and not quite so competent as I should be, though I am afraid it is only his partiality."

Carlyle bowed, and coming forward, held the door wide. "It is very good of you," he said. "She is not very sturdy, and the altitude of Mexico was telling on her rather harshly. They told me to bring her over here for a few days, but that trip on the mountains—"

"I suffer in just the same way," said the woman, comprehensively. "There is a very good doctor over at the big hotel down the street. Dominick knows where it is—he will go with you. Let me come in and take care of her while you go for him." She was half smiling at the child, not encouragingly or with an irritating cheerfulness, but just quietly and fondly, as if they understood better than any other two people in the world what it was to be ill.

Carlyle watched her as she bent to speak a few words of comradeship to the little sufferer. He saw the limp, bedraggled dress taken off quietly and skilfully. He noted with some surprise that a towel hastily wrung out in cold water was laid over the meagre, appealing little breast. He wondered how it had all been done so quickly. The lady's palm-leaf fan was swaying dreamily to and fro as if it had been so occupied for hours, and she smiled a wise dismissal to the man in the doorway.

Dominick tiptoed out beside him. "I am afraid," he said, "there is no one just now except you and me to carry up the maleta."

Later in the afternoon, when the people who had been asleep at the hour of his arrival were sauntering lazily about the plaza, the invalid was able to come down-stairs in a clean, ruffled frock that showed a length of bare pink leg above a short sock and black slipper, and to sit with her new friend and converse sociably from the depths of one of the huge rocking-chairs under the portales. Her talk was chiefly of a little house on Ninth Street in New York, the reddest house you ever saw, with white picture-frames around the doors and windows—presided over by a big nurse called Hannah, who in turn called her

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a mitherless bairn. There were also a dog and a cat, called Tar and Feathers. It was strange, was it not, that some dogs were little as cats, but no cats as big as some dogs? Her real name was not Thistledown, but Alicia. She preferred to be called Thistledown.

It seemed that the lady had a fanciful name too. Her father in New Orleans had called her Crépuscule, which means Twilight, because of her eyes and hair.

In the plaza opposite, a little Aztec bird had begun to sing softly in his native tongue, "Ixi-ixi-hiutxi-hautl!" The rising breeze stirred the twilight hair of the lady and rippled the deep waters of her eyes.

"You don't remember your mother, then, dearie?"

"My mother died the same day I was born," said the little girl, solemnly. "So of course I couldn't remember her."

"Of course not," said Madame Troisclairs, with a gentle glance. "I thought I knew that look," she said to herself in the silence.

"Then my father was a widower," said Thistledown, "and I was vaccinated. It hurt, too," she added, as an afterthought.

Dominick Troisclairs and Carlyle meanwhile leaned companionably together on the white wall of the Puenta Porfirio Diaz, and looked down at the little stream in the little valley over which they were standing. Lacing to and fro up the hillsides slanted irrational toy roadways, and toy people with toy donkeys and toy carts moved silently up and down.

"You like this better than New Orleans?" said Carlyle, politely. His eyes were not in the question, but watched the great hills that faced them.

"Well, yes," said the boy. "But we haven't been here long. We have been in California most of the time since my father died."

"How long is that?" asked the man, kindly.

"Oh, two years," said Dominick.

"And you don't want to go back to New Orleans?"

"We did once, but I didn't like it. We stayed in the house almost all the time, and grandfather was almost the only person we saw. You see, mother and I we were always being pointed at and whispered about wherever we went, and it was very uncomfortable."

The child had a charming, self-reliant manner, as if his life had been a protection of his mother at the expense of his own childishness. Carlyle looked down at the unconscious little brown face as the boy went on quite calmly.

"I don't know if you heard about my father," he said, with an upward glance. "It was all in the papers a great deal. Perhaps you read of it."

Carlyle shook his head.

"Well, I'm glad you didn't. You see, the men who wrote the newspapers did not know my father, and they said things that were not true because they did not know any better. I saw some of the stories myself. He was shot by a man who had gone crazy. It was in the man's own house, too. And he shot his wife and a servant and then himself." The big, clear eyes of the boy lifted again to Carlyle's face. He had not the faintest appreciation of the horror of what he told. "Once a man pointed at me and said I was young Dominick Troisclairs, and that my mother was so afraid I would be like my father she wouldn't even let me spell my name the same way. You see—how silly! For if mother had not known my father was a good man she would not have married him, would she?"

"No," said Carlyle, turning his head away. "No, of course not."

He straightened suddenly. "I think we ought to be going back to the hotel," he said. The loathsome story in the child's innocent mouth was unendurable. "I want to see how my little Thistledown is getting along."

Dominick turned willingly. "I want to see her too," he said, "if you don't mind."

As evening fell, a pardonable band of musicians filled the pavilion, and rendered Sousa's marches with a peculiar Mexican interpretation that was interesting if not familiar. In the warm darkness the lights in the trees shone bravely down on the constantly moving figures.

Dominick, with the little hand of Thistledown clasped protectingly in his own, which was but a little larger, had

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THEIR WALKS, THEIR DESULTORY CONVERSATIONS, OCCUPIED THE DAYS

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carefully escorted her across the rough-paved street to a place where they might stand and watch the people. They were standing with their backs to Carlyle as he stood smoking an after-dinner cigar, but he could not help but appreciate the quaintness of their baby charm, for all that their delightful little faces were turned away.

It was long past Miss Thistledown's bedtime, but he had found it best in that climate to let her sleep through the heat of the day and allow her to be out-of-doors in the cooler hours. He was pleased that she had made so trustworthy a friend in this little boy. But it made him realize rather more poignantly than ever that he was very lonely, and he wondered if Madame Troisclairs would not be also, since his small "honey bunch of love" had carried off the young man. He looked about on the veranda and saw that she too was watching the children.

After a moment's hesitation he let his cigar fall and ground out its fire beneath his heel. In this land of the barefoot woman one could not be too careful. He turned and went toward her.

"You will be frank enough to tell me if you prefer to be alone?" he said.

There was a gravity in her shadowy eyes as she lifted them to his face that was not displeasure. "I should be very glad to talk to you," she said. "But you need not have thrown away your cigar." She was quite unconscious of admitting that she had been watching him. "I was thinking that I would like to walk up on the hill and see the moonlight in the valley. It is a wonderful view. Would you care to go? Dominick and I go there quite often."

He made eager acquiescence.

"Will you, then, call Dominick?" she said.

Carlyle raised his voice and called, and the boy turned. Child as he was, he could not analyze the pleasure he felt in hearing his name in the tones of a man's voice. But his mother had seen the eagerness, and she had understood. With the hand of the girl still close in his own, he came slowly toward them, watching her little feet balance themselves on the big cobbles. As they neared the portales he looked up at the man.

"Oh, must she go in?" he asked, imploringly.

"No," said Carlyle. "Not quite yet. We are going to get your view on the hill. You can lead on, with Thistledown, and go slowly. Warm enough, petkin? When you are tired I will carry you."

"It isn't far," said Dominick, stoutly. "It's more the paving-stones that trouble her. Her feet aren't big enough to keep on top, and they keep slipping down in between." He laughed, and looked at her as if she were an amazing thing. She shook her hair back from her pretty face and laughed too, clinging to his hand.

"I haven't had an opportunity," said Carlyle, as they started forward, "to thank you for your kindness to my little girl. It was the right thing to bring her here, although I doubted it until you came to my rescue. Her pulse is normal to-night."

"There is half a mile's difference in altitude between this and Mexico City," said Madame Troisclairs. "Really, when one gets into regions where they measure altitudes by miles!"

She was silent for a moment as they left the street for a smoother earthen path, watching the two little figures before them in the white moonlight. When she spoke again it was more to herself than to him:

"It pleases me to see how instinctively my boy feels the responsibility of her companionship. He has never been with children very much. It is quite his own doing. And, as I said, it makes me happy to see it. A human soul is such an uncertain quantity, such a combination of inheritances and influences! Sometimes it terrified me to think what potentialities lay dormant in the little man. One never can tell what unpleasant ancestor is going to crop out," she finished, more lightly. This was the spectre that had dogged her in every hour of her motherhood—she did not even wish their names to be spelled alike, he remembered!

"I think you have less cause for alarm than any mother I ever saw!" he returned, with a pleasant emphasis. "It does not require a long acquaintance with Dominick to convince one that you should possess your soul in peace."

"Thank you," she said. She had suffered agonies, he told himself. "I am

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afraid I give you an erroneous impression of the family!" she added.

"Oh no!" he replied. "I know the feeling. I am sincerely attached to my own people, and I wish there were more of them. But as for Thistledown taking after them to any alarming degree—!"

Upon the hill the children waited for them. As he stood beside her he seemed to be holding converse with her. She was wholly a stranger, yet as they stood together watching the nocturnal splendor of the Sleeping Woman in White, he felt her as palpably draw nearer to him as if their hands had slowly gone out toward one another and met and twisted into a locking clasp.

"And God saw the earth that it was good," said Carlyle, softly. "How impossible it is, on such a night, not to believe that He deliberately planned it and made it with His hands, like a happy child playing in the sand. We know as little of what there is above us as—as the people in this house here on the hill below us know that we are here. It is all in a roof, you see!"

The boy laugh of Dominick rang out softly. "That is an empty house!" he said.

A curious hush fell upon them all. Then the little girl leaned over the wall that flanked the road and peered down.

"Doesn't nobody live in it?" she asked, her fair curls swinging down to hide her moonlit cheeks.

Dominick laughed again. "If it is an empty house," he said, "of course nobody lives in it."

"Ah, that does not follow always!" said Crépuscule Troisclairs.

The placid days went by, adding themselves in weeks, and still he did not go. Their walks, their desultory conversations were all that occupied the days, and he remained. In every gesture, in every word, he found himself growing to love her more deeply, and to know her and to love her had become the most important thing in his life.

He would dress in the morning and come down to wait in a fever of impatience for her appearance. He would walk up and down, smoking viciously, his brows frowning and his nerves tense. And then she would step out from the patio, and with a great sigh of relief all strain would be over—his forehead would smooth, his mouth would smile, and the hands in his pockets would unclench and relax. All morning he would be with her, watching her face. He had almost forgotten the children, beloved as they were, in his absorbing devotion. He knew vaguely that they had become great chums, that they were inseparable and quite happy, and that he could give himself quite undividedly to the contemplation of the lovely face of Crépuscule Troisclairs.

It was commonly supposed that the hours of noon were of a radiance unendurable. He found them shadowed by a dull gloom.

But then about four o'clock she would come back to him—ah, the happiness of that moment! He would meet the radiance of her eyes and let it sink into his heart. Her voice, the way she moved, the things she thought, the words in which she told them, the mere wonder-fact of her living—he would find himself incoherently rehearsing the reasons he had found for loving her.

After dinner they would sit in the great chairs and watch the moonlight and the lovers. Dominick and Thistledown, sitting at their feet, would murmur softly of their childish lives, while their allowance of dulce found its way impartially into their sweet mouths.

Carlyle knew it could not last. The time when it should cease was coming very close indeed—so close that he dreaded the mails. Every time she left him he would look after her with an agony in his eyes—before she came back again the very hour for his departure might be set.

And she had grown so much more lovely since the first day. Soft as her voice had been, he would swear it had become sweeter, more tender. There was a look in her eyes, a lure in her lips, that made him catch his breath when he stood near her and hunger for her when he stood afar.

It came at last. The little Aztec bird sang, "Ixi-ixi-hiutxi-hautl," without even a catch of the breath. The Pierrots rolled their cigarettes, the women trudged on in their wake, the dusty mules sauntered by, beating time with their impersonal ears, and the coffee-colored chil-

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dren played with their chocolate toes. But the voice had spoken, and for Carlyle all things were bitterly different.

Dominick came out first and greeted him. Thistledown, who was sitting on the ground after the manner of her kind, rose and faced him. The mere fact of the importance of her news robbed it for the moment of its sting.

"We got to go away," she said.

"To go away?" repeated Dominick. His step faltered and he flung a look at Carlyle. The little creature nodded, her soft hair bobbing to and fro. "We got to go away to-morrow, early." She added the word as if it made matters much worse, as indeed it did. "We got to take the train back to the place where my living part bumps, and then we got to go home to New York. And we'll never see you again," she added, being of the sex that turns the knife in the wound.

Dominick looked at her a moment in silence, then turned to her father, as if, man to man, things might be made more bearable. "Are you going away to-morrow—early?" he asked.

"We are," said Carlyle, heavily. He could not seem to say more.

"You and—and Thistledown?"

Carlyle nodded. He leaned back against the pillar of the portales and drew a deep breath as if something hurt him. The three remained silent, staring at one another.

It was to them, as they then stood, that Crépuscule Troisclairs came out. She had gone for a scarf, and came out twisting it around her beautiful hair. When she saw them she stopped short. Her hands, uplifted, did not fall. She looked at them each in turn, but her eyes came back in the end to Carlyle. "What is it? What is the matter?" she said.

The boy's stoicism gave way under the gentleness of the voice. He caught at her imploringly. "They are going away," he cried; "they are going away."

Her eyes remained one long instant on Carlyle's, and then became invisible as she bent over the boy. She bent over him, indeed, so solicitously that her whole face was hidden from the others. Then with a swing of her strong arms she lifted him up to her breast and kissed him. "But everybody goes away!" she said, lightly. "We will go away too—shall we not? And who will be sorry for that?" She actually smiled at him, but he had seen her smile that way before, the day she had broken her wrist.

"You do not want them to go, either!" he said.

She laid her graceful hand about his splendid little head. "I do not indeed, my dear one," she said, slowly. "But so it goes."

The lad, for the first time in all Carlyle's knowledge of him discourteous, flung away from her and ran into the shadows. The little girl looked after him furtively.

Madame Troisclairs laughed, or thought she did, and sat down. "When are you going?"

"To-morrow morning—early," he said. Oh, decidedly, that "early" did make it worse. Thistledown leaned on the arm of his chair. "I had a despatch this afternoon," he went on, heavily. "I've been expecting it."

The little girl had crossed from Carlyle's chair to the lady's. She stood a second watching their faces. Neither of them was paying the slightest attention to her. She manœuvred herself into the shadow of the arches and took a deep breath. Then noiselessly she sped away to find poor Dominick.

All about them voices chattered and crooned, and suddenly the band struck up their favorite martial music.

Carlyle listened deafly for a few moments, and then suddenly got to his feet. "Will you walk a little?" he asked.

She rose, glad of the opportunity of doing something besides sitting there staring the dull future in the face.

They set forward slowly under the intermittent shade of the trees down one side of the little square.

"You are going back there, I suppose—back to New York?" she said.

"I am going back — to the empty house," he answered, quietly.

They walked on in silence. Neither of them spoke until they had gone the length of their walk and were returning to the hotel. Then in the semi-darkness he spoke haltingly to her.

"Perhaps it would be better if I went away without telling you this," he said.

Her heart fluttered suddenly, but she looked ahead of her.

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"I came down here," went on Carlyle, "a man with nothing in life but a modest ambition and a love for a little child. I found you here, and I have come to love you so much that everything else about me is carried away in it, like bridges in a flood. When I think what it is going to be, I am as at a loss to imagine it as if I were picturing a life without air in my lungs and blood in my veins. I simply do not know what I am going to do. Perhaps if you have ever loved any one very much you will appreciate what I mean. I think of to-morrow, a great, long, empty day, and it turns me sick. I can't face it. And it is only one of the intolerable file of days, a line stretching out endlessly, three hundred and sixty-five in each battalion. I have never been a coward before. But now I am a craven. I am crying out. I can't bear it!"

Unconsciously they walked on, nearer and nearer to the hotel. His eyes beheld it as the end of all things. She would go in at the doorway, and he should never see her again.

"If you will think of me kindly now and then during those future days, I will try to be worthy of it. Think of me as you know me here, not as the man living in the empty house. I don't want you to pity me. Just think of me now and then, that I was here happy beyond all dreams in the mere privilege of being near you, and that somewhere I am going on with my life loving you, loving you."

His voice fell and trembled. They walked on in silence. She could not have spoken, and he said nothing. The arches of the portales yawned before them and he came to a stand. With his head bared and bent he stood aside, and she passed him and went within. She did not say good-by, and he was rather glad of that. But he stood motionless where she had left him, staring into the patio.

She had indeed gone very quickly. At the very last, when she would have been glad to speak to him, a sudden panic of tears had seized her, and she had hurried to her room to be alone. But when her boy came in half an hour later he found her walking to and fro, with an almost unnatural calm upon her.

If the calm had not been so hard to maintain, she might have had more attention to bestow upon him and have perceived that his own mood was unnatural. For, although he had just said good-night to his friends and good-by, there was a starlike radiance upon him. She might have noticed a certain oddity in his way of bidding her good-night, as if they were never to meet again. She held him close as she kissed him, loving the babyish warmth of his nearness. If his heart smote him in the moment, he heroically gave no sign, but cling to her he did, in a very passion of adoration, and slipped at last from her hold to fling himself into his bed. Both of them had forgotten the usual formality of his little prayers. She stood a long while in the window looking out on the deserted plaza—for, oddly enough, these people who sleep all day go early to bed at night,—and the soft silk of her room gown flowed languidly afloat on the faint evening breeze.

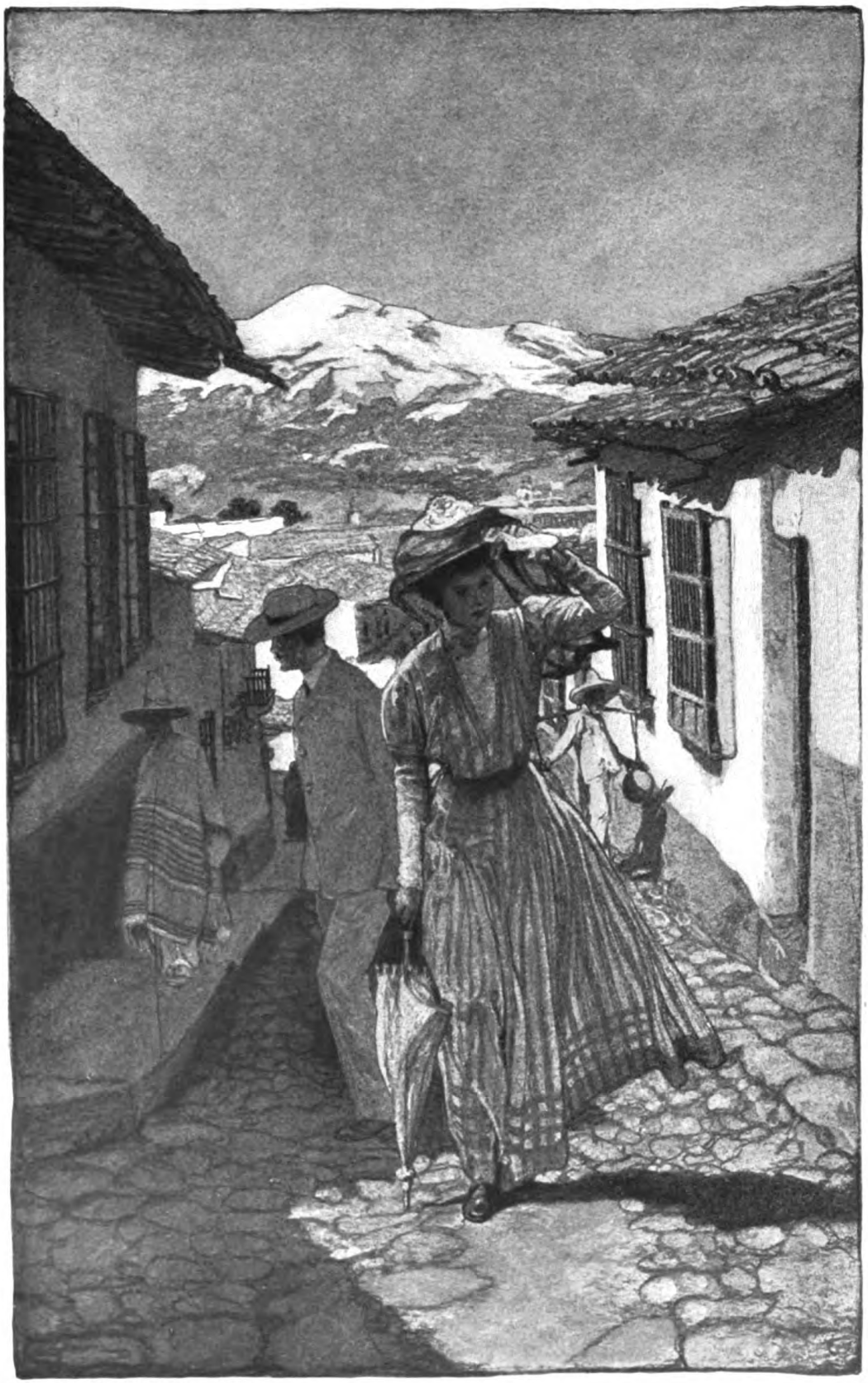
The moon had set and the dark fallen, and indeed the sun, that "male of the female earth," was all but "springing in this earth as in his bed prepared," when at last she turned her face upon her pillows and fell asleep. And so impatient and engrossing was this sleep deferred that it laid a most compelling hold upon her, and as the early morning wore on toward fulness she did not hear a light tap at her door, nor yet a louder one, nor until a more imperative knock sounded upon the panels did she arouse herself to answer the summons. Then, answering she knew not whom and expecting she knew not what, she jumped up, flinging her gown upon her, and casting one swift, uncomprehending look at her boy's empty bed.

As she opened the door she pushed back her soft, riotous hair with both hands, but for all that it fell in a heavy, shadowy mass about her bewildered face, that looked so childish with its dreams but half dispelled.

Carlyle was standing in the hall, looking away. "I beg your pardon for disturbing you," he said. "Is Dominick there?"

She turned, although she knew his bed was empty, and turned back. For an instant Carlyle's eyes were upon her. Then he caught his breath and looked away again.

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THEIR INQUIRIES TO RIGHT AND LEFT BROUGHT NO RESULT

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"He is not here," she said.

"I thought so." He made a curious little movement with his hands. "I woke early, to make our early start, but Thistledown was gone. A man outside told me he had seen *dos niños* going down the street about an hour earlier, and I thought they had made a compact to rise early and play together one last time. But another hour has gone and they have not come back."

Her face was alert and grave with anxiety. "Will you wait for me?" she said.

He bowed and went away, without trusting himself to look at her again.

He was so concerned for the little wanderers that he could not solace himself with a cigar, but stood under the portales waiting for her.

One thing was certain, they could not have gone far. In one hour those little childish feet could not have covered much ground, and provided they went unmolested, they would be found before long. He could not help it that the thought of losing the chance to get away that morning was very sweet to him, and yet he felt a certain inability to face these new hours with her. He had told her the night before that he loved her, and he knew it was much better that he should not put her to the pain of seeing him again. Yet unreasonable as it might be, he craved her nearness, and but for the anxiety gnawing at his heart would have been inconsistently glad of the few hours' reprieve.

But there was the anxiety, eating him alive, as he waited for her. "Unmolested!" He had never met with treachery here in these parts, but there were unscrupulous souls everywhere on this poor, fair earth—and the two children of two rich Americans, as they were by comparison to the penniless wretches that abounded in the country thereabout— He broke off and took another tortured turn of the veranda.

Coming back to his stand before the door, he met her coming out. Without a word she fell into step beside his rapid stride, going over the very ground they had gone together the evening before, down one side of the little piazza.

"The *hombre* said they took this way," was the only word he spoke to her.

The town was waking and the sleepy-eyed people spilling out into the street, as if the houses were too small to accommodate their numbers, as indeed they were. Their inquiries to right and left brought no results, and their distracted, half-systematic scouring of that end of the village consumed the better part of the morning. He made her drink wine and water at a little roadside pulque-shop, and found fresh fruit for her and insisted that she eat it. Little relish as she found in doing it, there was a deep, sweet happiness in the obedience she accorded him.

As their anxiety deepened, they were drawn together by its common strength, and the failure of their efforts flung them upon each other in mutual dependence.

They had secured a carriage now, though the exigencies of the search kept them more out of it than in it, and she was growing weary, he could see, and yet neither could she rest nor could he suggest it. All the grisly thoughts that had unavoidably come to them they each suppressed for the sake of the other, since what one lost the other must also lose.

It was well toward noon when they had ransacked every nook of that end of the town. He put her into the carriage and stood wiping his forehead with his handkerchief and trying to conquer an ache in his throat that made it hard for him to breathe. Visions of the little golden-haired baby, who had never known anything but love and gentleness, facing her first cruelty with as much of wonder as of tears in her sweet, trustful eyes, made his hands tremble.

Madame Troisclairs, her pale face set with an agony, watched him. "Where now?" she said. Her voice came with difficulty, and trembled as if in weariness of the effort.

"I do not know," he said. "The other part of the town, I suppose."

Suddenly he jerked up his head and his lips parted. She saw it, and then as suddenly understood.

"The empty house!" she cried, leaning forward.

It seemed a long way back through the rough, badly paved little thoroughfare, for they were both alight with a new and reasonable hope. To have no

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objective point in their search had been horrible, to feel when they turned to the left that they should perhaps have gone to the right. But now their impatience mounted into a fever, and they sat rigid, anticipating the distance with their eyes. At the base of the hill they turned and drove westward, and the road they had walked together that first night was visible as a streak of brown across the green of the hillside beneath which they rode.

She pointed with a shaking finger toward a little adobe house set in a ruined garden, a little apart from a group of the same quality of dwellings farther down.

Carlyle called a sharp word to the *cochero*, who stopped the galloping mules and turned on his seat to see what the señor wanted. But the señor was helping the señora to dismount, and had no further word to say.

He kept her hand, for the way was steep up the hillside, and yet she held her place bravely. Her gown was torn, but she merely drew it ruthlessly away from detaining branches and struggled on beside him. The hot sun of midday poured down upon them and drank up the breath that should have reached their lungs.

Panting and yet pale, she reached the spot where the untended garden had once been built out in a rude sort of terrace, and throwing up her head, drew one sigh. Then swiftly, silently, she hurried forward, across the tangle of weeds, to where a collection of broken earthen jars were grouped about the open doorway of the disused house.

He was beside her when she paused at the threshold, and as the slender weight of her swung to one side, for the first time in his life held her near the heart that was so wholly hers.

She was worn with the strain of the frantic search, and the revulsion of relief had made her suddenly aware of it. For the children were within.

Seated on a battered bench was Mistress Thistledown, her little feet straight out before her and her two hands clasping a blue glass mug of what appeared through that disfiguring medium to be milk. Kneeling on the earthen floor in front of her and holding a piece of Mexican bread was Dominick. So intent were they upon one another, and so unutterable was the relief of the two watchers at the door, that for some moments the situation remained unchanged.

Then the little girl lifted the glass toward her lips, and, raising her eyes at the same time, beheld the familiar faces in the doorway. With a little cry she paused, and Dominick jumped to his feet and turned about. And there was a strange childish parody of despair in the way he glanced back at the child and from her to them again, and let his hands hang laxly at his sides.

Madame Troisclairs had entered, and Carlyle was not far behind her. Thistledown put the blue glass mug down on the settle and altered the existing state of affairs by wriggling down from her uncomfortable seat, hurling herself into the woman's arms, and bursting into tears. As his mother bent over her tenderly, Dominick stood regarding them, and then—for Carlyle made no move—turned steadily about and faced the man.

"It was not Thistledown's fault," he said, bravely, though his lips quivered. "It was my own idea, and I begged her so hard that she gave in at last. I am very sorry—not for what I did, but because I am afraid I have made her and you and mother unhappy." There was a large, clear frankness in his eyes that Carlyle recognized as manliness, and made him love the boy. "I dare say I did very wrong in getting her to run away, but indeed, sir"—his voice broke and his little hands twisted in his pockets—"I could not bear the thought of her going away forever, and so I just had to do it."

Carlyle suppressed a longing to put his arms around him, and held out his hand man fashion. "It's all right, Dominick," he said, a bit huskily. "I think I understand."

Dominick took the hand and left his own within it, for he was, after all, a very little boy.

Thistledown had overcome her sobs and was nestled in the kneeling woman's arms. There was a tear or two upon the cheeks of the lady as well, though whether they were her own or whether they were the child's, who could say?

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Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE RAISED HER EYES AND LOOKED AT HIM SWIFTLY

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Dominick swallowed a lump in his throat. "I thought I could manage to take care of her," he said, "but the bread that I got wasn't very good, and the glass was blue. I suppose she wouldn't have been very happy, after all." He looked away and set his lips. "Yet I can't even now bear to think of your taking her away. And I don't know how I am going to live without her."

"I don't know how I am going to live without her," repeated the man, softly, but his eyes were on the kneeling woman. She raised her eyes and looked at him swiftly, and the color in her face was exquisite.

"You see, I have grown to love her so much," said the boy.

"I have grown to love her so much," said the man.

The eyes of Crépuscule Troisclairs dropped again upon the little figure that she held so tenderly.

"Must you go away?" cried Dominick, suddenly, in a fierce desperation. The man drew him nearer and said nothing. He was watching, breathlessly watching the rose-red color in the woman's face.

"I suppose you must," said Dominick, in the silence. "But now that you have found us—couldn't we go with you? I mean mother and I."

"You must ask her that," said Carlyle, slowly, and his voice stuck in his throat. He drew the boy closer still, pressed him against his side, but his eyes never left the lovely face bending with downcast eyes over the golden head of his little girl.

"Mother," said Dominick.

She did not answer, but her lids fluttered as if she had heard.

"Mother," he repeated, "couldn't we go with them? Couldn't we arrange somehow to live together? Couldn't we, Mr. Carlyle?"

"If she says yes—" said the man, and could say no more.

"Mother!" said the boy. "Oh, mother!"

Crépuscule Troisclairs bent lower over the fair little head in silence, her cheek showing crimson against the fluffy hair. Then with a movement he well remembered she gathered the little creature in her arms and came to them, her eyes shining and her lips quivering with a smile. She held out the child toward him. But he put his arms about them both and held them so.

A Lover's Thought

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I PONDER all about her, what it means
  To make her love me—she was but a maid
Who played among her flowers amid scenes
  Of youthful joyousness; her beauty stayed

My steps beside her, and my soul perceived
  She was the maid in all the world for me.
I spoke to her, and trusting she believed,
  With childlike honor met my honesty.

And now, half-woman, waking from white dreams,
  Her soul meets mine—and my emprise is plain:
To guard forever sacred what meseems
  Is still half child in her and must remain.

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Coriolanus

BY HAROLD HODGE

SHAKESPEARE does not often let you see what he thinks of his own characters. Amongst the hundreds of men and women who pass across his stage he has no favorites, no pets, no aversions. Even if we set out to read Shakespeare with the avowed object of discovering favorites among his dramatic children, it would be very difficult to find any. During one act we think this or that character was after Shakespeare's own heart, but in the next we grow more doubtful, and finally give up the pursuit and try another play. And if we hoped to reconstruct Shakespeare's own character from sympathies and tastes collected from his characters, we should reap a small harvest indeed. If we did reach any definite conclusion, if we did recreate Shakespeare's character from these supposed indications, it would be made in our own image, not in Shakespeare's. This is simply the proof of his greatness as an artist. He was able to see things other than from his own point of view; he could imagine men and women without reference to himself. He was able, to use a colloquialism, to stand outside himself. This is said of many men and many artists, but it is very seldom said truly. The so-called creations of the vast majority of artists are nothing but different aspects of themselves; and very often it is this very thing, and nothing else, which makes the interest and value of their work. But the novelist or dramatist of whom this is true cannot be put in the first or even the second rank in his art. Indeed, it probably means that he has mistaken his art and some other would have been to him a much happier medium. It is not so grave a defect in a novelist as in a dramatist; for the novelist is able, without destroying his scheme, to introduce himself as part of his own company. But it is surely absolutely fatal to drama. At any rate, there are dramatists by calling amongst us now whose work is vitiated all through by this defect. You can never think of the play or the parts apart from the playwright; in other words, you are not seeing a play at all—you are hearing a monologue or reading an essay expressed in a painfully unhappy form. Striking thoughts, brilliant ideas, curious sentiments are poured forth, and for them the play is worth seeing; but all the paraphernalia of characters and plot are a nuisance, coming between you and the real thing to be enjoyed. And if it is difficult for an artist, impossible for the vast majority of them, to prevent identifying himself with his own characters and showing you what he thinks of them, it is still more difficult for him to keep out of his play his own opinions. If there is a conflict of opinion in a play or a novel, ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is easy to see on which side is the writer himself. He is not more able to keep his views to himself than are most judges during the course of an action they are trying. The advocate both in the judge and in the artist is nearly always too strong. And as the playwright has not a moral, only an artistic, incentive to restrain his advocacy, he is usually quite unable to be fair to the side with which he does not agree. I am not thinking of the deliberate intention to help a particular cause by creating characters which shall illustrate it with their virtues, while those in opposition shall damn the other side by their blackness; this is an immorality no real artist is capable of. But unconsciously, and often wholly against his conscious wish, the artist throws his weight on the side with which he sympathizes. Hence historic novels, as they are called, are nearly always immoral.

I have been tempted into this preamble by Shakespeare's treatment of the story of Coriolanus. How many dramatists since the world began could have written

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VOLUMNIA

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a play turning largely on the eternal strife between aristocracy and democracy without making the play in effect an argument for one or for the other? How many would have avoided making the characters tell in favor of one side or the other? Yet I think no one, after reading *Coriolanus*, would pretend to say with which side was Shakespeare's sympathy. I do not myself feel that I know any more about Shakespeare's own political leanings after reading the play than I did before. Neither am I helped by any hints of affection for particular characters. They are all very true political types, and most of them not attractive. Shakespeare had great insight into politics; this is obvious all through. He had thought about them; he had opinions; but the artist was stronger than the politician. I have sometimes fancied that I could trace a contempt for the masses, in their inability and their stupidity as shown in the play. They are haters of Marcius at first; then they give him their voices for the consulship; then at a few most unconvincing words from Sicinius and Brutus, the tribunes, they are for throwing him from the Tarpeian rock, and rejoice in his banishment; and again they are for lynching Brutus because he persuaded them to banish Marcius. On the other hand, the people's case is put very tellingly in several places, and a very ugly side is shown of the best of the aristocrats, Menenius' seeming regard for the lower classes is exposed as sheer policy, fear disguising hate. If the light in which the populace is presented, not in this play alone, in any way shows Shakespeare's own mind, it reveals not a political bias, but that disregard, perhaps even contempt, for the average man as a thinking being, as a contributor to the commonweal, which is almost impossible for a man of intellect to avoid. It is not a political matter. I have known more than one determined democrat who had a fine disregard for the average man. They did not know they were guilty of any inconsistency.

For the political side of his play Shakespeare seems simply to have taken the situation he found at hand, and made all true to it. The characters are marvellously honest. They are exactly what the situation makes them. From some points of view it may be unfortunate that the lines of political divergence between the two parties are so hard and fast. The matter of aristocracy has innumerable moods and as many aspects. It is shown in this play under one aspect only, an aspect which excludes the nobler elements in this ancient quarrel. One result is that not a single great man is "thrown up" by all this turmoil; not one attractive person. Either side is actuated by mean, almost sordid motives; nothing is in the grand style. *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar* move me in absolutely opposite ways. In *Julius Cæsar* every one, good or bad, is heroic (in the sense of the Greek σπουδαιος), and the diction throughout is supremely splendid. The theme is gigantic, and the play does not fall below it. *Coriolanus* is perhaps more really human; it certainly gives a truer picture of political men and political life, where things for the most part are emphatically not on a grand scale. The difference between the patricians and the populace is at bottom very much the same as the barren party squabbles between outs and ins. The people hated the aristocracy because they were fortunate and in power; the aristocracy disliked the people mainly from fear lest the people might drive them out of power. As shown in this play there were very little "merits" about the dispute. It was sheer selfishness on each side: those who were in caring only to keep the remainder out; those who were out caring only to get in. Mutual fear with envy on one side against contempt on the other grew, as fear without respect usually does, into mutual hate. There is hardly a suggestion, certainly no evidence, that either side believed its policy was grounded on public reason. Neither side even tries to establish any such case. The nobles' plaint is always that the people tread on their heels already, and may any day come up with them and have them down. The people's complaint is always that the nobles "down them" and encroach on their popular privileges. The two tribunes play together the most ignoble part of all; forever urging the people to disorder and rebellion in order to enhance their own personal authority. Afraid openly in the Senate to oppose Coriolanus' claim on

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CORIOLANUS: "*So, here comes a brace.—*
You know the cause, sirs, of my standing here!"

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the consulship, they go in and out amongst the people and stir them up to reverse the vote they had given in his favor, suggesting tyrannical designs, which the tribunes know to be a false charge. Consistently, when Rome lies paralyzed with fear of attack by the army of Aufidius and Coriolanus, Brutus and Sicinius show themselves abject cowards. They are more afraid than any. Still, in this crowd of irrational self-seeking partisans there would be some who took a quiet, reasonable view of the situation from the public standpoint. Shakespeare shows us this group in the two "officers" who discuss the political situation pending the arrival of the Senators. The sane, sensible argument of these two men puts the case for either side with acuteness and moderation. One sees that there is a good deal to be said on both sides. Coriolanus had a great deal in his favor; but if he suffered much wrong, he largely brought it upon himself. More can be learned of the merits of the quarrel from the brief talk of these quiet, sensible men than from all the tirades of Marcius and the tribunes. Shakespeare knew very well that it is not the men at the heart of the hurly-burly who can best gauge the position.

They are talking of the consular elections. "How many stand?" asks one of them.

"Three, they say; but 'tis thought of every one Coriolanus will carry it."

"That's a brave fellow," rejoins the first; "but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common people."

"Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore: so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better ground: therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see 't."

"If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him, and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love."

"He hath deserved worthily of his country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honors in their eyes and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent and not to confess so much were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise were a malice that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it."

And no doubt that is how the matter would have ended but for the interested and malignant intervention of the tribunes. Caius Marcius had done such great things for his country in war that the people for very shame could not refuse him the consulship, though they gave it with no good grace, resenting his contemptuous attitude, and feeling that it was not for them, or from any thought of them, that he fought so well against the Volsces.

> What would you have, you curs,
> That like nor peace nor war? The one affrights you,
> The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
> Where he should find you lions, finds you hares,
> Where foxes, geese.

Such language was not calculated to make people give their votes to Marcius with any great zest, any more than his manner of encouraging them in battle (according to his mother) would give them much stomach for the fight or warm their hearts towards him personally:

"Come on, you cowards! You were got in fear, though you were born in Rome."

Coriolanus has not learned the meaning of *noblesse oblige*.

There is not a person in the play, man or woman, to speak for a very different conception of nobility which, none the less, had its representatives in the Roman polity of that period. Aristocracy may degenerate into an exclusive ring that cares only for its own interest and

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ACT IV: SCENE V

SERVANT: *"What would you have, friend? Whence are you? Here's no place for you"*

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regards all without as cattle to be worked for the ring's advantage and no integral part of the state. But this is always a degeneracy. An aristocracy is naturally, and in history has more often than not so comported itself, a trustee for the whole community, for the poor and the many as much as for the rich and the few. The theory of aristocracy is that the bulk of the people have neither the capacity nor the breeding and training requisite for the right understanding of the good of the whole community, and therefore it is the duty of the select few to do this for them in the interest of all. The nobles are the fathers of the state, which is precisely what Romans called them. A good father will not be moved very much by his children's tastes or opinions; he will not entrust them with duties beyond their capacity; but he will love them more than himself, and will give his life for their advantage. A father that despised and insulted his children because they were feeble, intellectually and bodily, compared with him, would be a monster. Coriolanus made a monster of aristocracy. His attitude to the populace would be more excusable in a democracy, when it might be said, usually with much truth, that the children were ousting the *patria potestas*, being quite unfit for its exercise. It is strange that we have no type of true aristocracy in this play; for Shakespeare had opportunities of studying it in his own day and in his own country.

So far as Coriolanus has any greatness at all, he is a fine specimen of the natural man, the antithesis of the Christian ideal. More than any one he recalls Achilles, especially the Horatian version of the literary Achilles.

Impiger, iracundus inexorabilis, acer.
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Splendid in body; bold, brave, and fierce in spirit; self-centred, despising others, of uncontrollable temper, nourishing hatred, and living for revenge. Wronged, for banishment was an excessive and unjust punishment for his insults to the people, which should have been forgotten in his prowess in his country's defence, he turns sulky, like Achilles, but, worse than Achilles, not only will not help his countrymen, but joins their bitterest enemy and seeks his country's ruin. Only his mother's intercession on her knees staves off the sack of Rome. He is not hard enough to resist his wife's and mother's tears; but there is not a trace of generosity or forgiveness in his yielding. Coriolanus dies in the same swashbuckler spirit in which he had lived, wanting to fight Aufidius and all his relations at the same moment. Splendid, perhaps, but, on the whole, contemptible; on much the same level with those who hounded him out of Rome. An ignoble noble. The best thing—one really fine thing—about this terrible fire-eater is his contempt for popularity; he seems to have been less greedy of praise than Achilles. Yet he is ever thinking of himself; it was sheer wounded vanity which goaded him to humiliate his country to his own glory. What a hero this hero might have been! What a lesson he might have taught the people he thought so much in need of teaching! But there was no more magnanimity in him than in them.

The Ship

BY MARY LORD

LIKE an adventurer to a distant world,
A dreamer, who for faith denies his ease,
So sails the ship, with glittering wings unfurled,
Borne on by unseen winds to unknown seas.

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The Ultimate Master

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

I REMEMBER those two weeks at Treperro only as in recovery from illness a person might abhorrently remember some long fever dream which was all of an intolerable elvish brightness and of incessant laughter everywhere. They made a deal of me at Treperro; and day by day I was thrust into boisterous relations of mirth with many species of provincial gentry, being the while half light-headed through my singular knowledge as to how precariously Lord Frederick Mulkenan balanced himself, as it were, upon a gilded stepping-stone from infamy to oblivion.

I remember that I spent some seven hours of every day alone to all intent with Mistress Diana Sherley. There would be merry people within a stone's throw, it might be, about this recreation or another, but we seemed to watch aloofly, as royal persons do the antics of their hired comedians, without any condescension into open interest. We were together; and the jostle of earthly happenings might hope, at most, to afford us matter for incurious comment.

But I remember, also, when on my last night at Treperro, whilst we sat for the last time together, between the Marchioness of Falmouth and Lord St. Elwyn, and in our presence many boys enacted Mr. Marler's masque of *The Birth of Dionysos,* that I began to speak with an odd purpose, because my reason was bedrugged by the beauty and the purity of her, and perhaps a little by the slow and clutching music to whose progress the nymphs were dancing. I remember that when I had made an end of those harsh whisperings she sat for a long while in scrupulous appraisement of the floor. The music was so sweet it seemed I must go mad unless she spoke within the moment.

"You tell me you are not Lord Frederick Mulkenan. You tell me you are instead the late Queen's servitor, the fellow that stole the royal jewels—for whom entire England is searching—" she began at last; and still I could not intercept those huge and tender eyes whose purple made, somehow, the thought of heaven comprehensible.

"Faith, I am indeed that widely hounded Lambert Pierrot. The true Lord Frederick is the wounded rascal whose delirium we marvelled over only last Tuesday. Yes, at the door of your home I attacked him, fought him—hah, but fairly, madam!—and stole his brilliant garments and with them his papers. Then in my desperate necessity I dared to masquerade as your betrothed. For I know enough about dancing to estimate that to dance upon air must necessarily prove to everybody a disgusting performance, but preeminently so to the main actor; and two weeks of safety till the *London Merchant* sailed I therefore valued at a perhaps preposterous rate. To-night, as I have said, the ship lies at anchor off Penruan."

She observed, with a complete irrelevance, and without looking at me: "My father was for marrying us at once. And you, you alone, proposed any delays. Yet as Sir Henry Sherley's son-in-law—though married to a person in herself neither very witty nor very beautiful—"

"Queen Venus, madam, may have spoken thus to the waves of Cythera when she first rose among their billows; and I doubt not that the foaming waters, there more white than milk, just amorously clutched at her whiter feet, and gurgled their light derision, and lisped the protest I would make did I not know it to be so superfluous. Yet in common reason I could not let you marry an obscure marauder simply to preserve the shuffler's life."

She said an odd thing. "Oh, can it be you are a less despicable person than you are striving to appear!"

"Nay, rather I am simply a more un-

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mitigated fool than even I suspected, since when affairs were in a promising train I have elected to blurt out, of all things in the world, the naked and distasteful truth. Proclaim it now; and see the late Lord Frederick Mulkenan lugged out of this hall and hanged within the month." And with that I laughed.

There fell a silence. The stripling who enacted Jupiter was singing:

"And so farewell! and now, assuredly,
Did the long pulse of the profoundest sea,
So deep it knows not light nor any heat,
Vex now some seaweed thick about my feet
Which there had nodded for a century,
I might as lightly win again to thee—
And so, farewell!

"Yet many women live;—as I—that see
Love waken in the eyes of Semele
Never again, and shall not e'er repeat
My rhymes to her, nor ever bend to meet
Her lips this side of all eternity.—
Then part for this last time, and silently,
And so, farewell!"

And after many ages, as it seemed, the soft and brilliant and exquisite mouth was pricked to motion. "You have affronted, by an incredible imposture and beyond the reach of mercy, every listener in this hall. You have injured me most deeply of all the gaping persons here. Yet it is to me alone that you confess."

Then I leaned forward. You are to understand that, through the incurrent necessities of every circumstance, each of us spoke in whispers, even now. It was curious to note the honest mirth on either side. Mercury was making his adieux to Semele's waiting-woman in the middle of a jig.

"But you are merciful in all things. Rogue that I am, I dare to build upon the fact. I am snared in a hard golden trap, I cannot get a guide to Penruan, I cannot even procure a horse without arousing fatal suspicion; and I must be at Penruan at dawn or else be hanged. Therefore I dare stake all upon one throw; and you must either save or hang me without remedy, for, as God reigns, my future rests with you. And, as I am perfectly aware, you could not comfortably live with a gnat's death upon your conscience. Eh, am I not a seasoned rascal?"

"Do not remind me now that you are vile," she said. "Ah, no, not now!"

"Lackey, impostor, and thief!" I sternly answered. "There you have the catalogue of all my rightful titles. And besides, it pleases me, for a reason I cannot entirely fathom, to be unpardonably candid, to fling my destiny into your lap. To-night, as I have said, the *London Merchant* lies off Penruan; keep counsel, get me a horse if you will, and to-morrow I am embarked for Virginia, whence I am not likely ever to return. Speak, and I hang before the month is up."

She looked at me now, and within the moment I was repaid, and bountifully, for every folly and misdeed of my entire life. "What harm have I ever done you, Mr. Pierrot, that you should shame me in this fashion? Oh, until to-night I was not unhappy in the belief I was to be your wife. I may say that now without paltering, since you are not the man I thought some day to love. You are but the rind of him. And you would force me to cheat justice, to become a hunted thief's accomplice, or else to murder you!"

"Ay, madam."

"Then do I choose that you preserve your life by what sorry stratagems you may. I shall not hinder you, I will procure for you a guide to Penruan, and I am willing indeed to forgive you all save one offence, since doubtless Heaven made you the foul thing you are." The girl was in a hot and splendid rage. "For you love me. Women know. You love me. You!"

"Ay, madam."

"Oh, look into my face! and say what horrid writ of infamy you fancied was apparent there, that my nails may destroy it."

"I am all base," I answered, "and yet not so profoundly base as you suppose. Nay, believe me, I had never hoped to win such scornful kindness as you might accord your lapdog even. I have but dared to peep at heaven while I might, and only as lost Dives did; for ignoble as I am, I never dreamed to squire an angel down toward the mire and filth which is henceforward my inevitable kennel."

"The masque is done," she said, "and yet you talk, and talk, and talk, and mimic truth so cunningly— Well, I will

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send some trusty person to you—and now, for God's sake!—nay, for the fiend's love who is your patron!—let me not ever see you again, Mr. Pierrot."

There was dancing afterward and a very sumptuous supper. Lord Frederick, or I flatter myself, was generally accounted the most excellent of company that evening. I mingled affably with the scraping revellers and found a prosperous answer for every jest they broke upon my nearing marriage; and meanwhile I hugged the reflection that all England was hunting Lambert Pierrot in the more customary haunts of rascality. The springs of my turbulent mirth were that to-morrow every person in the room would discover how impudently I had tricked him, and that Mistress Sherley deliberated even now, and could not but admire, my insolence, however much she loathed its perpetrator; and over this thought in particular I laughed like a madman.

"You are very gay to-night, Lord Frederick," said Mr. Daniel Sherley, who notoriously adored his cousin, and went about arm in arm, as it were, with the fact. Then the lad sighed. "Faith, but you have an excellent reason, being now so near to heaven."

"Oh, none better, sir!" I answered—"since it is that to-morrow I must breakfast in hell."

And I thought how true this was when, at the evening's end, I was alone in my own room. My life was tolerably secure. I trusted Arthur Swayne to see to it that one of the ship's boats would touch at Penruan about dawn, according to our old agreement. The crew would convey me aboard at presentation of the settled password; and the savage land of Virginia was a thought beyond the reach of even a king's lamentable curiosity concerning the whereabouts of Queen Anne's jewelry.

For worthless, and far less than worthless, life seemed to me as I thought of Diana Sherley and waited for her messenger. Upon her beauty and purity and illimitable loving-kindness toward every person in the world saving only me! and upon how clean she was in every thought and deed, and upon that, above all, I meditated, and knew that I would never see her any more; and in my heart there was just hunger.

Then I knew that grief had turned my brain, very certainly, for it seemed the door had opened and she herself had come, warily, into the panelled gloomy room. It seemed that she paused in the convulsive brilliancy of the firelight, and stayed thus with vaguely troubled eyes like those of a child walking in his sleep.

And it seemed a long while before she told me very quietly that she had confessed all to Daniel Sherley, and had, by reason of his love for her, so goaded and allured the outcome of their talk—"ignobly," as she said—that a clean-handed gentleman would come for me, at three o'clock, and guide a thief toward unmerited impunity. All this she spoke quite levelly, as one reads aloud from a book, and then, with a signal change of voice: "Yes, that is true enough. Yet why, in reality, do you think I have in my own person come to tell you of it?"

"Madam, I may not guess. Hah, indeed, indeed!" I cried, because I knew, and was unspeakably afraid, "I dare not guess!"

"You sail to-morrow for Virginia—" she began, but her sweet voice trailed and died in silence. I heard the crepitation of the fire, and even the hurried beatings of my heart, as against a terrible and lovely hush of all created life. "Then take me with you."

I have no memory now of what I answered. They were no communicative words, I think, but only many foolish babblements.

"Oh, I do not understand," she said. "It is as though some spell were laid upon me. Look you, I have been cleanly reared. I have never wronged any person that I know of, and throughout my quiet, sheltered life I have loved truth and honor most of all. My judgment grants you to be what you are confessedly. And there is that in me more masterful and surer than my judgment, that which seems omnipotent and lightly puts aside your own confession."

"Lackey, impostor, and thief!" I answered. "There you have the catalogue of all my rightful titles fairly earned."

"And even if I believed you, I think I would not care! Is that not strange? For then I should despise you through and through. And even then, I think,

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I would fling my honor at your feet, as I do now, and but in part with loathing entreat you to make of me your wife, your servant—and just because— Oh, I had thought that when love came it would be sweet!"

Strangely quiet—yes, in every sense—I answered: "It is very sweet. I have known no happier moment in my life. For you stand within arm's reach, mine to touch, mine to possess and do with as I will. And I dare not lift a finger. I am as a man that hath lain a long while in some bleak dungeon vainly hungering for the glad light of day—who, being freed at last, must hide his faded eyes from the dear sunlight he dare not look upon as yet. Ho, I am past speech unworthy of your notice! and I pray you now speak harshly with me, madam, for when your pure eyes regard me kindly, and your bright and delicate lips have come thus near to mine, I am so greatly tempted and so happy that I fear lest heaven grow jealous!"

"Be not too much afraid—" she answered.

"Nay, should I then be bold? and within the moment wake Sir Henry Sherley to say to him, very boldly, *Sir, the thief all England is hunting has the honor to request your daughter's hand in marriage?*"

"You sail to-morrow for that far land of Virginia. Take me with you."

"Indeed the feat would be quite worthy of me. For you are a lady tenderly nurtured and used to every luxury the age affords. There comes to woo you presently a gallant gentleman, not all unworthy of your love, who will presently share with you a many happy and honorable years. Yonder is a lawless naked wilderness where desperadoes cheat offended justice of a mere existence. Yet you bid me aid you to go into this country, never to return! Madam, if I obeyed you, Satan would protest against pollution of his ageless fires by any soul so filthy."

"You talk of little things, whereas I think of great things. Love is not sustained by palatable food alone, and is not served only by those persons who go about the world in satin."

"Then take the shameful truth. It is undeniable I swore I loved you, and with appropriate gestures, too. But, o' my conscience, madam, I am in these specious ecstasies past master, for somehow I have rarely seen that woman who had not some charm or other to catch my heart with. I confess now you alone have never quickened it. My only purpose was through hyperbole to wheedle you out of a horse, and meanwhile to have my recreation, you handsome jade!—and that is all you ever meant to me. I swear to you that is all, all, all!" I sobbed, for it appeared that I must die. "I but amused myself with you, I have but tricked you—"

And she only waited with untroubled eyes which seemed to plumb my heart and to appraise all which I had ever thought or longed for since the day that I was born; and she was as beautiful as I suppose the untroubled, gracious angels are, and more compassionate.

"Yes," I said, "I am trying to lie to you. And even at lying I fail."

She said, with a wonderful smile: "Assuredly there were never any persons so mad as we. For I must do the wooing, as though you were the maid, and all the while you rebuff me and suffer so that I fear to look upon you. Men say you are no better than a highwayman; and you confess yourself to be a thief; and I believe not one of your accusers. Lambert Pierrot," she said, and balladmakers have never fashioned since the world was shaped a phrase wherewith to tell you of her voice, "I know that you have dabbled in dishonor no more often than an archangel has pilfered drying linen from a hedgerow. I do not guess, for my hour is upon me, and inevitably I know! and there is nothing dares to come between us now."

"Nay,—ho, and even were matters as you suppose them, without any warrant—there is at least one silly stumbling knave that dares as much. Saith he: *What is the most precious thing in the world?—why, assuredly, Diana Sherley's welfare. Let me get the keeping of it, then. For I have been entrusted with a host of common and yet precious things,—with youth and health and honor, with a clean conscience and a child's incurious faith, and so on,—and no person alive has squandered them more gallantly. So heartward ho! and trust me now, my timorous*

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Painting by Howard Pyle

"GO, MADAM, AND LEAVE THE PRODIGAL AMONG HIS HUSKS"

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yokefellow, to win and squander also the chiefest jewel of the world. Eh, thus he chuckles and nudges me with wicked whisperings. For, madam, this foul rascal that shares equally in my least faculty is a most pitiful, ignoble rogue! and he has aforetime eked out our common livelihood by such practices as your unsullied imagination can scarce depicture. Until I knew you I had endured him. But you have made of him a horror. A horror, a horror! a thing too pitiful for hell!"

Her hand touched mine. "Oh, my dear, my dear! then slay for me this other Lambert Pierrot."

And I laughed, although not very mirthfully. "It is the common use of women to ask of men this little labor, which is a harder task than ever Hercules, that mighty-muscled king of heathenry, achieved. Nay, I, for all my sinews, am an attested weakling. The craft of other men I do not fear, for I have encountered no formidable enemy, saving only myself; but the same midnight stabber has unhorsed me long ago. And I had wallowed in the mire contentedly enough until you came. Ah, child, child! why needed you to trouble me! for I want only to be clean as you are clean, to-night, and that I may not ever be. I am garrisoned with devils, I am the battered plaything of every vice, and I lack the strength and, it may be, even the will to leave my mire. For always I have betrayed the stewardship of man and God alike that my body might escape a momentary discomfort; and loving you as I do, I cannot swear that in the outcome I would not betray you, too, to this same end. I cannot swear— Oh, now let Satan laugh, yet not unpitifully, since he is so wise that he and I, alone, know all the reasons why I may not swear! Hah, Mistress Sherley!" I cried, in my great agony, "you offer me that gift an emperor might not accept save in an awful gratitude; and I refuse it. Now, in God's name, madam, go, and leave the prodigal among his husks."

"You are a very brave and foolish gentleman," she said, "that chooses to face his own achievement without any paltering. To every man, I think, that must be bitter; but, oh! to the woman who loves him it is impossible!"

And I could not see her face, because I lay prone at her feet, sobbing, but without any tears, and tasting very deeply of such grief and vain regret as, I had thought, they know in hell alone; and even after she had gone, in silence, I lay in this same posture for an exceedingly long while.

And after I know not how long a while I propped my chin between my hands and, still sprawling upon the rushes, stared hard into the little, crackling fire. I was thinking of a Lambert Pierrot that once had been. In him were found fit mate for even her had the boy not died— and so long ago! . . . Well! it is no more cheerful than any other mortuary employment, this disinterment of the person you have been, and are not any longer; and so I found it.

Then I arose and looked for pen and ink. It was the only letter I ever wrote to Mistress Diana Sherley, and I have it now, for, as you will presently learn, she never saw it.

In such terms I wrote:

"Madam,—It may please you to remember that when Danish Anna and I were lately examined before Justice Doubleday I confessed the theft of our dead mistress's jewels. In that I lied. For it was my manifest duty to save the woman whom, as I thought, I loved, since it was apparent that the thief was either she or I.

"She is now in Holland, where, as I am told, her wealth is tolerably notorious. I have not ever heard she gave a thought to me, her cat's-paw. Oh, madam, when I think of you and then of that sleek, smiling Dane, I am appalled by my own folly. I am aghast by my long blindness as I write the words which no one will believe. For what need now to deny a crime which every circumstance imputed to me and my own confession hath publicly acknowledged?

"But you, I think, will believe me. Look you, madam, I have nothing to gain of you. I shall not ever see you any more. I go into a perilous and an eternal banishment; and in the immediate neighborhood of death a man finds little sustenance for romance. Take the worst of me: a gentleman I was born, and as a wastrel I have lived, and always very

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foolishly; but without dishonor. I have never to my knowledge—and God judge me as I speak the truth!—wronged any man or woman save myself. Oh, my dear, believe me! believe me, in spite of reason! and understand that my adoration and misery and unworthiness when I think of you are such as I cannot measure, and afford me no judicious moment wherein to fashion lies. For I shall not ever see you any more.

"I thank you, madam, for your all-unmerited kindnesses, and, oh, I pray you to believe!"

Then at three o'clock, I suppose, one tapped upon the door. I went out into the corridor, which was now unlighted, so that I had to hold to Mr. Sherley's cloak as he guided me through the complexities of unfamiliar halls and stairways into an inhospitable night. There were here two horses, and presently we were mounted and away.

Once only I shifted in the saddle to glance back at Treperro, black and formless against an empty sky; and I dared not look again, for the thought of her that lay awake in the Marshal's Tower, so near at hand as yet, was like a dagger. With set teeth I followed in the wake of my taciturn companion. He never spoke save to growl out some direction.

Thus we came to Penruan and past it to a narrow sandy coast. It was dark in this place and very still save for the encroachment of the tide. Yonder were four little lights, lazily heaving with the water's motion, to show us where the *London Merchant* lay at anchor. It did not seem that anything mattered.

"It will be nearing dawn by this," I said.

"Ay," said Mr. Sherley, very briefly; and his tone evinced that he desired to hold no conversation with me. I was an unclean thing which he must touch in his necessity, but could touch with loathing only, as a thirsty man takes a fly out of his drink. I conceded it, because nothing would ever matter any more; and so, the horses tethered, we sat upon the sand in utter silence for the space of a half hour.

A bird cried somewhere, just once, and with a start I knew it was not quite so murky as it had been, for I could see a broken line of white now where the tide crept up and shattered and ebbed. Then in a while a light sank slowly and tipsily to the water's level and presently was bobbing in the darkness, apart from those other lights, and ever growing in brilliancy.

I said: "They have sent out the boat—"

"Ay," he answered, as before.

And a sort of madness came upon me, and it seemed that I must weep, because everything fell out so very ill in this world. "Sir, you have aided me. I would be grateful if you but permitted it."

He spoke at last, and crisply. "Gratitude, I take it, forms no part of the bargain. I am the kinsman of Mistress Sherley. It makes for my interest and for the honor of our name that the man whose rooms she visits at night be got out of England—"

I said: "You speak in this fashion of your lady—of, perhaps, your future wife!"

"My wife!" he answered, with a laugh; "and what poor gull am I to marry an attested wanton?" Then with a sneer he spoke of Diana Sherley and in such terms as are not bettered by repetition.

I said: "I am the most unlucky man alive, as surely as you are the most ungenerous. For, look you, in my presence you have spoken infamy of Mistress Sherley, though knowing I am in your debt so deep that I have not the right to resent anything you may elect to say. You have just given me my life; and armored by the fire-new obligation, you blaspheme an angel, you condescend to buffet a fettered man—!" And with that my sluggish wits had spied an honest way out of the imbroglio.

I said only: "Draw, sir! for as God lives, I may yet repurchase, though at the eleventh hour, the privilege of destroying you."

"Heyday! but here is an odd evincement of gratitude!" he retorted; "and though I am not particularly squeamish, let me tell you, my fine fellow, I do not ordinarily fight with lackeys."

"Nor are you fit to do so, Mr. Sherley. Hah, believe me, there is not a lackey in the realm—no, not a cutpurse—but would degrade himself in meeting you on equal footing. For you have slandered that which is most perfect in the world; yet

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lies, sir, have short legs; and I design within the hour to insure the calumny against an echo."

"Rogue, I have given you your very life within the hour—"

"The fact is undeniable. And so I fling the bounty back to you, that we may meet as equals." I wheeled toward the boat, which was now within the reach of wading. "Gentlemen, the person that was to have accompanied you into Virginia is of another mind. You will have the kindness, if I may make so bold, to inform Captain Shawe of the unlooked-for change, and to tender that inestimable mariner every appropriate regret and the dying felicitations of Lambert Pierrot."

I bowed toward the landward darkness. "Mr. Sherley, we may now resume our vigil. When yonder vessel sails there will be no power on earth that can keep breath within my body two months longer. I will be quit of every debt to you. You will then fight with a man already dead if you so elect; but otherwise,—if you attempt to flee this place, if you decline to cross swords with a lackey, with a convicted thief, I swear upon my mother's honor! I will demolish you without compunction and as I would any other vermin."

"Oh, brave, brave!" sneered Mr. Sherley—"to fling away your life, and perhaps mine too, for an idle word—" But at that he fetched a sob. "How foolish of you, and—how like you!" he said.

"Hey, gentlemen!" cried Mr. Sherley; "a moment if you please." He splashed knee-deep into the icy water, wading to the boat, where he snatched the lantern from the prow and fetched this light ashore. He held it aloft, so that I might see his face, and I perceived I was irretrievably insane. It is odd I should remember most clearly of all the loosened wisp of hair the wind tossed about her forehead.

"Ay, look well upon me," it seemed that some one said. "Look well, poor ruined gentleman! look well, poor hunted vagabond! and note how proud I am. Oh, in all things I am very proud! a little I exult in my high station and in my wealth, and, yes, even in my beauty, for I know that I am beautiful, but the chief of all my honors is that you love me—and so foolishly!"

"You do not understand—" one hoarsely answered, that seemed to have usurped my voice, somehow.

"Rather I understand at last that you are in sober verity a lackey, an impostor, and a thief, even as you said. Ay, a lackey to your honor! an impostor that would endeavor—and, oh, so very vainly! —to impersonate another's baseness! and a thief that hath stolen another person's punishment! Nay, I ask no questions; loving means trusting; but I would like to kill that other person very, very slowly! I ask no questions, but I dare to trust the man I know of even in defiance of that man's own voice; and dare protest the man no thief, but in all things a madly honorable gentleman. Oh, my poor bruised, puzzled boy," she said, with an odd mirthful tenderness, "how came you to be blundering alone about this miry world of ours! Only be very good for my sake and forget the bitterness; what does it matter when there is happiness, too?"

I answered nothing, but it was not because of misery. And through that instant I had seemed to see the heart of every woman that has ever lived; and they differed only as stars differ on a fair night in August. No woman ever loved a man except, at bottom, as a mother loves her child: let him elect to build a nation or to write imperishable verses, and she will only smile to note how breathlessly the boy goes about his playing; and when he comes back to her with grimier hands she is a little sorry, and, if she think it salutary, will pretend to be angry. Meanwhile she sets about the quickest way to cleanse him. They are more wise than we, and at bottom pity us more stalwart folk whose grosser wits require, to be quite sure of anything, a mere crass proof of it; and always they make us better by indomitably believing we are better than in reality a man can ever be.

"Come, come, will you not even help me into the boat?" said Mistress Diana Sherley. "Oh, please do!" she added, though she indignantly denied it only yesterday. . . . But, after all, that lovely plea was answered twenty years ago.

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On the Trend of Chemical Invention

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

THERE is an office at Washington which some people call "the graveyard of dead hopes." It is a place to which men, the land over, after working under every circumstance of discouragement and failure, finally bring the results of their toil in order to obtain from the government "a temporary monopoly in their inventions." Often, much more often than not, the invention is immature, or it is premature, or its novelty is imaginary, or its utility is illusory, or its monopoly is fictitious, and the invention, together with the inventor's hopes, it is true, lies casketed in the Patent Office. But such is not always the case; the invention dies, but *invention* lives. The divine creative spirit in man ever drives him on, and out of the vast number of failures to increase the sum of the world's useful knowledge there results this much, at any rate, of accelerated progress that it always pales the achievement of each past generation into dull and empty insignificance.

One of the rarest and most valuable of the powers of man is "foresight," the ability to divine "the trend of things"—the trend of events, or, it may be, the trend of knowledge; its exercise, too, forms one of the most interesting and most agreeable of preoccupations. But the Patent Office is a place in whose activities one may determine this "trend of things" not by this rare power of divination, but just by the merest observation. There, there lie actually *in statu nascendi* to-morrow's ways and the implements of to-morrow's civilization. It ought, therefore, to be profitable to examine into the activities of this office during, let us say, the last year, in order to discover therein what is interesting and significant.

Now, the Commissioner of Patents may be likened to a wine merchant. He has in his office the wine of human progress of every kind and quality—wine, one may say, produced from the fermentation of the facts of the world through the yeast of human effort. Sometimes the yeast is "wild" and sometimes the "must" is poor, and while it all lies there shining with its due measure of the sparkle of divine effort, it is but occasionally that one finds a wine whose bouquet is the result of a pure culture on the true fruit of knowledge. But it is this true pure wine of discovery that is alone of lasting significance, and since it is for the most part to be found in those discoveries that are classed together as "chemical patents," I shall devote myself to them alone.

The first hurried examination of these patents yields at once a fact of the widest significance and interest. Here is a patent by Professor Emil Fischer, of Berlin, on a way of making mono-brom-behenic acid; here is another by Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, of Leipsic, on a way of converting the ammonia from coal-tar into nitric acid; here is a third by two young professors of University College, London, on a way of separating the impurities out of alcohol; and here is a fourth by Professor Frederick Soddy, of Aberdeen, on a method of making an improved vacuum.

It is not the subject-matter of the patents that is of such interest: it is the fact that Fischer, the greatest living master-mind in organic chemistry; Ostwald, the giant among the physical chemists; Soddy, who with Ramsay discovered the degradation of radium into helium—and many other men of this type and standing, should be patenting their discoveries. A few years ago the university professor who "degraded his science to utilitarian ends" became a pariah among his fellows, and to take out a patent was, of all sins against the cloth, the one least

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forgivable. It was the duty of the man of science "to give his discoveries to the world." But things are now sweepingly different. Through the invasion of industry by science it has appeared that the scientific method is just as strictly applicable to useful as to "academic" knowledge; furthermore, it appears that the world is becoming increasingly convinced that ideas are *property*—just as truly property as homes and lands; and finally it appears that no man, however noble may be his desires, can "give his discoveries to the world." This last clause may not be obvious, but to see it one has only to reflect that a discovery can go to the people only through the industries, and that the industries inevitably place upon it all that the "trade will bear."

These considerations taken together are reinforced by the necessity which is laid upon the university professor of associating with the newly wealthy cultured class upon a self-respecting basis, and have led him to feel that with entire propriety he may patent his discoveries. Not only so, but the patenting of a discovery actually forwards it. This appears in a conversation which the writer recently had with Professor Lippman of Paris, the discoverer of the wonderful interference process of color photography. Said Professor Lippman, "In order to forward the development of this process I refused to patent the fundamental idea." The result was that nobody would touch it. "If you wish to give such a discovery to the world, you should patent it." At any rate, whether it is to be deprecated or commended, the "trend" is there as an unmistakable fact, and every year we shall see an increasing number of patents taken out by the academicians of science.

Chemical patents deal with substance —how to make things cheaper, how to make them better, how to make imitations of things, substitutes for things, new things, and how to make artificially the natural substances of the animal, plant, or mineral.

First in obviousness among the patents are those which deal with the utilization of waste. Thus with fuel: Through the gradual depletion of the fuel resources of the older countries and the conservation of our own through combinations of capital, the consequent rise in the price of fuel the world over has forced contemporary men to look for burnable material in what was the waste, of former days, in coal-dust. This coal-dust is mixed with some binding material in order that it may appear as little briquettes of various shapes and sizes —mixed, it may be, with tar; plaster of paris and chromatized gelatin; cement and tar; or linseed meal, sulphur, flour, glucose, and lime. In certain cases substances are added to increase its combustibility — substances such as manganese dioxide or nitre. Not only coal-dust, but turf also appears in many patents. In order to turn the turf into fuel it is dried and mixed superficially with rosin for pressing, or, it may be, with naphthalene. Most of these patents are German, as is to be expected from a country in which fuel is so economically used; but some of them are American, and it is as clear as sunlight that to-morrow we shall see burning in our hearths the waste of former days. And just as our fuel will be artificial, so will be the walls of our homes. Artificial stone is the subject-matter of many a patent. For the most part it consists of cement mixed with asbestos, although, instead of this, sawdust and paraffin may be mixed with sand and a solution of magnesium chloride; or again, it may be made out of the mineral magnesite, mixed with zinc oxide and magnesium chloride, or silicic acid.

Another phase of human effort strikingly apparent in present-day patents concerns the improvement of substance either by extracting from it and using in its stead its essential principles, or by removing from it its injurious constituents. Many examples appear, and particularly in foods. Thus with coffee: Many patents propose a coffee extract made for the most part by grinding the beans with volatile solvents and afterwards extracting the fatty and aromatic substances by water; others, again, are concerned with the removal of the noxious ingredients. One, for example, proposes a caffeineless coffee; while another has in mind the lessening of the tannic acid content by impregnating the coffee with potassium carbonate and sodium hy-

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droxide; while still another, sad to say, is concerned solely with the improvement of the attractive qualities of the unroasted beans by treating them with oxides of nitrogen, whereby their odor and flavor are accentuated. But if caffeineless coffee is considered desirable, so is nicotineless tobacco, for several proposals are made to pass superheated steam through tobacco with the object of removing the injurious nicotine, which is subsequently condensed and is good, we are informed through another patent, for tanning hides. As with coffee and tobacco, so with beer. A certain interesting patent originating in Russia proposes to make a beer equal to Münchener or Pilsener by determining the ingredients of the soft water of the malt-house. It seems that water rich in alkaline-earth carbonates dissolves certain resins in the gluten of the barley, and that these resins possess a bad and bitter taste. "Therefore," say the patentees, "why not make the waters used in beer-making identical in mineral content with the waters used in the beers to be imitated?" The results are declared to be satisfactory. Another interesting patent, English in origin, has to do with an imitation beer. It is proposed to flavor the carbonic-acid gas used in artificially carbonating the "beer" by passing it first through a warm cushion of hops. It is declared that by this means the smell of the hops, which is apparently deemed the essential constituent, may be transmitted to the "beer."

These are but trivial, though interesting, examples of a tendency which to-morrow will be an actual phase of our civilization. Ever more and more our foods and indeed all the implements of our civilization will be refined away of all unessential constituents and will be reduced to the pure active principles.

Inventors are like others of human kind; they flock to a newly discovered Klondike, and the original discoverer oftentimes finds his little mine surrounded, tunnelled under, and completely enveloped by claims of a wider scope.

This is curiously instanced in the attempts which have been made in recent years to produce nitrogenous material out of the nitrogen of the air; it is the most unimaginative fact in the world that men must either solve this problem or starve. One promising and, indeed, actually successful process for this purpose is that of Birkeland and Eyde of Norway, who on a large scale are now causing the nitrogen and oxygen of the air to combine under the influence of flaming electric arcs. But these inventors, successful as they are, will need to look to their laurels. The patent reports are replete with alleged improvements on the method. One patent assures us that this same burning of nitrogen may be accomplished as well by simply heating the air to 1200° C. and then rapidly cooling it. Another accomplishes the same result by heating the air in a water-jacketed furnace to 2500° C. or 3000° C. Still another succeeds by subjecting the air to a maximum current of only 120 watts but possessed of a minimum potential of 100,000 volts, the air being under a pressure of less than one atmosphere. This last patent is peculiarly interesting owing to the fact that it is issued to a company whose process was supposed to have been killed by the Birkeland method. It shows us how dangerous it is to celebrate the obsequies of any process prior to its actual decease. Another process for the fixation of nitrogen, which is to-day being used over Continental Europe and for which several factories are now being built in America, depends upon the production of calcium cyanamide by pouring the nitrogen of the air over red-hot calcium carbide. But a recent patent improves this by mixing with the carbide ten per cent. of calcium chloride, under the catalytic influence of which the nitrogen is much more easily absorbed. But a patent still later uses calcium fluoride instead of chloride. It is evident that the manufacturers of cyanamide will also need to look to their laurels. Perhaps the most interesting patent in this connection is one based upon a wholly novel method of converting atmospheric nitrogen into the fixed and useful form through the metal calcium which is now obtainable at a comparatively cheap rate by the electrolysis of the fused chloride. It is a well known fact that this metal calcium readily unites with nitrogen to form calcium nitride, Ca_3N_2, but it is not so well known that this nitride will

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react with hydrogen to form calcium hydride, which in its turn will react with more nitrogen to form calcium nitride again and *ammonia*. The result is a process in which the calcium passing alternately through the condition of nitride and hydride is able to transform into the valuable ammonia indefinite quantities of hydrogen and atmospheric nitrogen. This process, too, lets us into a secret—the reason why so many recent patents have appeared dealing with methods of obtaining pure hydrogen from waste gases—gases such as blast-furnace gas. They obviously have in mind, partly at least, the manufacture of ammonia through calcium hydride. But this calcium hydride has a utility wider still. It will react readily, almost violently, with water to produce free hydrogen and lime, and hence we are not surprised to find a patent dealing with calcium hydride as an ideal agent for aeronautics—for filling balloons. Another nitride, easily made by passing atmospheric nitrogen over hot magnesium, is readily capable, according to a contemporary patent, of conversion into cyanides. It is apparently only necessary to have a mixture of magnesium nitride, coke, and sodium carbonate in order to arrive at sodium cyanide, so useful in gold-mining. Still another patent interested in manufacturing products from air proceeds to make ammonia by passing the nitrogen from the air mixed with steam over hot turf. Altogether, we see that, in common with the initiators of all other processes and as typical of the course of invention, the original converters of atmospheric nitrogen are not unlikely to be drowned in the flood of new processes that take their origin from them—the invention dies, but *invention* lives.

The trend of an invention is always and ever towards the conservation of natural products to uses more valuable than those for which they were originally employed. For example: Next to air, perhaps the cheapest and most abundant gas in America is what is called natural gas—that gas, essentially methane, or marsh gas, which, arising from the earth, furnishes light and heat and power to so many of our people. It has been a vast pity in the past that this gas, so abundant and so ready at hand, should be good only for burning. It ought, one thinks, to be possible of conversion into valuable substance. And, indeed, it is to-day partially so convertible. The methane of natural gas may to a slight extent be transformed with air into methyl alcohol, formaldehyde, or formic acid. Were it capable of complete conversion, a thousand cubic feet of gas would furnish at least 70 pounds of methyl alcohol, or 66 pounds of formaldehyde, or 101 pounds of formic acid. It is particularly interesting, therefore, to find certain contemporary patents ambitious of solving the problem. They are in origin, most of them, French. One states that a mixture of methane and nitrogen in excess is capable of transformation into ammonium cyanide. This cyanide, so formed, is in its turn easy of transformation into ammonium sulphate, the fertilizer, and into prussic acid. Another patent states that methane is convertible into methyl alcohol, formaldehyde, and formic acid by oxidation with hydrogen peroxide or ozone in the presence of ferrous sulphate. Still another makes chloroform from methane and chlorine in the presence of a large excess of nitrogen and under the influence of an arc lamp. It is extremely doubtful that these patents have solved the problem, but the trend of effort is perfectly apparent, and we may be certain that in some to-morrow some man will surely begin the process of converting the vast millions of cubic feet of natural gas, which, so far as chemical products are concerned, now go entirely to waste, into valuable adjuncts of our civilization.

Oftentimes it happens that a substance whose properties are supposably thoroughly understood assumes new properties through the application of a new process. Thus with graphite. Its utility through lead-pencils and stove-blacking suddenly, in recent patents, is supplemented by a supreme utility as a lubricant. Of course the fact that graphite has lubricating powers has been known and used for generations, but that it had a unique value in that respect it remained for Mr. E. G. Acheson to demonstrate through his process for the production of deflocculated graphite. The story of the way in which he was led to this discovery constitutes an interesting chapter in the history of invention. In 1901, Mr.

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Acheson, who had already done a great work for the world in the discovery and manufacture of the famous carborundum and, as well, of artificial graphite, became interested in the idea of manufacturing his graphite into crucibles. He discovered, first, that the clay which was used as a binding material for these crucibles the American manufacturers found it necessary to import from Germany, for the reason that the German clay was more plastic than the American. And he found next that a chemical analysis failed to account for the difference. Now, these German clays are what are called secondary clays—clays that have been transported from one place to another by the forces of nature, and they owe this property of plasticity apparently to this transference. Why? "Well," said Mr. Acheson, "possibly the increased plasticity is due to the solution of vegetable matter through which the clays are dragged." And so he ground his clay in an extract of straw! The result of this daring inference and consequent experiment was astonishing; the clay assumed a condition of fine division, it remained suspended in the water, and it was *plastic*. As Mr. Acheson was acquainted with the interesting record of how the Egyptians compelled the "children of Israel" to forego straw in the making of bricks, and as he believed that the benefits of the straw were due not to the fibres, but to the water extract, he called his clay so treated "Egyptianized clay," and so it took its place in the market. It turned out subsequently that the active principle in this extract of straw was tannin. Now, in 1906 he discovered a process of producing a fine, pure, unctuous graphite, which he was desirous of using in oil as a superior lubricant. But he found that the graphite so suspended in oil quickly settled out of it, and that it was only by grinding his graphite in water containing a little of this same tannin that it would remain in a homogenous mixture. So treated, however, the graphite assumes a state of division so fine that its particles may almost be called molecular, and its suspension either in oil or in water is almost indefinite in duration. Deflocculated graphite, as this tannin-treated substance is called, has a wholly remarkable value as a lubricant, whether mixed with oil or with water. Through tests carefully carried out its remarkable power in that respect has been illustrated. Even when mixed with water to the extent of only 0.2 per cent. it has a good lubricating value, and with, also, the curious consequent effect that the water in which it lies does not rust the iron of the bearing.

It sometimes happens that a substance may be the subject of contemporary patents and may even pass into current industrial use while still wholly new and practically unknown to chemical science. Such a substance is technically known as "Monox." It is apparently essentially silicon monoxide, and yet for such a substance the reader would look in vain through the dictionaries of chemistry. It is produced by stealing the oxygen away from silica by heating it in the form of glass-maker's sand in contact with coke in an electric furnace. Under these circumstances the "silicon monoxide" flies out from the veritable volcanolike effect of the furnace reaction in the form of a voluminous brown smoke—so voluminous that when simply shovelled into a box it weighs only about two and a half pounds per cubic foot. So formed, it constitutes an extremely fine, silky-feeling, light-brown, opaque powder, whose properties bid fair to make it a new industrial agent. Thus it becomes powerfully negatively electrostatically charged on the slightest provocation, and because of this it becomes possible to collect it upon a fabric in such a fashion that while it will permit a gas to pass through the fabric unimpeded, it will definitely stop all fine particles, from tobacco smoke to germs. As a screen for sterilizing air it seems, therefore, to have a broad field of application. Again, it has a remarkable power of absorbing gases, and, as well, it seems to be utilizable in ceramics, for since when it burns it burns into silica with the evolution of a considerable amount of heat, it prevents the phenomenon of auto-firing. Its main industrial function, however, lies in its utility as a paint, for its light pleasant color, together with its chemical inertness and opacity, renders it a peculiarly valuable pigment for brickwork and for protecting ironwork from rusting.

Now, substances such as "Egyptian-

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ized" clay, "deflocculated" graphite, and "Monox" are what are called "colloidal" substances, and they prompt me to a word or two on the colloidal condition as it exemplifies the trend of chemical invention. By colloidal substances is meant those forms of matter that exist in a non-crystalline state, that remain suspended in water, and that pass unimpeded through filters. If we could but calculate the waste that has resulted through the inability of men to deal with "slimes," and in general with the finely divided, non-settling substances of chemical processes, the total would be expressible only in millions of dollars of a horrifyingly large number. But in very recent years, and mainly through the rapprochement between chemistry and physiology, means are rapidly being obtained of dominating them; in other words, some of the laws of their action having been observed, they may be governed in accordance with these laws. To illustrate: There exist contemporary patents based upon the curious fact that certain substances when held in the form of a muddy suspension will wander when placed under electrical influences. Thus, if into a copper vessel which is made the negative terminal of an electrical circuit there is placed a mixture of pure water and fine clay, and if into this mixture there is dipped a zinc rod constituting the positive terminal, on making the circuit the clay particles will migrate to the zinc rod and will build themselves up thereon into a hard compact mass. This curious effect depends primarily upon the voltage of the current. The actual amount of current employed is practically insignificant. The industrial possibilities of this brilliant idea are numerous and valuable. For example: There exists in Germany a wide area of peat bogs that heretofore have been of little use; this for the reason that the amount of fuel required to evaporate the water in the peat is almost as large as the amount of dry peat obtained. But the discovery of this new process of electric osmosis, as it is called, suddenly raises the value of these great peat-fields to a high potential. To obtain the dry peat it is only necessary to convey the peaty water to a metallic caldron connected with one pole of a dynamo and to insert into the water a metallic rod connected with the other terminal. Under these circumstances, the particles of peat rapidly migrate to the central rod, where they form a hard caked mass which may be lifted out practically dry—and all this with the expenditure of an insignificant amount of energy. Recent patents by the aggressive experimenting industrial firms of Germany, such as Meister, Lucius, and Brüning of Höchst, foreshadow a wide general application of this entirely interesting phenomenon.

Ever since the dawn of the age of iron, men have desired to weld one metal with another—to weld, for example, iron and copper for the making of weapons and for the use of husbandry and building. Unable to accomplish this directly, they had to resort to the art of brazing, by which copper and iron might be joined together through a hard solder composed of brass and zinc. But such a joint was always imperfect, and sooner or later gave way to a severe stress. Through the advance of knowledge, several processes, mostly electrical, have been devised, but they are special processes requiring skill and complicated. It would seem almost incredible that men through all these ages should have overlooked a simple device by which this welding might be accomplished. According to Professor Simpson of London, and the writer observed the actual demonstration of the method, in order to weld a bar of iron to a sheet of copper it is only necessary to wrap the uncleaned copper closely about the bar, to bury the bar so wrapped in a crucible containing finely ground retort-carbon containing a little sugar water to make it binding, and finally to heat the crucible in a furnace for half an hour to a temperature somewhere between the melting-point of copper and iron. The result of this simple operation is a weld of extraordinary perfection and tenacity, tougher than either of the metals that constitute it.

There are certain industries that seek protection from the Patent Office as little as possible, and that depend for the security of their discoveries upon secrecy; their plants are fortresses sternly guarded from any espionage. Chief among such industries is that concerned with the manufacture of explosives. Still, they too must occasionally seek safety in the

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Patent Office, and hence certain significant facts appear. Contemporary patents tell us plainly that this industry is eagerly anxious to introduce into explosives substances that will lower the temperature in the gun-barrel, and so we find that they are using for this purpose substances such as derivatives of the cyanamide used for fertilizer, of urea, and of guanidine, the introduction of which, it is claimed, will not only lower the temperature within the gun-barrel, without diminishing the ballistic force of the explosive, but will at the same time diminish the amount of smoke. We find too a tendency to pass away from the conventional guncotton and nitroglycerin to other nitro derivatives of organic compounds, such as the toluenes, and chlorine derivatives, such as the chlor-hydrins. There is also a marked tendency to use in the manufacture of explosives substances hitherto wholly unknown in the industry—substances such as aluminium, sodium, calcium carbide, ferro-silicon, etc.

There are a few processes in chemical industry whose improvement notably affects, not one industry, but all. Typical of these are the processes of oxidation and reduction.

Most prominent among the oxidizing patents are those concerned with the making of the peculiarly active modification of oxygen known as ozone. Since ozone when it has accomplished its work reverts to pure oxygen, it constitutes, if it could be prepared cheaply, the ideal oxidizer. It is formed from the oxygen of the air under the influence of an electric discharge, and it is in the arrangement of the circumstances under which this discharge takes place that the patent specifications are chiefly concerned. One man would pass his oxygen through hollow electrodes with fine openings into the ozonizing chamber; another would employ an electrode consisting of sets of needles; and still another would discard electricity for ultraviolet light. At present almost the only industrial uses for ozone are the production of vanillin from oil of cloves, as it is practised at Niagara Falls, and for the large-scale purification of water. But with the extraordinary activity of invention in this field we may easily foresee a rapid extension of the use of ozone in industry. So also with hydrogen peroxide, for the manufacture of which we may anticipate in the future a vast extension. The fact that after doing its work it reverts to nothing but water makes it, like ozone, almost ideal. Superimposed upon the manufacture of hydrogen peroxide, there is the production of the metallic peroxides, which are utilizable in processes ranging from the restoration of oxygen to the air of submarine vessels to their oxidizing value as a constituent of dentifrices. Finally there are the persulphates, percarbonates, and perborates, for the commercial production of which invention is remarkably active. As for reducing agents, the new powerful sodium hydrosulphite, which, as the result of many years' work, is now appearing from the great German "Badische" firm, will percolate through numerous processes.

Altogether, outside of the significance which is integral to the subject-matter of each patent, there is the wide-sweeping significance of the application of pure science to industrial ends, and, therethrough, the entrance of efficiency into factory practice. That the one follows upon the heels of the other is best exemplified by reference to Germany. Fully three-quarters of all the patents of real chemical interest are German in origin, and it is of course in Germany that we find efficiency in factory practice the *sine qua non* to its operation. The American manufacturer who does not realize in a practical way that he can no longer rely for success upon trade combinations, upon cheap raw material, upon an ultra-protective tariff, upon negligent government supervision, and so on and so on, but that henceforward essentially he must stand or fall by the degree of efficiency he has obtained in his factory, will bitterly rue his ignorance and his negligence. What the writer believes to be a sane practical method of solving the problem of waste and of progress, he has developed into a scheme of temporary industrial Fellowships, which he has outlined in another place. But whether the manufacturer takes his problems into the university, or the university into the factory, in order to survive the swift-coming era of competitive stress, he *must* become efficient, not only in his office, but in his factory.

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The Man of Destiny

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

HIRAM TIBBS, the poor schoolteacher, went up the road gayly in the sunshine, having two packages under his arm, tied up separately with purple string. The trees above his head were blossomed out newly with tufts of green, which made charming their branches that all winter had been brown and bare. He had not for his part blossomed out exquisitely in anything new. He still had on his squirrel-skin cap, rising high like a gray plume, which had protected his head from the cold of the winter. Only had he abandoned his thin old overcoat and his comforter of yarn. In the sunshine his rusty suit had an appearance of extreme age. Yet the homely man of middle years had himself his singular look of youth, deepened in this season of the resurrection to a hilarious childlikeness.

Near the white mile-stone a woman met him, driving by in her cart. She was urging her lean horse busily on in the Saturday afternoon, but not so busily that she did not check it at the sight of him. She hailed him respectfully, putting a crooked nose out upon him from the cart's seat.

"A fine day, Mr. Tibbs?"

He jumped, startled, for he had not noticed her cart's coming. He had been smiling delightedly to himself, lost in the region of lofty thought where he now dwelt.

"Oh, how de do?" he answered. "Yes, yes, I kin say we air hevin' real nice weather."

She clucked to her horse again, but not before she had asked the question she had really stopped to ask.

"Air Johnnie a-doin' better with his sums?"

He squinted toward the blue sky. "He might be doin' worse," he said, absently.

After she had vanished into the green mist of the trees behind him, there was nothing else moving on the road as far up as Janie Larkins's house but his gaunt, black figure, straining brightly forward.

Janie was watching for him by the window. As soon as he reached the gate she put her finger to her lips. Crippled old Jennie Larkins considering him a monster of iniquity because he wanted to marry Janie, and not permitting him to be about, his visits required strategy. In warm weather Janie was wont to conceal him in the wood-shed, and in cold times she smuggled him from the entry into the kitchen. Sometimes both the wood-shed and the kitchen were perilous. He had been obliged, indeed, to confess his love to Janie hidden in the narrow entry with his feet in the brown crock she kept there to catch umbrella drippings, and his head buried in the cloaks and shawls which hung from the pegs above him. Even with this secrecy something had been heard.

"Ye ain't a-kissin' that Tibbs nowhere, air ye, Janie?" the invalid screamed out, furiously.

"N-no, ma," Janie had said, honestly enough, going in to her with strange cheeks; for she had not been—it had been Hiram Tibbs who had been kissing her.

But fortunately for their meetings the grim creature on the bed in the sitting-room was accustomed at any moment to drop off unwillingly to sleep, so that the guard of the old eyes and the hearkening, fierce old ears was often opportunely relaxed.

As a school-teacher Hiram Tibbs had not rebelled against these humiliations of his welcome. Only during the past winter had he experienced, in his gay haste for the fulfilment of his destiny, a little feeling of irritation over his sojourn for an indefinite period, when he came to call, in the entry with the crock and the woollen things until he could be smuggled into the kitchen. And as it grew wood-shed weather, his haste increasing, he had chafed somewhat over

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his necessity of staying alone an indefinite length of time in the wood-shed before Janie could come out to him. Any more waiting of any kind was becoming too much for Hiram Tibbs.

On a cramped tiptoe through the door-yard, bending to all-fours beneath the sitting-room window, he gained Janie's chopping-block almost indignantly.

In a quarter of an hour Janie hurried out to him with a piece of pie and a knife with which to eat it on a blue plate. She had always tried to soften his hardships in calling on her by a wedge of pie. He was holding his packages ready on his knees, his cap thrown off beside him on the floor of chips about the block.

"Ain't your ma a-gittin' *troublesome?*" he observed, setting the pie plate on top of his packages.

"Oh, Hiram, poor ma!" she excused, anxiously. Always before the past winter Hiram Tibbs had been patient about her mother, even with her manners and the knowledge that they could not marry during her lifetime—she pointing out to him the explanatory years of suffering on the sitting-room bed.

Her face had deeply set in it the patient eyes of country mothers who have borne and loved many children. In her lonely life, bound closely to the house by her care, she had found motherhood by loving three persons greatly. There was her mother, living, yet chained to death; and her young friend in the neighborhood, who had lately gone away from her joyously, to come back in a year's time, a girl no longer, but bewilderedly wasted to a woman, with a child in her arms which had no true right there; and there was Hiram Tibbs, the poor school-teacher.

"Now jest eat your pie," she urged; for Hiram Tibbs, although forgiving old Jennie Larkins for the present, in the natural kindness of his nature, sat forgetting Janie and the blue plate in his winter's absent-mindedness, now wrapping him deeply in the spring-time.

He cleared the plate dreamily. Seated before him in a low corner of the grindstone, she waited in vain for his words about her pie, which once had set her coloring up to the roots of her hair with pleasure. He was not a young lover, but he had always been as shameless as the youngest in breaking through that reticence which bound him in common with those long dwelling in solitary neighborhoods.

Many a time, wiping with his sleeve the crumbs of her pie from his lips, he had said, throwing discretion to the winds,

"That's a turrible fine pie, Janie."

But soaring to the highest, Hiram Tibbs was absently leaving out many of the ways of his affection. All winter Janie had had an anxious heart, whose weight the spring did not lift.

Now, having finished, he began at once to undo the string of the flatter package.

"A nice day, ain't it, Janie?"

"Turrible nice, Hiram."

"This kind o' weather 'll make us all grow!"

She laughed wistfully at the wit of his speech.

"Sho, now," he smiled, gratified.

She could not keep her yearning gaze from him, with his mild hair falling lankly to his collar, his eyes set in a network of conceited wrinkles, his mouth gay as a harlequin's, his small head topping his gaunt body, from which hung down great, speckled hands.

He perceived her admiration — there being yet occasions when he came penetratingly out of his dreams.

"Sho, now," he said again. Besides the pride he took in his cleverness, he was glad because he was so handsome.

In the package was a parting present for her. He was now going away from her for a short time. The gift was different in character from the ribbons and the breastpins and the teacups which he once had given her, thinking of her wants, and which she had closely cherished. He handed it to her proudly. He did not see about her eyes the marks of tears because their first parting was near.

She accepted diffidently in her rough hands the colored print of George Washington.

"My!" she said. She looked at the man with the cocked hat and the folded arms and the eyes set in thought.

"He ain't so very good-lookin'," she objected, in the end, staring from the picture to Hiram Tibbs and back again.

He was complimented, yet he was just. "But he was a greater general 'n I could have been, Janie."

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"Oh, Hiram," she said, "I b'lieve you could hev been jest as fine a gen'ral ef ye'd had the chanst!"

He put the tips of his fingers together with a thoughtful expression. "Sho, now, I dun'no'," he smiled modestly. A longing as for battle-fields dawned momentarily in his gentle eyes, then he shook his head without regret—he had chosen another path to glory.

With much care he uncovered the contents of his more precious package.

"Ye've brung the last chapter o' your book, Hiram!"

She spoke with an awed interest, yet under the shadow which their secret brought to her. Once, whenever Hiram Tibbs was beside her, her face had quickened, but all winter, as now, it had had only a shy, longing dulness. Having gone to dwell in thought in a far region, Hiram Tibbs had gone whither she could not go.

Hiram Tibbs was writing a book. As yet it was known only to himself and Janie, but soon he would give to the world his *History of the United States*.

He had always known that he was no common person, but a creature destined, indeed, for the highest. As a country boy with a mouth widely smiling with faith in himself, he had determined, therefore, to become a school-teacher. Slowly and gayly, handicapped by poverty, he had mastered the ordinary branches of learning. The small country schoolhouse, where some day he hoped to teach, seemed to him the highest place, and the clay road which led to it a great highway.

He had now taught for many years, until, in fact, he was no longer young, but in the middle time of life. The few burrs of speech sticking to his tongue did not prevent his successfully imparting a knowledge of books in a schoolhouse set so far in the woods that in study hours squirrels played on the roof. Day after day, growing older and dingier, he sat behind his desk. In winters he was very cold coming out in the clay road, his overcoat growing older with him, and in the hot days he mopped a tired face with his handkerchief. In all seasons he was a meagrely paid, threadbare man. But still he was not wholly satisfied. He had kept his sense of destiny. In spite of the fact that the opportunity for which he had longed lay indefinitely before him in the one poor room with the whitewashed walls, in spite of his being able to age in a monotonous toil on no salary to speak of, as he had wished, it seemed to him that he had not perhaps, after all, quite reached the highest, nor had yet become so great as a really brilliant man could be. He frequently doubted if the clay road were as much a highway as a by-path.

Yet in weariness or dissatisfaction with his task his smile did not fade. There still clung to him the spirit of youth—with its eager hope, its gayety over days to come.

He had never been able to determine, though always pondering on the matter, precisely whither further toward greatness the needle of his destiny was pointing him. He only knew that he must travel along educational lines, since his gift was clearly that of letters. At first he had thought that perhaps he was destined for a school in a finer place than the neighborhood, but he had found out, upon effort, that his profession was enormously overcrowded. "They told me," he said to Janie, with his smile of faith, "that outside of a country neighborhood like this, they ain't *no* more room for teachers."

Until he could decide, he taught and loved his children. Row after row of scholars in the years left their desks and went away over the hollowed doorstone and out along the road into life, not without a dimness in their eyes at leaving him. Staying behind at his desk in the poor schoolroom, which he, too, would fain have left, he said good-by to them gayly. Some of them were early to gain, although young, a place which was higher than his; but dingy and threadbare Hiram Tibbs was able to rejoice in any success, so rich was his future.

It had been in the end of the previous autumn that he had decided to write a book. The idea had occurred to him suddenly. The day was one fitted for inspiration. Outside the road and the hills were turned to brightness, and within the schoolroom, through the open windows, was the sound of dropping leaves. "I see a cat. Does the cat see me?" a little girl was lisping from the Primer—but Hiram Tibbs had ceased to listen. At

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that instant he seemed to see where might lie the realization of his dreams.

He stopped that night breathlessly to tell Janie. "I'm a-goin' to write a book!" he said, throwing out his worn chest. All the monotony of his toil slipped off his uplifted bones.

The plan had nearly taken her breath away as well. She stood well in awe of even the reading of books.

"Ye kin write a grand book, Hiram!" she said. She did not know then that his book was to remove him from her.

He nodded. "I'll be a great man," he dreamed through the red and yellow leaves shaking down upon him in the evening wind.

Janie had looked at him puzzled. To her he was already great.

In the start he did not know what his book would be about, but he did not, on this point, long remain in a state of uncertainty. His gleam came from his having on his bookshelf in the musty country room where he lodged an old green volume on the history of the United States. It offered him at once, as by a lucky omen, a choice of subject and material for research.

He determined to write the history of his country.

He began and read the volume enthusiastically in the evenings by his lamp, absorbing its contents with the same slowness and retention with which the boy, with conceited eyes, had little by little made his progress in learning. In the daytime, surrounded in mind by the motley throng of his nation's heroes, among which moved Hiram Tibbs the historian, no mean figure, he became unconsciously remote from those who knew him. At his desk he would look away unseeingly from his scholars, and at Janie's gate he became an absent-minded man.

Before the first snow of the winter had come, Janie felt her shadow fall athwart her. When Hiram Tibbs, although still able to smile at her affectionately, fell silent, unable to take an interest in the topics on which they once had talked, when he was no longer near her in spirit, but far away, her deep-set eyes of motherhood were stricken. She saw herself with the insight of her humbleness. A fear settled in her heart. By mid-winter she asked Hiram Tibbs a famous question, having in it an echo of the world and of all time.

"Hiram," she said, tremulously, "do ye keer fur me jest as much as ye ust to?"

Into Hiram Tibbs's face, in spite of its far-fixed gaze, came an expression which was something better and nobler and finer than Hiram Tibbs himself. It was the expression he always had whenever he told Janie that he loved her.

"We'll hev a lot more to live on when my book's done an' we git married."

But shivering under her little shoulder-shawl at the gate where they were standing, she was not comforted. She had not minded the poverty of Hiram Tibbs, the school-teacher.

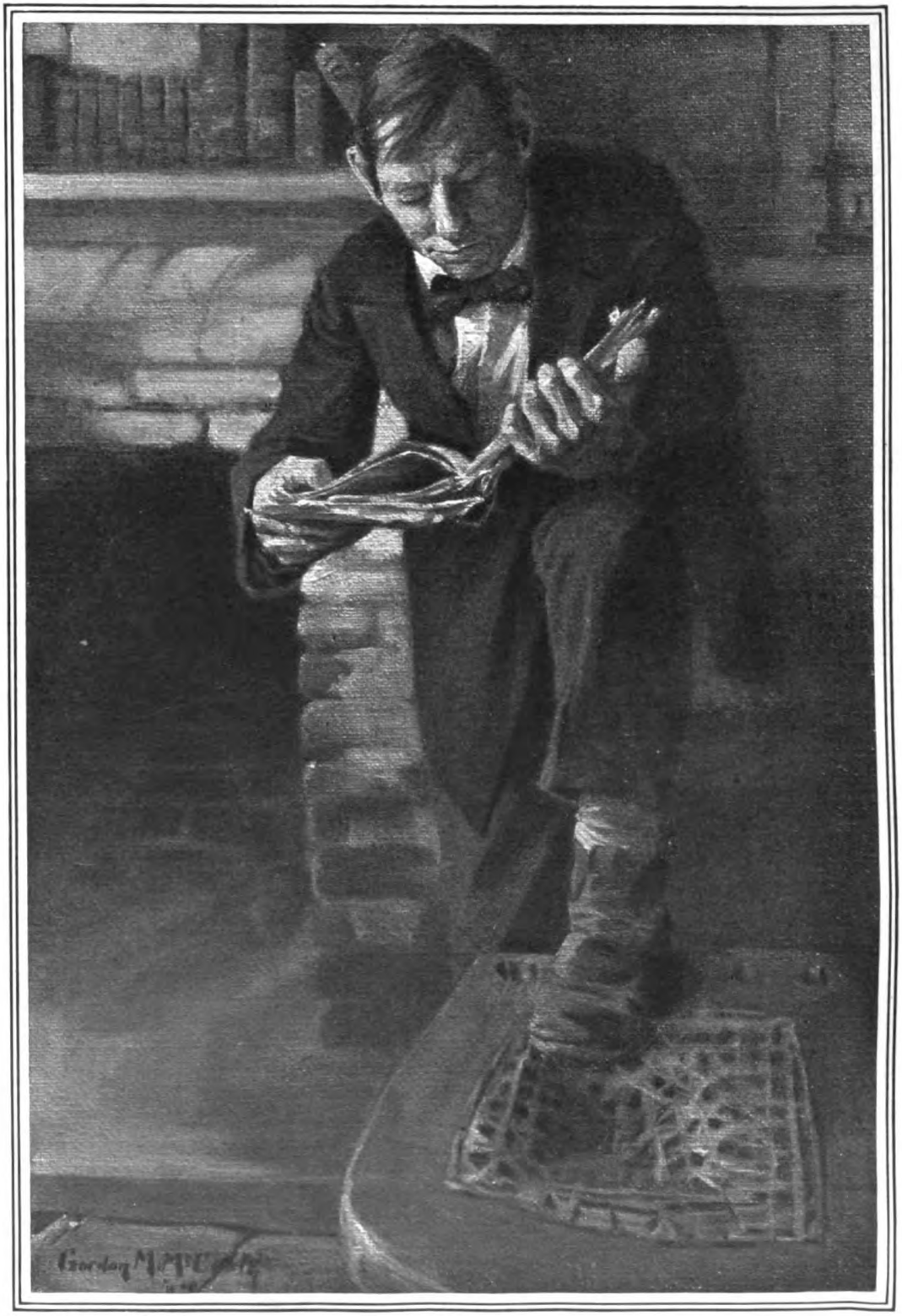
Every night during the winter when her lamp was lit she would look lonesomely down the road to where in the distance his light was twinkling.

Hiram Tibbs felt keenly the portent of the winter's night that he first put his spluttering stub pen to paper, his task of research done. He did not find the work of writing hard at all. So closely had he absorbed his historic material that there slipped at once golden from his pen sonorous sentences and paragraphs. If these bore somewhat of a striking resemblance to the sentences and paragraphs of the green volume itself, he was not aware of it. They were to him honestly as his own.

Chapter by chapter as the book was written he read it aloud to Janie on Saturday afternoons in her kitchen. He read in a low voice, lest old Jennie Larkins should rouse out of her sleep. With her hands lying humbly on her lap, Janie listened to her country's history. She was more and more saddened by it as the chapters grew. The shy longing of her face increased over the great thoughts which she could not understand. Frequently wearied by her Saturday morning's tasks, the mighty events of the nation became indistinct, and her head nodded sideways to her shoulder. But the warning of her love prompted her to sit up straight in time to say, "That's jest a grand book, Hiram."

Now on the chopping-block which had been the scene of his recent readings he cleared his throat. His last chapter brought them to near times. There was

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Drawn by Gordon McCouch

IT OFFERED HIM, AS BY A LUCKY OMEN, A CHOICE OF SUBJECT AND MATERIAL

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only one gap in the events on which he had dwelt with such acumen and perspicacity. A number of the leaves of the old green volume, covering the period of the Civil War, he had found torn out when he had reached that point in his research. So there was unavoidably the same leap across the years in his book. But he had bridged the chasm cheerfully with his pen, and Janie, listening to the history, had not missed the war.

It was a momentous occasion to him to sit reading aloud the close of his masterpiece.

Beyond the wood-shed the daffodils were yellow, and the wind blowing over them ruffled his lank hair about his face, alight with his dreams of greatness. In his last chapter he had inserted some thoughts of his own. He paused often in his reading for Janie's praise.

"My!" she said, again and again, "it's jest a grand book, Hiram."

"Ain't it?" he cried, hurrying on again that he might the sooner stop to hear her criticisms.

With her eyes upon him, Janie had something of his own absentness from present things, only that her dreaming was of the past and touched with tears. Years before, going by the open school-room door on a rare errand from the house, she had paused unnoticed on the door-stone and looked in. There in the poor room she had seen him at his desk, looking down at the children. It was this image of him that was now before her, rather than Hiram Tibbs grandly on the chopping-block, his pages on his knees. Already the book meant their first parting.

As he finished the last words, he could not wait for Janie's praise. "I'll 'bet you," he said, "they ain't nothin' like that ever been written afore."

"I know they ain't, Hiram!"

He slapped his knee. "Nothin' like that ain't never been written afore," he repeated. "'Tis a grand book. Ye see, I've got a turrible gift."

There issued from the house a scream of somnolent shrewishness. The man of destiny became a trifle smaller on the chopping-block. Janie went into the house swiftly. When she came back she motioned to him to speak in lower tones.

"A gift is a fine thing to hev," he continued, in a half whisper.

"Ain't it?" But her eyes, darkened by her fear, went out dully over the green dooryard.

"I tell ye it 'll be fine to git my book printed."

Her hands clasped on her calico lap. "How long 'll ye be gone seein' 'bout it?"

"'Twon't take more'n a hundred years to git sech a book printed, Janie!"

"Ye couldn't send it to the printer folks through the mail? I've heerd o' folks a-doin' that an' not goin' to the city."

Hiram Tibbs smiled hilariously. "I reckon them printer folks 'll want to see *me* all right."

"'Twill cost ye money to go, Hiram."

"I've got some saved—an' I kin walk an' work. When my book's printed I'll be all right!"

"I wish ye'd stay, Hiram."

"I kin't," he said, simply. A coming joy had its presage upon him.

Her hands clasped together more tightly.

"Will Haynes 'll take your place in school 'til ye git back?"

"Sure," he said. "The school board's a-goin' to gimme a vacation, I've been teachin' round so long. I kin hev a year if I want it, an' I kin decide 'bout takin' school again when I git back."

She gave a little cry of dismay.

"Sho, I ain't a-goin' to stay no year, Janie. I'll be back in a few weeks." He gathered up his pages. "But I reckon school-teachin' from now on is a-goin' to take up too much o' my time."

"You air a-goin' to go on a-writin', Hiram, after your book's out," she asked, quietly, "an' give up school-teachin'?"

She leaned forward, waiting dully for his answer.

He nodded easily. "You bet! I'm thinkin' o' writin' a hist'ry o' France next. Bought a set o' books on France, real cheap, of a book agent the other day. He says it's a turrible fine set. I ain't read it yet, but I've sort o' skimmed it through, an' it 'll be wonderful to write on. An awful lot 'bout kings an' queens in it."

He did not see her face, smitten suddenly into wretchedness. For Hiram Tibbs to give up his school to write other books, going farther and farther into a region whither she would be able to fol-

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low less and less, could only mean one thing. All the fear of her heart during the winter formed itself more clearly—she could not be worthy of him. His love for her could not help failing. It was no more than right that it should. She belonged only with the little schoolroom and his scholars.

"Ye kin do fine on kings an' queens, Hiram."

"Ye bet I kin." He flecked a crumb of pie crust from his dingy suit.

She tried to set her fear before him. Her forehead knotted with the pain of what she had to say. Her voice broke.

"Ye know, Hiram,—ye know—I ain't got much eddication—if you air goin' to be a book-writer—"

"Sho, now," he reassured her, gayly, "that's all right. Eddication ain't everything. I won't feel no diff'rence between us — no diff'rence 't all. An' besides, Janie, ye know ye air a whole lot *better'n* I am."

"Oh no, Hiram," she said; "oh, no, no, no."

"Ye air," he repeated, with his noblest look.

But the shadow of her fearing was not lifted.

He tied up his last chapter again with the purple string.

"Ef ye could jest stay over to-morrow, so's we could go for a walk, Hiram."

On Sunday afternoons Janie's friend, possibly in remembrance of the times when she, too, had gone strolling with her lover, came over to sit with old Jennie Larkins while Janie went out with Hiram Tibbs.

The Sunday before, they had walked together along the road, Janie on his arm in her dress and bonnet which were seen every spring as regularly as the robins. The road was replete for them with memories, but Hiram Tibbs had gone by heedlessly certain landmarks of their affection which once he had very well remembered. Janie had pressed his arm from time to time in a wistful meaning.

"That's ourn," she said, when they reached the little hollow.

"M-m-m—" he had answered, absentmindedly, in his throat.

At the twisted thorn-tree with the seat beneath it she spoke again. "That's *ourn*, Hiram," she said.

He glanced at it obligingly. "'T ought to be cut down," he said, with cheerfulness. "'Tain't good for anything."

By the white mile-stone she had pressed his arm more faintly. "'Twas here—" she began. But this time Hiram Tibbs was not listening at all.

He rose briskly from the chopping-block. "Got to git off to-night," he said, affectionately. "Will Haynes a-goin' to drive me to the train. Ain't got nothin' more to do to git ready but to put on my other shoes an' git out my good hat."

At the gate they said good-by, she clinging to him.

"Good-by, Hiram. Take keer o' yourself."

"Good-by, Janie—the same to you. I'll be back soon." His face was wreathed in smiles.

She stood watching his squirrel-skin cap bob away down the road. So often had she, here, watched him going that the gate had grown to be, as it were, the sentry-box of her love. Now she saw the cap rising like a gray plume, now she lost it, now she saw it again, until it vanished altogether in the green mist of the trees.

In the bitterness of a wintry rain Hiram Tibbs went up the road to Janie's on the day of his returning. The storm came peevishly down against him from the hills, with a shrieking of wind so that he breathed hard making his way in it as the road rose and fell. He gave up trying to carry aloft his umbrella, but bore it folded and dripping under his arm, where in the spring he had carried his *History of the United States*. For protection he pulled his cap more deeply down upon his forehead, and tried to catch about him the tails of his old overcoat, which flapped from him, letting the rain soak his knees, and to fasten more closely around his neck his yarn comforter, whose ends slapped his shoulders with a wet sound.

He did not go gayly as he had gone under the green trees, which now again were brown and bare, but joyfully. It was the joy of a man of destiny who has found what is really greatness and has come at last to his own. He was older and thinner. His look of singular youth was replaced by the signs of a rich con-

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tent with attainment, which rightfully crowns successful middle years.

He was very glad to be back, and hurried through the misery of the weather. He eagerly looked back over his shoulder at the small schoolhouse, where often during the writing of his history he had in imagination seen himself on the hollowed stone, turning in the lock the rusty key which he was to turn again within that lock no more. In the fierce mist about him he made out the mile-stone and the twisted thorn-tree and the little hollow.

Janie was waiting for him by the window. At the sight of him she put her fingers to her lips in a sign of warning.

She, too, was older for the months which had elapsed since he had gone. While Hiram Tibbs was away her friend had early told her something out of her knowledge of life. "They never come back, Janie," she said.

"I hev his letters," Janie answered, feeling in the bosom of her dress, where lay Hiram Tibbs's letters, telling her little but that he was not coming home exactly yet.

Her friend had laughed scornfully. "*I* had letters."

"They always come back!" Janie cried.

Yet over his home-coming she had caught her breath in her breast with a sob of relief.

Great though he was, Hiram Tibbs felt now no irritation with the entry of old Jennie Larkins. His muddy feet went almost fondly into the brown crock, and his head buried itself simply among the woollens.

In the kitchen, arriving like a thief, he put his face against Janie's boisterously.

"How air ye, Janie?" He had his noblest look.

"I'm real well, Hiram."

She helped him off with his wet wrappings, dull and plain and shy.

"Jest take your shoes off an' set your feet in the oven to dry," she begged.

In the kitchen stove a fire was crackling in comfortable contrast to the noise of the storm outside. Over the griddle the coffee-pot was already bubbling. A wedge of pie was put out familiarly on the table, with a knife beside it.

He pulled off his shoes and thrust his feet into the oven with a sigh of content.

"Turrible rain we're havin', Janie."

"Turrible, Hiram."

She poured out a cup of coffee and put it on the table by the pie.

He appeared to have returned to an old interest in things. "My goodness!" he exclaimed, over the blue plate and his coffee-cup. "My goodness!" He ate and drank ecstatically.

"Hev much rain this summer?"

"A leetle, Hiram."

His knees started to steaming. "This is a turrible fine piece o' pie an' cup o' coffee, Janie."

"*Air* it, Hiram?" A color came into her face, to die swiftly.

He had not written to Janie of his fulfilment. She sat before him, her hands lying on her lap, and waited for it dumbly.

"How's your ma, Janie?"

"Jest 'bout as us'al, Hiram."

"The poor creatur'!" he said, with his mouth full,—"the poor creatur'!"

When his coffee-cup had been emptied three times and the blue plate twice, he sat smiling joyfully at the red heart of the stove, pulling at his knees and running his great fingers happily through his hair.

"'Twas awful hot where I was last summer, Janie."

"Was it, Hiram?"

"Ye had a good deal o' rain here, ye said, didn't ye?"

"A leetle, Hiram."

He shifted his feet in the oven. "I hope it 'll stop rainin' so's we kin go walkin' Sunday."

Again her color rose.

"How's—how's Will Haynes a-gittin' 'long with the school?" He coughed suddenly in a distinguished fashion.

Her hands moved on her lap. "The children air still a-askin' fur ye, Hiram."

He smiled with an affectionate remembrance, and coughed again.

"I hope ye ain't got no cold, Hiram."

"No, 'tain't a cold—it's jest a ticklin' in my throat."

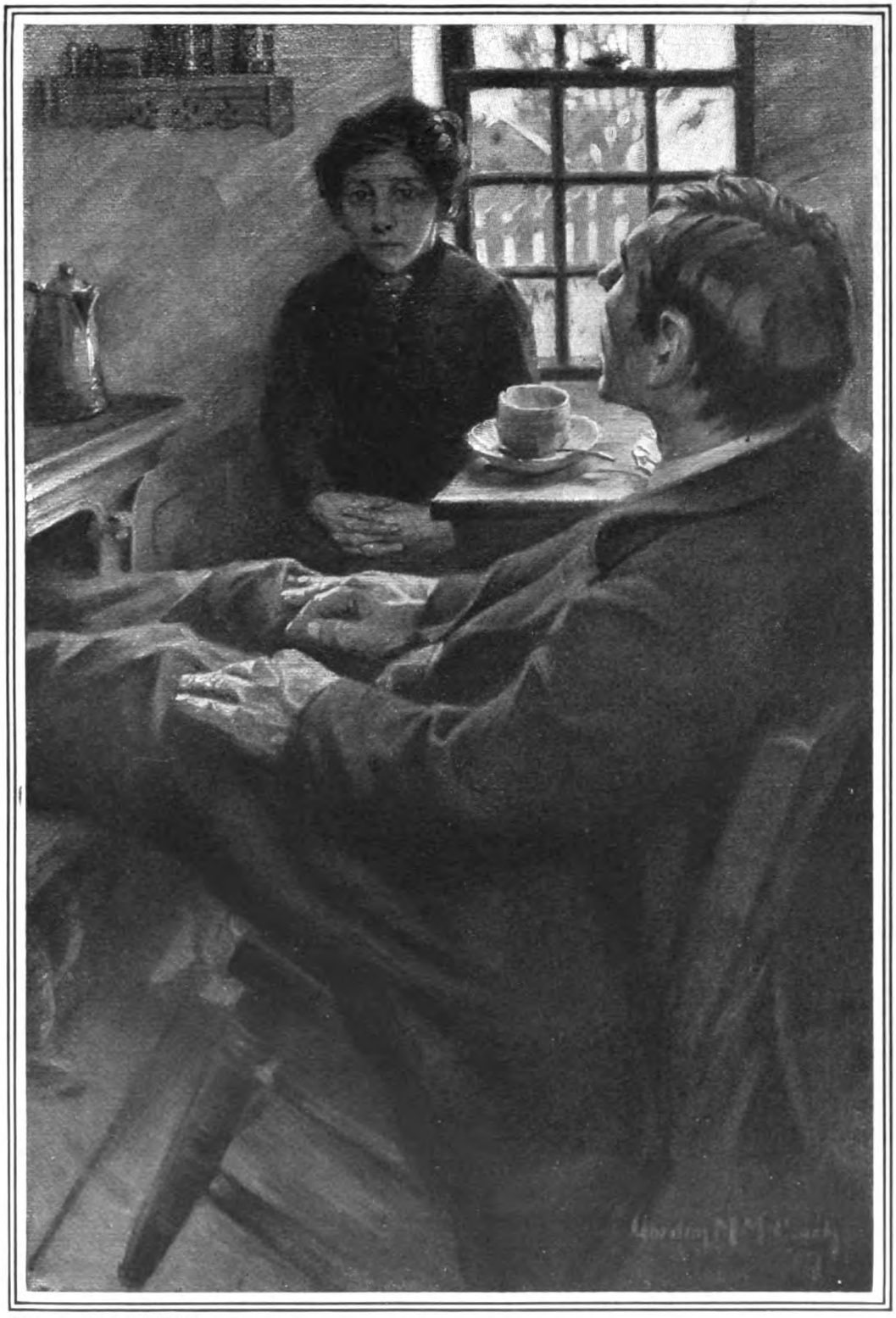
He began to stare harder at the stove.

"Janie—" he began. He broke off and looked once again at the rain, driven by the screaming wind against the window-panes.

"My! how it does rain!"

"Don't it?"

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Drawn by Gordon McCouch

"'TWAS A GRAND BOOK," HE ANSWERED, ENIGMATICALLY

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He cleared his throat impressively.

"Janie— my goodness! I ort to set my shoes under the stove. I've got 'em 'way off here." He left his chair and came back to it again.

"Janie—I *kind* o' b'lieve—I kind o' *b'lieve*—I'll—I'll take the school again."

She leaned forward, tremulous and amazed. "*Ye will,* Hiram?"

"Yep," said Hiram Tibbs His gentle eyes were shining. "They ain't nothin' better'n school-teachin'!" he cried, conceitedly.

She sat breathing quickly in the crackling of the fire and the beating of the [illegible]

"Your—your writin'?" she faltered.

He straightened himself in his threadbare clothes. "Oh, writin'," he said, grandly, "ain't no kind o' work for a man like me!"

A shadow passed from Janie Larkins. She laid her rough hand on his arm, an old radiance on her face.

"An' your book, Hiram?"

"'Twas a grand book," he answered, enigmatically. Then he shook his head without regret—he had chosen the only true path to glory.

The Chestnut-Stand

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

WHAT makes you feel as if, somehow,
It's wrong to leave a chestnut-stand
With all so much of what you want
In both your pockets and your hand?
I always have to turn around,
It sounds so hurt—I wonder why—
That little high-up crying sound
I don't remember, by-and-by!

There is not Anything so good
As chestnuts (when they're hot) can be.
It must be fun to count them out
With One-for-You and One-for-Me.
And yet it stays so doleful there,—
For all the people, going by!—
And breathing frosty on the air,
Like something trying not to cry.

(It isn't Anything I heard.)--
I know it's small, and scared, and thin.
It's like when both your hands are cold,
And Pockets you can't put them in!—
Like something happened Long Ago,—
Like feeling Homesick, yes,—and Shy;
Like Being Sorry; when you know
You won't remember, by-and-by!

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To the Cold Land of Fire

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

PREPARATIONS for an expedition which is to take one for months beyond the pale of civilization leave little time for romancing on the regions one will eventually enter. My outfit was designed to meet all the exigencies of climate and topography of two territories as diverse in character as one could well imagine—the cold, stormy, rain-soaked channelways and islands of the Fuegan archipelago, with their impenetrable forest lands and soft, boggy turf, and the parching, wind-swept pampas of Patagonia, with scarce a tree growing from their hard shingle soil: regions linked with such names as Magellan, Sarmiento, Fitzroy, and Darwin. Even the romantic Jules Verne, in imagination, guided among those intricate channelways his *Nautilus,* and here the *Spray,* with the wild adventurer Captain Slocum, nearly met her fate.

Day after day for three weeks the rattle of chain-tackle, shouts of stevedores, and chunk-chunk of steam-winches had sent an incessant din echoing through the forest of derricks and steel masts of the freighter *Celia;* day and night cases, boxes, barrels and bales, had swung from dock to ship's hold, until it seemed impossible to gorge her steel bowels further. Cargo found its way into every available place, even into coal-bunkers; and fore and aft on the spar-deck, car-trucks, case-oil, and kegs of tar and pitch were lashed securely to side-rail and ring-bolt.

In such manner the *Celia* was sunk to the cross-bar of her "Plimsoll Mark" with the largest general cargo ever sent out of New York to the west coast of South America. "Anything from a pin-head to an anchor," as the chief engineer expressed it, for it included about every commodity one could readily think of.

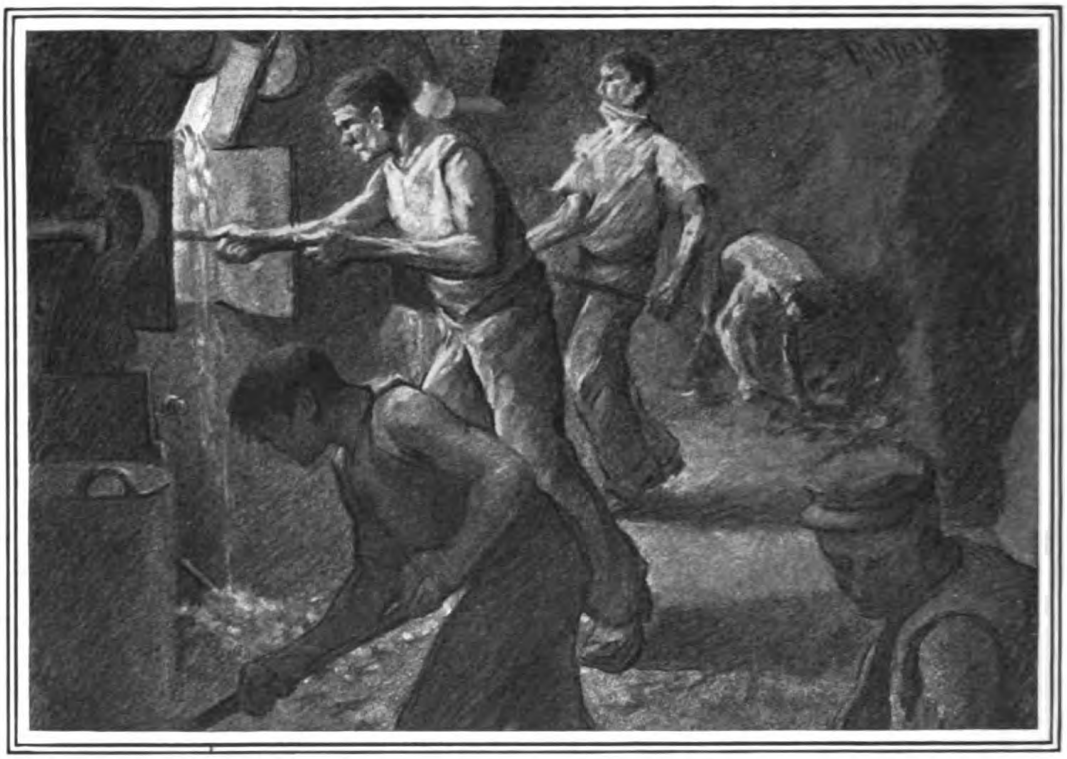
October 18 found me aboard the freighter, pack, camp, and horse-gear, painting and casting materials, phonographs and photographic supplies, and innumerable other articles for use in exploration and ethnological research, carefully stowed away in crate and cabin. Slowly the *Celia* was warped from her slip, the great hawsers run in, and the long voyage had begun. Slowly the gap of water widened as ten thousand tons of steel and cargo were towed into East River, round the finger-tip of Manhattan, to an anchorage off Liberty. Here the last three hundred tons of soft coal piled still higher the black dust-heaps which buried winch and hatch amidships.

From the rail of the lower bridge I watched the afterglow sift over the harbor through the gray-violet haze and tinge the city with rose; here and there a perky tug punctuated the monotone with ejaculations of white smoke. Slowly night, that great leavener of the commonplace to the realm of the beautiful, closed over the city, from whose shadowy obelisks a thousand lights glowed in riotous anomaly—golden hieroglyphics which proclaimed her commercial supremacy and rewrote it in the waters at her feet.

Dawn found the *Celia* far out to sea, steadily eating up nine knots to the hour at the beginning of the long run to the Strait of Magellan. Half way through that treacherous waterway lay my port of destination—lone Punta Arenas (Sandy Point), the southernmost city in the world.

Five weeks on a "tramp," with but a single break, is five weeks out of the world. Dates soon became meaningless symbols, and time was red-lettered only by the departure from Sandy Hook, the stop for coal at Montevideo, and my eventual arrival at Punta Arenas. Day by day through my port-hole the light painted a continuous panorama of the undulating sea across the ceiling of my cabin. We passed the Tropic of Cancer into the laughing, rollicking northeast trades. "The Line" was crossed in the half-light of early morning; here the cold sheen of

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IN THE GLARE AND GLOOM OF THE STOKE-HOLE

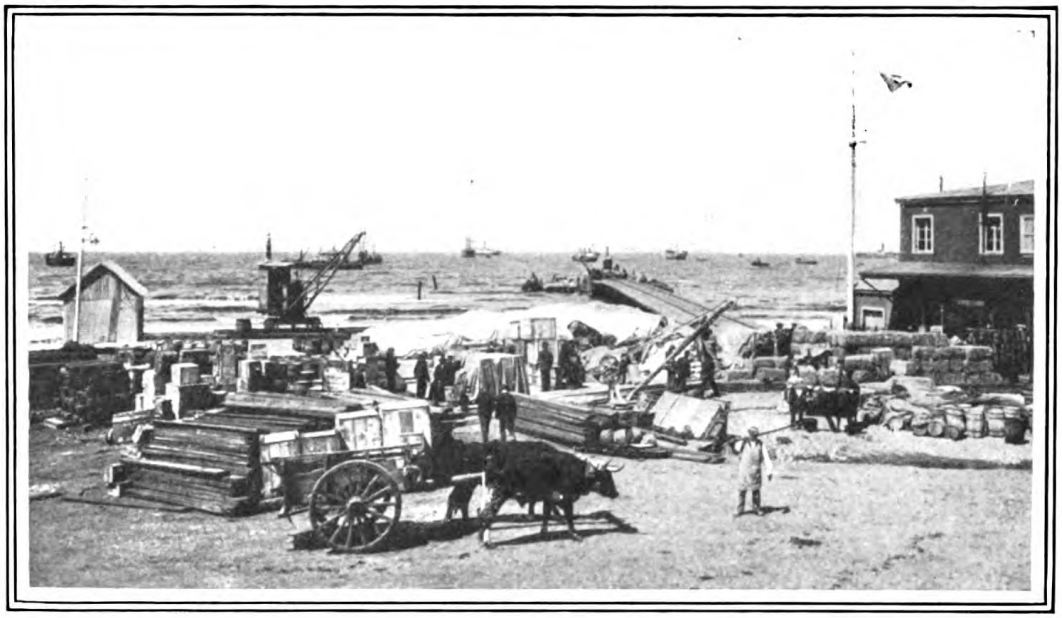
a mackerel sky sewed closer the cloud edges, until the first gray canopy of the voyage covered the sky and ushered in a heavier sea. The southeast trades soon helped us slide "down-hill" across Capricorn, and already more than half of the voyage had passed into the wake of time.

The steel steamer has already rung out the knell of the "wind-jammer" (sailing-vessel), but one of these picturesque types of a passing age never hove in sight without my feeling a desire to watch her until, hull down, her lofty spread of canvas melted into the clouds or disappeared below the horizon. With these craft are also passing the type of men who manned them—men who, to say the least, could "hand, reef, and steer." Their kind are rarely found in the forecastle of the steam-freighter, for Jack's work aboard one of these locomotives of the sea calls for deck-hands rather than for sailors.

On a cargo-boat one sooner or later becomes acquainted with every one in the little world of people among whom he is placed. So on the *Celia,* with her forty-three souls all told, only now and then a new face would appear; perhaps I had seen it before, but so begrimed with the black and sweat of the stoke-hole that at first glance I failed to recognize it.

The well-kept cargo-boat daily resounds with the noise of industry, for she must carry her own repair-shop, and have men aboard able to do anything from bending an eye-splice to shifting her three-ton derrick the length of the vessel. "Chips," the ship's carpenter, and his mate are always busy with hammer and saw. Work under "Boss" (boatswain) goes on in endless cycle. "Four hours off and four hours on" is the sailor's watch. There are the great rope-bound canvas slings to be made for loading guano at Lobos Islands, lengths of cable to be cut for the derrick falls, cleaning, painting, and the endless tank-a-tank of hammers on the steel decks proclaiming the metallic music of the "mate's band," for every inch of the steel plates must be cleaned of rust. When all else is said and done, there is the never-ending polishing of bright-work. So goes the day abovedecks; most of it is necessary to keep in repair this great modern floating warehouse, "built by the mile and cut off by the foot"; the rest

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THE LANDING AT PUNTA ARENAS

of the work keeps men from dwelling too much on the philosophy of the value of holes in a ship's biscuit.

The winches are overhauled by "Lamps" (lamp-trimmer) and "Donkey" (donkey-engine man), whose main vocation takes them among the machinery and oil. Still farther down, below the glistening water-line, in the glare and gloom of the stoke-hole, begrimed, sweating firemen and coal-passers work in a white-hot heat that blights and clings. Here for the "under-ground savages" it's

Slice and feed and a climb to the main,
For a minute's smoke and a glimpse at the stars,
Then a few hours' sleep and back again,
To clear the clinkered furnace bars.

Seated on a pile of deck cargo or in his cabin the mate sometimes unfolded to me a philosophy born of a contact with men of many lands and a close communion with the vasts about him during the long night-watches. There were nights when the stars shone on the fathomless deep with the same lustrous brilliancy as on the Great African Desert, and Orion and the Southern Cross wove in scintillating points their glistening chalices. A second full of the moon came out of the east, and chiselled a silver path out of the blue oxide of night which dark-tarnished the waters.

As the twilights lengthened and the sun sank below the ragged line of sea the dark silhouette of the lookout would stencil against the saffron west. Bursts of spray would lick over his heavy oil-skins bellying in the cold south wind, reflecting the afterglow in shiny high lights. Then night would shut in and the storm-clouds envelop everything in their inky mantle.

Clank-clank! rings out from the wheel-house.

Clank-clank! echoes back the deeper-toned ship's bell.

"Lights a-burning brightly, sir! A-l-l's w-e-l-l!" comes the call from the fore-castle-head, and you know that the lone lookout is at his post ahead in the darkness.

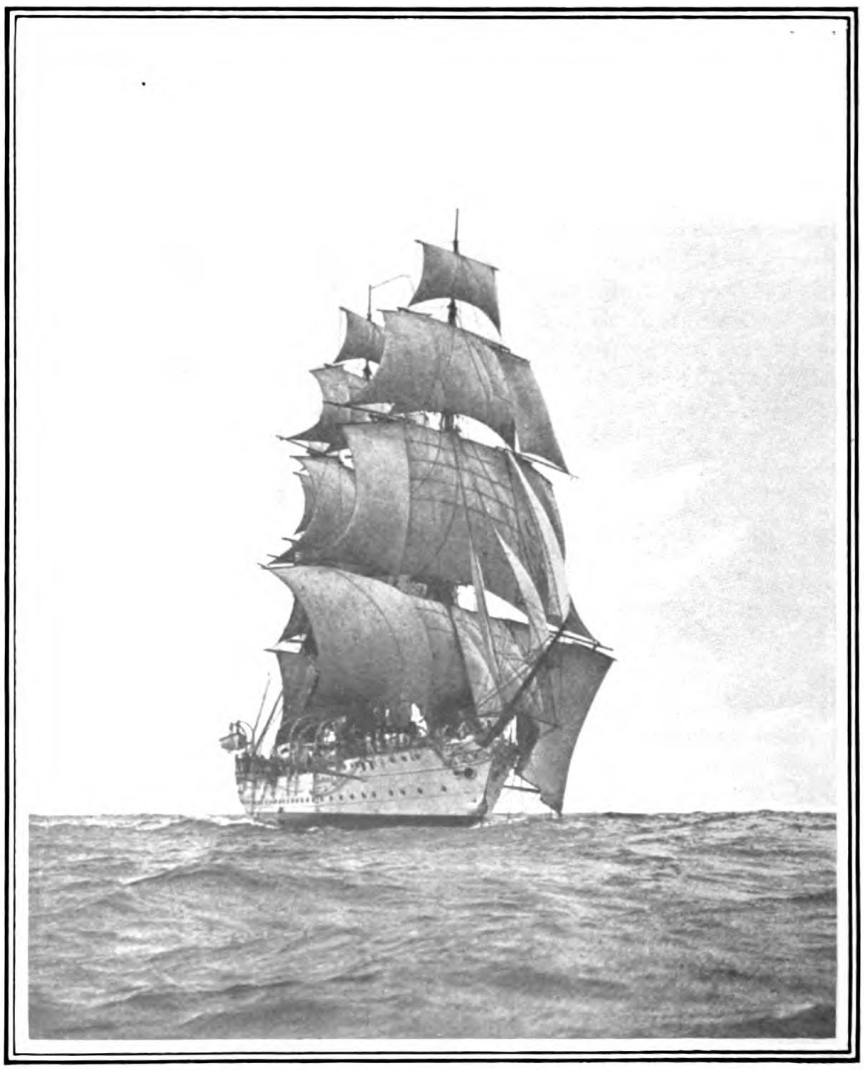
Cape San Roque was sighted far away to the west. Here that bold promontory turns the ocean current southward and sweeps it down the eastern coast. Late in the afternoon of November 14 we passed Cape Polonio, and early morning found the *Celia* churning up the soft mud at her anchorage, three miles off the beautiful city of Montevideo. To the left the mountain from which it takes its name drew graceful lines down from its fortified peak and overshadowed a part of the harbor, studded with shipping from all parts of the world. More than twice the

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distance of our anchorage from the shore the Special Service Squadron, comprising the U. S. S. S. *Tennessee* and *Washington,* sent in advance of the Pacific fleet, rode taut at their chains. Each sent up a quartet of yellow, black-topped funnels against the morning sky.

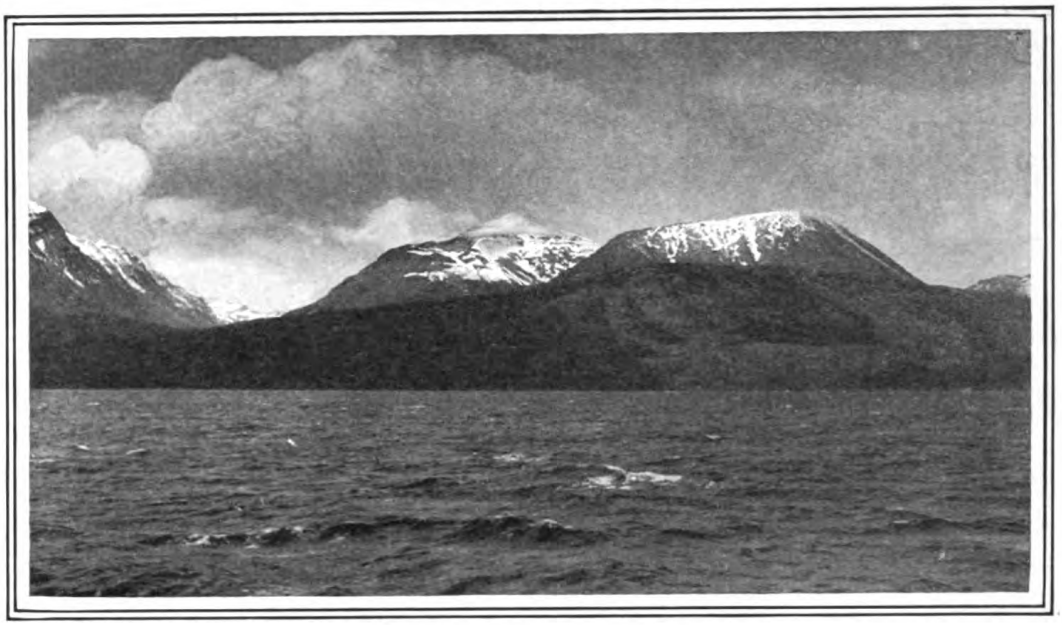
My day ashore culminated with "standing by" the wheel of the little tug on which I steamed out of the twinkling harbor that night. We ran alongside and "spoke" the U. S. dredge *Culebre,* bound for Panama, and passed the freighter *Raphael,* recently a wreck in Smyth Channel, off the Strait of Magellan.

Alongside the *Celia* the heavy lighters were chafing her side in the light seaway. Aboard, all was again a coal-heap, and a crowd of wild-looking Uruguayans were still spilling the remainder of eight hundred tons of "Welsh" from lighter to bunker. From the top of a ladder I watched their dusky, blackened figures hustle the sacks from the slings of the great derricks. Through this hurricane of coal-dust enshrouding these *trabajadores* there glowed here and there the red eye of the inevitable cigarette. A sharp, smothered cry came from below one of the derrick falls, and they pulled the heavy coal-sacks from a prostrate form. Slowly it rose to its feet, then staggered away, cursing. Over in the passageway by the officers' quarters a bit of knife-play was brought to a speedy



THE ARGENTINE WAR-SHIP "PRESIDENTE SARMIENTO"

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THROUGH COCKBURN CHANNEL

conclusion. With these *hombres,* as with the flotilla men of the west coast, the knife is often their first and last recourse. He is an unlucky man, too, who leaves his port unfastened while they are aboard, for their thieving propensities are proverbial.

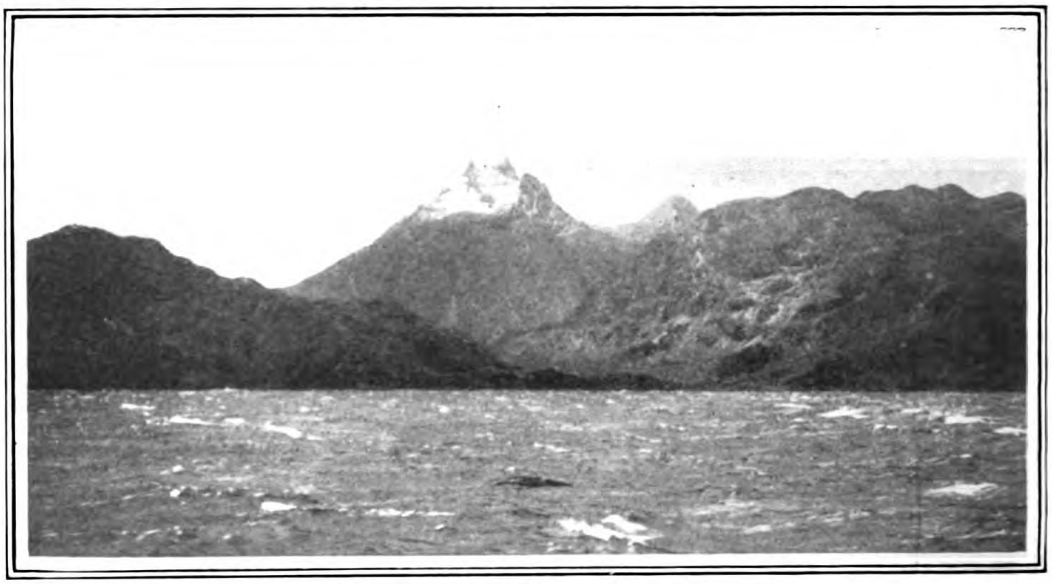
With Montevideo scarce a day astern, we already felt the breath of the antarctic, and an albatross, a harbinger of these colder regions, winged his way as far north as 38°, as though to usher us to the regions of his habitat. Six days later found us at the gateway of the Southern Ocean (Pacific). That night the barometer drifted into the twenties, then with the sudden rush of a fury a short-spent storm blast from the north forged the freighter faster along her course, set astir in swifter commotion the wild sea-birds in our wake, shot showers of spray across the decks, and flung its cold clouds into the face of a green-gold sunset.

Ere the masthead lights had blinked before the coming day we picked up Cape Virgins. By 4 A.M. the sun had spilled its clear, cold rays on Condor Cliff, and etched out a few of the larger crevasses which seared the distant headlands of Tierra del Fuego to the south. Then it floated up behind a violet bank, tracing a gleaming edge along the clouds below, turning them into silver-peaked glaciers as though to seal our entrance to the "Straits." Against us a raw, ripping west wind tore off the wave crests and strewed them like rents of torn lace across the green water; the great hooked nose of Cape Virgins reached behind us east, and bleak, brown Patagonia painted out "the long level line of solemn sea."

At the Rio de la Plata we had picked up the course taken by the little fleet of Spanish caravels which, flinging the flaring standards of Castile to the winds of chance, sailed out of Seville three hundred and eighty-nine years ago. One looks out on the same land, the same escarpments and sky-line, that met the eyes of the intrepid Magalhaes and his desperate adventurers, and the *Celia,* freighted with a cargo more than twenty times greater than the capacity of Magellan's entire fleet, was driven by her powerful engines where the high-sterned Spanish galleons once left a swirling wake.

Fortunately we made the Strait in the early morning, and the *Celia,* despite the blowing gale, which would have forced a sailing-vessel to run for shelter in yonder Possession Bay, poked steadily through the short sea. Fog or night would have found her with chain out in one of the few anchorages between the Narrows. Barranca Point, Second Narrows,

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SUPREME IN LONELY, CHEERLESS GRANDEUR

Cape Gregory, and Magdalena Island are left astern.

"Let fall!" shouts the mate, and the great anchor chain sends up its cloud of red iron rust as it rattles through the hawse-pipe, the one-starred flag of Chile is run up at the forepeak, and the big mud-hooks have sunk their claws into the roadstead of Punta Arenas. The *Celia* has churned out her long run from Sandy Hook to Sandy Point, and on the blue main has painted for seven thousand miles her transient, white-selvaged wake of opalescent green.

The sun pours a cold actinic light through big blue-gray clouds on to snow-flecked hills, and the little city beneath reflects an icy sheen from its roof-tops of corrugated iron. The smoke of a rolling, puffing tug wavers across their hard edges. Soon my outfit is stowed aboard her, and I get many an honest hand-grip as I take leave of the officers and engineers; then the water widens out between me and the long black freighter.

"When is the next steamer for Ushuaia?" I inquire of the tug captain, as we climb the pier.

"Now! the *Oreste* over there,—but she's full up," and he pointed to a small antiquated-looking steamer out in the harbor, about to get under way.

"When does the next boat leave?" I asked.

"Perhaps in two weeks, perhaps in a month. *Quien sabe?*"

That night found me settled in one of the several hotels of which Punta Arenas boasts. The *Tennessee* and *Washington* were close on our heels, and late one afternoon steamed in to an anchorage. I wandered down to the pier and sat there, watching my country's great ships until twilight. Little Punta Arenas had already shut its doors for the night; only a small group of *lancheros* kept me company at the end of the mole.

A speck disintegrated from one of the great white hulls, grew larger, and the *Tennessee's* launch steamed buoyantly alongside. My look was reciprocated by the officer in charge—it could have been exchanged only between two Americans far from home.

"Be kind enough to direct me to the American consulate," requested Flag-Ensign Holmes, with a friendly smile, as he stepped ashore.

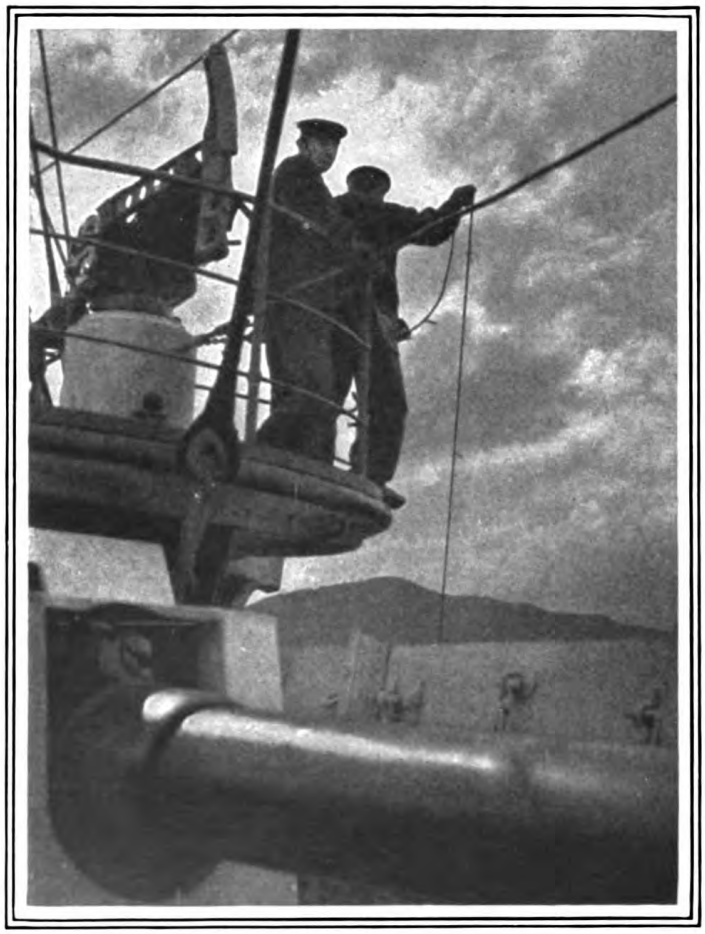
"Permit me to show you the way," I replied. "Glad to see you ashore, sir!" We walked up the little streets of the town in a blowing, dusty wind. So it fell to the lot of an American to have had the honor of being the first to welcome at Punta Arenas the advance squadron of the Pacific fleet on its famous "round-the-Horn" voyage.

South of the Strait, among a maze

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of islands to Cape Horn, lies a formidable labyrinth of interminable, almost uninhabited, waterways. This archipelago also extends up the western coast for perhaps a thousand miles. My chief concern was to reach Ushuaia, a small penal colony midway along the southern coast of Tierra del Fuego, the largest island to the south of the Strait. From here I hoped to make a starting-point in search of the Yaghan or Canoe Indians, who inhabit those out-of-the-way bays and inlets. But a week, almost two, passed without a steamer leaving for those parts, until twelve precious days of the short summer had been spent—waiting. Meanwhile I enjoyed the warm hospitality of the colony, and shivered in its southwest winds. During some of the time I haunted the footsteps of certain "bureaus of information" who hung out along the water front. "A transport from the east coast on her way to Ushuaia is due here *mañana*," remarked one of these.

Twice before in a similar way my hopes for a quick departure south had been raised, but to no purpose.



THE LEADSMAN AND QUARTERMASTER SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE STORM-CLOUDS

"Good!" I replied. "But when will she arrive?"

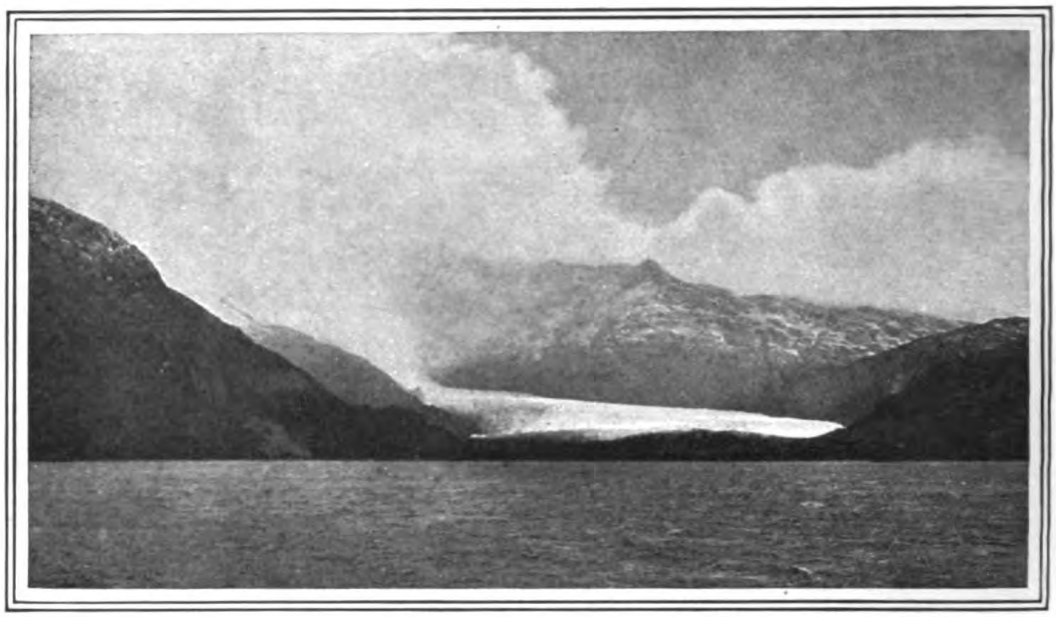
"*Quien sabe!* On account of this wind she has been waiting at Gallegos to discharge for five days, and *quien sabe* how much longer this blow holds out? It's more likely to last for a week than to go down to-night. Anyway, her commander may visit friends a spell in Punta Arenas."

But it's an ill wind that blows no good, and I awoke one morning to find, not the belated transport, but a white, raking frigate anchored among the miscellaneous craft of the roadstead. It was the Argentine war-ship *Presidente Sarmiento*,* on her annual cruise, and, what was more, she was bound south for the Beagle Channel, with Ushuaia as a port of call. Through the same courtesy of his Excellency Señor Chaigneau, Governor of the Magallanes, and the Argentine consul, Señor Marguierat, which had made my stay so pleasant, I became the guest of her commander, Señor Moneta.

* In addition to her crew of perhaps two hundred and fifty, the *Sarmiento* carried fourteen cadets and was used as a training-ship. After cruising in the regions of the Horn she was to return to Buenos Ayres after a year's absence.

It was due to the great kindness of Commander Moneta that my expedition south was furthered so favorably, and to the constant courtesy and attention on the part of officers and cadets that my voyage is a pleasurable memory.

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IMMENSE GLACIERS LOOMED THROUGH THE STORMS

Three days later found my outfit stowed away in the ward-room, and myself assigned quarters with two cadets in the after "sick-bay," which, owing to a full complement, had been turned into sleeping-quarters. Six bells of the forenoon watch found us under way, and then began a voyage into regions unsurpassed in sombre beauty and grandeur of desolation. The bugbear of my transportation so luckily solved, it was with a sense of relief that I mounted the poop-deck and breathed deep of the strong southwest wind blowing a short, choppy sea into the face of the frigate. It whistled and sang through the vibrating rigging—almost a derisive song, as though to challenge her to shut off auxiliary power of steam, and meet it with the great reaches of canvas lying furled in their lashings amongst the forest of spars and masts, through which it swished and whistled.

Punta Arenas dwindled to a spot, then merged into the thickly wooded slopes of the high hills which stretched along the Strait on our starboard hand. To port, across twenty miles of water, the highlands of Tierra del Fuego and Dawson Island loomed gray and misty. Tortuous and indented as are the channelways of these regions, good anchorage and safe harbors are surprisingly scarce, and unfortunate is the vessel that finds herself without an anchorage when a stormy night, fog, or gales of snow set in. So it was with no surprise that as early as four o'clock that afternoon I saw the frigate steam slowly into a landlocked bay and drop anchor for the night. Half way up a hill slope on the westerly side of the bay a white cross was easily discernible, and the inscription below it read:

TO THE MEMORY OF
COMMANDER PRINGLE STOKES, R. N.
H. M. S. BEAGLE

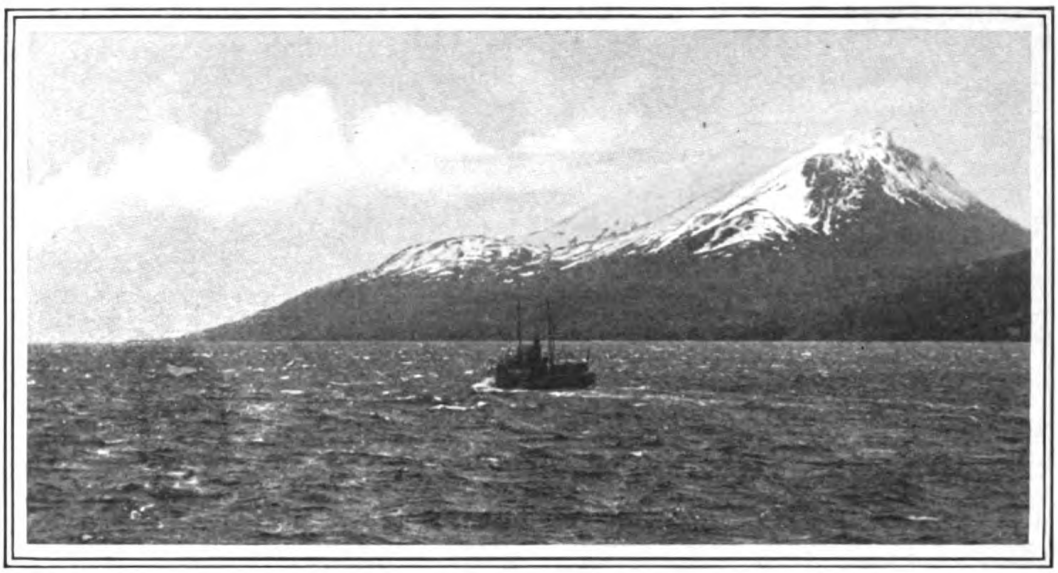
Who died from anxieties and hardships incurred while surveying the west coast of Tierra Del Fuego.
Aug. 12th, 1858.

Passing ships will please
Keep this cross in good repair.

Port Famine—the story of its tragedy lurks in the name, belied only by the peaceful, sylvan scene before us, bathed in the warmth of a momentary burst of sunlight. Low shrubs and a few gnarled trees clothed the hilly points on either hand. Then the land rose to the height of a low mountain, Mount San Felipe, which swept across the base of the bay.

Here in this sheltered harbor, in 1581, the bold Spaniard Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa built a fort and established one of the earliest white settlements of the

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THE "ORESTE," THE ONLY CRAFT WE HAD SEEN, SCUDDED DOWN THE WIND

Strait, naming it Philippeville, after his King. Then Sarmiento sailed far north to the inviting fields of Mexico, Peru, and Panama, where Spain, held by that magnet of human avarice—gold—forgot her Strait garrison of four hundred men far down in the desolate regions of the Horn. Seven years passed, and Cavendish landed among the ruins of a desolate, deserted town, and found a solitary, gaunt man, Tomó Hernandez. So Philippeville yielded to the grim spectre Famine not only her victims, but her name.

To look out on the sunlit forest of beech and winter's-bark, to see duck and wild geese sporting near the shore and the water stirred by an occasional fish, one might question how starvation could overtake one here. But familiarity with these desolate parts, with their long winters and cold summers, brings one face to face with an inconceivable dearth of food.

Port Famine, protected as it is with a sand anchorage and a situation nearly midway through the Strait, near the junction where Magdalen Channel shoots off to the south, has off and on been one of the principal points of rendezvous for expeditions reconnoitring in these parts.

A cutter was lowered away in command of the first officer, for the purpose of taking soundings and exploring the bay, and an unsuccessful attempt to land was made; for toward shore it was so shallow that even from a small boat it is necessary to wade through the very cold water for half a mile or more to reach the shore. The only inhabitants of the place were the Chilean occupants of three small houses which skirted the beach, and two of these men pulled alongside with some fish.

I came on deck the next day to find Port Famine far astern and already hidden by Cape Isidor. At one-thirty in the morning, by the southern twilight, the frigate had weighed anchor and was heading due south. Astern of her starboard quarter lay Cape Froward, the southernmost point of the continent, where the Strait of Magellan crooks on its elbow. We soon passed Anxious Point, and now, hemmed about by great sombre mountains, the frigate was fairly in Magdalen Channel, which Darwin said appeared "to lead to another and worse world." Beyond Keats Sound, Magdalen Channel makes a sudden turn to the westward, and to the southeast crotch of this turn the eyes of every one were directed.

There, far above the wooded mountains, rose great iced table-lands and, higher still, sharp peaks of snow. We wondered at their height, their whiteness, their grandeur; then a veil of cloud mist was drawn partly aside, and Mount Sarmiento —a peak higher, whiter, grander than

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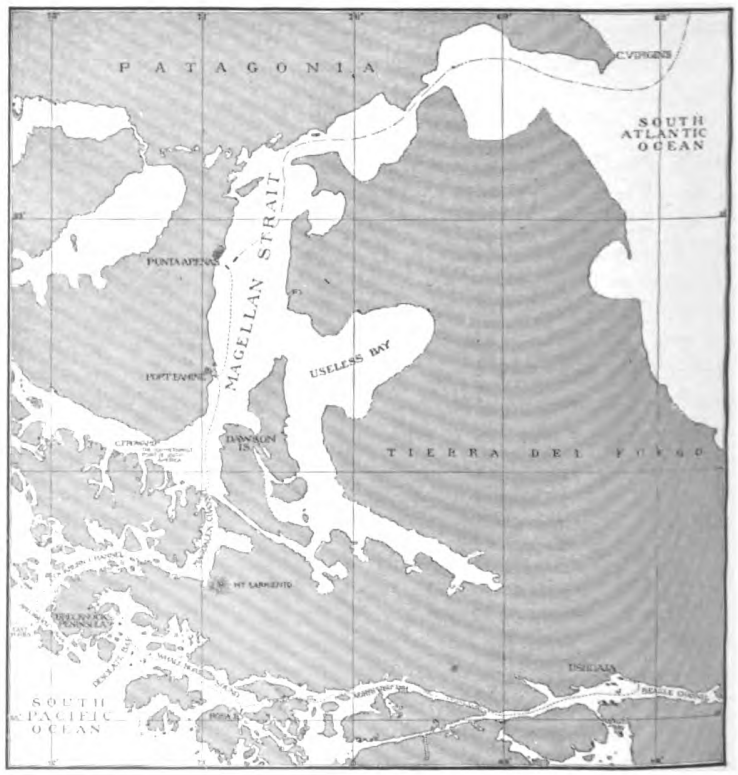
any of the rest, thrust a pinnacled, pristine shaft up—up. We marvelled at a thing so white, so solitary, the very essence of ethereal purity, a great silent guardian of the unfrequented, desolate regions beyond.

No man has ever scaled the seven thousand feet of its everlasting snows to its crystal peaks, perhaps never will. Few voyagers are even allotted the favor of seeing this goddess of the snows; occasionally the storm-clouds do clear away, and then this highest peak of Tierra del Fuego is revealed, being visible even from Elizabeth Island, ninety-six miles to the north. The winds soon hurried the gray storm-clouds along and hid it from our sight; down came the squalls, bearing with them the cold breath of Sarmiento's two enormous glaciers.

By noon Cockburn Channel had emptied us into the ocean, and we were rounding the jagged circular end of Tierra del Fuego, known as Brecknock Peninsula. Here I saw the Pacific for the first time, its heavy seas rolling in against rugged mountains of granite, sheer and forbidding.

Perhaps nowhere is the sea so filled with dangerous rocks as off Brecknock. There are the Furies and the Milky Way, well named. It seemed as though a continent had been crumbled into bits and scattered in this part of the sea. Darwin said, "any landsman seeing the Milky Way would have nightmare for a week," and Captain Slocum added, "or seaman as well." As I looked over the wild turmoil to starboard it was hard to comprehend how any boat could live in so seething a froth. The *Sarmiento*, being under steam and somewhat in ballast, rolled tremendously under the top-heavy weight of her spars and rigging, and all were glad when she at last rounded under the protecting lee of London Island into Brecknock Pass.

We were now more shut in than ever by barren, forbidding walls of granite, slate, and greenstone, down whose dank sides wriggled white cascades like frayed silken strands. We were closed within a great chasm, in a passageway, as it were, to some nether world. I believe nowhere can Nature be found more supreme in lonely, cheerless grandeur, or does she seem to resent more the intrusion of mankind. Perhaps nowhere has the mariner greater horror of shipwreck than on these impassable, lonely shores. Even as one views them from the deck of a stanch vessel, Fate seems perched on every point of rock.



MAP OF ROUTE THROUGH MAGELLAN STRAIT TO USHUAIA

Gales of sleet, hail, and snow follow one another in rapid succession, frequently totally obscuring the near-by shores, rendering the navigation of the frigate extremely hazardous. Both Commander Moneta and the executive officer directed

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the course in person from the wheelhouse. Double vigilance was exercised as we approached uncharted Little Brecknock Channel and Belgrano Pass, for word had been received at Punta Arenas of two recently discovered rocks in the narrow raceway which flows between a small island and Brecknock Peninsula.

Gradually we approached the narrow opening, which could not have exceeded a quarter of a mile in width. Now a squall would paint out everything in its monotone of gray, then clear again. We watched with no little anxiety these driving blasts swoop down from astern, overtake us, and pass along. It could be a serious matter if one caught us at the Pass, for no anchorage was charted, and soundings might be of little value.

The shores drew in closer and closer,—so did a blinding gale of gray, and the fleet wings of the wind won out at the very entrance to the Pass. Already the frigate had been slowed down; now she swung slowly round to starboard, and poked her nose toward a slight bight in the shore. Here an effort to anchor was made, but no anchorage could be obtained. Thrang! rang out sharply the engine-room bell, and the *Sarmiento* was put hard astern before she could crumple up her steel bow against the mountain wall toward which she was heading. We backed off just in time, through the thick gale which covered the deck with a slush of hailstones. It was impossible to know our position, but fortunately we were not obliged to "hold off" long. The gale, though fierce, was of short duration, and the commander's good judgment enabled him to take advantage at once of the clearing, so we slipped through the Pass into Whale Boat Sound.

At the west the fierce Pacific hurricanes lick bare and bald the rocky slopes, but going eastward, a low and stunted verdure creeps higher and higher up the mountainsides. We passed the wide gape of Desolate Bay into Whale Boat Sound. Early that evening the dark forms of the leadsman and quartermaster silhouetted against the storm-clouds, and we felt our way slowly into Rosa Bay. All was soon made snug; only an occasional surge or tug at her chains reminded those belowdecks of the cold and the winds without.

The following day opened with the usual gales of wet snow. We left a frothy wake through Whale Boat Sound into the wide reach of Darwin Sound, then through the long narrows of North West Arm, a branch of Beagle Channel—all names which should ever stand as monuments to their heroic sponsors.

Perhaps nothing was more impressively beautiful than the great ice displays of North West Arm. Here at intervals immense glaciers loomed through the storms, sinking silently down the dark, sombre valleys. Rounding Devil's Island at Point Divide brought us into Beagle Channel. A puff of smoke smudged the distant mountainsides, and soon the little *Oreste*, the only craft we had seen since leaving Punta Arenas, scudded down the wind.

We were now bowling along in mid-channel.

"Man overboard!" was shouted out in Spanish. There was a moment of confused excitement; then the *Sarmiento* churned up the water at full speed astern. From the gangway platform I saw the form of a man slushing through the short seas as he clung to the edge of a lower port. It seemed as though every heavy wave must wrench him from his grasp. But the stout sailors hauled him aboard. "Tried suicide," remarked an officer, "but changed his mind."

At longitude 68° 36′, far up on a jagged crest, we made out with our glasses a small needle-point, the southernmost boundary mark of the two southernmost republics of the globe,—and passed from Chile into Argentina.

For some three hundred miles from Punta Arenas the Argentine frigate had wound and twisted her way through the Fuegan archipelago in the gales of wet snow and impenetrable mists which so constantly enshroud these damp latitudes—haunts only of the Yaghan Indian, the pioneer, and the adventurer.

From the southwest a driving wind tore great rents in the leaden clouds. It sent the glistening waters foaming eastward in a boiling turmoil of silver crests and swept the frigate faster on her course. Such was the December day of the Fuegan midsummer when we dropped anchor in beautiful Ushuaia Bay, off the southernmost town in the world.

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Kindred

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

TENDER grass in April springing,
Scent of lilacs wet with rain,
Bluebird jubilantly singing
Snatches of a loved refrain,

Falcon soaring high above me,
Light of stars in deeps divine,
Creeping earth-bound things that move me
To compassion, ye are mine!

Wind in varied cadence playing
Mystic runes on harps unseen,
Blossom hardily delaying
Where lost summer late hath been,

Shadow drifting o'er the mountain,
Mist blown inward from the sea,
Hidden spring and bubbling fountain,—
Ye are mine and parts of me!

What am I? The stars have made me,
And the dust to which I cleave,
Rivers, and the hills that aid me,
Past and future, morn and eve.

Nightshade lightly plucked unknowing,
Roses fondly twined with rue,
Harvestings of mine own sowing,
And from fields I never knew.

I have gained mid loss and capture
Strength not found in vanquishing,
Sharing oft the mounting rapture,
Trailing oft the broken wing;

Kindred with the sunlight streaming
Where nor dew nor rain-drop gleams,
With the parchèd desert dreaming
Incommunicable dreams,

Laid in cavern-bed at even,
Throned on rose-flushed Apennine,—
Multitudinous earth and heaven,
Naught ye hold that is not mine!

E.H.

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The Defence of Diane

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

I AM a sailor's wife and a soldier's daughter. It is necessary you should know this in order to answer the question which I shall propose to you. Perhaps I ought also to say at the outset that I am a Frenchwoman. But that will soon be evident.

I do not think I am at all what is called "a new woman." Certainly I love to do what I please, which has always been the prerogative of all women. And I approve of many things which other women appear to wish to do, without in the least wishing to do them myself. If a woman wishes to be a lawyer, that is her affair. I recognize obvious reasons why she should wish to "exercise the suffrage," as they say in the Chamber. But I see reasons quite as obvious why I should not claim that privilege myself. I have a very sweet bone in my mouth which I prefer to any other. It is quite enough to work out my own salvation, and if I love to have my own way, it is not through pure selfishness, for I admit that I should never have discovered how absurd a way mine often was if I had not insisted upon having it. All this logical tournament about our rights bores me. When I was a little girl my tutor once wished to compel me to prove that an equation of the first degree has but one root. It was so ridiculously evident, how could any one be expected to prove it? I went to my father in a passion of tears, and he quite approved of me. "Why torment the child with proving what is evident to her?" he said. That remark of my dear simple-hearted father has since saved me many worries.

I have a cousin, Célimène, who married M. de Versin. She criticises me unmercifully—behind my back. But I know it just the same. Things done behind your back invariably turn up in front of you sooner or later. Célimène was made for M. de Versin. It is impossible to believe that she married him in pure luck, for they are the hand and the glove—which must always be fitted. They do everything correctly, and nothing which is not correct escapes them. They dress exquisitely—as, for that matter, I do. But they never quarrel,—as Raoul and I sometimes do, amicably. I am quite sure they do not adore each other, as Raoul and I do. They simply adore the same things,—not *most* things, but *everything*, —which is something impossible for me to conceive of. For example, Raoul has a kind of shaving-soap which is detestable to me. It is true that I like nearly everything which Célimène likes—society, dress, gayety, all that is meant by that one word *Paris*,—but not so much as she does, and an enormity of things which she does not care for at all. My responsive scale covers several octaves not on her register. She sits unconscious as the statue of Memnon when I am shivering with disgust or quivering with ecstasy. That is one reason why Célimène disapproves of me. I am continually sounding notes not on her instrument. It is laughable to hear her freezing, "I do not understand how you," etc. How *can* she understand what she does not hear, or see, or feel! I am telling you about Célimène because she has taken sides against me, and I wish you to understand why.

It came about in this way. We were staying a week at the Milons' in the Vosges. It is absolutely necessary that I should tell you something about the Milons and their guests, because they are my judges, and I think it is quite as important to know something about the character of the judges as the facts in the case before them. All the trees on the lawn remain the same, but where the shadows fall depends upon the humor of the sun, doesn't it? Well, my judges are of various humors.

First, there was M. de Sade. I mention him first because I hate him so. Every one fears him, but he is indispen-

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sable. Imagine the most deliciously piquant sauce ever invented by Savarin, biting, but appetizing. No dinner, no house-party, no yachting excursion is complete without M. de Sade. Amiable wits soon bore you. M. de Sade never bores. He bites, he stings, he irritates, he makes you furious, he brings tears to your eyes like paprika, and, worst of all, he fascinates. I always wish to sit near him. He produces a kind of pain that is positively agreeable. Among common people—I mean those accustomed to speak plainly—he would not perhaps appear so clever, so witty, so entertaining, for I suspect that it is because he tells the truth so nakedly that he is so amusing or so hateful to me. But I never feared him, and that I suspect, too, is the reason why he once forgot himself and went too far. There is nothing like the anger of mortification to make one forget one's self.

Then there was General Texier, an old comrade of my father's, who still calls me *ma petite*,—one of those simple brave men who will die as he has lived, a gentleman. It is not necessary to describe such people, they are so upright. Nor is it necessary to speak of Madame Texier. She has grown so enormous that it incommodes her to move or to think. Besides, she always agrees with "my General." It grieved me to have him take sides against me, to hear him appeal to my father's memory with real tears in those great eyes of his, which look so honestly from under his big white eyebrows. But I am not so sure my father would agree with him. It is one of those things I am dying to ask him.

We were all in the library after dinner. Madame Texier was asleep in the largest fauteuil by the fire. M. de Sade was drinking his coffee, his cup in his hand, on the other side of the mantel. The General was playing whist with M. de Milon, Madame de Milon, and Célimène. There were some young people also, whom I do not know, playing billiards in the farther end of the room, or talking with other guests from the neighborhood. None of these people counted, so I pass them over. I only remember that they all seemed stupefied with amazement, as all commonplace people are when anything out of the common happens.

That Jacques took my part did not surprise me. He is my husband's best friend, one of those friends I expected to find at my side, whether he approved of me or not, out of sheer loyalty, just because I am his friend's wife. That is what Monsieur Shakespeare calls "a woman's reason." You shall judge whether Jacques had a better one.

M. de Sade had taken me out to dinner. I was feeling very depressed, because M. de Milon, who is a great friend of the Minister of Marine, had just told me that it would be impossible to have Raoul recalled from Tonkin before spring. All the time while dressing I was planning how to get to that dismal place which has cost France so many lives and millions. My thoughts were full of this project. I was making my calculations while eating my soup, and was half way to Hainan before the turbot. Then I realized that M. de Sade had made one or two unsuccessful attempts to converse with me, and had finally turned in despair to Jacques's sister, who sat on his left. Agathe is not at all like Jacques. She is one of those women who become extraordinarily affected at the sound of their own voice. Every subject she introduces immediately begins to bloat up out of all proportion to its importance or interest. You know those people. They step on every sprig of conversation. Finally one ceases to make an effort and thinks of other things. With M. de Sade, on the contrary, conversation flows. One is either immensely amused or choking with indignation. He sets going in me machinery of which I was ignorant. If you think, for example, that you have no malice in your nature, wait till you have found your M. de Sade. Agathe has written a book on psychology which became famous after M. de Sade had remarked of it, "O Psyche, what crimes are committed in thy name!" I think she must have been speaking of it, for after the turbot M. de Sade whispered to me,

"Why do you go to Africa to look for lions, when in Paris they lie in wait for you?"

Now this requires that I should speak a little of myself. You will not be able to judge fairly if you do not understand me. I have always thought judges erred in taking no account of personality.

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They make no distinction between A and B, as if by any possibility A could conduct himself like B under the same circumstances. If the circumstances are the same, both heads fall into the basket! I wish you to know at once therefore that it is true that I shot a lion in Africa, that I was not bred in a convent. It is not my fault that my mother died in giving me birth, though I reproach myself on that account, as one cannot help doing for many things of which one is the most innocent cause. It is not my fault that my father loved me the better because I was all that he had to worship, or that he scandalized my aunt Julie by taking me with him to Africa. You see, at the very beginning I was the cause of scandal.

When I was sixteen I made with him the campaign against the Kabyles. Please to realize what that means. For one thing it means that in the mountains of Africa one cannot ride as in the Bois de Boulogne, and that my aunt Julie was shocked that I adapted myself to circumstances by preferring safety and ease on a man's saddle to danger and discomfort on a woman's. It goes without saying that I have a good seat on either, and that I do not behave in Paris as in Kabylie. But people like Aunt Julie, when they have worked themselves into a state of receptivity for shocks, are shocked at anything. Do not think I am going to tell you how I shot that lion. I only wish you to know how it happens that I am not like Célimène, who is obliged to rouge and who carries *crème de la reine* and salts and Heaven knows what in her *porte-mouchoir*. What would any young girl do in my place? She would drink health and strength in the air of the desert and the mountains. She would learn to keep cool, to be mistress of herself, and to shoot straight. She would have comrades instead of acquaintances. She would learn to dress a wound without shrinking, and to overcome the weakness natural to one who has never seen blood or suffering without forfeiting the respect due to womanhood. Never among all these men with whom I lived so many years was I made to blush for shame or anger; no, never — till that evening in the library at the Milons.

But before I speak of that there is one thing more you must know—that I fence—I might as well say it, for it is true—admirably. The sword or the foil, it makes no difference which. It is quite important that you should understand this, therefore I speak plainly, without any wish to boast. Moreover, you may ask Raoul. He will tell you, a little ruefully, that my wrist is more supple than his. *I* think it is also as strong. Almost invariably in our bouts together I have the advantage in hits. I even know a trick which I have not dared to practise upon him, because it is not rigorously correct. It is not disloyal, but it is not in the manuals. You see, I began in mere fun with my father. He was so proud of me that he used to laugh when I touched him. At his age, naturally, he was a little stiff, so I began to tease some of the young officers. I confess I took great satisfaction in worsting them, for that happened sometimes. Then I begged of my father to permit me to take lessons—that is the way I put it — with an old *maître d'armes* who was reputed to be the best sword in the army. It was he who taught me that trick, of which I will tell you more presently.

Naturally, when I married Raoul we kept in practice together. Raoul never disapproved of anything which I wished to do. He has only one serious fault which sometimes annoys me—he wishes to prove everything, like the tutor of whom I told you. It is a positive mania. We quarrel occasionally, but only about things or other people, never about each other. No one except my father and Jacques begins to understand me like Raoul. When I recollect that, I do not much care about what has happened. When I have talked to him he will entirely approve of what I have done.

Well, all this is what the lawyers call the extenuating circumstances. Now I come to the *pièce de conviction*.

As I said before, we were in the library after dinner. There had been introduced in the Chamber some bill about the rights of women. I do not know what it was exactly. M. de Sade was relating the incident. He is a Deputy. I only recall that I was thinking about Raoul and how I should get to Tonkin.

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We had been separated nearly a year, and my head was so full of my project to go to him at all hazards that I had taken Jacques from his partner on the plea that I must consult him about something of great importance. We sat down in the embrasure of the window looking on the terrace. At first he had his cue in his hand, but when he found I was so serious he gave his cue to M. de Versin and begged him to continue his game. Then he returned to me. I told him that Raoul was not coming back and that I simply *must* go to Tonkin. I was very earnest, and I suppose I became excited. I knew he would oppose me at first, so I waited patiently while he said all that I knew beforehand he would say—that I ought to consult Raoul, that it was a long journey, one a woman ought not to take alone, that Raoul might be ordered somewhere else before I reached there, and that Tonkin was not a fit place for a woman anyway. As if I had not thought of all these things, or that they amounted to anything after I had made up my mind! I only said, "What is fit for Raoul is fit for me." Please remember that remark, because it is the key to my character and to what followed.

Well, Jacques took my hands in both of his, and then I became tranquil, for I knew he would help me.

"My dear Diane," he said, "you are disappointed and excited. This is a serious undertaking. Promise me you will do nothing without consulting me. Promise me to think of it overnight."

As I had already consulted him and was sure to think of nothing else, I almost laughed at his dear simplicity.

"I am going to Paris to-morrow," he continued. "I will go to the Ministry and make inquiries."

Jacques and I, you know, are like brother and sister. He was on my father's staff in Africa. I love him next to Raoul—if one can use the same word about such different things. His emotion touched me.

"Dear Jacques," I replied, "I promise you solemnly."

Then he kissed me, laughing, evidently quite relieved, and said,

"You are a good girl."

Then we rose.

M. de Sade was finishing his account of the sitting, and, as usual when M. de Sade is *en veine,* everybody was listening. You can imagine how entrancing he is when even General Texier forgets the trump.

"It is quite simple," he was saying. "With privileges go duties; with rights, responsibilities. Madame Célimène wishes the suffrage. Let her serve, then, in Africa like Madame Diane. Of what account is her complexion when the state is in danger? *Place aux dames!* They wish to earn their own living, to drive cabs, to study anatomy on the benches of the Ecole de Médecine, to descend with the latest hat *à la mode* into the pit where men struggle—"

"Really, M. de Sade," I interrupted, "do you, then, struggle so hard? I had not observed it."

"Ah, madame," he replied, with that malicious urbanity of which he is master, "when that day comes when in defiance of nature you have possessed yourself of that phantom equality which you are in pursuit of, on that day I should ask you to do me the honor to explain a remark which women who have not descended to equality are privileged to make with impunity."

"And if I refused?"

"I should be privileged then to throw my glove in your charming face and await your seconds."

There was a storm of protestations.

"I have no wish to drive cabs," I remarked, dryly, "but I agree with you, and if occasion arises I shall hold you to your theory."

"I shall be at your service, madame."

"Are you sure, M. de Sade?" I could not resist pushing him over the precipice.

"Absolutely," he said, bowing.

"Bravo!" cried M. de Milon, patting my shoulder.

"*Qu'il est bête!*" muttered the General, under his breath.

"*Un vrai fou,*" said his wife, whose nap had been disturbed.

And then Jacques put an end to it all by saying it was too silly for discussion.

No one paid any further attention to what had been said. The *boutades* of M. de Sade were never taken seriously. But I could not rid my mind of it. I felt that something momentous had taken

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place and that something more momentous was inevitable. If I were not resolved to be quite truthful, I should pretend that my disappointment about Raoul accounted for my agitation—I mean my inward agitation, for outwardly I was growing frigid. But I will bare my whole heart. Besides, you have foreseen already that M. de Sade had seen Jacques kiss me. I cannot tell you how that thought irritated me. Not because he had seen—all the world might have seen—but because in his eyes there was such a wicked smile. When such an atmosphere exists as that I was breathing, it is impossible to avoid an explosion. The only way to peace is through a storm.

The storm came in this way. The General, having heard from M. de Milon that Raoul was not to be ordered home for another year, came over beside me and in his fatherly manner endeavored to cheer me. Indeed, I had a great desire to cry. One must cry sometimes whether one has been educated in Africa or a convent. They all became interested and gathered about me.

"At our age," said Célimène, "a year is not so long. Do not think of it and it will pass quickly."

Imagine! She is five years older than I, and has M. de Versin for a husband!

"I do not think of it," I said, resolutely, "because I have decided to go to Raoul."

Before any one could express astonishment, M. de Sade spoke.

"Excellent idea," he said.

My tears were dry in an instant. I stood up and confronted him.

"Why do you say that?" I flashed, looking him in the eyes. If I am to blame in any respect, it was at that moment, for I felt the challenge in my voice and that he could not resist it.

"Because," he replied, slowly, returning my gaze,—"because since the days of King David it is dangerous to separate wives and husbands."

No one at first fully comprehended what was transpiring, except Jacques. He sprang to his feet.

"Wait," I said, pushing him aside; "this is my affair." Then I turned to M. de Sade.

"Monsieur," I said, "I have not, to employ your words, descended to equality with you, but I do not for that reason claim the immunity you offer me. On the contrary, I accept full responsibility for what I shall say to you. You have insulted *me*, and it is to *me*, not to another, that you shall make reparation. You will apologize for what you have said, now, in the presence of those who heard you, or—"

"Or?" he interrupted, with that wicked smile of his, lighting a cigarette as if it were only a pleasantry.

I tore off my long white glove and struck him across the face with all my strength.

For a moment no one moved. Every one was stupefied. I saw distinctly the red mark of my glove, and I heard Célimène cry, "Oh!" Then I gathered up my dress and left the room.

As was to be expected, they all came to expostulate with me. First, M. de Milon and the General. They said M. de Sade's conduct was infamous, that I had behaved with spirit under great provocation, but that of course it was impossible for a gentleman to cross swords with a woman. "Why?" I said, "if it is possible for him to insult one." "Old as I am," said the General, "he shall answer for this to me. Be reasonable." And then he began to walk up and down, gesticulating and saying, "It is impossible, my child, impossible." I will not repeat all they said because you know it already. But please try to keep my point of view.

Afterwards came Célimène, poor Célimène! with her tears and salts and her "No one ever heard of such a thing."

"Well, they will hear of it now," I said.

"You were most imprudent, my dear," she continued. "That does not excuse M. de Sade. He was abominable. But do not add to the scandal. A woman in your position cannot conduct herself like a common scold. Thank Heaven, we have not yet come to that! Instead of becoming a hero"—what a nasty insinuation!—"you will make M. de Sade one."

None of these arguments moved me. Moreover, I had not failed to observe that Jacques had not come to me. I was sure that he would not. Being married, I know the habits of men tolerably well. For that reason, after the house became

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quiet, I went to bed as usual, resolved to be awake early. There was no need to tell my maid to call me, for I have the habit of waking when I wish to. To prove to you that I had a good conscience, I slept soundly and woke with the sun. My maid was still sleeping. I dressed myself quickly, pulling on the short skirt and jacket I wear when there is a *battue* in the forest—but without corsets. Then I sat down by the window. It looked out upon the terrace, over the gardens and pond to the wood. I was not mistaken, for presently Jacques, with M. de Versin and the General, came out from the library, crossed the terrace, and disappeared in the shrubbery. When I reached the spot they were talking, the General, M. de Versin, M. de Milon, and two others whom I did not know. M. de Sade and Jacques were in their shirt-sleeves. It was an open space, across which the morning sun threw long shadows, and I waited on the edge till they took their places. Then I went forward. M. de Sade was facing me. He smiled when he saw me, and shrugged his shoulders as if much amused. I admit that when one has no protection, no mask, and no button on one's foil, one feels quite differently. But that shrug of the shoulders was all I needed. I was beside Jacques before he saw me.

"Give it me," I said—I *ordered*, grasping the guard. At first he held back.

"Jacques!" I said.

For just a second he hesitated, our eyes together. Then he let go.

M. de Sade had thrown down his weapon and stood with his arms folded, still smiling.

"Stand back!" I cried to those who were advancing. "Messieurs, you will pardon my ignorance of etiquette. We have passed beyond the need of it." Then I turned to M. de Sade and saluted him.

"*En garde!*" I said.

"There is a coat which is not precisely a coat of mail," he sneered, "but which is quite the equivalent of one. Will madam assure me—"

Viper to the last!

"M. de Sade," I said, advancing a step, "if you do not resume your sword you will compel me to do with mine what last night I did with my glove."

He stooped, white with rage, and took up his sword.

"Gentlemen," he asked, "will you permit me to defend myself?"

Without losing a precious second I attacked him. I heard the two strangers protest. The others seemed paralyzed. it was all so unexpected and so sudden. I think the General was about to part us, when I heard dear Jacques's voice saying, "I will answer for her."

As for myself I was too busy to pay attention to them. I perceived at once that M. de Sade was only defending himself. Then I thought of the lesson of the old *maître d'armes*. With every resource at my command I attacked, obliging him to use all his own to parry, forcing him back at every thrust—for he would not reply — till he began to get worried, and then—well, this time it was not he who threw down his sword.

He was astounded. I was tempted to laugh at him, it was so comical. I am not vindictive. When I have had my way I am satisfied. But I have not quite finished.

"Resume your sword, monsieur," I said. "I have not done with you."

"Enough, enough!" cried the General, running forward. But M. de Sade held up his hand. I had not observed before the little red stream trickling from his wrist.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I admit freely that madame is my superior with the sword and"—bowing to me very sweetly —"in manners." It was a little late; but, you see, after all, at heart he was a gentleman.

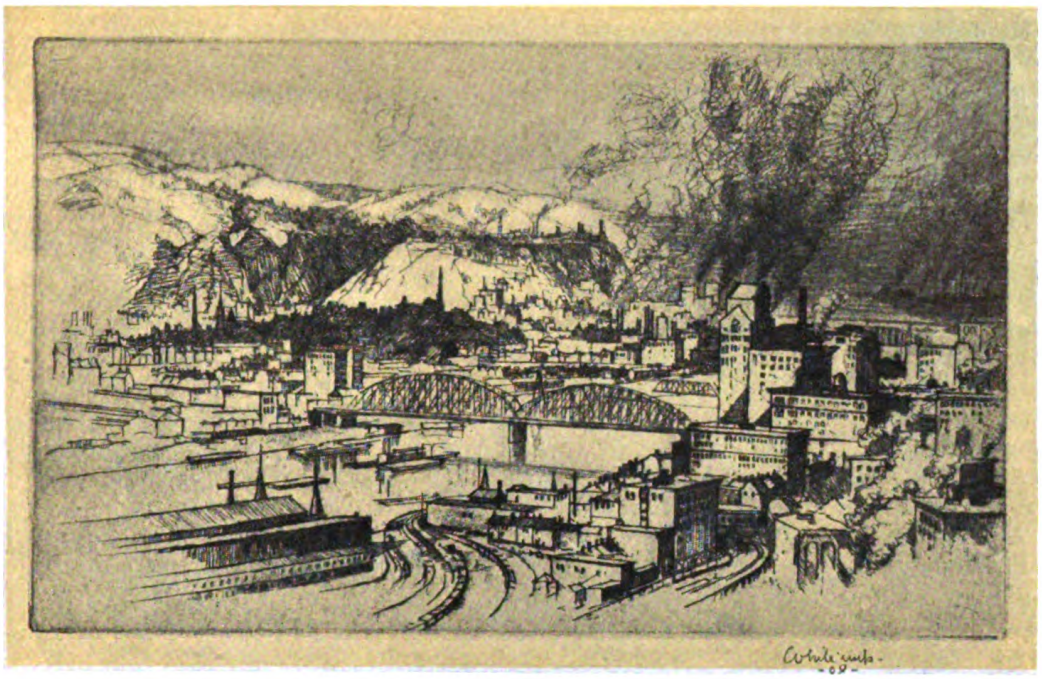
Well, I ask you, did I not do right?

No one but Jacques will admit it. M. de Milon is quite obstinate about it. The General shakes his head at me from time to time—on principle, you know. —and madame sighs without speaking. Célimène had hysterics, at breakfast. She cannot understand, she keeps repeating, how M. de Versin permitted it. I tell her it was because I was there. But you should hear Agathe. She says it is a case of atavism!

Jacques has kissed me again — with both arms, too—only this time in private.

To-morrow I start for Tonkin, to prove to Célimène that I have no wish to pose as a hero—and to see my husband.

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THE TOWERING HILLS ABOVE HAVE AN IRRESISTIBLE FASCINATION
Etched by C. H. White

Pittsburg

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

THE Pittsburger can carry more figures of large denomination on his person without your suspecting their existence than any other citizen of the United States. He is a reservoir of decimals and statistics. He must have ample justification, however, before he turns the spigot, but when he does there is a torrent no man can stem.

If provoked and inclined to extend himself, in a five-minute talk he can fill you so full of miscellaneous industries —natural gas, steel rails, tin plate, petroleum, steel pipes and sheet-metal, firebricks, tumblers, tableware, coke, pickles, and all that sort of thing—that you will begin to feel like a combination delicatessen and hardware store.

I have not begun to enumerate the different data I have collected on this subject, as I have no desire to make the reader feel small or to lose confidence in himself. As I have pointed out before, the Pittsburger, or the man who is under the influence of Pittsburg, must be provoked before he unburdens.

The difference between the Bostonian and the Pittsburger is that the latter talks of actual figures, while his more cultured brother is prone to drag lay figures into his conversation — great uncles and aunts, whom he represents as being socially prominent, or hypothetical grandfathers who are dead and buried, and therefore inaccessible to the careful and cautious investigator.

It is not easy to tell what may turn the conversation into the channel of hardware. Take a case in point.

Late one afternoon, after a tortuous climb across a rugged country that heaves in billows like the ocean, we emerged on one of those great hills encircling the city. Below us lay Pitts-

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burg, the huge, smoldering, roaring monster, flecking the uniform gray of its background with white puffs of steam. Upon the ear fell muffled detonations, varied at times by the distant metallic shriek of steel or the rumbling groan of tons of red-hot metal, twisted and tortured into new shapes.

A shimmering silver river, spanned by many bridges, threads its way between two great rocky promontories and loses itself in an exquisite distance of gray mist faintly flushed with an opalescent pink, where the forest of mammoth stacks is belching clouds of smoke and iron-ore dust, sending great banks of rose-colored smoke soaring, tumbling, and rolling upward in phantasmagoric shapes.

A great veil of smoke stretches out for miles and moves majestically over the valley like a funeral pall that threatens to obscure everything. It is not unlike some vast, ghostly flood-tide coming in from the gray, invisible country beyond, beneath which the river, the factories and bridges, the city itself, are soon submerged. Through the shroud of smoke loom gigantic shadows of the mighty promontories; a long shaft of fine golden sunlight sifts across the valley where a galaxy of lights flicker and die away like will-o'-the-wisps in the envelopment of the night; the pinnacles of the hills glow with an amber phosphorescence, and Pittsburg begins her night.

"I wonder whether an artist can ever render the significance of this," I ventured, after saturating myself with the beauty of the vista.

"I can tell you something about the significance of this place that ought to hold you for a while," began Stone, the Pittsburg member of the party. I had no desire to interrupt him, and he proceeded.

"Why, you won't believe what that signifies," he continued, embracing the valley with a great sweep of his arm. "I won't tell you that the pay-roll is three hundred and fifty millions in cold cash, for instance, because I have no desire to frighten you. I might drag in the fact that three million five hundred thousand cars bring a hundred and thirteen million net tons in and out of Pittsburg district, and I might make you feel still more up in the air by adding that I'm not including freight in transit when I mention these figures. I won't do it. It wouldn't be right. But what I *will* say casually is that if you add the harbor tonnage to this amount, it will make one hundred and twenty-two million net tons."

At this point he paused for a moment and looked about to collect applause. He got it. Helping himself to a cough-drop secreted somewhere in his vest pocket, he cleared his throat and proceeded:

"Why, say—right down on that river in a single day they shipped three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and fifty tons. I guess that's going some—eh? Why, in the valley where we're looking they are consuming daily two hundred and fifty million feet of natural gas."

He had completely withered me, and I hung limp on the railing. A few pedestrians, attracted by the vigor of his declamation, had gathered at a respectful distance. Stone was bathed in perspiration, and paused to get his breath. Before he had time to recover himself a small, wiry man with a gimlet eye and a prominent Adam's apple had seized the helm and was piloting his own narrative with a good start and a fair road ahead of him.

"Scuse me, gentlemen; I come from down there," he began, waving a stump of a hand that possessed but two fingers.

A look of encouragement was all that he desired. He got it.

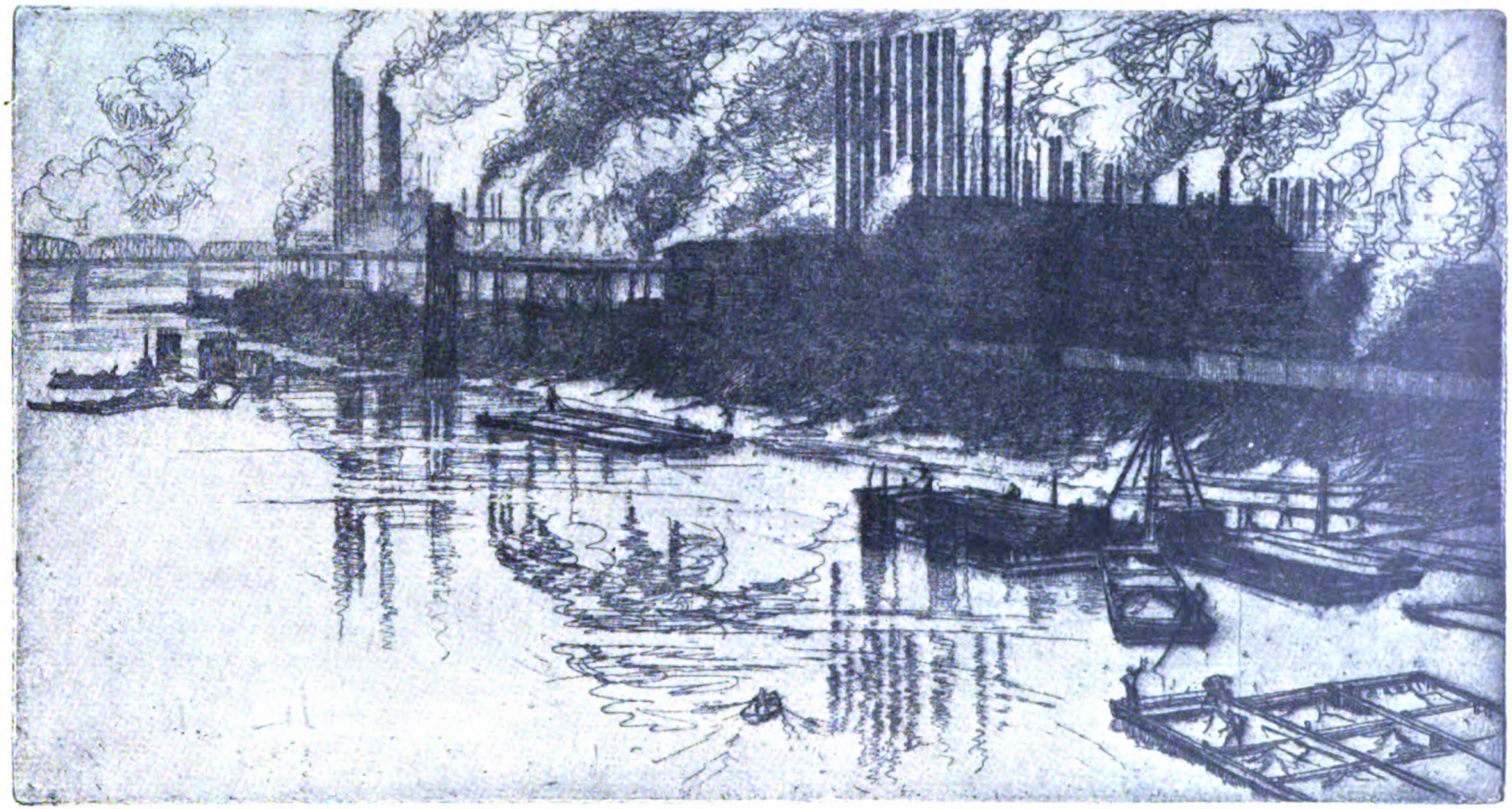
"Why, gentlemen, fingers is going down there like bananas at a country fair. Half of the big concerns have their private ambulance and surgeon, and I have known times when the undertakers and cabinet-makers were working with night shifts. When you see a man howling and coming your way in a die-punching department you have orders to grab him and hold on to him until the doctor gets him."

"How did yours go?" I asked, indicating the stump with the two solitary fingers.

"Down there in the slaughter-house." He motioned to a well known Pittsburg factory which has earned this significant title.

"A slip of the foot on the treadle when your hand's below—down she comes and off they go." He was delightfully cheer-

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FORESTS OF MAMMOTH STACKS ARE BELCHING CLOUDS OF SMOKE

Etched by C. H. White

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ful about shedding a few fingers here or there, and I felt guilty when I let myself consider how miserly some of us are in this respect.

"Five of us entered the department that day—we were all suckers, good and green—and at the end of the day three of us had lost fingers. The record for one week in that department stands at twenty-one fingers."

He then called upon the Deity to strike him dead if things were not as he represented them to be. He waited a moment to let us look at him; nothing unusual happened, and he proceeded:

"In Allegheny County alone the number of deaths from accident were two thousand six hundred and sixty. I call that getting busy."

He looked about him with an injured air for a dissenter, but nobody dared to contradict him. He paused an instant to replenish his quid of tobacco, when the fishy-eyed individual who had gradually edged up to our group stepped in briskly with a "gentlemen," and in a moment had the conversation well in hand. His face was an intelligent one, though dissipated. His collar was of celluloid; his voice thick; and his eye as uncommunicative as a glass marble. Put him on a corner in a New England prohibition town, start a two-knot breeze against him, and let an excise officer pass to the leeward, and he would immediately bustle about to look for contraband.

He shook his cuffs down, and with his face flushed with enthusiasm, began:

"I notice that you did not mention the enormous consumption of cork in Pittsburg. It runs into thousands of tons; and when it comes to churches and benevolent institutions I regret that I have been too intimately connected with them to be able to speak freely."

"It's a hard life we lead—a hard life," mused the first speaker, gazing at the mighty hills, whose lofty crests, with their little clusters of pygmy cottages clinging like barnacles to the barren rocks, towered high above the valley.

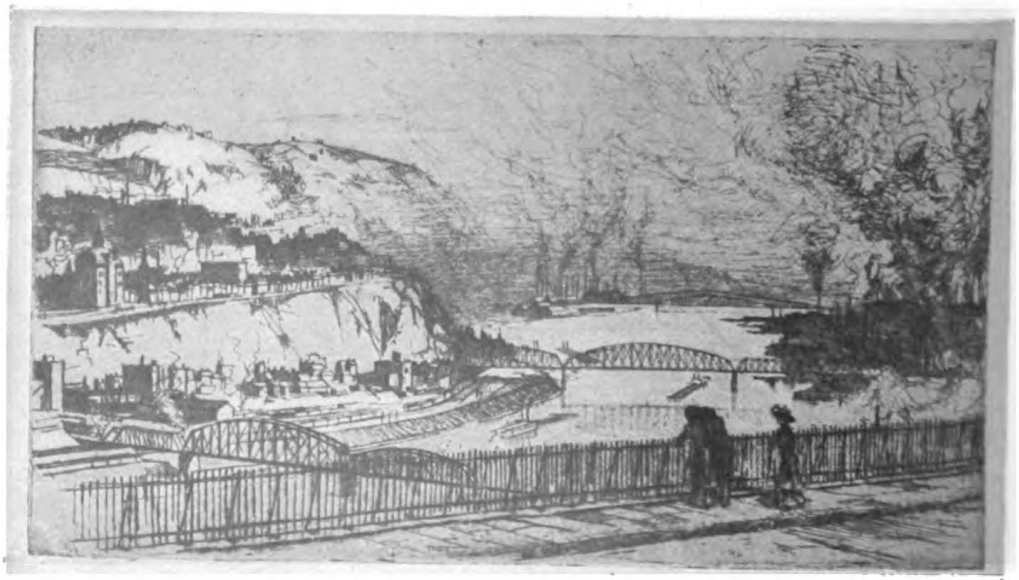
"Most of us is parrot-toed from climbing home at night," he sighed.

"You are *what?*" I gasped.

"Parrot-toed . . . ain't you ever noticed it?"

I confessed that I had not.

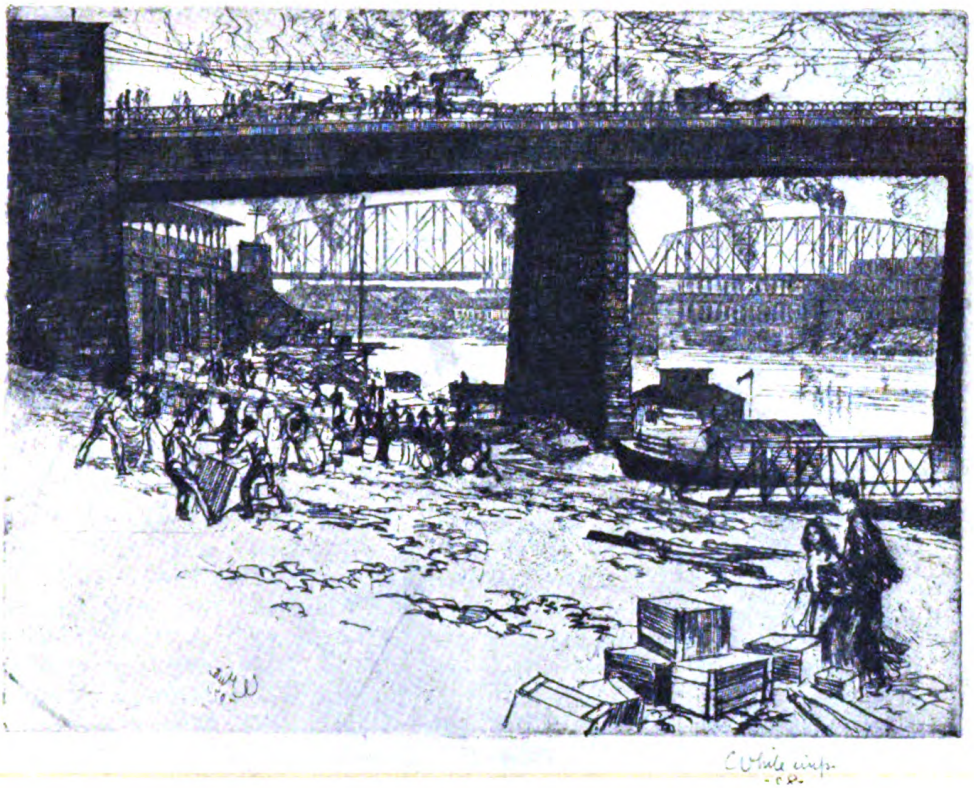
It must be said, however, that the traveller who, in idling about this rolling country in quest of the picturesque, falls a prey to this ridiculous affliction is amply rewarded for his sacrifice.



A SHIMMERING SILVER RIVER SPANNED BY MANY BRIDGES

Etched by C. H. White

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EVERY SPOT IS THE SCENE OF RESTLESS ACTIVITY
Etched by C. H. White

Once he becomes addicted to the habit of exploring Pittsburg, the towering hills above him have an irresistible fascination. The incomparable vista revealed from their crests—the tiers upon tiers of tumbling hills—sends him onward and upward tingling with a new sense of the picturesque, of space, and of limitless power and strength.

The indescribable freshness of its motives, the infinite variety of its moods, the miragelike appearance of distant hilltops, suspended for a moment in the turquoise haze and dropping mysteriously from view, the tender distances, light and volatile as ether, revealing for a moment a band of glimmering silver spanned by weblike bridges, the masterful disposition of architecture with a landscape at times primeval in character, lend an exotic beauty to this restless background that furnishes the jaded traveller with what he has begun to look upon as the unattainable—a distinctly new thrill.

Beneath its soot and grime he will discover in Pittsburg one of the most picturesque cities in America. Here he will find nothing stolen from Europe—nothing derivative. It is the very quintessence of what one is in the habit of styling "American."

My two letters of introduction brought me in contact with a type peculiar to Pittsburg. I allude to the involuntary resident — the victim of circumstances. The first was Jack Holloway, architect, originally from Boston, but recently from the Beaux-Arts, Paris. He listened patiently while I delivered my eulogy on Pittsburg.

"I admire your enthusiasm," he began, coolly, in a somewhat patronizing manner. "But you don't live here. My dear fellow, the only thought the people have here is to make money enough to get out. You can imagine how that sort of attitude gets on the nerves of a Bostonian like me. It's too sordid for words."

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"Why don't you get out?" I asked.

"I'm saving up money with that end in view," he replied, gloomily.

In the pause that followed I produced my letter to Archibald Downing, and asked Holloway whether he knew him.

"Downing is a capital fellow and a good example of the effect Pittsburg has on a man. It ruined him—yes, absolutely. Able architect—saved some money, and fell in with a man who was full of convincing propositions—natural gas and all that sort of thing. Persuaded Archibald to take a little flyer with his wad. Wanted to let him in on the ground floor. Did. Archibald is still there—can't get out."

I was somewhat at sea, when he enlightened me.

"Boring for gas isn't the pastime for a man who is in the habit of undermining his health for the sum of thirty dollars a week. Archibald drilled a thousand feet and got nothing but hot air. Then his capital gave out. It changed his entire nature—altered his whole philosophy of life. His soul has been consumed with the idea of making enough money to clear out, and he has become fearfully peevish and intolerant. Tread gently when you meet him."

My letter to Downing brought me through a labyrinth of high buildings to an office on the top floor. In the corner of a large draughting-room sat a tall, thin, bony individual, whose long, wiry neck formed a complete circuit with an immense drawing-board, on which he was marking with feverish energy. He undid his legs with some difficulty from the tall stool on which he was perched, and advanced with a cordial greeting. I asked him how he liked the place.

"You mean this room?" he asked, in amazement.

"No, I mean this—" indicating with a wave of my arm the incomparable horizon of river, sky, and smoldering factories.

"That?" This somewhat incredulously.

I nodded.

"Wait till you live here," he whispered, looking about him to make sure we were not going to be overheard. "You don't know *anything* about it. We Easterners are a totally different race and, if I say it myself, a superior race. Imagine a whole population desperately working with the sole idea of making money! That's bad enough, but they are making money to *get out*. I tell you it is disgusting, and makes a fellow feel so horribly restless he hasn't the heart to pin his favorite pictures on the wall. Everything is so transient, so *passagère*."

"Why don't you pull out?" I asked, sympathetically.

"That's why you see me here in this office after hours bending over this drawing-board. I am saving up a little wad with that end in view—this is in confidence, of course.

"Have you met Holloway?" he suddenly asked.

I replied that I had just left him.

"You no doubt saw what Pittsburg did for him. He is a good example of the manner in which a man can degenerate in this town. His ideals are like the ideals of the rest of the people here. People go money-mad . . . they can't talk about anything else. Why, it would make you sick to see the amount that is made in this town. Did it ever occur to you that Pittsburg is the second city in the United States in banking capital?"

It had not.

Archibald fixed me with the glassy, anxious, and unnaturally brilliant eye of the man who has a message to deliver. I felt instinctively that he was about to scatter decimals and tried to retreat, but he had seized me by the buttonhole.

"Pittsburg is at the head of American cities in earning capacity. Did this ever occur to you?"

I hung my head in silence and tried to shift away from him, but he closed in.

"Did it ever occur to you that Chicago, with more than five times Pittsburg's population, averages less than sixty per cent. of Pittsburg's bank earnings?"

Never before in my life had I felt such abject humility, and I explained that I had just left the sleeping-car.

"Did it ever occur to you that Pittsburg's capitalization exceeds the combined capitalization of Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Cincinnati, and Detroit?"

I remember muttering something unintelligible.

"Would you like me to put it in another way?" he asked, with an indescribable gleam in his eye.

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"Go as far as you like," I feebly answered.

"Pittsburg's capitalization exceeds that of Boston and Cleveland combined, or of St. Louis and Baltimore combined."

There was a triumphant ring to his voice as he concluded. I reached nervously for my hat.

"One moment!" he exclaimed, anticipating my intention.

"Downing," I began, with a dangerous gleam in my eye and my fingers twitching convulsively with a suppressed desire to seize him by the windpipe, "you are tiring yourself. You are a weak man and becoming feverish. Stop it, man, before you get typhoid or something horrible."

"Tut, tut! I knew it would interest you," he replied, with distressing geniality—"I knew it would interest you. I don't mind the exertion at all—I like it. I was just going to say that the capitalized strength of Pittsburg's banking institutions is one hundred and fifty million twenty-five thousand four hundred and sixteen dollars. Guess what that means."

"It's your move. I pass," I replied, limply, as my inert elbow picked up an inverted drawing-tack.

"It means a sum greater than the combined capital of Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas!" It was said in one breath, and his face was purple.

"It is eighteen millions greater than Chicago and Baltimore combined!" he concluded, digging me in the pit of the stomach with a long, bony forefinger that left me for a moment paralyzed. "Eighteen millions!"



IN THE OLD RESIDENCE QUARTER

Etched by C H White

The temptation is very great for the writer who is handling Pittsburg to fill pages with ponderous figures, and to take the unsuspecting reader into his confidence and tell him how he struck a

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200,000-pound blow by the mere touching of a button; or to talk glibly of mill buildings a quarter of a mile long, or to casually refer to steel plants a mile in length.

Once one gives way to this sort of thing he can fill pages with those charming little incidents — word-pictures — in which the author is seen standing alone in the foreground, clear-cut, with a high-light glistening on his forehead, thrillingly careless of his own safety, dodging the 180,000-pound ingots as they swing gracefully overhead, stepping lightly aside as one of the sixty-seven locomotives owned by the steel plant where he is at large rushes past into the night, only to bring up against a 190,000-pound fly-wheel which has stopped for repairs.

I shall make a supreme sacrifice and deny myself the pleasure. The bare statement that the iron and steel production in Pittsburg is 6,593,117 tons annually, conveys little meaning to one who has not seen a steel plant at night in full operation. It is a spectacle never to be forgotten, but to attempt to describe the full glory of these thundering, flaming infernos is to feel the limitations of the language and to grope about for some new vehicle of expression.

You leave with an overpowering sense of your utter insignificance, and sit speechless, gazing through your car window as titanic hills loom up in all their grandeur and race past in mighty pageant into the night, their sides and crests flaming with acres upon acres of coke furnaces, tingeing the vast rolling forms, slowly pacing across the glowing heavens with the golden splendor of some gigantic conflagration.

A Woman's Song

BY BRIAN HOOKER

GLAD and fair is my young love,
He to whom my pulses move,
He whose pleasure I obey—
Glad as dawn, and fair as day.

Very strong and sweet is he
That hath lordship over me—
He to whom I all am given—
Strong as death, and sweet as heaven.

Mary Mother, grant me this
Only, out of all thy bliss—
Let his longing never tire
(He whose lips are ice and fire)—
Make me worth his whole desire!

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Dust and the Serpent

BY LEO CRANE

"*And dust shall be the serpent's meat.*"—ISAIAH, 65:25.

ANY one who has heard Charlie Nixon bellow from a little stand just outside the entrance to the Consolidated's side show, and who has listened long enough to understand just what Charlie Nixon bellows about, half believes that all the great wonders of the world are there congregated. The big reverberating bass voice intones the song of the ballyhoo man in all sincerity. That, however, means nothing, for Charlie Nixon is paid for it, and the chief object of his song is to trap the unwary into paying. His boast that all the queer things of the earth and the marvels thereof are within the tented space is a mistake. Charlie Nixon would admit this himself, were he safe in doing so. He would say that there is no longer such a snake-charmer as Kundoo, who came from upper India, and who could pipe a cobra almost into fidelity, which is a rare accomplishment even for a brown man of caste; and perhaps Charlie Nixon might mention that there are no longer with the Consolidated the two Moquis, Chua and his wife. This would seem to be a matter of no importance, for a Moqui is merely a Moqui, and one might be tempted to say that his wife doesn't count.

It is not to be expected that a plain ballyhoo man can make the light shine on all dark places, even when honest and sincere; but the truth of the matter is that Kundoo, the snake-charmer of the East, and Chua, the Moqui snake man of the West, had a little affair in common.

Chua was not his real name. He was a Moqui and came from the Chua people, or from the "people of the snake." His real name was Tokochi, the "wild-cat," and this should be kept in mind. He was getting old, and he was with the Consolidated outfit, together with his wife Buliso, so that the enlightened people of the East might look at a real Moqui snake-dancer. Buliso was not old, for a Moqui Indian woman, and she was not ill-favored. This, when one knows that her name means "the Evening Primrose," has quite a little bearing on the story. In fact, Buliso, the woman, may be looked to as the beginning of this matter. Chua, the "snake," was very proud of her; Kundoo, the Eastern, offered her insult. Thus there was a feud between these two.

Chua was not a vicious man, but he was faithful to his racial traditions. He was of a reddish-brown color, with high cheek-bones and a straight broad nose. His eyes—and they were the slanting eyes of the true Moqui—could be gentle when Buliso engaged them. His black hair, coarse and straight, was done up in a queue in the back, and, according to the Moqui style, hung over his forehead in a bang. There was an earnestness in his face, backed by the half-religious, half-fanatical character of one who had performed the snake-dance, and who could therefore be termed no coward.

Kundoo came of those crafty, subtle folk of the upper hills, where they learn many things besides the charming of cobras. He would sit on a little platform, surrounded by a half-shield of plate-glass and gauze netting, and would play weird tunes on a flutelike pipe, and curious snakes would sway their bodies in time with his variations. It was a chilling exhibition, unless one knew that Kundoo did not endanger himself with venomous serpents at every performance. A snake is a snake and deadly, to the ignorant open-mouth beyond the netting, who has paid his coin and does not wish to be disillusioned. Now at the right-hand corner of the platform was a green-painted box, and sometimes, when the lassitude of the day lay heavy on Kundoo, so that he pined

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for serious amusement, he would open this box and play an older, a most weird strain, as Eastern as the sunrise. Then would come forth Rama, the cobra.

Rama, the cobra, was not the sort of snake to gyrate for the marvelling public. He was rather sluggish, and he would sway his yellow-brown body until a peculiar run on the flute would irritate, and then Rama would expand that terrible cobra's hood, which is a strangely fascinating sight, but which one does not hunger to see. Kundoo would only smile, a pale emotionless smile, such as he could have used on seeing an enemy die. They were the best of friends, Rama and Kundoo, the one sometimes nestling in the bosom of the other, though any one, even considering friendship, is a brave man when sitting quietly within five feet of a swaying cobra.

Thus he played one day when Chua, the snake man, stood outside the partition of glass. Chua grunted and stared. He had never seen a snake like that. Kundoo, glancing stealthily out of the corner of his eye, observed the Moqui, and remembering their grievances, smiled coldly. Otwell, the manager, stood by, watching too.

"Great snake, Harris," he said to the press-agent.

"Great!" echoed that worthy man.

"It would be worth your life to do that."

"Quicker than lightning they are," admitted the press-agent.

"Well, I guess. Say, how long do you suppose that gingersnap Kundoo would linger if Rama took it into his devil's head to strike?"

"Oh, about twelve minutes, maybe;—not more than twenty."

The Moqui smiled. He could understand their talk, and they spoke of a consummation which, had he not been of the Hopitu people, which means the peaceful ones, he could have longed to hurry.

Some day, he thought, gritting his teeth, that saffron cur in the snake's box would understand that it was no light matter to give offence to a true Moqui, who never forgets. But Chua, the snake-dancer, made no sign of interest. He stood still, listening.

"Tell the truth, boss," said Harris, "I believe Kundoo would rather die himself than lose that snake."

"I believe it too," added the manager.

Chua gave a little start, and smiled again, though one could hardly have guessed from the pose of him that he understood.

"I don't like cobras, but they are some valuable," commented the manager. "As for Kundoo, he's a jewel; we don't want to lose either of 'em."

"No," said Harris, casually, and they strolled away together.

Chua remained, watching. His eyes scarcely left the snake cage until Kundoo had piped the sinuous living death back into its green-painted box and Rama was no more to be seen. All this while the Moqui thought of many things. He smiled at times, a cold, calculating smile. When it happened that Kundoo turned and looked at him, a long stare passed between them. The stolid Moqui quivered not an eyelash, and the thin classic face of the Eastern was like a death mask. Nevertheless, Chua did not feel altogether comfortable. There was a steely glitter in those Eastern eyes, a cruelty of power, which his cruder Western nature could not understand, and therefore somewhat feared.

Turning from the place, Chua faced Harris, the press-agent, who had returned from his stroll about. It was a relief, after that awful stare, to speak with some one he knew to be kindly. Chua and Harris had been more than friendly, for Harris had passed through the pueblo country, and knew the sunlight, the stretches, and the desert of it. Chua was impelled to boast mildly when with friends.

"You think he great man with snake?"

"Wonderful, Chua," said Harris, nodding gravely.

"Ugh-h-h!" grunted the Moqui.

Harris knew enough to keep quiet.

"Much bad snake?" questioned Chua a minute later.

"Much," said Harris.

"Ugh-h-h!" and there was another silence.

"How much bad snake?"

"Like lightning," described Harris. "Kill—half hour—no medicine."

"Ugh!" sighed the Indian, crossing

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CHUA, THE SNAKE-DANCER, HAD NEVER SEEN A SNAKE LIKE THAT

his arms before him. "Me snake man. Me catch snake, no music, with hand—So . . ."

Harris took him by the arm warningly and said:

"Don't you fool with that snake, Chua! I know you great snake man, but—this no pueblo snake. Kill! You sabbe!"

The Moqui smiled disdainfully.

"You ever see snake like this? . . ." and he made a peculiar noise with his tongue and lips. It was a noise, a nervous vibration, and yet a treble note, thin and not hissing, unlike the sound of the cricket, different from the hollow clatter of pips in a gourd. Harris gave a little involuntary start, and then laughed.

"Rattler, eh?"

Chua nodded gravely.

"That much bad snake," he said, and stalked away.

Charlie Nixon (it was during the forenoon and he was resting his immense voice) said quietly, at Harris's elbow,

"What did the mutt say, ol' man?"

"Why, he was meaning a rattlesnake. Say! you ought to see 'em — they're snakes! They haven't any of this cobra delicacy and sinuous terror, but they mean business just the same. I don't want to hear any rattlers 'round here. That noise he made—why, it gave me a jolt. An' you ought to see the snake-dances in his country. I've been down there, and they'd show this Kundoo fellow some points. Go right after 'em with their bare hands! You bet! But a rattler's a square, honest sort of snake, though; he gives warning. That cobra, ugh! it makes a fellow faint to look at it. Just like the people, too; I wouldn't trust that chap Kundoo any farther than I could toss a bull by the tail. But the Moquis, they're all right."

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Chua knew how to keep his own counsel. He wanted no word trouble with Kundoo, though that devil had insulted him and his traditions. Were they out in the desert country, there would be little to relate of this matter, save the finding of a bone or two in the washes of the mesa. But Chua knew that such an argument would not prevail in the white man's territory. He smiled when he thought of snakes. What did that saffron reed know of snakes! He—he, a snake man—could show him more than a mere piping on a flute. Let him wait!

And as he thought of these things, he looked over to where Buliso, his wife, sat weaving a crude basket of the Moqui pattern. Her hair was arranged in the long pendants of the Hopi married one. She worked industriously. In her ears were the wooden disks ornamented with turquoise mosaic which he had gotten for her long ago. Then he thought of that saffron-hued devil from the marshes of the East, and Chua, the serpent, vowed vengeance.

The next afternoon, when the tents were quiet, Chua wandered about in an aimless way until he came to a high glass case. In this case there were many compartments, and in these compartments snakes. Sometimes active in the relentless pursuit of a luckless mouse, for the most part the reptiles lay as if dozing in a stupid torpor. Chua examined this case and shook his head. There were too many snakes; he wanted one. Then it was that he turned to a huge glass box, where, coiled like a thick mat, was resting a diamond-woven thing, its spade-shaped head lying as a deadly dart upon the topmost fold. The tail resembled a bunch of disks tightly strung together. Chua looked down through the glass, into the eyes of the snake, and smiled.

This was a real snake, one from his own country. It was a vicious-looking thing, a bottle of labelled poison, quiet, dozing, carrying with it the lives of many men. And this was the sort of snake he had handled fearlessly when in the religious fervor of the dances. As if conscious of its vitriolic powers, the snake lay passive, save when the two little pools of hatred which it had for eyes twinkled in the beams of the sunlight.

Chua could remember searching for such snakes with the priests, fairly digging them out of their holes in the sands and bringing them to the kivas, sometimes tied in a shirt sleeve, to be transferred to the snake bags amid ceremonies; and he could hear the hissing of them in the kivas when they were sprinkled with meal; and the invocations and the chants of the tribal doctors Chua seemed to hear as faint dreaming sounds. He recalled the ceremony of snake-washing, and he wondered if that saffron reed would care to wash such a snake as this. Chua grunted and smiled again. At some performance of the afternoon, when the cobra would be brought forth, Chua meant to humiliate them, master and pet together. It would be a grand stroke, this revenge of his planning, and he would not stand without glory in the affair. He went away to busy himself in the manufacture of a peculiar wand, a stick from which drooped two long feathers. It was a snake whip of the Moqui priests.

But a whole week passed before Chua had his opportunity. This came one hot summer's day. The afternoon performance was on, and the thousands packed in the great exhibition tent, where are the arenas and the race-course, knew nothing of this little drama of the cages. Those few loungers in the outer tent were treated to a sight seldom, perhaps never before, witnessed in even so marvellous a gathering of sights as a circus.

Kundoo had found the long humid afternoon irksome, and he piped Rama out from the green box. Those loungers who had found more interest in the caged beasts than in the aerial performances of acrobats strolled to this half glass, half netted enclosure and looked on. The cobra's little eyes glittered as evil beads. Weird was the music Kundoo played for its swaying, and the snake of the East bent gracefully to the rhythmic strains.

Then it was that a crash of glass sounded from the other side of the tent, and there was immediately a stirring of the straw, as Chua, waving his feathered wand and shouting, pursued something gliding before him.

"Look out!" called one of the showmen, warning the knot of people aside. "There's a snake loose in the straw.

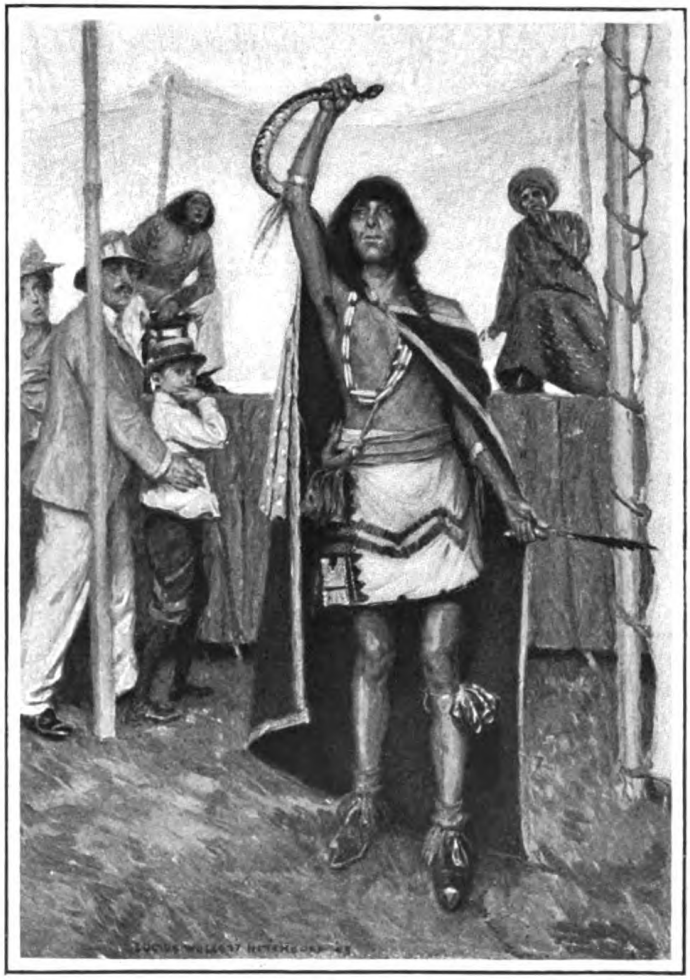
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Stand away, you folks. We'll have him in a minute."

The circus hand made no pretence of capturing the snake himself, however, and they saw it coil on a little cleared patch of earth. As if angry that it had been given liberty in so tumultuous a fashion, the snake writhed itself into a position and attitude of defence.

Kundoo dared not cease the piping of his weird music. This momentary confusion and noise had so animated the cobra that its wicked little head beat out of time, and all the attention of the player had to be kept riveted on the thing before him. The eyes of the charmer and the charmed both glistened in a momentary emotion of hostility and excitement. Kundoo played as though for his very life. The beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Gradually the piping soothed the cobra back into a graceful languor.

Chua had advanced to the rattler. He cast his blue blanket before the snake, and immediately there had been a strike into the thick folds of it. Now was the straightened reptile prevented from coiling for another blow. The feathered wand stroked it with the confidence of a practised hand. A minute of this and the rattler was confused. Unable to coil, it was partially defenceless, and a sudden pressure of the wand behind its head allowed the swift hand of Chua to grasp its neck. He stood upright, saluting with his feathered wand in a spirit of triumph, his face smiling; and then, with a fling as quick as his grasping of the snake, Chua slung the rattler over into the enclosure where sat Kundoo piping his tremulous song to the cobra. The flopping of the rattlesnake's length on the floor caused Kundoo to break his music in sheer consternation. The cobra dropped its head to the floor, as



He stood upright in a Spirit of Triumph

if exhausted and limp, on the strains ceasing. And in that moment Kundoo leaped in spasmodic fear over the top of the netting, falling into the straw outside. He lay panting, his eyes showing the terror that possessed him. Chua grunted disdainfully. The saffron reed of the East had been introduced to a real snake, a snake of the West.

Now the two ribbons of death eyed each other in the enclosure. Enchantment and the weird music of it had fled. The sinuous lengths stirred with quick

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Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

ALL THE COLORS OF THE TWO WORLDS MET IN THESE TWO BEINGS

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writhings, as if measuring each its venom. At one end, the Western poison coiled in a thick heap, its blunt head swaying angrily, its fangs playing through its lips in a half-fanciful wickedness. The East, at first startled and trembling from the spell of the charm, was now enraged. In the cobra's eyes gleamed a deadly fire. Its head, balanced on one-third of its erect length, swayed from side to side in a quivering arc of wrath, and the hood distended until it was a horrible puff, bloated and ugly.

Kundoo, pale and distressed, trembled at the side of the glass box. Chua, stolidly intent, stared from the other side. Now would they see a snake in action, not piped into dreaming idleness by the quaverings of a faking magician. Now would they see the great snake of the Painted Desert defend its title against this pitiful adder of the foreigner. Chua thrilled with silent exultation.

There swayed the thong of yellowish-brown — hooded, malignant, erect; the rattler had coiled, a tense spring, the blunt head of it rigid as an evil dart, poisoned and vicious. Only a yard of sanded floor separated them now. Only a half minute of suspense intervened. The rattler sounded its terrible slogan of battle, and the cobra answered this with a thin treble note. The rattler's head shot forward, a rigid thing, pulsating with rage. So quick was this propulsion that the spectators started forward, their noses touching the close meshes of the netting. The cobra met this attack with a lightning stroke. The rattler was struck while in the air. As the snakes dropped to the floor of the enclosure, the cobra whipped away from the squirming foe, and sounding its high-pitched note again, was almost instantly ready for a second attack at the far end of the cage.

Kundoo's eyes lighted with an eager glint on seeing this. The rattler coiled and sprang again, but this time wildly, and there seemed not so much of evil in its effort. Again was he met by the terrible dart of the cobra, and again the rattler tried to coil. But this time there was a weakening, and the movement betrayed an exhaustion. The two snakes faced each other now without stirring. The head of the rattlesnake played in and out with a slowly diminishing motion, as the stopping pendulum of an old clock. Pitifully the half-coiled length began to relax. The head sank lower and lower. Still eying its foe of the farther East, the rattler gave a convulsive shudder, and the rattles of it sounded a last hollow defiance.

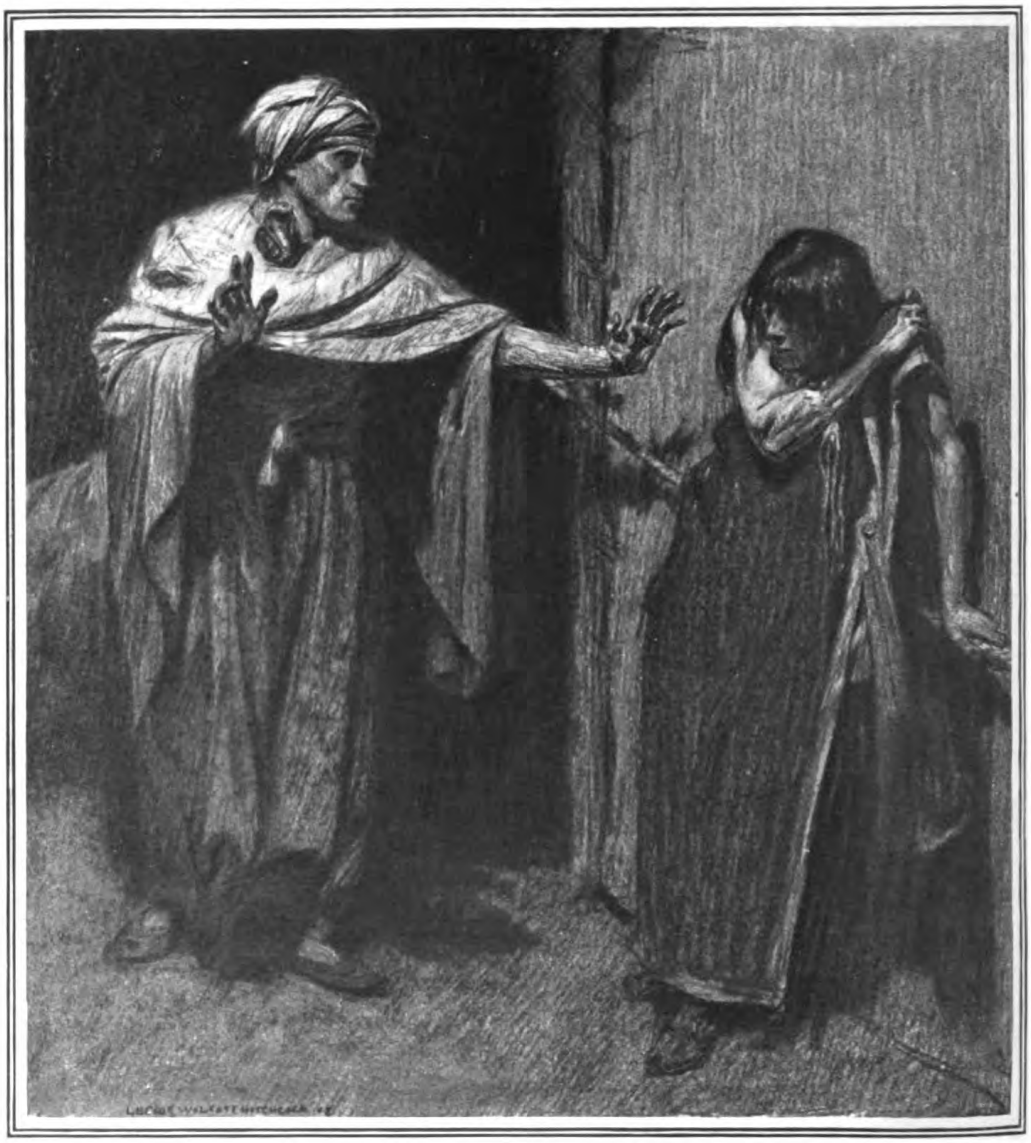
Chua, the Indian, stared like a wild-eyed thing at the side of the enclosure. As the snake's head drooped lower and lower, he looked up to meet the mocking smile his enemy bestowed on him. The rattlesnake lay as an old glove. The blunt head ceased to move, was still. Chua, the Moqui, walked away muttering, and Kundoo, picking up his pipe, began to play the cobra into gentleness.

The East had triumphed. Chua marvelled when he ceased trembling. What powers had this devil that he could not prevail against them? His champion, his very god, had been defeated in the struggle. And who knew but that one of his very ancestors lived in the body of the vanquished snake, tortured by that poison of the Eastern mires, a polluted thing. Chua was shamed. He would kill that cobra. What did he fear of a snake! He had carried them in his mouth, and he cared not a whit more for one than the other. He would kill that vile, puff-throated thing himself this very night.

When the tents were still, and only the noise of an elephant rustling the hay, or the stamping of a restless horse in the near-by stable, could be heard, Chua, the Indian, slipped down toward the house of the cobra. Silently he went along, using every art of the swift-moving Indian. In his hand he carried one of the boomerangs of his people. It was a piece of seasoned wood, hard and polished. Once the snake was out—dumped from its retreat in the green-painted box —what chance would it have against that swiftly whirling thing with which he had killed running rabbits? Chua balanced the curved weapon in his hand and rejoiced that his ancestors of the Chua people would not go unavenged.

But hardly had he stooped close to the side of the netted enclosure, when, in the dim light, a figure came slowly toward him. There was a single oil-

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FROM THE NECK OF THE OTHER'S TUNIC THE SLENDER HEAD OF THE COBRA PLAYED

lamp burning to the left, and not until Kundoo had advanced within its pale circle did the Moqui see him.

No word was spoken. But it seemed that a silent accusation passed from the thin ascetic-looking one to his cruder brother of the desert. All the colors of the two worlds met in these two beings—behind the one, generations of a cultivation, an art, a religion, and an occult mysticism that had long ago reached the pinnacle of perfection and had begun to decline; with the other lived the purer virility of a desert people, the courage of fanaticism, the strength imparted by a rigorous life in a barren, arid country. In this moment of meeting, looking into each other's eyes as if from across the deep chasm separating them, the subtle intelligence again proved its power. The Moqui became rigid. His eyes stared into those of the Eastern as if into a vast enchanted pit. Never before had the Moqui felt that he was prisoner to a pair of darkly glowing eyes. In the first instant, before the power held him, Chua had trembled to see that from the loose neck of the other's tunic the slender head of the cobra played out, and he knew that the snake he sought lay safe

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against the brown skin of its master. Then all this disappeared, faded, was lost in the wonderful captivity he played to those fascinating eyes. The robe's sharp outline, the contour of the Hindoo's head, the bright circle of the light, all blurred slowly into a vague half-clouded atmosphere, and that other one which he had called a saffron reed swayed gracefully, became a yellowish tinged thing, a hideous malignant thing, with glittering eyes and a long, slender, evil head—a thing that resembled . . . was a swaying snake! . . .

Weakness overcame the Moqui. He fancied the thing at his throat.

Then the spell was lifted, and weak as his own champion had been after the terrific struggle with the cobra, Chua sank down into the straw and watched the robed figure of the other fade into the dark recesses of the dim tent. He could hear the sandals scraping over the earth and rustling in the thin layers of straw.

A moment of deep labored breathing, almost gasping, and the Moqui started for the outer air. He wanted to rid himself of the horrid atmosphere and to stand under the stars. It was very dark on the circus lot. He hurried away among the wagons into the black. In his hand he still carried the boomerang, but he had forgotten it, save that it was something into which he tried to press his nails.

Then Chua heard the scraping sandals again. He trembled, he shook as a leaf in the wind. Was the devil following him? He stepped into the deep shadow of a big canvas-covered wagon and waited, fear in his heart, quivering. A few minutes he waited. The deep inhalations of the night air seemed to fill him with a sterner purpose, a courage more nearly like that he had carried through the lonely arid stretches of the deserts.

About fifty feet away glimmered the faint circle of a light. The lamp itself was hung from a wagon end, and only the halo of its beam could be seen straight fifty feet before the crouching Indian. The shuffling sandals came on, on, and then a vague figure, robed, gliding, he could see advancing in the pale light. The figure came slowly into the clearer circle, and a glint at the throat of the Eastern showed where the head of the cobra nestled, one evil power kissing the brown skin of the other.

Chua, the Moqui, scarcely dared to breathe. What chance had he against this evil pair? They had vanquished his very gods. Then something like that old fanaticism of the dance impelled him to swift action. Those eyes were not fastened on his, as when in the tent he had been enchanted. But whenever they again ensnared him, Chua felt the polished surface of the boomerang and balanced the wooden weight in his hand. Could he—dared he—the man was in the full circle now, under the masked light, and the one tiny bead showed plainly at his throat.

Suddenly, as a panther would prepare to spring, the sinews of the Moqui grew tense and hard. The boomerang swept in a wide circle. It went hurtling through the air. It struck the other, Kundoo, fairly in the breast.

Chua, the Moqui, leaped upright, and stood a quivering savage. He threw upward his arms in an invocation.

"Now, god of snakes! . . ." he said.

And when Kundoo was found next day, it was said that the cobra had turned in spite against him. It lay, a broken coil, in his tunic, the fangs in his throat.

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The Camel-Trader from Ain el Kaum

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was a fortunate encounter of a windy night at the khan of the camel-drivers. Damascus was indoors—in the coffee-houses and khans and shuttered dwellings—or timidly abroad. Now were the nights before the pilgrimage; outcasts and thieves, come from the mountains and nearer deserts, lurked in the dark bazars, slinking in from the alleys. Apprentices, left to lock the stalls, belated artisans and shopkeepers, young sparks of the town, honest foot-passengers of every condition, made haste and wisely kept to the wall. Beyond the security and comfortable glow of the Sûk Ali Pasha a woman was on her knees, in the darkness of the ass-market, wailing: "For God's sake, give me bread! The grain - merchants have stripped the poor, curse them! A *metallik*, men, for bread! In the name of God, give!" A fool with a *tabl*, beating on that little drum an accompaniment to a foolish song, ran joyously past. Two men, wrapped from the weather in great cloaks, came striding down, gigantic in the shadows, swords dragging. They paused by the beggar; having cursed and belabored the dogs that troubled them, they went on. The woman was left alone again, still raising her doleful clamor.

Across the deserted square, in a bazar of the poor, a half-witted vender of sheeps' tails was huddled over a charcoal fire, patiently expecting late customers as a gift from God. The tatters of a rotted canopy swaying in the wind with a trailing vine shut out the clear light of the stars. It was here, but somewhat past the red light of the half-wit's fire, that Taufik stumbled over a litter of pups, sound asleep in the refuse. Starting away from the yelp and growl, he unhappily chanced to tread on a crippled boy, who had curled up by the wall. We appeased the outcry; but to escape the confusion, which instantly began to gather, must dodge into a winding alley—a strip of velvet sky above, puddles of yesterday's rain underfoot; the walls high, blank, approaching overhead; the doors all shut and barred. Presently, as we went with caution over the slippery stones, a ragged *fellah* brushed past. There issued then from the khan of the camel-drivers a black Bedouin, his *kaffiyeh* and *agal* and *abba* all awry, who began to raise a great clamor at the heels of the *fellah*, beseeching him by God to return and be a witness to the truth of his contention, for he was being robbed by a camel-driver from Baghdad.

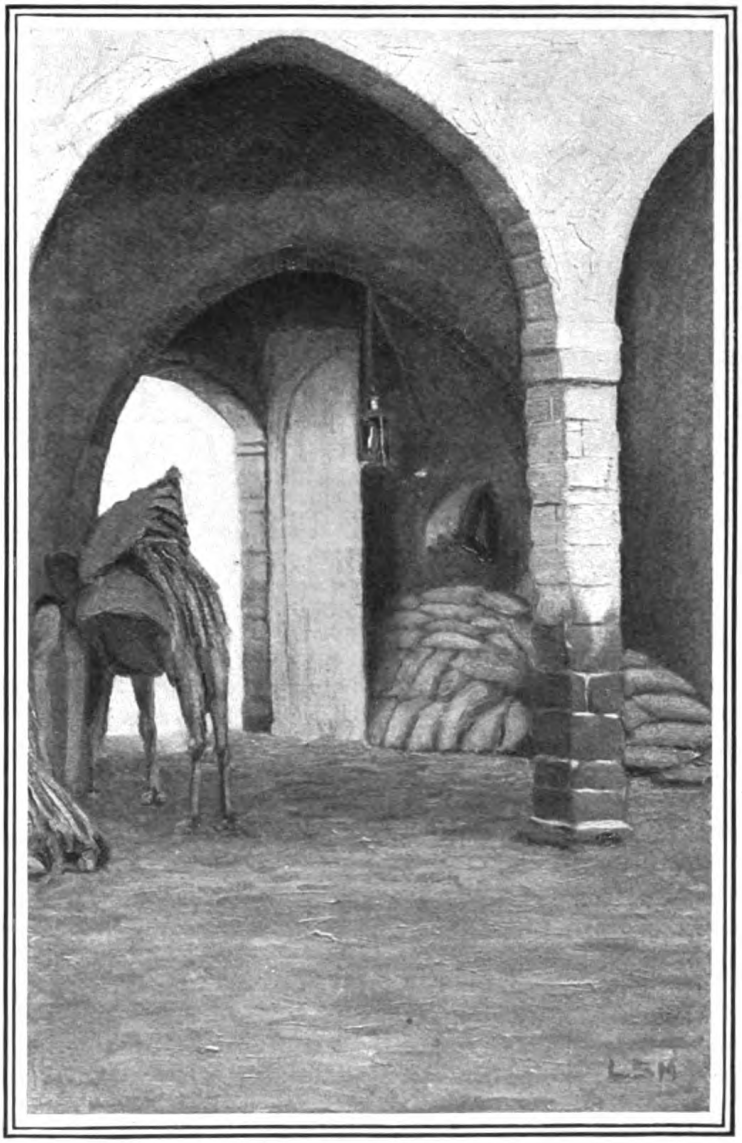
Led by these mischances, we followed to the stable-yard of the khan, incidents of a ragged, frowzy, gravely enwrapped group, in the midst of which the *fellah* and the black Bedouin, disregarding the intrusion, had already occupied the camel-driver in a fashion amazingly noisy for the occasion of the dispute—the matter of a cracked coin. Here was a situation of much promise, as it seemed: a trade and a cracked *beshlik*, a *fellah*, a black Bedouin, and a camel-driver from Baghdad, fast approaching the point of explosion. They would presently take (I fancied) either to a savagely brutal stabbing or to some maidenly slapping—there was no telling which. But there was no climax of the sort; the keeper of the khan, inopportunely appearing at the moment—a one-eyed, hook-nosed man, lean to the bones—put an end to the dispute by ferociously ejecting the three and barring the door. What happened in the alley I do not know, for I was fortunately not ejected; but within, in the course of a lively discussion of the merits of the case, I made the engaging acquaintance of the pious camel-trader from Ain el Kaum, with whom, shortly, I was not only drinking coffee in the crazy balcony above the stable-yard, but enjoying with

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him, as he recited it, the rare flavor of his rascality.

This was Abdullah. . . .

"Listen, *khawaja*," said he, leaning into the candle-light, his lean brown face drawn with the intensity of his conviction, "and I will tell you this: Let the fool go to the ass for help in a camel trade. By the Prophet, there is no mercy! Camel for camel!" he proceeded, tapping my sleeve with the henna-stained tip of a slender fore-finger. "It is a sickness. By the Merciful! there is no cure once it takes you. I have known a man to give his sister to boot in trade for a black camel bred at El Jerisi; and I myself was tempted to leave Hassan, my son, as hostage for the payment of four hundred piastres I lacked in the trade for a Nejd beast on the Baghdad route. It was not required, God and the Prophet befriending, for the man was a fool; but I loved that camel, and the will was with me. I was then," he began, "seven days on the road from Baghdad, leading a lazy Turkestan beast, square as a box, haired like a he-goat of the Lebanon hills, with a neck like the Prophet's tree you may see in the Sûk es-Surûjiyeh. Not a hundred *rotels* on the beast's back, with Hassan, my son, a feather's weight more; and yet she groaned at the loading like a starved wood-carrier of the town. But, by the grace of God"—with a little shrug of resignation—"I came with my camel, with Hassan, my son, and with one hundred piastres in my pocket, to a camel-breeding tribe from the south, encamped by the road; and there—ah, *khawaja!*"



THE STABLE-YARD OF THE KHAN

The table was tapped to demand attention.

"There, ah, *khawaja!*" sighed the trader, gently, with a reminiscent leer of delight, "I saw a camel that was better than my camel; and I loved that camel, and could go no step beyond it."

I asked for the story of the trade.

"God willing!" he answered.

In the silence some camel-driver of the pilgrims, half asleep on a heap of meal

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bags in the stable-yard below, began to sing, imploring his blessed she-camel, in a lack-interest, nasal drawl, to remember the dewy grass beyond, and be strong on the march, that the tomb of the Prophet, the Holy Mosque itself, might surely be visited.

"A flea hop in his throat!" growled the trader.

The singer fell asleep.

"*Khawaja,*" the story went on, "I was afflicted with admiration. It is the truth. I knew that I must devise a way of possessing the camel that was better than my camel, or perish; and I told the owner that I had fallen in love with his beast. 'Come!' said I; 'let us trade. Your camel for mine, and I will pay the difference, for I love your camel more than my own.' 'Love my wife, if you will,' he answered, 'but leave my dog and my camel, for I am a jealous man. Where *is* your camel?' Then I asked him, 'By Allah! where is the profit in exhibiting my camel if you will not part with yours?' 'By Allah!' said he, 'we should spend time like fools. Is your camel near at hand?' 'It is no matter,' said I, 'for I have no mind to show her.' Then I led him to my camel. 'It is a waste of time,' said he, 'to look twice at a beast from Turkestan.' But he examined my camel; and I observed, *khawaja,* that he failed to discover a soft tendon in the left hind leg, and I was hopeful, for he seemed like a fool. But he scorned my camel, after all, asking what he should do with a hairy, northern-bred cow, which might climb mountains like a goat, but was not equal to a day's journey at midsummer in the desert. It was true, all that he said, and there was the soft tendon besides, in addition to an evil temper, and a gathering under the shoulder; but the words wounded me, and I knew then that I should have the man's camel, by the grace of God, if only to teach him the value of my own.

"I was humble, *khawaja,* and followed the man to his tent, praying that the favor of the Prophet might disclose a trick with which I could persuade him. 'I am a compassionate man,' said he, 'and I will take pity. Give me your beast and five hundred piastres and the thing is done. By Allah, and Mohammed the Prophet of Allah! it is my last word.' 'It is a reasonable demand,' I answered; 'but I have no more than one hundred piastres in the world. I will take your camel, leaving Hassan, my son, as security for the payment of the balance.'"

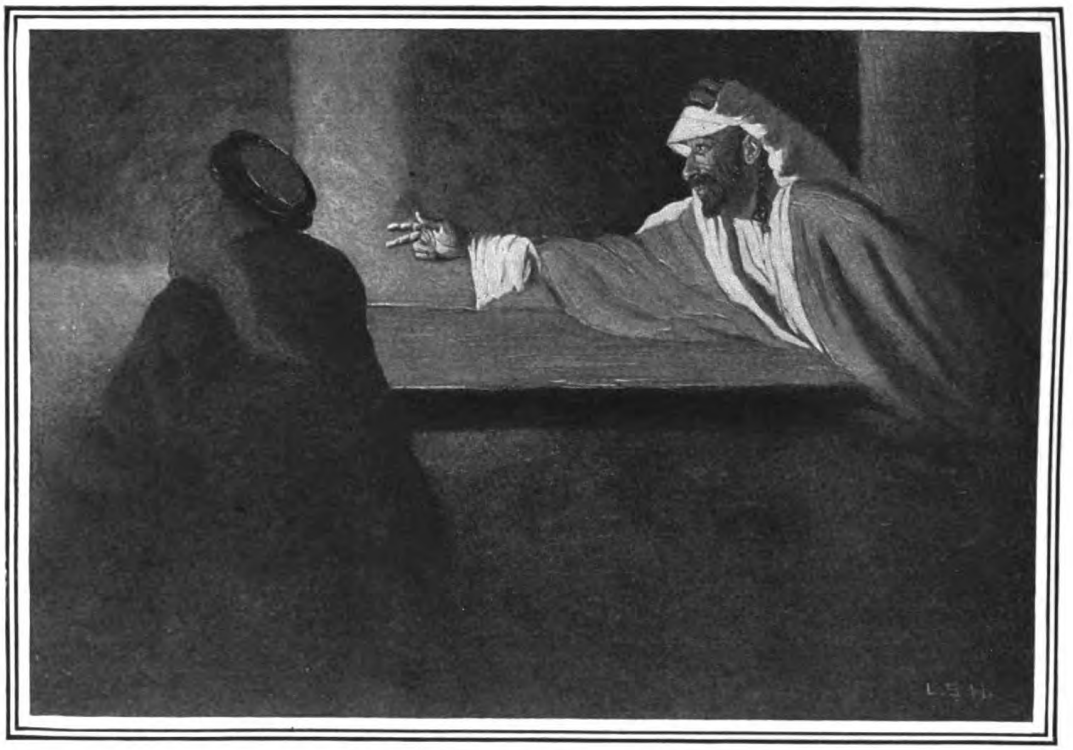
The camel-trader leaned again into the candle-light, his long arm at full length, his fingers stiffened in the Bedouin fashion: the whole figure tense.

"By the grace of God," said he, "the sacrifice was not required! *Khawaja,*" he whispered, with a cunning droop of the eye and twitch of the lip, "there is a proverb: Tie your dog or pay the stranger."

The application was obscure.

"*Wellah!*" he continued, "it is the truth. Listen! It is a law of the Bedouins that the dog which bites a stranger shall be killed. There is more: it is required that the owner of the dog shall reward the stranger for this mistreatment. Listen!" he proceeded, a little tremolo of joyous excitement in his voice. "By the grace of God I observed that the owner of the camel that was better than my camel had been unwise with the dog that he loved; and I knew then that the trade was delivered into my hands, though I had but a hairy Turkestan beast by the halter and one hundred piastres in my pocket. 'Hassan,' I said to my son, 'the Prophet is with us. Observe that the man's dog is loose. Take a lesson from what I do.' Then, *khawaja,* when the master's back was turned I insulted the dog with all my might, and the dog was unable to withstand the temptation of my person, which I had placed within his reach. I was sorely bitten in the leg, so that my *kamis* was torn and bloody; but this I bore with resignation, by the power of the Prophet and of God, for the man's camel was mine. 'I would not take one thousand piastres for my dog,' cried he. 'Come!' he besought; 'conceal this thing from the sheikh; give me one hundred piastres and your camel, and take my beast.' I answered, 'It would leave me penniless.' 'Camel for camel, then,' said he, 'and say no more.' I answered, 'I am tired of walking.' 'By Allah!' said he, 'I love my dog; take your camel and my camel and depart.' I answered, 'It is true that you love your dog; but who

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THE CAMEL-TRADER LEANED AGAIN INTO THE CANDLE-LIGHT

will pay the thousand piastres the sheikh will award me for the damage your dog has done?' '*Wellah!*' cried he, 'leave me at least the dust on my feet; take one hundred piastres and begone.' I answered, 'I am a compassionate man; three hundred will be sufficient.' And I took two hundred piastres, *khawaja*, and his camel and my camel, and journeyed on toward Damascus, with Hassan, my son, who profited much by the experience."

The camel-trader laughed, with his little eyes puckered up, his lips drawn away, so that his long, yellow teeth shone in the candle-light.

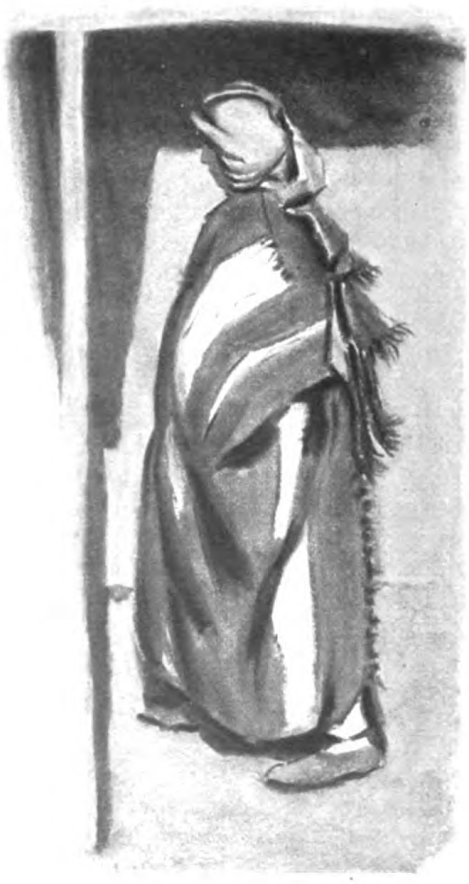
This camel-trading Abdullah from Ain el Kaum—this spare, peering, cunning fellow in a brown *abba* falling from his shoulders in generous folds, with a *kaffiyeh* of white silk shadowing his face and kept in place with two ropes of camel's hair—this Bedouin had hands capable of an emotional performance amazing to behold. They were incredibly garrulous; there was no end to their running on; they were never at a loss; they chattered away with oily ease: creating no boredom, always entertaining and elegant and talkative to purpose. They were slender, long-fingered, delicately formed and tinted hands, tipped with smooth little nails: showing no mark whatsoever, neither wrinkle nor stain, of what is elsewhere called work, though they had doubtless been honorably industrious on many a dark, halter-loosing, camel-thieving night. It was as though they existed in friendly independence of Abdullah — softly emerging from the sleeves of the *abba* when the outlook was threatening, flying into violent action at critical moments. At any rate, they were never idle; they were continuously in attitudes, designed with instant and accurate genius to illustrate and impress. The clever mockery of Abdullah's sister, who so fascinated the owner of a high-bred camel of the Israigan strain that an outrageous trade was perpetrated against him, was conveyed not so much by Abdullah's coquettish accent, by the flash of his eye, darting with deadly intention from the shadow of his *kaffiyeh*, as by the yielding, love-lorn despair with which his hand fell fluttering upon his heart, and there reposed,

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exhausted but ecstatic. Nor in the tale of the camel with the glass eyes, which he told before we left him, was his contempt for the poor beast expressed in any way so thoroughly as by the lift of that selfsame hand, palm upward, bidding the thing begone from memory. The hands were busy indeed in support of the tongue, until the tongue was through with the tale; and then they crept quietly back into the sleeves of the *abba*, leaving nothing in the candlelight but the trader's dark, black-bearded face, lean to the point of emaciation, delicately wrinkled about the little black eyes by past sunlight, the long, yellow, ratlike teeth now disclosed by a devilish sort of glee.

"*Khawaja*," said Abdullah, proceeding now to relate the experience of the needle and thread, "the Bedouins have a proverb: I went to hunt, and was hunted." He laughed a little, reminiscently, as he accepted a cigarette, tapping my hand to indicate his readiness to kiss it, but wisely saving me the embarrassment. "Listen!" said he. "By Allah!" he swore, according to his custom, "I speak the truth." Abdullah's hands emerged from the seclusion of his sleeves to commend his words. "Coming to Damascus with camels for sale to the pilgrims," said he, "as I am now come, but then from the north and now from the east, I met two camels at a village by the way, and loved them. I considered those camels," he continued, a finger touching my sleeve in a way of the faintest, but yet somehow more impressively than had the man gripped my wrist, —"I considered those camels, saddled with new cloth, shaved and harnessed, standing in the city market three days before the pilgrimage, when camels are bought foolishly by the anxious, and I loved them more than ever. The owner was by the grace of God a fool, a wood-seller, who cut from the hills and sold by weight in the market, taking from the backs of his beasts. There is a proverb: A fool succeeds in his own house, not in trade; and the owner of the camels was a man of that sort.

"'But,' said this wood-seller, 'I need my two camels; how shall I carry wood to Damascus without them?'



HASSAN

"'It is true, I answered, 'that you need your camels; let us not buy and sell, but trade, lest some damage be done you. I have here,' said I, 'a splendid beast, with which I hesitate to part, but must, because I love your camels; and I will trade him, but not easily, because I loved him well before I came to this place and fell in love with your beasts.' 'I will not trade two camels for one,' said he, 'even if the one is an ameer's *thelûl*, because one camel would make my business unprofitable. I am three days' journey from Damascus, and must have two camels, or turn weaver.' 'You are a wise

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man,' said I, 'and will certainly get the advantage of me; but still I will risk the loss, and trade with you, for admiration has overcome me. I will give you my camel,' said I, 'for the choice of your two, if you give me two hundred piastres to boot. If I did not love your camels like a fool I should not do it.' 'I will never,' said he, 'give you two hundred piastres to boot; but you may take your choice, if you will, so that I may understand which of my camels is the better. I am a wood-cutter, without two hundred piastres to my name, and I have but now taken my sister's sister-in-law and five children to keep, for the man was a fool, and permitted himself to be murdered by an enemy in Mesopotamia, and the murderer, by God! paid no more than an English pound to escape.' 'Poor man!' said I; 'let me examine your camels, that you may know which is the better and which the worse.'"



TWO CAMELS AT A VILLAGE BY THE WAY

Abdullah leaned toward me with an inquisitive, bantering little smile. "The *khawaja* is wise," said he, with a coquettish flirt of the hand; "let him answer me this: Did I tell the man the truth or a lie?"

"Of course," I answered, most heartily, "you lied like a thief!"

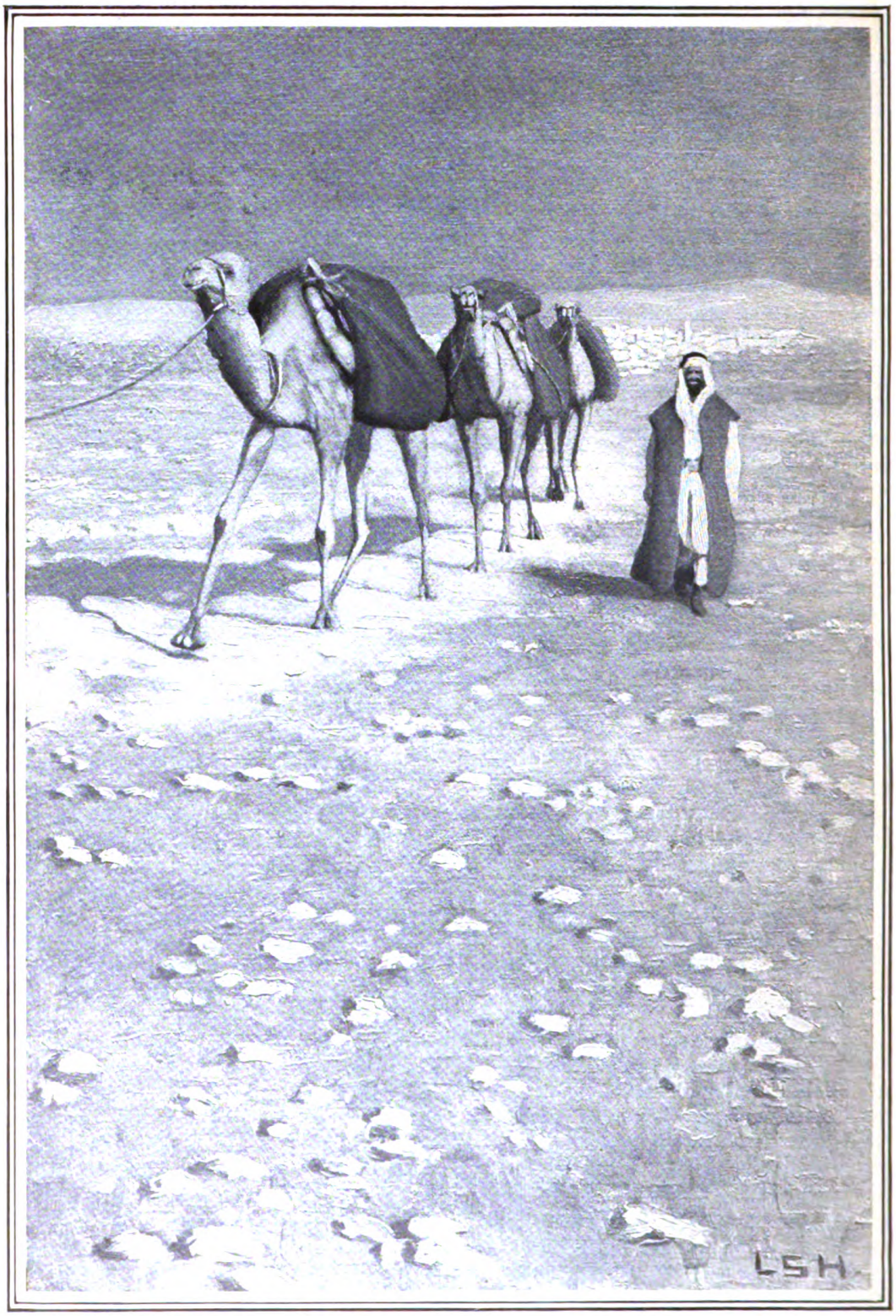
"Not so," he protested; "it was the truth."

"Wherefore?"

To express the amazement to which he had been moved by my simplicity, Abdullah, in the Bedouin fashion, put the thumb and forefinger of his right hand together, spreading the other fingers, and ejaculating "Tst, tst, tst!" slowly raised his hand, the while lifting his eyes to heaven. "But, indeed," said he at last, "the *khawaja* is inexperienced in trade. I would that I might exchange camels with him as with the wood-cutter. I told the truth to mislead the man. No lie is so useful in trade as the truth appearing as a lie. 'Trade the red camel,' I said; 'but if you know about camels, keep the black, for it is a rare beast.' And now, *khawaja*, as I had foreseen," Abdullah continued, in a cunning whisper, "the man, being a fool in love with his cunning, thought I had lied; and he would not trade the red camel, which was the worse, but must part with the black, which was the camel of my heart's desire. 'The red camel I love,' said he, 'but the black troubles me, and I will bargain with you. Come!' said he; 'lead me to your camels that we may make terms.' I thought the man a simpleton, and freely led him to my camels, suspecting no guile, but would not trade until a night had passed; and when he had departed, *khawaja*"—leaning close to impart the cleverness—"bearing in mind the future of Hassan, my son, I planned to lame the black camel that I loved."

The flare of the match with which Abdullah touched his cigarette illuminated a depth of self-satisfied cunning.

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Drawn by Lauren S. Harris

STRUTTING BEHIND HIS STRING OF BEASTS CAME ABDULLAH FROM AIN EL KAUM

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"That night," said he, "I thrust a needle in the sole of the black camel's foot, choosing the black from the red in the dark by my knowledge of the hind legs of both, for the red was knock-kneed,—thrust the needle deep, *khawaja,* and closed and dusted the little hole, so that it could not be detected. The device was successful: in the morning the man's camel was lame; but so, by Allah! was mine. It is the truth, by God and Mohammed the Messenger of God! My camel was lame. When I called to him to rise I saw that he favored the left fore foot. Again and again, *khawaja:* down and up again; but always with the same result; my camel had gone lame in the night, and was of no value to me, bound as I was to Damascus with camels for sale to the pilgrims. 'Come!' I said to the owner of the black camel, 'let us bargain for your beast.' 'It would indeed be poor bargaining,' he answered, 'for my camel has gone lame; but nevertheless I will trade a lame camel for a lame camel.' Then I knew that the man had lamed my camel, because he knew that my camel was lame; and I left him, and I discovered the thread which he had tied tightly about the left fore leg of my camel near the shoulder, and I cut the thread, and rested the beast, and led him out to trade. 'By Allah!' cried the man, when he saw my camel sound upon his feet, 'you have the evil eye, and have lamed my camel. I will hang a necklace of blue beads about his neck to cure him.' But on the third day, there being no virtue in the beads, he begged me in the name of God to trade with him, lest he be left with one camel to carry on an unprofitable business; and I traded, to save the man from turning weaver, and with Hassan, my son, I left that place on my way to Damascus, with two hundred piastres in my pocket and a new camel of price for sale to the pilgrims, which was restored when I drew the needle from his foot and washed the wound with a preparation which is my secret."

There was some commotion in the stable-yard—a man calling for a bucket, swearing the while that he would trust no lazy hireling of a khan-keeper to feed and water his mare, but would with his own hands make sure of the service. Abdullah listened absently; then, all at once—with a vain little grin—leaned forward. "A rich American lady," said he, confidingly, "once fell in love with me. It was my beauty. She was overcome by it." Here was a foolish vanity—betrayed to the uttermost in a silly little laugh. "She loved me very much," Abdullah continued, "and would have me to America with her; and when I denied her, she had a mark tattooed upon my arm. 'By this mark,' said she, 'you will know that my love is everlasting. When you come to me, my life will be resumed; but if you linger, I perish.' No doubt," Abdullah concluded, with pride, "she has now perished of her love." It is a familiar thing—the incident of the lady tourist and the flirtatious Arab—but God knows why! I had heard tales of the disagreeable mystery—of the ruin wrought by it; and I now assumed that some other woman had indeed pitiably forgotten her race for the moment, but was now recovered, not perished of her love, as Abdullah would have it. The thing was not interesting — but most melancholy — until Abdullah lifted the sleeve of his *abba* to exhibit the mark of the lady's poor infatuation; and then I laughed, and was downcast no more, for the mark was as old as Abdullah's infancy, having grown with his growth, being now blurred, not clear-cut of outline, as tattoo marks must be if made upon the full-grown person.

"Tell Abdullah, in the most elegant Arabic at your command," I said to Taufik, who was interpreting for me, "that he is a hearty liar—and a most engaging one."

"If my service is occasionally inadequate," Taufik answered, bowing, "it shall now at least be abundantly sufficient."

"Fire away!" said I.

Taufik was occupied for some time; and at the end of it Abdullah was somewhat offended, but was presently mollified, so that he proceeded to relate the tale of the camel with the glass eyes, at which he had previously hinted.

"In a small village on the Beirut road," said he, "lives my relative; and sojourning once with him, on my way to

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Damascus, with Hassan, my son, I encountered a camel—and loved it. My admiration, *khawaja,* was like a fever consuming me; and I must have that camel, I knew, or perish. But the camel was unworthy, after all—a beast fair to the eye, but afflicted with madness, so that no man was safe as his master. Had I not been a camel-doctor, with knowledge of the split tail and compound of seven medicines, I should have hesitated to seek further acquaintance in the direction of my desire; but camel-doctor that I was—and am now so serving the pilgrims—I possessed the secret of this cure, and must have that beast. It is a simple thing: split the tail of the mad camel, so that the blood flow to the measure of a pint; pucker the skin of the brow in three folds, which must be fixed to remain with seven stitches, done with a clean needle; administer then the compound of seven medicines, and the affliction passes forever.

"'Come!' said I to this man, 'I am not afraid of your camel; let us trade.'

"He was overwilling to bargain, *khawaja,* else I should never have managed to outwit him in the manner you shall presently hear; but he laughed most heartlessly at my camel when I led him forth to trade. And, indeed, I was in hard case; for my camel was blind—so blind, *khawaja,* that his eyes were white with the cataract, and no man with eyes of his own could fail to observe the affliction. 'My camel, as I must tell you, being a truthful man,' said I, 'is blind.' 'I had rather,' he answered, 'have a mad camel than a blind one. There is no profit in talking further of this matter, for, by the Prophet! your camel would never win my affection.' 'Your wisdom,' I answered, 'wins my respect. A blind camel, which should bear burdens, is himself a burden. Observe my camel,' said I, 'how very blind he is. Observe him carefully. Was there ever so blind a camel before? I would know that camel,' said I, 'in a herd of a thousand.'

"'And I, by Allah!' said he, with much laughter, 'in a company of ten thousand.'

"'I will lead my camel away,' said I, 'lest his affliction offend you, and to-morrow I will depart for Damascus; but in six days I will return, bringing another camel, which I will exchange for this mad beast, for I love it.'

"Thus it fell out. In the morning I departed; and having come to Damascus, I removed the eyes from my blind camel, and inserted glass eyes in their stead; and I shaved him with much care, and saddled him with new cloth. Then I set out for the small village where dwelt my relative, to which, as I had planned, I came at dusk, God befriending me in this undertaking. 'I am in much haste,' I said to the owner of the camel that I loved, 'else I would not trouble you with bargaining to-night; but if you would be rid of your mad camel, the thing must be accomplished at once.' He examined my camel, *khawaja,* in the dusk, as I had intended, and he fell in love with the beast, as I had foreseen. 'Here is no blind camel,' said he, overwilling to be rid of his mad one, 'and I will trade.' Thus we traded, the thing being done in the presence of witnesses, according to the man's request; and I went to my relative's house three hundred piastres the richer; but the owner of the camel with the glass eyes set out on the back of his beast to try it, light remaining for this, and I saw him no more until morning, when he came to me in a great depression of spirits.

"'A strange thing has happened,' said he. 'My camel has lost both eyes. They have dropped out, and I cannot find them, search as I may.'

"'The will of God,' I answered, 'is mysterious.'

"'I have come,' said he, 'to undo the trade.'

"'I am not averse,' I answered. 'Restore the eyes to my camel and I will gladly give you back your own.'

"But this," Abdullah concluded, with a chuckle, "the unfortunate man could not do."

"Here," said I, "is a tale of your own invention."

"By God!" he answered, "the story is true."

"It is a tale," I insisted, "of your invention."

"By God and Mohammed!" he swore, "the story is true."

I taunted him again.

"By God and Mohammed the Messenger of God!" he protested, "the story is true as I have told it."

All these Bedouins are great oath-

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dodgers—artful at swearing, with reservations. It is an excellent thing; so many oaths they take that some way of escape from an ever-flowing perjury is demanded. I fancied now—sacred as the last oath had been—that Abdullah was tricking me; he must surely have his fingers crossed in the big sleeves. I required him to swear by his head and his religion, vowing to put away his wife if he failed in any particular of the truth: which is an oath (they say) that no Bedouin will violate.

"The *khawaja* knows," Abdullah answered, with a gentle smile, "that the oath is impossible!"

So I do not believe the tale of the camel with the glass eyes; but it is a pleasantly fantastic invention, and I wish that I might. To the reality of these other tales Abdullah gravely swore, taking the threefold oath. They are true, it seems; but what matter? since, at any rate, they reflect the manner of his life, and present in an agreeably entertaining fashion the ethics of his business. Here was this Abdullah, no adherent of his tribe, which, to become a wandering camel-trader, he had deserted, much to the shame of him in the sight of all good Bedouins, who despise the man that yields his tribal identity to become a wandering individual. The ease and security of the towns had overcome him; he had now no stomach for the desert. "It is a life," said he, "of starvation and bloodletting, a life of the beasts, and I have found a better." This better had at present to do with the pilgrimage; but was no hearty occupation, like that of the camel-masters, who in these days of preparation come in from the wilderness and truculently strut the bazars. As I subsequently learned, Abdullah was a leech upon the pilgrimage—at one with the thieves and cutthroats and all manner of evil men who follow, but was of a more subtle and respectable class.

It seemed, however (I recall), that he loved his young son overmuch, as do all Bedouin fathers, and would have him lead no life of the desert, but attend the Moslem schools of Damascus, that he might be an itinerant teacher of the Koran in the desert towns.

"But Hassan, my son," he sighed, "is of the lion-heart; he is impatient for the sword and the night expeditions of our tribe. Before long he will be away to the desert."

"What, now," I inquired, idly, "will his mother think of that?"

"What matter?" Abdullah answered, much bored.

I ventured a curious suggestion. "Suppose," I said, "that this Hassan learned the arts of war in England?"

"And returned?" Abdullah demanded, quickly.

"Even so."

Abdullah laughed a little. "Whe-e-e-e-w!" he whistled. "He would to his tribe add a hundred tribes," he declared, with eyes aflash. "There would in twenty years be a new prince in the desert—a prince like Ibn Rachid!"

We did not pursue this; and presently Abdullah, having rolled another cigarette, told, with a quick change of manner, the story of the merchant of Damascus and his venture into Nejd, as if he had but now recollected it.

"In my life," said he, "I have roved much—from the Lebanon hills, through the country of the Druses, and to the southward a journey of ninety days into the Great Desert, where no Christian may go. To Nejd went I in my youth, with my uncle, a rich man, who dwelt there, dealing in camels; and to him came a merchant of Damascus, with three hundred camels for sale, the which he had driven for thirty days over the perilous desert, having heard that the sickness had created a need of beasts in Nejd. 'I am come with these three hundred camels,' said he to my uncle, 'and now I must sell them at a price or lose the fortune I have invested in the enterprise. God forgive me this undertaking, which has been too great for my strength! I am worn out with travelling, and in haste to return. In Damascus,' said he, 'they ask twelve napoleons for a camel; but I am so weary of this business that I demand no more than ten napoleons for each of my herd.' 'It is a reasonable thing,' my uncle answered, 'but I must first consider the matter. Do you meet me at this place to-morrow morning, and we will talk further of the business. Your camels are excellent beasts, and I would possess them.'

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"Thereupon the merchant departed; and presently my uncle called me from the house.

"'Abdullah,' said he, 'you have heard this man, but he has not observed you. He is a simple man, now in hard case indeed, being able to drive his starved beasts no farther, and God has enlightened me with a plan to outwit him. Do you ride into the desert, where he may not encounter you before the time; and at this hour to-morrow do you return and present me with this writing, riding in haste and as one come from a great distance. If all goes well, we shall presently have much to thank God for.' All this I did—and, indeed, with much art. I came hot and dusty, with the mare in a lather, galloping as with a message of warning against sudden attack; and I fell from the back of my horse at the very feet of my uncle and the merchant from Damascus, crying: 'God be thanked that I have arrived! I have sped far and most cruelly with this letter, being commanded to deliver it in haste by your agent in Damascus.' 'I am busy with this good merchant,' answered my uncle, 'and will read the letter anon.' But I besought him by the Prophet to open the message, lest some misfortune befall him; and having indulged me he gave great thanks to God for His compassion, and spread the news which the letter contained, whereafter he came again to the anxious merchant, but now with a woful countenance.

"'God have mercy on you!' said he. 'I have no need of your camels.'

"The merchant demanded an explanation.

"'The price of camels,' answered my uncle, 'has fallen to five napoleons in the camel-market of Damascus. Here!' said he, 'read the letter for yourself. I grieve for you, friend, for it seems indeed that God would castigate you for some sin. Come!' said he, 'I am an honest man, with a heart of compassion for the unfortunate, and though I hesitate to interfere with the obvious purposes of God, I will take pity, and risk my soul's health by giving you four napoleons a head for your camels.' The end of it was," Abdullah concluded, "that when they had bargained for seven days, the merchant being hard to reduce, my uncle gave six napoleons for each of the three hundred camels, and profited much thereby, for there was a great need of beasts in Nejd at that time. I learned much," he added, "from that cunning man."

We left Abdullah now, for it was grown very late; but something I saw of him afterward, before the pilgrims set out for Mecca by God's Gate, and though I could conceive no friendly feeling for him, because of his villainy, I still must entertain myself with the display. Upon the occasion of departure I chanced to bid him Godspeed. The day was fair and warm, the streets thronged, the town in a commotion of joyous excitement. There was no solemnity, except that settled upon the faces of the day-long streaming procession; there was no shower of blessings from the roofs of the houses, nor bombardment of holy injunctions from the bazars of the Medan as men and beasts went by, but a lively bantering and tart criticism, as greets a parade in our own land. Beyond the city we stood to watch the passing of these poor folk.

I observed presently a long string of camels bearing no burdens.

"What camels are these," I asked, "and why are they thus favored?"

"These camels," they answered, "will take up the burdens of the beasts which perish in the desert."

I wondered that in the organization of the pilgrimage an official consideration of this magnitude had been shown. But I was presently enlightened; here was nothing official at all, but a private enterprise. Strutting behind his string of beasts, having not yet taken to the saddle, came Abdullah from Ain el Kaum; and when I clapped eyes on him I understood. Here were camels for sale to the unfortunate, who would pay through the nose for their misfortunes. The trader ran from the road to kiss our hands; and we gave him Godspeed, according to the form. He waved his hand again, shouted, "For God and Mohammed!" and disappeared in the confusion. That was the last we saw of him. In Cairo, six weeks afterward, when he should be arriving at his journey's end, I learned that the pilgrims were dying of the plague in Mecca at the appalling rate of nearly five hundred a day.

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The Scrubwoman

BY MARIE LOUISE GOETCHIUS

EVER since she could remember she had been on her hands and knees scrubbing other people's floors. The necessity for cleanliness in everything as far as her intelligence could grope had no particular value or reason, but it formed part of the instinctive activity of her hands—those hands which, hardened, nailless, stub-fingered, when they were empty hid themselves in a vague trouble behind her cotton apron—opening and shutting with eager relief for the scrubbing-brush, the cleaning-rags, the brooms—diving into the inevitable pail of soapsuds, splashing and dusting and scouring and rubbing as if there were no body attached to them,—as if, in fact, Some One at some time back in the grimy ages had held them with malicious energy to the ground and told them to bear down on its surface and polish, polish endlessly.

There was a hereditary monotony in this scrubwoman's family. Her mother and her mother's mother had scrubbed; her father and her father's father had drunk; she herself had scrubbed, her husband had drunk and died in drink, and her child—the child too young to count one way or the other—was already duly accepted as part of the working generations to come. Some day *it* would scrub, its husband would drink, and the line of drudges would lengthen drearily, uncomplainingly down through the colorless future.

Worming in and out on her hands and knees, under and around other people's feet, went the scrubwoman, effacing one by one the marks of those feet as they glided or trod over the unresisting floor. They meant nothing to her—as feet. They were simply part of the day's labor. Sometimes she would raise herself to her knees and sit for a torpid moment holding a washing-rag that dripped, and staring spiritlessly at some silk-stockinged ankle, or some dainty pointed shoe treading over the geographically small region of her world which still glistened from her brush. The passages of such shoes would simply mean another layer of work, an erasing of their traces.

She was not a beautiful picture, this scrubwoman—with the curve of her ginghamed back, the sprawling of her coarse limbs, the dirty white of her hair, the vacuous glance of her eyes. She looked indeed as if, in a vindictive moment, her own scrubbing-brush had turned upon her and scraped most of her away with its rough bristles.

With her the days were all the same. From morning until evening patiently scouring floors, until the time when she could lay her implements of work neatly aside, and leaving the office building, the hotel, or whatever it was, join inertly the thick black stream of home-goers. Each night this pitching into the jam and crush of the kaleidoscopic streets had the same effect upon her. It bewildered and dazed her. The pushing and struggling and swaying from car straps, the jostling of good-humored crowds, the clanging of bells, all left her unexcited. It was as if she were too far below them to feel their touch or hear their noise. Mechanically her head bent toward the ground as she walked—mechanically she would notice the uncleanliness of the floors as she passed. Only once did she become sensible to the tugging strings of humanity about her. That was on a very rainy evening — an evening where the damp smell of umbrellas filled the air in the Subway car, where hats, coats, and shoes were limp and soaking, and where people, crowding together, by common impulse scurrying from the wet, exhaled humid odors and mists from their uncomfortable clothes. The scrubwoman had found a seat in a car, but above her, stumbling and falling about helplessly, was a woman carrying in her arms a fat, heavy child—an enormous, almost offensively beefy child—and the child was squirming and

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screaming viciously; the lusty noise of its voice attracted the scrubwoman. She watched it curiously for a moment, then she put out her arms.

"I'll hold it," she said, expressionlessly.

The mother dumped it gratefully into the proffered lap, and the scrubwoman's water-hardened hands closed firmly around its body. She held it for a long while, finding an animal pleasure in its solid baby lumpishness.

"You like children?" its mother asked at last, with sudden gratefulness.

"Got one myself," answered the scrubwoman, gruffly.

"Oh, really! Is it a boy or a girl?" queried the mother, eagerly.

"Girl," replied the scrubwoman.

"How old?"

"Goin' on four."

"There's nothing like it," continued the mother, warmly.

The scrubwoman for the first time looked at the other woman. It was a light bit of flesh and blood that she saw —a little creature too small to reach the strap above her—a thinly dressed, hungry-cheeked, tired-eyed atom of a woman. Then the scrubwoman looked at the child on her knee—a raw, insatiable-eyed bulk of a child.

"They're a lot of trouble," she said.

The mother stared down, her eyes big with disapproval.

"Oh, how can you say such things!" she exclaimed, and the conversation dropped there.

The baby was handed over at the next station. The scrubwoman got off the car and trudged home. She felt heavy-legged and loggy-headed that evening. Her own child, a wisp of a thing, with a big head and a small body, lay wailing in her crib—a crib made out of a wicker wash-basket.

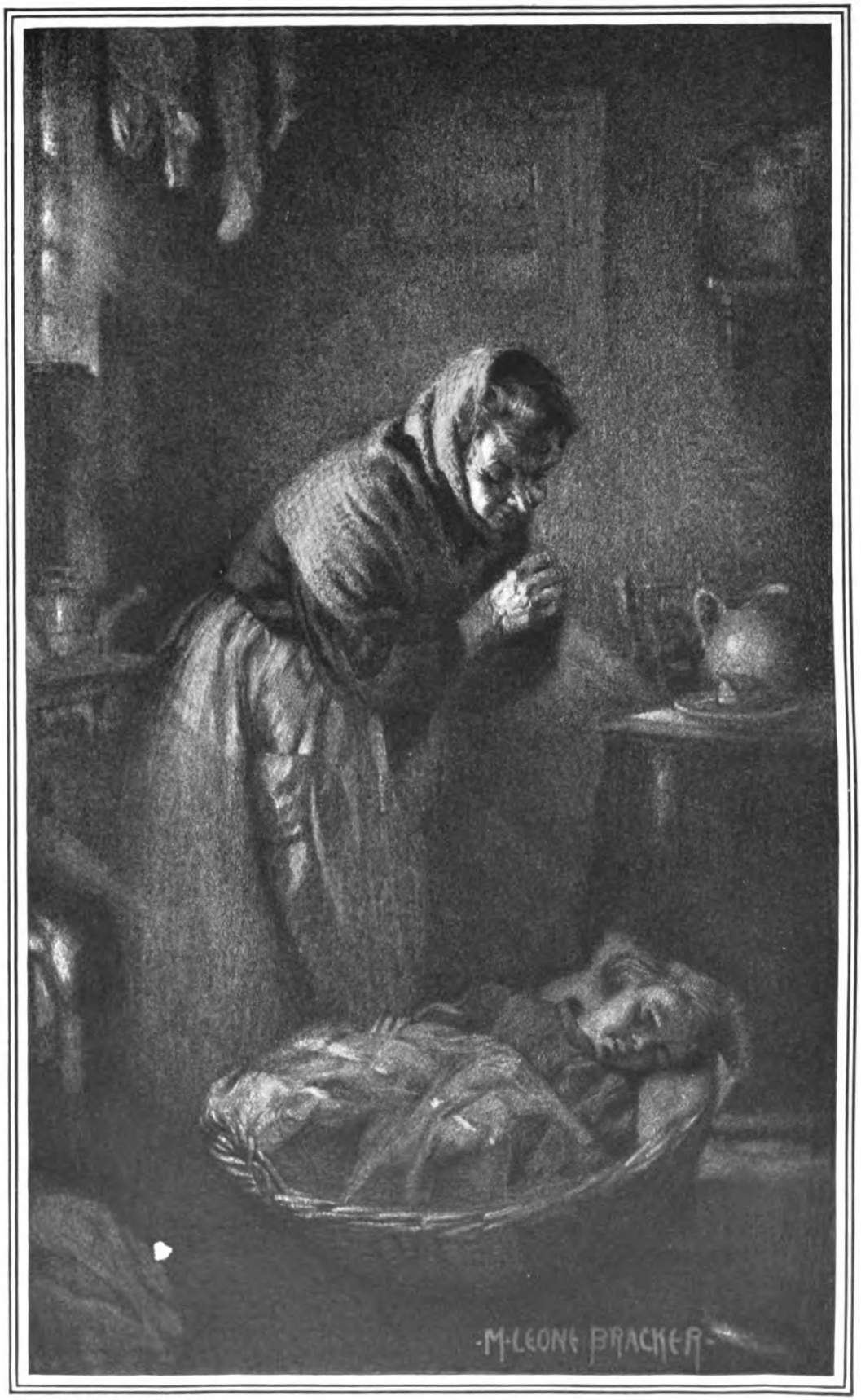
The little room was painfully clean. Another woman, the neighbor whose care the child was during the day, had put the kettle on the stove and the water was boiling fussily. The scrubwoman, with a strange, unwonted warmth, bent over and kissed her child. Then she went about getting supper ready. After she and the child had eaten, the scrubwoman began to clean the room. It was her cleaning night. Once a week she thoroughly beat the dirt out of this room. The child sat up in its crib and clapped its hands as it watched its mother.

"Mur!" (it had never pronounced the word any other way)—"Mur, play bear," it chuckled, gleefully, as the scrubwoman, down on her hands and knees, swashed the wooden floor with soap-suds.

So the days went by monotonously, and the scrubwoman went with them. But there was something wrong with the drudging-power of her body. It had become clogged—in need of repair. Her knees ached, her back ached, her head ached. About this time, also, in the foggy recesses of her inactive brain a glint of intelligence began to creep its uncertain way toward a nerve-born consciousness. It started by her feeling her own body at its work, a thing she had never done before. She became aware of the pain-racking of it. She grasped at the end of the day with a new sense of relief; she stretched her cramped muscles as she rose from the floor; she breathed more deeply when she reached the street. Once or twice she had actually discovered herself lingering in her home-going. Her head had been throbbing, the air had been cool, and instinctively she had walked a few blocks. Then the lights of the shops had attracted her—she had stopped and looked into a few windows. There had been one particularly beautiful window with a display in it of baby clothes, pink-ribboned cribs, lace caps, miniature bath-tubs, ivory rings, and gold rattles. They fascinated her. She had never thought of children as possessing such things. She had never thought of her own child in anything but the dark brown gingham slips she had made for it herself with her clumsy fingers. These lacy pink and white garments were above her understanding. She gaped at them a long while. Somehow, she could not imagine her Annie in any of them. At last she passed on, almost regretfully, and when she reached her room she stood looking down at her child, for a puzzled moment, as if her poor imagination were trying to clothe the little body in all the soft things she had seen.

The child was growing to be a more and more constant idea to her—representing as it did in her mind the day when she could rest and it could do her work—as she had done her own mother's

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Drawn by M. Leone Bracker

SHE WOULD SINK INTO DREAMS OF RUFFLES ON OTHER BABIES' CRIBS

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work. Dumbly she longed for a ledge to lie upon—a stopping-off place. From the day the child was born she had known, without reasoning, that the next link had been formed to the line of workers. She would pass on the brushes, the cleaning-rags, the broom, and she herself would lie back and let a few grateful hours slip over her before that ending of everything—that dropping off, the word of which was death, and the meaning of which was nothing. The word she recognized, just as she recognized the word work. It stood for the inevitable just as scrubbing stood for the inevitable. She crawled her way toward it on hands and knees. Her child stood ready at a certain crossing to receive and carry the legacy its mother would leave it.

In the mean while the scrubwoman acquired a regular habit of walking past the window where the baby clothes were sold. Her hands pressed against the thick, dividing pane of glass as she stared at the treasures behind it, her old face grew twisted with wonder. The desire never came to her of breaking the glass, snatching the pretty things she could see so clearly and running away with them. Instead of hungering to carry them to her Annie, she would have liked to carry Annie down to them—just to look at them from afar, as she had done, although it never occurred to her to actually bring this about. It was such a breaking away from the usual order of things. But slowly the old apathy of her mind was dissolving, and in her intelligence there was going on a strange topsyturvy moving about of unused furniture. She thought now frequently, while she scrubbed, of incongruously dainty things. She noticed the frilly dressed children who fluttered by her; she stared at the whisking bits of linen and lace which revealed themselves to the low range of her eyes. And in the evenings, when she reached home, she would sink into unaccustomed dreams of white and pink ruffles and ribbon bows on the other babies' cribs which were rocking and creaking so near her own baby's wooden wash-basket.

There came a morning at last when the scrubwoman felt really too ill to scrub. She could not focus her energies that day—the floor shrank and expanded beneath her eyes. The eyes themselves felt as if they had been left in water overlong; the inside of her head choked and bubbled as if it were full of soap-suds; her hands jerked nervously when she tried to use them. They refused to scrub for her that day. She needed air—if she could only get out in the air! Finally, she could stand it no longer. With a muttered excuse to the manager she left the office building. Once on the streets, in the crisp sunshine of a clear November day, her head righted itself on her shoulders. She felt ashamed of having left her scrubbing, until suddenly a thought of the shop window came to her mind. Here she was, out alone early in the afternoon—there was no reason why she should not go to the window and feast her eyes on the soft things she had grown so to depend upon.

Quickly she walked to the familiar street. Yes, it was the same as last night, only in a very remote corner of the showcase was another dress—a very simple little dress, light as a puff cloud, unornamented except for a feather-stitching around its neck. Above all the others, this dress caught the scrubwoman's eye. Its very unadornment brought it nearer to her comprehension than the laces of the other things. All of a sudden, just as if it were no illusion, but a natural state of affairs, the scrubwoman saw Annie in the little dress—she saw the old brown slip tumble to the ground and this new white one sliding over her child's shoulders. The idea of her child and the dress together formed itself with glowing obstinacy in her mind. Her hand crept to the pocket of her coat and fingered roughly the warm purse which lay there. Money was in that purse, for she had meant to stop at the bank on her way home. Every cent she could spare disappeared into the silent slit of the bank. Penny by penny they must be lying in a dingy pile behind the iron door, holding themselves in readiness for some biting need—the needs that come to such as her. But now the money in the purse moved and clinked restlessly; the white dress in the window dimpled in soft lines. The scrubwoman stared at it until everything else became a blur, and only the dress with Annie inside it stood out clearly.

Then it happened. She went quickly in and bought the dress. She counted out

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painfully a crumpled bill and a few worn-faced nickels. The bundle—such a tiny bundle—was put into her arms, and she found herself on the street again. With an anxiety which suddenly wished to assure itself that the saleslady had really given her the right thing, that no one, in fact, had cheated her, she stared at the window to see if by any chance the dress was still there. No, it had gone. Even while she looked, a hand holding a bit of fluff and lace darted through a back curtain and dropped its filmy burden into the very remote corner of the show-case. Then the scrubwoman knew that the dress was hers, and that the window could no longer claim it. As she moved forward, holding the bundle gingerly, as if it might break if she squeezed it, her thoughts crowded up around it, forming themselves with heavy persistency into something like coherent expression. She had bought such a dress for Annie—she had spent her money—she had dared, dared to do this foolish thing! She felt vaguely that she had taken some definite, irrevocable step into the future, and she was so afraid of what it might be, that, in a panic, she tried to exert herself into giving it tangible shape, so that she might see and combat it. It seemed dimly to be an ambition—an ambition about Annie. Annie would now be dressed as the rich babies she had seen were dressed; Annie would join their ranks; she would lie back luxuriously in this white dress with her little hands folded. Annie would have golden curls and blue eyes and the pinkest of cheeks, and she would have to have candy and toys, and she would never, never be dressed in a brown slip again. The scrubwoman gasped as the significance of this tremendous thought edged across her mind. It would mean that Annie would be always clothed in soft, beautiful things; that Annie would go on mounting the scales, in fact, while she, the scrubwoman, would have to remain on her hands and knees to work and work until she dropped, so that the first stepping-stone for the child might be its mother's back. But then the time of rest which she—the mother—had counted on, the long-planned-for rest of the days to come? It would have to be given up. No! The scrubwoman squeezed the bundle in her arms defiantly. No—not that! This act of hers was a silly extravagance, not the beginning of sacrifice. She decided that she would not even give the dress to the child. She would return it to-morrow and get the money back, and then there would be no question of anything different. Her head ached with the unaccustomed effort of concentration, as she slid unseeingly through the evening crowd. They were all grubby, brown shadows of a world which had no importance to her. She was nearly home now. Her mind had settled itself down again to its original sodden trudge. Her brief exaltation was forgotten—her big moment had passed. There had never been any issue, anything to change—she and her child were as they always had been and would be.

The child was playing a game. On its hands and knees, it was pretending to scrub the floor. It was a very exciting game. The neighbor had given it a wisp of a sponge, an old nail-brush picked up from some waste heap, and a bit of soap. With these, the child dabbled happily. Its brown slip dragged along the floor, its back curved, its head bent between its hands.

The scrubwoman toiled up the stairs. The door creaked as she opened it, but the child did not turn. The scrubwoman stopped in the doorway and stared down at the little figure on its hands and knees absorbed in its scrubbing.

With a sudden wrench, she snatched up the child from the floor. The roughness of her fingers made the little one cry. The mother pulled at the slip, which ripped open and fell, a brown smudge, on the floor. Then she grabbed the string off the bundle, tore open the paper, and, holding the child firmly on her lap, forced the white dress down over its head, forced its little arms into the sleeves, buttoned the back rudely, and dropped the child, white dress and all, down in its wash-basket crib.

Then she stood over the crib, looking at her child with strangely triumphant eyes.

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The Sea and Music

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IN a strange and touching book by a little-known mystic there is recounted a singular fable of the Celts concerning Manannan, god of the sea and the winds. Lying beside the shore of the sea, Manannan overheard a man and woman talking together. He heard the man offer to the woman love and home and peace. And the woman, who was a creature of the sea (or, as some say, a seal-woman), answered him, saying that she would bring to him "the homelessness of the sea, and the peace of the restless wave, and love like the wandering wind." Then the man rebuked her, saying that she could be no woman; whereupon she laughed and entered the water. When she had vanished, Manannan appeared to the man in the guise of a youth, and questioned him concerning his love for the sea-woman. He then proffered him advice, bidding him seek a young girl whom he would meet singing on the heather, one who would be white and fair. But for consolation, because of the man's lost love in the water, Manannan told him that he would give him a gift; "and he took a wave of the sea and threw it into the man's heart." The man did as he was bid, wedding and dying and leaving children after him. But a mysterious thing befell; for he and his children and his children's children "knew by day and by night a love that was tameless and changeable as the wandering wind, and a longing that was unquiet as the restless wave, and the homelessness of the sea. And that is why they are called *Sliochd-na-mara*, the Clan of the Waters."

It sometimes fantastically seems as if only those who are in an interior sense children of the sea, who are attuned to it through some secret intimacy of the spirit, can capture its spell and imprison it in forms of beautiful art. Many poets have sung of the sea, have listened enthralled to its multifarious voice; yet how many have rendered, through any sustained and ample vision, a full and eloquent impression of it? When one recalls that the supreme Elizabethan achieved such a phrase as

"in cradle of the rude imperious surge";

when one thinks of

"the unplumbed, salt, estranging sea"

of Arnold; or of Swinburne's wonderful line,

"the deep divine dark dayshine of the sea,"

it becomes apparent that to poets of very diverse capacities has it been given to illuminate by gleams this vast and subtle theme. But those masters of poetic speech whom one thinks of as having known long and revealing communion with the sea: do they not seem to have in their blood—to adopt the mystical notion of the ancient legend of the north, the restless and vital pulse of the sea? It is not unilluminating to think of Swinburne, in whose verse the movement and color of the sea are so triumphantly pervasive, as of the children of the wave; or of Whitman, with his cosmic chantings of the vastness and mystery of the deep, as of the clan of the waters.

At the best, the poet who would undertake to convey any image of the sea by means of words is hampered by his vehicle. It is not necessarily to hold a brief for the art of music to feel that the medium of tones is incomparably fitted for rendering impressions of the sea. The analogies are as obvious as they are beguiling: there is nothing in the visible pageant of the natural world that is more completely the embodiment of movement, of rhythmic life, than the sea; nothing that is so infinitely various in its enchantment; and music, pre-eminently among the arts, can convey the sense of movement—not alone the quality of movement that is irresistible and impelling, but the subtler dynamic life that stirs almost imperceptibly under

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quiet surfaces; and it is the most flexible and plastic of the arts.

It would seem, then, as if the sea must have been for the music-maker a continuous inspiration; yet one will search among the pages of the masters of three centuries of instrumental music—a period which covers its entire life—without finding more than a dozen important examples of what may be called marine tone-painting; and these are all virtually of our own day. The case, though, is not so mysterious as it seems. To begin with, it is clear that the tone-poet who would attempt a seascape of even small dimensions must have at his command an instrument of great power, richness, and variety of expression.

Such a vehicle of expression did not exist prior to the second quarter of the nineteenth century. An imaginative composer who, in the day of Johann Sebastian Bach, let us say, should have endeavored to convey some tonal impression of the sea in one of its majestic, alluring, or sinister moods, would have been in as embarrassing a situation as a painter who should attempt a seascape with an equipment consisting of a tube of black and a tube of red paint and a brush with half a dozen bristles, or as Mr. Swinburne would be if his vocabulary were imaginably limited to that of a schoolboy of sixteen. Our supposititious eighteenth-century composer would, in other words, have lacked the necessary tools. The orchestra of his day was a poor and thin affair, deficient in number and variety of instruments; and instead of the full-voiced pianoforte of our time he had nothing more expressive at his command than the gracious tinkling of harpsichords and spinets. The orchestra as we know it—an instrument of expression that is almost unrivalled in range and eloquence—is a heritage from Richard Wagner, who in his turn had received valuable suggestions from the experiments of that tumultuous Romantic, Hector Berlioz. The modern orchestra, therefore, and the modern manner of using it—for the technic of orchestration has steadily kept pace with the growth of the orchestra itself—are both matters of very recent history; Berlioz has been dead less than half a century, and the magician of *Tristan* and the *Ring* barely twenty-five years. Nor has that other eloquent medium of the contemporary tone-poet, the pianoforte, disclosed its full possibilities of utterance save within the last few decades. The vivid and delicate effects of color, the rich perspectives, the superb sonorities which are familiar to us in the piano music of such modern romantics and impressionists as Brahms, Grieg, MacDowell, Debussy, would have been both technically and mechanically impossible in the day which saw the birth of the Beethoven Sonata.

It will be seen, then, that only within recent years has the composer of imaginative and pictorial instinct had at his disposal adequate means for the conveyance of his thought. Evidently for any considerable music of the sea we must look to moderns, to the men of the last half-century—the writers of "programme music," the tone-poets and tone-painters, the realists and impressionists: those who have made of music an articulate and expressive art, a medium of dramatic and poetical utterance, rather than an art of pure design. Yet even in modern music, and despite the pliant vehicles now at their disposal, there have been comparatively few music-makers who have, in Ossian's phrase, "gone the seaward way." Musical art, from the time of the first realists, has had an abundance of landscapists, crude and meagre in achievement as, in the earlier days, they necessarily were. But one cannot help wondering at the comparative rarity in contemporary music of the tone-poet of the sea. Doubtless, as it was said at the beginning of this inquiry, the tribe of the wave are necessarily few in numbers. The sea is not for all, nor even for the truly imaginative, a thing compact of enthralment, an alluring presence. There are those whom it repels, for whom the sense of its vast loneliness, its insuperable mystery, is barren of any enkindling effect upon the spirit. Not for all is the sea exhilarating and arousing. It has its own clan, those who are subtly bound to it through some unfathomable affinity, who will always respond to its exultant or secret call. But these are few. Some among them are poets or dreamers; but not many, even of these, work through the medium of the difficult and forbidding art of music;

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nor, alas! have all the musical sea-scapists been either poetic or imaginative.

One should think first, perhaps, of Mendelssohn, in a survey of the earliest musical sea-painting which still falls persuasively upon the modern sense. In his gently picturesque and fanciful overtures, "The Hebrides," "The Lovely Melusina," and "Becalmed at Sea and Prosperous Voyage" (after Goethe's little poems, "Meerestille" and "Glückliche Fahrt"), there is marine painting of a kind which to-day seems somewhat lean in poetic quality, despite its indisputable grace; though it should be recalled that Richard Wagner, on the strength of certain effects in the "Hebrides" overture, acclaimed its composer as "a landscape-painter of the first order"—praise which could not have sounded as extravagant when it was spoken as it does in our own time.

Rubinstein in his "Ocean" symphony painted upon a far larger canvas, and with a richer palette, than did the precise and conservative author of the "Hebrides" score. When Rubinstein composed music he wrote always out of a full heart; his moods and his emotions were incomparably more intense and more impelling than were those of the thinner-blooded Mendelssohn; but his deficiency was, ultimately, the same: he lacked the power of creating musical ideas — harmonic, melodic, rhythmical concepts—of importance and enduring vitality. Thus his music is barren at its core. There is an oppressive pathos in his "Ocean" symphony, his most ambitious and significant work. One feels, in listening to its plethoric measures—the score is immense in extent—the sadness which always attends a piece of creative art wherein the inspiring impulse has failed to fructify in shapes of beauty. Yet Rubinstein perceived and was stirred by the sea in its majestic aspect. The rapture of it, the fascination of its more joyous moods, are not in his music; yet within the often commonplace exterior of this score there has been distilled something of the authentic spirit of the ocean in its graver condition—one hears at times the huge and solemn voice of the sea, chanting its immemorial song under lonely skies.

There are in the Wagner operas fragments of sea-music which revive one's persistent regret that the inventor of the modern lyric drama did not write more for the orchestra alone and less for the stage. There is some splendid tone-painting of the sea in its most tragic and turbulent moods in the overture to *The Flying Dutchman;* and there are a few delectable touches of the same graphic delineation in *Tristan und Isolde.* The Russians, Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazounoff, Rachmaninoff, have essayed, with not very marked success, to fix upon the symphonic canvas something of the spell of deep waters; and there is sea-music of a not too imposing quality in symphonic poems by the Belgian, Paul Gilson, the American, John Knowles Paine, and a radical young Englishman of to-day, Granville Bantock, who has set portions of Shelley's "Witch of Atlas" as a series of orchestral tone-pictures; but until that true and lamented genius, Edward MacDowell, put forth, ten years before his death, his volume of "Sea Pieces" for the piano, it is not too much to say that the ocean as a theme for the modern tone-poet had not achieved any searchingly eloquent expression.

The wonder of these eight short piano pieces, most of which are less than four pages in length, is that, within an incredibly brief compass, and with only the monochromatic keyboard of the piano for their medium, they present a composite picture of the sea that is astonishing in its variety and breadth. Here is genuine sea-poetry—poetry to match with that of Whitman and the author of "Thalassius" and "A Channel Passage." The music is drenched with salt spray, wind-swept, exhilarating; there are pages in it through which rings the thunderous laughter of the sea in its moments of cosmic and terrifying elation, and there are pages through which drift sun-painted mists, or wherein the ineffable tenderness of the ocean under summer stars is conveyed with a beauty that is both magical and deep. The range of mood is in itself singularly impressive, passing from the superb exordium, an apostrophe "To The Sea," to the melting and solemn loveliness of "Starlight"; from "In Mid-Ocean"—where the thought is of Whitman's sea of

> "brooding scowl and murk"—

to the ominous and unquiet grandeur of

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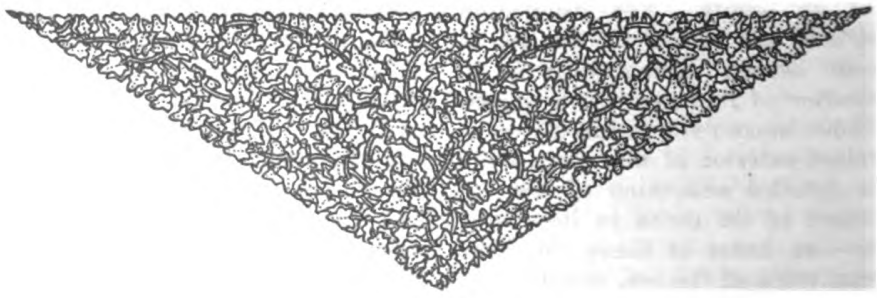
"From the Depths,"—where again one recalls the sea of Whitman, speaking

"... with husky, haughty lips."

These remarkable pieces, which are not yet either adequately known or appraised, are epics in little — and the littleness is wholly a quantitative matter: their spiritual and imaginative substance is not only of rare quality, but of striking amplitude.

It has been left, though, for the most daring and original of contemporary music-makers, the Frenchman, Claude Debussy, to throw upon the spacious canvas of the modern orchestra a tonal picture of the sea that is commensurate both in dimensions and inspiration with the most notable seascapes in literature and painting. Debussy is at once an iconoclast and a path-breaker. He has displayed a serene indifference toward many of the sacrosanct canons of the orthodox musician, and he has created a form of his own, evolving through the flame of a swift and liberating inspiration a uniquely fluid and untrammelled style. He is also, in addition to being the inventor of an utterly novel and personal manner of writing music, a dreamer, a mystic, and a man of subtle and clairvoyant imagination. Now it is fairly obvious that such a musician was predestined to paint the sea, and in a manner the reverse of ordinary. Debussy has been familiar to concert-goers in this country for less than a decade. He is known by his orchestral setting of Mallarmé's ecstatic reverie, "The Afternoon of a Faune"—music that is like an iridescent web of fire and dew; by his exquisite "Nocturnes," also for orchestra (in one of which, "Sirens," there is a delicious limning of moonlit waters); by his famous music-drama after Maeterlinck, "Pelléas et Mélisande," and by various songs and piano pieces. But he is nowhere so arresting an apparition as in his orchestral "sketches" (as he calls them), "La Mer"—the most extraordinary sea-music that has ever crystallized into tone.

Debussy has what Sir Thomas Browne would have called "a solitary and retired imagination." He has viewed the multitudinous spectacle of the sea through the magic casements of the mystic who is both a poet and a visionary. So when he assumes to depict in his music such things as "dawn and noon on the ocean," "sport of the waves," and a "dialogue of the wind and the sea," it is not really of these things that he is telling us, but of the changing phases of a sea of dreams, a chimerical sea, a thing of strange visions and stranger voices, of fantastic colors and incalculable winds—a phantasmagoria of the spirit, rife with evanescent shapes and presences that are at times full of bodement and vague terror, at times lovely and infinitely capricious, at times sunlit and dazzling. Yet beneath these elusive and impalpable overtones the image of the living sea persists: the immemorial enchantment lures and enthralls and terrifies; so that we come to wonder if they are not, after all, the same —the sea that seems an actuality of brine and tossing spray and inexorable depths and reaches, and the lustrous and haunted sea that opens before the magic casements of the dreaming mind.



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The Tradition

BY EMERY POTTLE

THE marriage of De Lancey Carroll to a divorced woman, and infinitely worse than that, in their uncompromising eyes, to a woman who divorced herself with the plain intention of getting married to him, was the impossible, the unforgivable, thing to the three impeccable aunts with whom Carroll lived, and, sympathetically, to the more or less impeccable troop of relatives likewise scandalously involved. That the union of the two was, so far as might externally be considered, a marriage of love and for love, and that the original husband of Hélène, moderately speaking, had turned out by general consent to be a beast and a reprobate, had practically no weight in the horrified protestations of Carroll's kin. When they realized the humiliating futility of their bitter opposition—which left no unpleasant stone unturned—in the face of their nephew's dignified, pained relentlessness of purpose, they accepted their defeat, alienated their boy from the household, and retired haughtily into the remnant of what they called their desecrated family life. The upshot of it was that Carroll and Hélène were quietly married one morning by the Mayor of Boston, and some time after took up their abode in an unprejudiced apartment hotel.

The ensuing results were not unique, however painful and embittering they seemed to the two. It is difficult, even for love and youth and a courageous conviction of right, to combat—nay, to endure calmly—a spear-pointed social phalanx. The instructive paradox of the situation, now that it had become poignantly personal, only bewildered and disgusted them. Why the intelligent, charming, gracious, conservative group who claimed Hélène as their own when she was desolately, miserably unhappy—called her "poor brave dear," indeed, —now that she was removed from that condition into the deepest happiness would have none of her, was of a complication hopeless to try to untangle. The few emancipated persons who openly espoused their cause, or at least would have had they been given the opportunity, were, as not infrequently happens, rather less desirable in the eyes of the Carrolls than the affronted others.

Their own love in all this suffered nothing. Rather, it took on a rarer, tenderer quality, and was eager to discover in itself the sovereign balm for the daily inflicted wounds. Yet, even so, the habits of their living could not be lightly disregarded and altered; and the dependence, after all, of Carroll and his wife on their own kind—their own in the sense, at least, of birth and breeding, position and avocation—was tremendous.

Carroll, naturally, as it touched himself alone, felt less keenly the social frigidity. Much of his day was passed in a law office, where under the patronage of two or three great legal names he read and studied law, occasionally even was entrusted with a minor case. The necessity of work, save as an outlet to his energy, Carroll had not known. His fortune was adequate; his wife, too, was modestly rich. So his work was to him an ethical factor largely, in which he put himself in accord with his fellows and exemplified the duty of the American citizen.

The taking of a wife added a new interest to De Lancey Carroll's life. *Added* is scarcely the word. Overtopped, overmastered every other interest. And since they had begun their married existence in a figurative rain of stones—whether from glass houses or not matters little—he put himself and all his great indignant goodness of heart to shelter her. Her wounds were more grievous perhaps to him than they were to Hélène; her silent shut-lipped suffering was an outspoken agony to him.

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Half hopefully they bore their ostracism for a year. Then, one day coming home to find Hélène sobbing over the visit of a great lady who had left cards for a guest that happened to be staying with them and none for her, Carroll swore excitedly, and after sending the social arbiter and all her kind into abysses of old-fashioned torment, declared he had had enough of his dashed country; that they would leave it for good and all as soon as they could arrange their affairs. A month later—in April—found them in Venice.

Italy—Italy at least in its international phases—was familiar both to Carroll and to his wife. Often enough in other conditions they had each travelled expensively from city to city, had established themselves for a time in some expressionless grandiose hotel devised for the housing of tourists, and had amused themselves in the performance of such diversions as a full purse and the accommodating Baedeker might suggest. And even in this makeshift interpretation of the possibilities of Italy, each of them had confessed to the finding of a glamour, a restful freedom, a suggestion of fascinating ease, in the indolent grace of a country so different—as yet—from their own. But of the life of the expatriate who in form, if in nothing else, becomes a dweller in a foreign city, they knew nothing. So in a sense they had the charm of beginning the world anew. Everything was by way of being an experiment, a hazard of new fortunes.

Venice, apart from its voluptuous past—a voluptuousness which still wonderfully compels—has, to the initiated lingerer there, a certain fascination of the present to be apprehended delicately, understandingly, as a strange, subtle, decadent perfume. One may find in the elegantly bedimmed splendor of its palaces such a modernity of life, half mysterious, tarnished more or less, suggestive of shadowy reflections, from which life one has or has not the impulse to hold oneself aloof. Hélène, indeed, had no desire for exclusion. On the sharp rebound from her own world as she was, she accepted gratefully a condition of living wherein was no withdrawal of contaminated shoulders, no invidiousness of criticism. She had a newer, intenser interest; she drew a freer, more natural breath. So, then, Hélène Carroll's life flowered out richly enough. First and complete was her love for her husband, daily more satisfying, more serene; then there was her love for Venice itself, which increased with every year, until the very sight and sound of the city often blurred her eyes with tears. She yielded herself entirely to the medium in which she dwelt.

De Lancey Carroll, too, more or less openly, admitted his love of the life they had adopted. Primarily he had chosen Venice as a possibility because there was water there. Stroke on his 'varsity eight, he had never given up his passion for rowing, and the tingling in his muscles for exercise was never thoroughly satiated till he had an oar in his hands. Before the first year of this stay had passed he had mastered the art of the gondolier, and at the bow or on the *poppa* commanded even his gondolier's praise. Gradually, too, he had picked up the Venetian dialect. Not a fine day passed that Carroll was not in his own light rowing-boat, or off for a day's jaunt in the gondola with his men. Often Hélène went with him, and when the need for food overtook them they would eat gayly in whatever tiny *osteria* they had the luck to find, Carroll talking and laughing with the sympathetic Italians as if he were one of them. Perhaps they would race back against another gondola in the marvellous opalescence of twilight, skimming the mother-of-pearl lagoon, dotted with black gondolas like the notes on a staff of music, and arriving breathlessly triumphant home. So he kept his head clear and his body hard, brown, and taut as a cable.

His imposing legal library Carroll had brought with him. It was a work for many rainy days to unpack it and bestow it leisurely in places to his liking. When, after an unconscionable time, it was arranged on its shelves, he began to talk of systematic reading, even went so far as occasionally to pull down a ponderous volume and bury himself in it. Yet somehow he was always lacking the time or the inspiration for that earnestly intended system. Hélène came to talk to him, or he to her, or there were guests in the house, an excursion was to be made; or of a sudden they might shut

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the apartment for two or three months and wander about Europe. "And, hang it!" as he put it, "I can't work as a hen picks up corn here and there. I've got to be properly arranged and in the mood."

Though he was not a man of great sentiment — sentiment, at least, fluent, speakable, poetically colored—Carroll had a fine, gentle appreciation of beauty; so sensitive was it that often he felt embarrassed in its possession. Perhaps his recognition of it was more physical than mental; but at any rate he was well in accord with his wife in her love of Venice. Of their social life he was rather non-committal. He accepted it because his instincts were social and he liked association with his fellows. All his training had been to that end. Indeed, neither he nor Hélène was of the sort who, in any case, could consider "the world well lost."

In such an atmosphere as this, and in such mental conditions and physical, ten years vanished and seemed little more than a yesterday. One ceases to reckon time in years in Venice—it is rather a thing of periods. Through it all their intercourse with America had had little of vitality in it, nor had they once returned to their own country. Then came Varney's appearance.

They found him one evening as they were sitting over their coffee at one of the hundreds of tiny iron tables that crowd the Piazza of San Marco when night falls and all Venice troops in, like a gigantic grand-opera chorus, to hear the music. Hélène was idly staring at the endlessly passing and repassing turgid current of life, and reflecting on the amazing lack of imagination in the Creator of the human pattern: they were all so alike; in the sum of it the slight divergences, differences, which one counted as beauty, ugliness, straightness of limb, lameness, meanness of face, goodness, what not, mattered so little. It was a lesson to vanity and a sop to humility, she considered. Just then her eye caught the tall, abnormally tall, blackness of a man's figure overtopping all others. As he strolled on—so it seemed to her—rather detached and helpless, he came into the flare of gaslight. She touched Carroll's arm quickly. "Look, Lance! Isn't that George Varney? I'm sure it is."

Carroll's leisurely eyes searched in the indicated direction. "By Jove, I believe it is! Yes—that's Varney. You couldn't mistake that figure and cut of head—and the hat."

"It is somehow too incongruous to think of George Varney in Venice. I'd as soon expect him at an afternoon tea," pursued Hélène. "Lance, go and get him. Bring him here to us, if he will come."

Carroll hesitated. "Do you want him, Hélène, really?"

She nodded and smiled. "Yes—go."

Presently Carroll returned with Varney, his own adequate height and muscular breadth dwarfed by the great man who towered behind him. "I've brought him, Hélène," he said. "Now to fit him into this little table."

After the salutations were over, Varney dropped into his chair exhaustedly and pulled off his huge Panama hat. "To find myself here after twenty-five years," he sighed, in his drawling, sonorous bass, "is not unlike putting a street-car horse on the race-track. He hasn't the adequate speed to perform nor the adequate looks to be one of the spectators. And you say you like it here, Carroll?"

"Yes, I like it," De Lancey Carroll replied, with a laugh.

"But what do you do with yourself?" went on Varney, with his uncompromising directness.

Hélène watched the man delightedly. She took a keen pleasure in his bigness—the body too big for his chair, the legs too long for accommodation to their space, the hands too huge for the little cup he held—and the great head the larger for its shaggy mane of grizzled black hair. The hawk eyes under their hedges of brows, the lofty beaked nose, the gentle wide-cut mouth, the smooth-shaven face, whose skin, yellowed and deeply lined, stretched like leather over the jutting bony promontories underneath, all made for a certain majestic ugliness. Only America, she reflected, could have produced such a man. She had known him since she was a girl in her teens, for he had been a friend of her father's. Carroll, too, had made his

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acquaintance, as a young lawyer makes the acquaintance of an older and more famous. Indeed, all Boston knew George Varney; his reputation was that of one of the foremost lawyers of his time.

Hélène recalled herself to the conversation of the two men. "Row in a *boat*?" she heard Varney rumble, contemptuously. "In a sentimental *gondola*? And you have done nothing but that for ten years? Great Scott!"

Carroll was visibly embarrassed. "Well, I—I—naturally I have had—one doesn't *row* all day. I find there are many things to keep one occupied, to—"

Varney laughed cavernously. "My dear boy, a man can sit on a fence rail and spit and whittle all day—it 'll *occupy* him. There, there, don't you mind me at all. I'm always talking too much," he finished, with his sudden, winning smile. "And I don't know but the man on the fence has the best of it, after all."

Hélène came to the rescue. "Really, Mr. Varney, Lance doesn't confine himself entirely to the water. He has other—"

"So I see," broke in Varney, with an old-fashioned gallantry, "and he is most blessedly lucky."

With a reddened acceptance of his compliment, Hélène continued: "He keeps up his law, I mean. Whenever there is a spare moment, Lance is in his library. Really, you mustn't be hard on him."

The sadness which is always near to the faces of men like Varney suddenly softened and shadowed over him. He sighed. "Hard on him? My child, if I am cross and cantankerous, it is only because he has got what I haven't. If I weren't so old and battered, I'd go so far as to envy him. That's what I get for coming back to Italy, to Venice. I came here years ago as a young man, just as moonstruck, canal-haunted, love-sick, as any young hot-blooded fellow can be. Lord, Lord—" He broke off and sank into reflection. "Hum!" His eyes did not see the light-hearted, chattering crowd endlessly passing and repassing; nor did his ears gather in the crash of the grandiose *finale* the band was beating out. "Hum!" He laughed ruefully. "I'll tell you a secret. Don't you ever let it out. If it got to Boston, they'd disbar me. I nearly stayed here for good and all once, in those other years. Well, well, my children, it's better I didn't. The Almighty intended to make me work, as He intends every man to work—only some of us manage to fool Him sometimes—I don't know how. As I say, I'm just a faithful street-car horse. And now I *have* to work, to keep myself from being the meanest-tempered old cuss in Boston. Work is good, Carroll; it is good for us old horses. Maybe you younger ones can evade it"—his laugh rolled out again and seemed to shake the glasses on the table—"but then I never had the little boat habit. Venice—what on earth have I to do with Venice?"

Varney fell silent, and Carroll and Hélène did not disturb his thoughts. Indeed, they themselves were each involved in a web of their own. Hélène was vaguely recalling from the past the threads of an old romance of Varney's she remembered hearing from her father—something to do with an Italian woman, she fancied—and pondering on the pity that a nature so rare and generous as Varney's should have been forced into the narrow, tortuous channel to which it had so long been condemned. To her the pathos of this man in Venice, in the ashes of the fires which had burned out his youth and desire, was the most piteous thing in the world. But De Lancey Carroll was on a widely divergent, far-distant path of thought from that of his wife. His eyes furtively sought Varney, turned away to the throngs of people, came back again to the impassive, rugged, melancholy face. The good-natured, bluff rebuke of the man for his, Carroll's, ten years of unaccomplishment stung him. The older man's scorn for the little "sentimental gondola" perturbed his peace of mind. Often enough in their life in Venice he had asked himself if he were really doing his duty as a citizen of a great country, as a descendant of an honored family; if he had the ethical right to live as he was living. He had even spoken of it to Hélène, in an abashed way. She had answered him, as women have the illogically satisfying fashion of answering an abstract question, by briefly recalling some illuminating personal experiences of her own in America, the bit-

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Drawn by W. D. Stevens

HELENE WAS VAGUELY RECALLING THE THREADS OF AN OLD ROMANCE

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terness and pain of which he could not controvert; and in his sympathy for her his misgivings were set aside. To-night, by the side of this man, so physically big, so mentally big, who could laugh and call himself a street-car horse, but whose name stood among the first of the great jurists of his State, Carroll felt small and humiliated and incapable. A cloud of unhappiness no bigger than a man's hand wavered in his sky.

Hélène broke the silence. Lifting her head to the tented purple of the night sky above them, star-pierced and moon-enchanted, she murmured, "Was ever in the world such a piazza as this, in such a city?"

Varney shook his huge head as if to fling off some oppression. "No, God knows there isn't or wasn't. But I have no sense of possessing it. Even the meanest, dirtiest, poorest little Venetian beggar-boy has an inalienable right of ownership, while I who maybe can comprehend his Venice as he can't—once I could *feel* it—haven't a vestige of possession. I hate the idea of being a pauper."

Hélène's eyes sparkled. "But beauty—every one has what you call an inalienable right to possess beauty. The fact of comprehending, feeling Venice makes it yours."

A droll smile wrinkled about Varney's eyes. "There have been men," he drawled, "who applied that argument to other men's wives. But I observe that they often got into serious trouble."

Carroll laughed with him at Hélène's discomfiture. "It is true," he added, "one does love Venice as a woman rather than as a city."

"To me," said Varney, after a pause, "the State-house in Boston is a richer thing than Venice or all Italy. Because I own part of it. And the brawn and blood of my forebears are represented by it. Mind, I say *me*."

Neither Carroll nor his wife replied. Presently the latter engaged them all in another topic, and they chatted on until the concert was over. Varney stretched his long legs laboriously and rose.

"You must come to see us often while you are in Venice," said Hélène. "Why not dinner to-morrow night? Or—"

"My dear children," replied Varney, taking a hand of each in his own, "I go away to-morrow morning before you are out of your little beds."

"Go? But you only came this morning," cried Hélène, disappointedly.

"Venice is not for me," he answered. "I'm too old, too—too *pickled* to enjoy the idea of it. I'm going back to America. I have seen—what I came to see."

She did not press him further, for she understood that he had given them a rare, unwonted glimpse of his secretest heart—and had shut the door again

Varney still held their hands. "You must come to see me instead," he said, in gentle sonority of voice, but his eyes were keenly on De Lancey Carroll's face.

Hélène answered, "It will make America worth coming to."

"Thank you, my dear. Good-by. Good-by, Carroll. If the little boats ever pall on your taste, let me know. Good-by. Good-by." And he strode off abruptly, his tall, stooping frame silhouetted grotesquely against the ghostly palaces of the piazza.

"The old dear!" sighed Hélène. "Isn't he an old dear, Lance?"

"He's a great and famous man, my dear," slowly replied Carroll, his voice disheartened and tired, "and to be envied," he added, sadly.

"But who would change with him? Not I. Not you. . . . Oh, my dear, beloved Venice! . . . Come, Lance, let us go home."

After that night De Lancey Carroll was no longer the easy-going, acquiescent dweller in Venice that he had hitherto been. Whether it was solely the potent impression on him of George Varney's inexplicable mental and physical force—a force that not a few men had yielded to in their turn—or whether Carroll had of himself semi-unconsciously arrived at one of those psychological cross-roads where the encounter with Varney had given him the needful push in a new direction, matters, after all, but little. The tangible fact was that Carroll found himself on the unwonted path. This change in him manifested itself against his own will in many instances. Against his will, because he was, before all, set on hiding from his wife his unrest of mind. For his own part, he had had it well out with himself, that struggle of his, that recognition of what he felt became

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him as De Lancey Carroll. And in the end, when he had faced all there was to be faced squarely and candidly, he had to confess that he saw no remedy for his ill—no remedy, it would be more accurate to say, that he could, in view of one great circumstance, avail himself of, or would. The great circumstance, the barrier, was nothing less than his love for Hélène, which love he unquestioningly set high above every other concern. That the struggle was not sharp and that Carroll had not suffered would be folly to say. He had been strong enough, according to his view of it, to put aside his personal longings; but he was not perfected to the ultimate point of hiding the traces of the sacrifice, however he might deceive himself.

The manifested change in him was, then, a considerable factor. His friends observed it, and with the commonest explanation at their command, and their most infallible, speculated on Carroll's imminent alienation from his wife; his gondoliers took sad note of it, for the *padrone* had lost his zest for rowing; nowadays he seldom took an oar, and the excursions, the excitement of the races, became rarer and rarer. But naturally the one to whom Carroll's new condition was most apparent, most disconcerting, most inexplicable, was his wife. Hélène saw daily the shadow in his eyes, the nervous distraction of his manner, his lack of interest in his boating, his long silent lapses into gray meditation, the result of which he did not offer to share with her; she saw him resort more frequently to his library and hedge himself in with impenetrable yellow calf volumes; the American papers had a fresh fascination for him; he spoke oftener of Boston and of the men who had been associated with him in his law practice, noting the rise of this one, the failure of that one, with an infusion of interest he had not before displayed. His kindness, his sensitive regard for her wishes, his anticipation of her unexpressed wants, his protection, remained the same—nay, they were, if anything, delicately enhanced. If Hélène suggested a day's outing in the gondola, a visit to some delightfully familiar spot on the mainland full of memories for them both, even a longer journey, Carroll acquiesced readily. But she had to observe that now the initiative was always hers, that Carroll followed but never led. In the beginning she was bewildered, though not alarmed. She was not an unwise woman in her dealings with men, and held to the sage opinion that in their perverse periods the safest method of procedure with them was discreet silence and outward disregard.

"You are not ill, are you, Lance?" she had inquired occasionally. "You seem a little down."

But his prompt and indignant denial set her mind at rest on this point, and she forbore to press it. When the situation prolonged itself from a matter of days and weeks into months, her apprehension of it began to assume other forms. She was worried, sometimes annoyed, disheartened, jealous, confused. Nor is it to be supposed that she, too, did not let herself consider the possibility of her husband's alienation from her. She was too experienced a woman of society not to dare the fact. The chance of it left her cold and sick with leaden fear. Yet she forced herself to a straight view of the conditions. The result of this amounted to the sum that so far as she could determine there was no other woman involved in Carroll's disintegration. But this did not destroy the equally horrifying idea that Lance was growing tired of her. Yet so sure was she of his love that she was resolute enough to hide away in her inmost heart the cruel suspicion, and to set herself to discover other causes.

"Lance," she began, abruptly, one night when they were sitting together over their coffee in the library, "are you tired of Venice?"

Carroll glanced quickly at her. "No," he answered, quietly. "Why do you ask that?"

"I was just wondering," she replied, vaguely. "If you are tired of it, say so frankly, dear. We are both too old and too friendly to go about misunderstanding each other. If you want to go, Lance, we'll go."

"No, no," he said, hastily. "Of course not. All of our life is here. But, my dear, do *you* want to go? Are you tired of it?"

Hélène laughed, leaning her fine head lazily against the back of the chair and

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throwing out her hand in a wide gesture of amused protest. "Haven't you seen me loving Venice every day more and more for ten years, and then you ask that? Venice and I tired of each other? Never! When I think of those years in Boston—" She got up suddenly. "Lance, you aren't pining for *Boston*, are you? Tell me the truth, all of it. Lance! you aren't homesick, are you?" Her voice betrayed the fear behind the words.

"No, Hélène, I can't say I'm homesick," Carroll answered, gravely. "I can't say that Boston appeals to me as the one city to live in. Decidedly I prefer Venice."

She did not observe the shadow of abstraction pass over his eyes, so great was her relief.

"Oh, thank God, Lance! I don't think I could go back there to live. I shouldn't hesitate at Timbuctoo if you set your heart on it; but to go back there where all the unhappiness of my life has been, where all the awfulness— Oh, I couldn't. I *couldn't*, Lance!" She covered her eyes with her hands as if to shut out the vision. Carroll came to her and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"You won't have to, dear. And I am satisfied to be where you are satisfied to be."

This interlude reassured her for a time, but not for long. Presently the old doubts and fears were at work again, harassing and laying waste her heart. Endlessly she searched and researched her brain for the clue to her husband's listless, inanimate state. And endlessly she failed to satisfy herself. The truth, so sought after at the bottom of every dank, dreadful well she could imagine, was too near to her hand, too simple for her to seize hold on. Not unnaturally, all this abnormal excitation had its effect on her physical being. Her good spirits failed her, she grew exaggeratedly nervous, capricious, almost childishly petulant. In her efforts at relief she threw herself feverishly into her social world, dragging with her Carroll, regardless of his protestations, to houses she had not heretofore deigned to visit. One night her false strength collapsed and she fainted at the dinner table of the woman with whom they were dining. Carroll brought her home in the gondola and her maid put her to bed, while he paced in a fright up and down the drawing-room. When he went in to see her, she was sitting up in bed. The wild, uncanny beauty of her chalk-white face against the whiteness of the bed-linen, the whiter for the long blackness of her braided hair, her eyes dancing hot flames, her hands twisting and untwisting slenderly the lace on her nightgown, filled him with a rush of terror.

"Hélène," he besought, "you must lie down. You must quiet yourself. You are making yourself ill."

She disregarded his protestations. Fixing her desperate eyes on him, she cried in a sharp voice: "Now what is it? What *is* it? I've got to know. Tell it, even if it kills me. You *are* killing me, going on like this. You sha'n't leave this room till I know."

Carroll stared at her uncomprehendingly. "Hélène! You are not yourself. What is what?"

"Oh, don't, don't, don't, Lance! Can't you see how I am suffering? Tell me. I can't bear it."

"But I don't understand," he replied, in bewilderment.

"Don't *lie!* Do you think I have been blind for the last six months? Do you think I haven't *seen—felt?* Am I a stone image? Haven't I *known* the change in you? I've not spoken. I waited till now—but you didn't explain. You wouldn't—though you must have seen, have known, how I was suffering. I was too proud to speak. But now, now I am not. . . . Lance, *is* it another woman?"

Slowly Carroll began to understand. And he had thought that he was keeping his secret so well; he had tried so faithfully. This was the meaning of Hélène's moods, her sudden, strange, unnatural whims that had hurt and perplexed him so; her sharp words, her bitter animadversions? She had been driven desperate by him, and he had not guessed it. His reply broke from him like a sob: "Good God in heaven, no, no!"

"And you aren't tired of me, Lance? You're not; say you're not! I could bear anything but that. We have been so happy together—so—so— Lance, you aren't tired of me?"

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Drawn by W. D Stevens

HER EYES FIXED THEMSELVES HUNGRILY ON THE QUAINT ROOFS

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Carroll took her in his arms, holding her close against him while she wildly sobbed, kissing her lips, her eyes, her hair. Half sobbing he was, too. "No, no, no," he whispered. "No! Tired of *you!* Oh, Hélène, Hélène, how could you think it; how could you think it? It was— I can't explain it now. To-morrow—" But she did not hear him; she had fainted again in his arms.

Winter had fallen on the glamour of Venice when Hélène Carroll was again well enough to leave her room and lie meekly in the library on a *chaise longue*, while Carroll read or talked to her. They had returned like children to their old intimacy. In his relief from the fear of the weeks that had passed, when the days were an agony and the nights a black desolation lest she die, Carroll's own smaller anxiety lay passive. And so when she came back into the world again Hélène found him, save for the gentle scars of his anguish over her, his old self. Her convalescence was, then, perhaps the most beautiful time in her whole life.

It was at this period that Varney's letter came. Some one had told him of Hélène's illness and her present slow recovery. His letter was a bit of himself—tender, ironical, sympathetic, blunt.

Hélène was alone as she read it, her face sensitively a-smile in the delight she took in the fact and the words of his remembrance of her. Varney had finished: "And does your husband still fool with the little boats? I wonder if he will ever tire of it. Personally I am half inclined to hope not. But—well, there is a tradition in us old New-Englanders, born in our blood—I suppose they'd call it a *germ* to-day—that one ought to work. That tradition-germ may bite him yet, if his heredity works strongly enough; and being a Carroll, and a good one, there's a chance. In case it ever happens, let the disease have its course. It may die out, or it may pester him, as it has me, for years. . . ."

The thin paper fell from Hélène Carroll's fingers. She lay motionless for an hour, staring out at the blue sky above the quaint line of roof-tops to be seen from the window. Slowly, illuminatingly, she reconstructed the past summer from the night they had sat with George Varney in the piazza. Was this it? Was this it? she asked herself searchingly. Had Lance actually felt the old tradition? Painfully, exactingly, she took stock of all she knew of her husband. She recalled his frequent references, in the old Boston days, to his ethical duty, to his work for the sake of work. Yes, it was clear enough: Lance had reverted to type. And she had not understood, had not guessed. How she had failed him in his need! And he—she gave a little sob as the fineness of his silence was at last interpreted to her—he would not tell the truth because he knew she could not bear to go back to Boston. Dear Lance, dear, dear, wonderful Lance! . . . When the first impulses of emotion were over, Hélène looked the matter clean in the eyes. As she pondered, now her mouth set in a thin, sharp, bitter line, now her face clouded, now there were tears on her cheeks, now she smiled, and now she shivered. . . . "Yes, we'll go back," at last she whispered. "Yes, my dear Venice, my beloved Venice, we'll go back and give him his trial. He won't like it: he'll hate it. He's spoiled for it, you and I both believe, but we sha'n't tell him so. We'll keep very quiet and be very brave, and maybe one day we'll come back. But, oh, my dear, dear city, how I shall miss you!" Her eyes fixed themselves hungrily on the quaint roofs and the blue sky.

When Carroll came in, Hélène gave him Varney's letter without comment. She saw the flush on his cheeks when he came to the words about himself. "Come here, Lance," she said, "beside me." She slipped her hand in his. "There. Now listen, my dear. I understand now, Lance, for the first time. You were very brave and very foolish. And I was not very brave and much more foolish than you. When I am well, we are going back to Boston, and you are going to work. No, don't speak, don't argue, don't protest. I won't hear it. . . . Oh, Lance, Lance, as if I couldn't do so little a thing for you! Hush!"

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The Art of Horatio Walker

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

THE theme of labor, which played so large a rôle in European art during the nineteenth century, has been little represented in our own. Many reasons might be suggested. There has been, in the first place, a general mistrust of any picture that might seem to tell a story. To be suspected of an inclination in that direction has been a bugaboo to most of our painters who were of the younger generation twenty years ago. They had been fostered at the breast of art for art's sake, and have never quite recovered from the thinness of their diet. They have been afraid to be themselves, much more to take a sympathetic interest in their human environment. And the public has retaliated by taking little interest in them.

On the other hand, labor in this country does not so readily invite sympathy. In its self-organized form it is intolerant, somewhat a nuisance to the peace of the community; as organized by capitalists, on vast ranches, for example, it is a huge machine; as represented in the sporadic institution of the hired man, here to-day and gone to-morrow and at no time too reliable, it exhibits a personality that is seldom sympathetic. Nor are battered store-clothes, encased in jeans, suggestive of the picturesque.

It must, however, be admitted, if picturesqueness is the quality desired, that the labor of the gold fields and the lumber camps supplies it in rich measure. True; but still unsympathetically. Each individual, if we are to believe our fiction-writers, is apt to be an arsenal of pugnacious individuality. Perhaps, after all, it is *just* this individualism in the person of the American laborer, the fact that he has "too much ego in his cosmos," which has baffled the American artist. The latter is hunting for the type, but finds himself everywhere confronted with the individual. Probably it is because Horatio Walker has discovered a type that he has devoted his life to its interpretation.

But American though he is, the type has been discovered in alien soil. The island of Orleans in the St. Lawrence River supplies it. Here, within distant sight of Quebec, lives a remnant of the French occupation that has preserved intact the race, faith, and primitive methods of its peasant ancestry. Walker's peasants are the counterpart of Millet's, and like the latter's are a survival in direct succession of the agriculturists who in Noah's time scratched out of the soil a sustenance more or less penurious.

Here, then, is presented the incentive to an art as serious as Millet's. It is interesting to note how Walker has embraced the opportunity; in what degree he has approached and deviated from the point of view of Millet.

The clue to the resemblance and the difference lies in the fact that while Walker is no less serious than Millet, his point of view is more exclusively artistic. This is only another way of saying that he is more detached from the subject of his study. Millet himself was of peasant stock, had bent his back to the plough and hoe, known in his own body the pinch and rigor of toil, and in his own soul the loneliness, barrenness, and deadness of the peasant's life. The cry of the soil was ever in his brain. It was impossible for him to view his subject apart from itself, or to keep his point of view from being poignantly personal. It is wrong to regard him as a moralist. Though his pictures frequently have the stern clang of a prophet's denunciation, they were intended to be simply an artist's summary of what he saw. Only he saw with his soul as well as with his eyes. That was at once the source of his weakness and his strength. Of his weakness, because it closed his eye to every other side of life but the sad one; of his

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strength, because it made him the first to express, and as no other painter has done since, the idea inherent in labor.

He held it, by virtue of its ancient lineage, aristocratic. He saw it, because of what man is, a need of nature. He knew it to be beautiful, because an expression of a force that existed before the worlds were. It was to him a living symbol of the universal law of nature. Men have called it the curse of Adam, and have made it so; a Juggernaut car under which they hurl themselves and their fellows. That is the tragedy all the world over; and Millet saw it and felt it. That which should be the highest expression of life has been distorted by man into an engine of death. The single solitary tragedies spotted over the fields of Barbizon were but types of the monstrous, myriad-tentacled tragedy of the human misuse of labor.

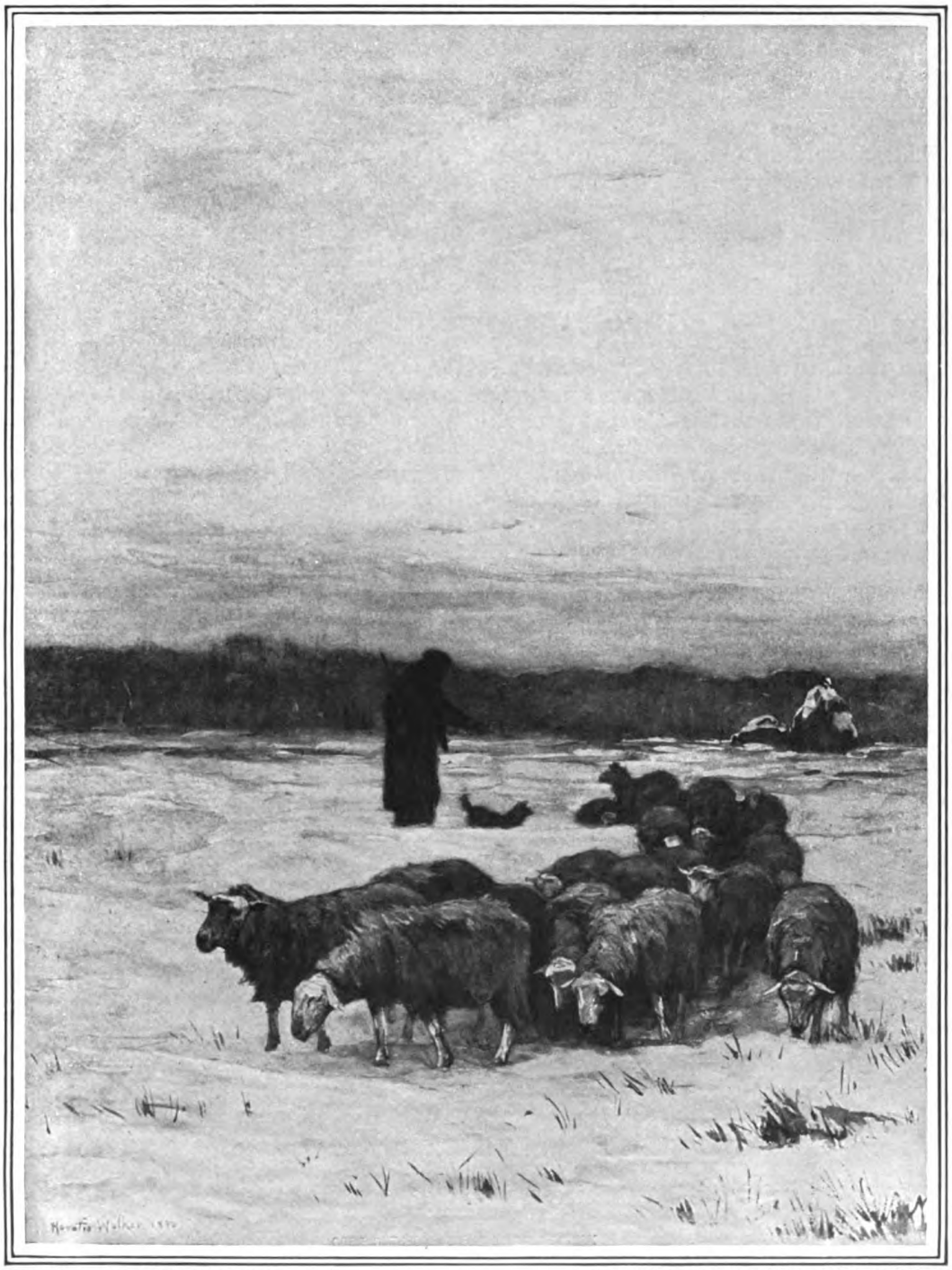
In some such way one may try to grope after Millet's conception. None more immense has ever stirred an artist. Even that of Michelangelo, as he saw the misused greatness of Italy's opportunities consummating her ruin, pales before the universal significance of this one. Nor need such a statement involve any comparison of the art of the two; it is not of the product that one is thinking, but of the idea that compelled it. Compelled, I repeat; for it was more than an impulse that moved these men, it was a compulsion. And I suspect that it is the American painter's very lack of the one or the other, of any conception, in fact, concerning the *idea* of labor, that bars him from the theme. He views labor entirely in its personal aspect; the ideas embodied in it he ignores. Hence both the triumphs and the tragedies that the subject presents in this country escape him. Yet it is the one of all others through which he could most readily and powerfully appeal to his countrymen.

Though Walker's models are the same as Millet's, he does not invest them with anything approaching the same tragic significance. Yet, embodied in his apparently objective rendering of this peasant community is an idea. One cannot study his pictures without being conscious that they involve an epic of labor; that beneath this record of the progress of the seasons, and of the daily going forth to labor until the evening, there is an expression of the ceaseless routine of natural law. That which to the ordinary summer visitor seems monotony and almost negation of living—that each year Jacques or Pierre, unless death has claimed him in the interval or rheumatism has laid him low, will be found in the same fields doing the same kind of work—has for Walker an element of grandeur and comfort. It is a symbol of stability in a world of perpetual flux; of natural order contrasted with disordered strenuousness elsewhere.

I do not say that he started out with any such idea, or deliberately went in search of it. Everything in his work proclaims the opposite. It is so essentially a painter's, inspired by what is visible to the eye. But the ocular impressions have wrought upon his imagination, and in the process of thought the *idea* has been precipitated. And unquestionably it is the fact of this idea penetrating everything he does, often perhaps unconsciously to himself, always as unobtrusively as the operations of nature, that gives his work the elements of bigness and of a sincerity universally significant—an epic quality.

The Homeric flavor that all thoughtful students discover in Walker's pictures is not of the Iliad kind. There is no suggestion of a pitiless destiny in clash with mortals, of prodigious exploits or profound emotions. On the contrary, all is equable and genial like the Odyssey. It is the expression of a big heart, full of unsentimental sympathy, and of a mind that comprehends the objects of its study in their large relation to universal truth. Hence everything in his pictures, not the figures only, has the significance of a type. We are abroad in fields, wider than the island meadows and plough-lands, wherein each stretch of rich soil or bit of broken rock-land, each stunted growth of bravely spreading tree, loses its local particularity and partakes of a symbol. We come upon a solitary digger, a couple tending the plough or hauling ice, a lonely watcher by the side of her flock, a group washing sheep, or a man feeding his pigs. No one heeds our presence; all seem unconscious even of their own personalities; only the work in hand occupies them. Silently and unobtrusively they work like

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SHEPHERD AND SHEEP — WINTER EVENING

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nature's operations, side by side with the beasts, between whom and them there is the bond of a universal law. Call it necessity, if you will; but out of simple conformity therewith has proceeded a quiet contentment. Yes, the world of Walker's pictures is a serene one; not gay with impressions brought into it from the outside, but quietly genial by reason of what is found therein. Even its intervals of sternness, its moments of shadow, only serve to deepen and make more worthily serious the prevailing note of harmony.

It is indeed this word that sums up the character of Walker's art. To an extraordinary degree it is expressive of harmony; of the harmonious relation of man to his surroundings, and of the harmony to which all visible things relate themselves in the vision of a true colorist. For in his sensibility in color, as in the facility with which he interprets its effects, Walker has few rivals. He is also an unusually skilful draughtsman. Logically one should speak of this first, since excellence of drawing is the bone and sinew of good art, and his would not be what it is but for this fundamental virtue. Nevertheless, it is probably the color of Walker's pictures that the spectator first observes; and he may not be wrong in his conclusion that it is the color aspects of nature that the artist himself especially feels.

For in his perception of color, seen under the varying qualities of light, Walker is wholly of the moderns. It is in this respect that, as a painter, he surpasses Millet; and because of it that, as a philosopher, if I may use the term, he avoids the extreme of Millet's point of view. What I mean is that Walker sees the life he studies in its natural environment. Millet is in an environment that is the product of his own subjectivity. The latter, too, belonged to the older tradition, in that it was the forms of things that particularly impressed him. His treatment of form was sculpturesque. By instinct he was a sculptor; a Michel-

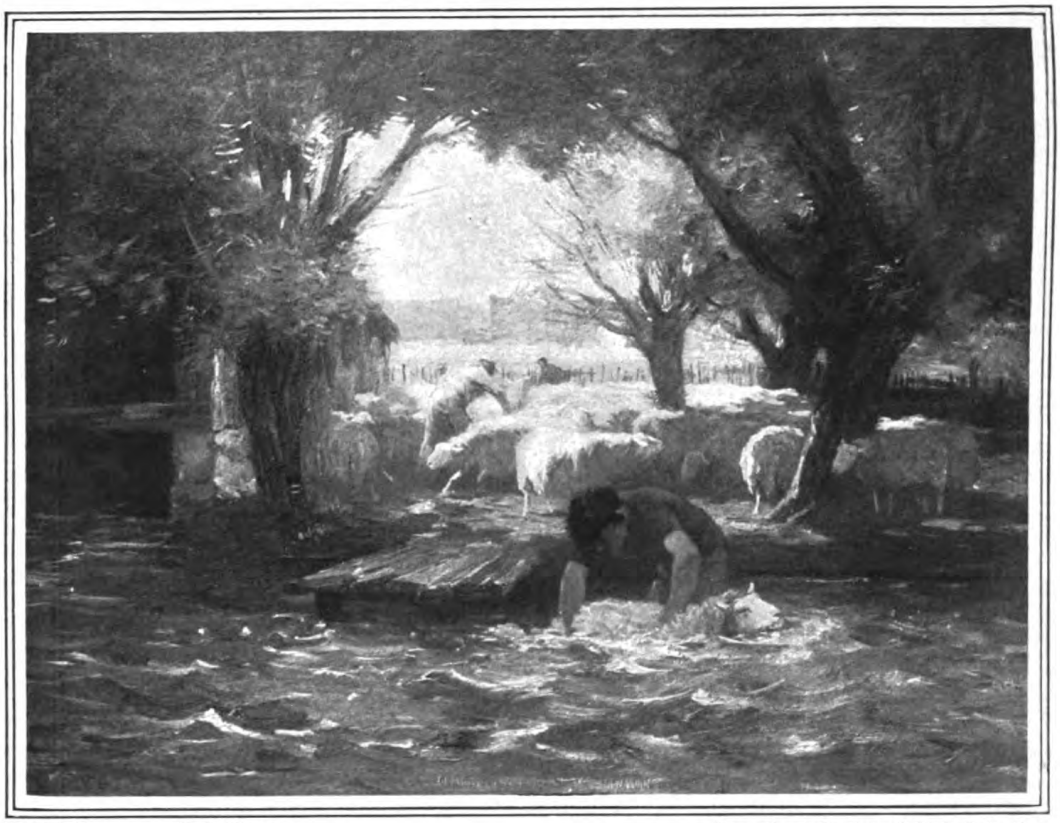


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GIRL FEEDING TURKEYS

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SHEEP-WASHING

angelo, if you will, in paint. Color was to him still an accessory, after the fact. The fact itself was form, seen in relation to other forms, and enveloped in the arbitrary atmosphere of his own emotions.

Walker, on the other hand, with his habit of seeing everything in its envelope of natural light, receives an impression of the scene, continually tempered by its influence. To him even the sullenness of the sky is attended with effects of beauty; the drear of winter has its own subtlety of charm; the glow of sunset does not bring depression. Nature in every one of her varying aspects is impersonal; and the influence of this impersonality impregnates Walker's conception of his theme. By him this peasant life is seen in relation to its environment, and the latter in relation to the universal order, or harmony of the universe. This harmony, which to the artist's imagination, as to Plato's, is synonymous with beauty, Walker interprets in harmonies of color. It is because his conception and his interpretation are alike the product of the point of view of the artist, who derives his impressions primarily from the appearances of life, that one is justified in describing him as more exclusively artistic than Millet.

In his coloring there is nothing of the woolliness, greasiness, heaviness, or opacity that by turns is apt to distinguish Millet's. Seen and rendered as a phenomenon of light, it is limpid, vibrating, subtle, agile, and pervasive. It has the individuality that variety of textures gives; and in an extraordinary degree that suggestion of vitality that is of the essence of nature's coloring. By the time that one has realized that in nature color is light and light is the source and expression of life, the suggestion of paintiness in pictures which assume to represent nature troubles one, and, correspondingly, the suggestion of the natural light is a stimulus to pleasure.

Very keen is this stimulus in the case of Walker's coloring, for not only is the suggestion of natural light convincing, but the skill also of craftsmanship is so

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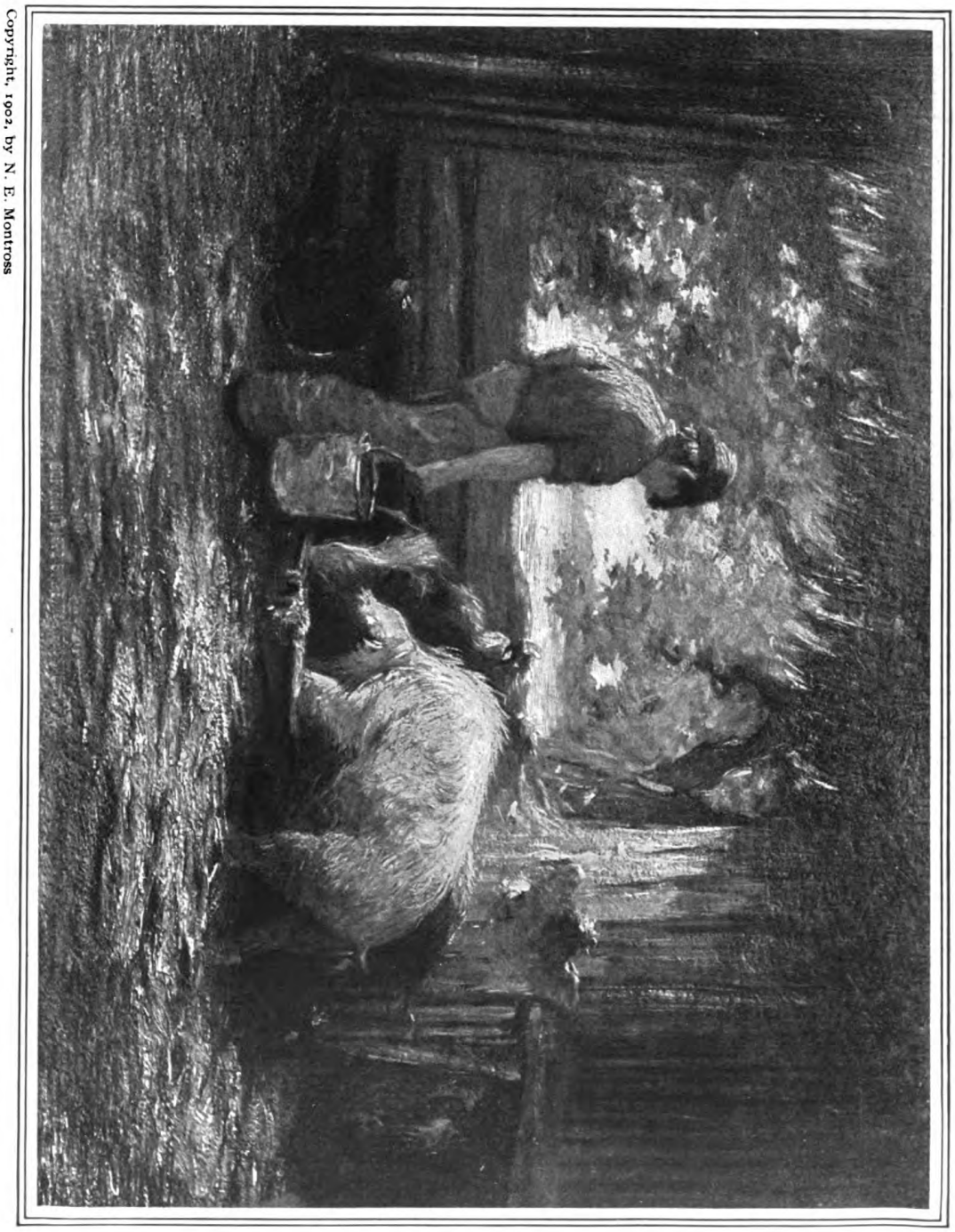
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THE WOOD-CUTTERS

immediately effective that the impression reaches us direct and unimpaired, instinct with the vitality and vigor of the artist's purpose. This is conspicuously discernible in his water-colors, for the readiness and conciseness of the medium, as he uses it, lessens the interval between the intent and its realization. Moreover, there is a thriftiness in the expenditure of resources that makes the completeness of the illusion the more fascinating. For Walker's use of body-color is incidental; to secure an accent here and there, or to emphasize the solidity of a mass. Mainly he employs the pure washes of transparent pigment, the hue and its value estimated in advance so closely that no subsequent modification is necessary. Thus the ultimate effect has no appearance of having been, in studio jargon, "pulled together" by the laborious process of covering up initial bungling. It seems rather to have grown spontaneously. It has the inevitableness of natural growth. Moreover, the rhythmic quality. The adjustment of the values, according to the relative amount of light in each local hue, is so fine that the harmony of the whole is a fabric of rhythmic relations, vibrating in their envelope of light. I am not, of course, suggesting that Walker is alone in this method of using pigment, for the same thing applies in his oil pictures as in his water-colors, though in the latter it is more easily appreciated. Yet in the water-color medium, among the few who are equally skilful I think of none where variety of feeling is so marked. Indeed, in all his work he is as far as possible from having any predilection for one range of effects or for an acquired formula of rendering them. His imagination seems continually open to fresh impressions, and his hand prepared to invent the readiest method of their expression. Consequently the scope of expression, represented in his pictures, is as expansive as his point of view, and its quality as invariably vital.

And now a word or two of Walker's skill in drawing. Those who had the good fortune to see the exhibition of some of his pencil studies at the Montross Gallery a year or two ago, saw for themselves not only the artist's mastery of form, but also his indefatigable pursuit of the

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BOY FEEDING PIGS

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PEASANTS SCRAPING A PIG

idiosyncrasies of character in the type. Here was a bristol-board covered with studies of pigs; another, alive with poultry; while others recorded the action and physiognomies of turkeys, sheep, oxen, horses, dogs, and I know not what. From the standpoint both of technique and of observation they were marvellous. The individual traits had been noted with a penetration and inclusiveness that reminded one of Hokusai, and were rendered with a succinctness and virility worthy of that Japanese master of synthetic expression.

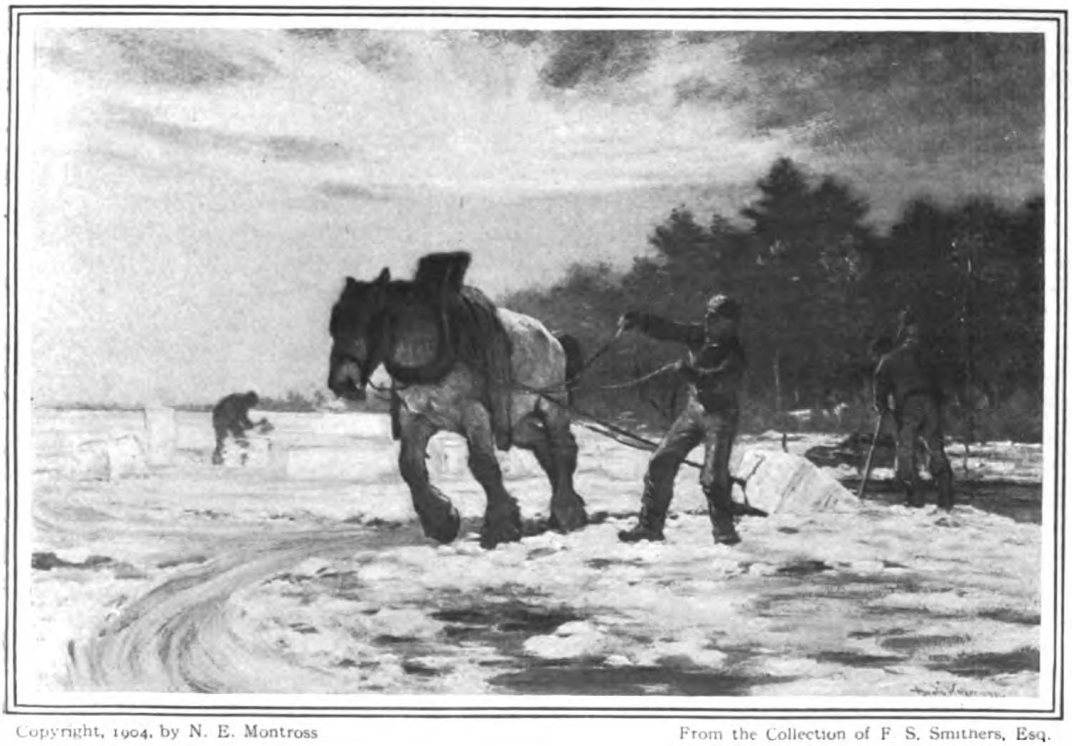
They give one a clue to another phase of Walker's point of view: that while it is genially and expansively objective, it is also intimately sympathetic. Not, however, as I have already remarked, in any sentimental way. He does not invest the animal life with human attributes, any more than he twists the mood of the landscape to interpret some mood of his own, or surrounds the peasant with an atmosphere of emotional suggestion. He views everything in relation to universal truth. In fact, in their case, as in the color appearances of nature, he inevitably preserves the respective values truthfully. And in so doing he makes the animals play their real part in the scheme of things, as here represented.

A striking, even amusing, example of this appears in one of his most recent pictures. It shows a man digging, while three hens wait round for what, most literally, may turn up. One of them particularly attracts attention by the eagerness of her demeanor. Her companions, perhaps because of temporary repletion, display more casual interest: but she is hungrily alert, neck extended, head a little to one side, the eyes beadily fixed, all the intensity of her minute hen mind intent on worms. Meanwhile the man's body is bent to the spade, his head bowed over the clods. The same earth occupies the minds of man and hen; the one with some dull apprehension of a future crop of potatoes, the other with

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keen expectation of immediate returns. If possessed of intelligence a trifle superior to that of either hen or man, we may be disposed to regard them as mentally on a par with each other. But how to an intelligence correspondingly higher than ours must appear our own strivings? From the standpoint of the universe, what are the strivings of the highest intellect? This little picture, indeed, is an extraordinary epitome of human labor and its relation to what we conceive of universal truth. Yet to make it so may or may not have been in the mind of the artist. That it should be so, quite possibly, is due only to the keenness and justness of his observation.

But I shall not do justice to Walker as an artist if in laying stress on what may be called the psychology of his work I distract attention from the purely artistic side of his work. While there is no doubt, I think, that he is primarily interested in art as an expression of life, in which respect he again proves himself to be a modern working in the modern spirit, the feeling for beauty in the abstract is never absent from his thoughts. Nor need it be; for in the harmony of things, as conceived of either by philosopher or artist, there is no divorce between the abstract and the concrete. The greater does not include the less, and the less in its fragmentary form is but a symbol of the greater. And in such a scheme of related values, even what is too unreflectingly called ugliness is really, if it be an expression of life, but a contrasting note in the harmony of beauty. Which in its pictorial application means that there is nothing so vulgar, as we may choose to call it, that cannot be made a medium for the expression of beauty. Many people can enjoy the iridescence on a Babylonian pitcher dating from some 3000 B.C. It is sanctified by antiquity, though originally destined for a vulgar purpose, and its now easily appreciated beauty is but the result of its having been buried in the earth, so that the glaze has been chemically affected. But suppose they come upon a sow of ponderous belly that, after wallowing in the mud of a shallow pond, has laid itself out in the sun. Can they appreciate the exquisiteness of prismatic hues that its foul hide exhibits? Probably not. But Walker can, and renders it in a memorable pic-

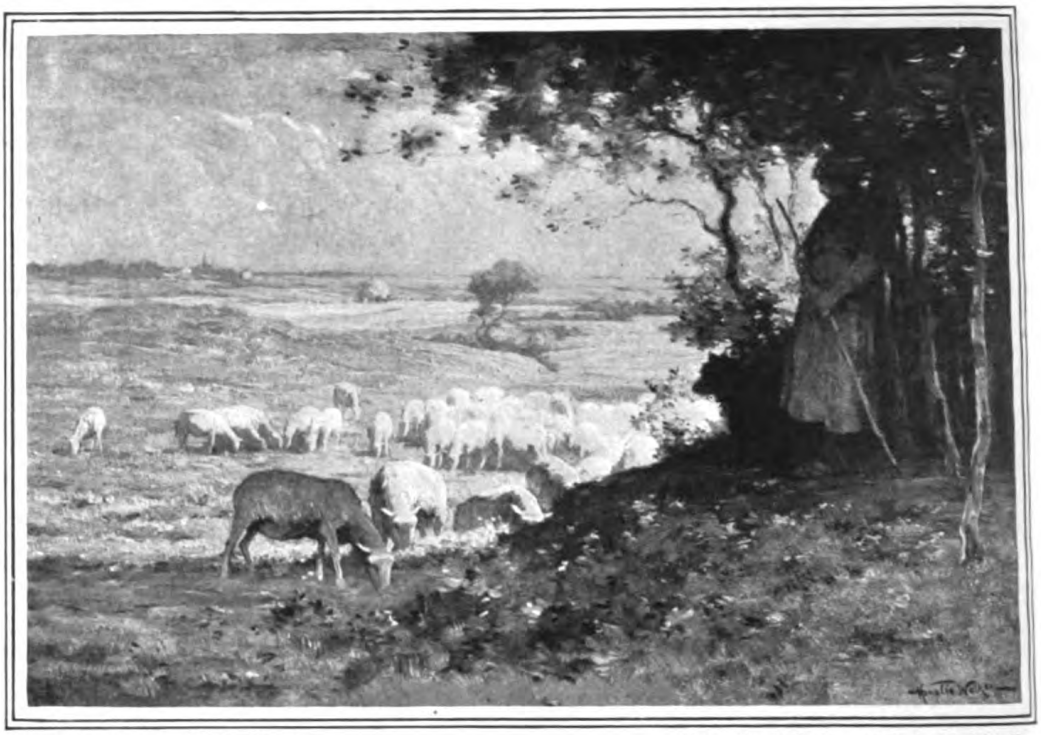


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ICE-CUTTERS

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A SUMMER PASTORAL

ture; one as memorable, by the way, for the character of drawing in the beast, as for the expression of abstract beauty of which it has been made the medium.

Then, who that has seen it can forget the picture of "Boy Feeding Pigs"? The scarlet note of the boy's shirt against the green and yellow of the landscape, saturated with the warmth of sunset; the scattering glints of gold amid the straw litter; but chiefly the glamour of the hog's carcass. It is covered with white bristles, wiry and on end in the excitement of straining for the wash-trough, yet sparse enough to leave revealed the pinkness of the flesh, on which the light plays with a magic touch that makes it resonant with beauty. Yes, quite naturally in speaking of a colorist's harmonies one slips into the terminology of music. The strains of a piano, as I write, reach me from the next room. What is that instrument but a body of ungainly figures, composed of wood and metal; what is a fiddle but lumber and a fish's guts? And this concrete thing of Walker's—a hog. Yet, under the master touch of the artist, a vehicle of abstract beauty.

In conclusion, then, Walker's art, while immediately concerned with the local and individual character of that portion of the visible world he has chosen for his particular study, is concerned also with beauty in the abstract, and with the psychological relation of what is finite and temporary to that which we conceive to be universal and eternal. It is this interpenetration of symbolism throughout all the concrete evidences of a shrewd and accurate observation of facts that explains his hold on our imagination. It is a symbolism of subtle suggestion of the relations that exist between the concrete and the abstract, resulting, like Maeterlinck's, from a concentration upon facts. The facts of visible certainty are so vividly illumined that their penumbra of larger significance, partly seen, partly guessed at, is suspected. Again in this expression of symbolism, as understood and needed by the modern mind, Walker proves himself a modern of the moderns.

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Editor's Easy Chair

IN the good old days when religion was not so largely a matter of conduct as it is thought now, but was more in the nature of a contract with the Creator, it was the custom to reckon up one's blessings from time to time, and see how the balance stood. If you had, for instance, had your health for a long period, or had been very successful in business, or had harvested uncommonly heavy crops, or had an extraordinarily good apple year, or had escaped the malice of a freshet or a fire, or had worsted an enemy in a lawsuit, or had in any other wise come out on top in your affairs or experiences, it was proof not only that you had fulfilled the conditions of the agreement, but that the divine party of the second part had not forgotten them. Of course, you did not put it so crudely in acknowledging the facts, and if you had more truly imagined God than most men had then, or have yet imagined Him, you did not enumerate the misfortunes of your neighbors as your blessings in disguise. You did not thank your Maker that while A had been laid up all winter with rheumatism you had escaped without a twinge; that while B had gone to pieces in the dry-goods line you had done so well in your grocery; that while C had cut no hay worth mentioning your mow was filled to bursting; that while D's want of foresight in dealing with caterpillars' nests the year before had left him without a pint of cider, your barrels overflowed. You did not intimate in your prayer or praise that the burning of E's house without a cent of insurance, while a high wind blew the flames away from yours, looked almost providential; or that the jury which found for you against F had seemed to follow a direct leading from on high. Yet, probably at the bottom of your heart some such shabby convictions were lurking, and if your thanksgiving refused them utterance, it was because you did not feel it quite seemly to mention them, and not because you did not harbor them. Or did very good people sometimes allow something like them to get into words? Was not it thought well to fortify one's faith by contrasting one's own good luck with the bad luck of others? Or at the least, was not it, or is not it still considered right to look about one in moments of rebellion or affliction, and see if one is not as well off as other people?

We have thought of this, in no mocking spirit, let us hope, during the weeks and months of the present civic turmoil about to end by self-limitation, and wondered if we might not draw solace from the fact that there were probably worse things in the world than a Presidential election. It is true that, short of a revolution, nothing else seems so to stir the political deeps and shallows, and roil even the clear waters of morality and literature. During the time from the nominations to the election, business holds its breath, or fetches it in irregular gasps of impatience for the day when the usual financial winning and losing can begin again. Wall Street is so dull that grass would grow in it if it were not for the unwholesome gases exhaling from the brokers' offices. Art languishes by the seashore, or on the mountainside, or seeks to renew itself in the kindred activities of flirtation. Fiction finds itself turned from the flowery paths of romance to the sordid ways of campaign invention. Science seeks in vain to pierce beyond the misleading lights of the rockets sent up from mass-meetings to the perusal of the starry heavens. Religion itself lingers abroad in the ministers who realize that the hot weather dispersing and distracting their congregations will not abate this year before November, and it will be quite useless to open the churches. All the finer and gentler interests suffer interruption and suspense, and the question whom you shall vote for supersedes that of immortality.

Yet, if we are to have an elective Chief

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Magistrate, it is plain that we must have from time to time Presidential elections. There are publicists who maintain that we should not have these oftener than once in eight years; dreamers have dreamt that the President should be chosen for life, and done with it; but we do not think we have a miscreant among us who imagines, after he has been so long as three weeks home from Europe, that an hereditary monarchy would be the true solution of the difficulty. We have weak-hearted people enough, but not really one false-hearted American among those who remain with us. As soon as any of us feel ourselves turning untrue to the republic, we go abroad and become naturalized in some of the monarchical countries where in a few generations we may hope to become dukes, or at least knights.

But even in that happy, though somewhat remote event, can we hope to be rid of the unwholesome excitement of a general election? A Presidential election we can indeed escape; but in England itself, to which our recreants prefer to transfer their allegiance, they have Parliamentary elections which are quite as tempestuous, and which with the votes for women, now sure to come, will be still more violent. A single by-election, in certain cases, will convulse the papers and the clubs, and a general Parliamentary election may burst upon the land from a clear sky with a cyclonic unexpectedness unknown to our polity; for any defeat of a ministerial measure may force the ministry to go to the country; and then something far worse than a Presidential election will ensue, partly from the intensity of the Englishman's political convictions, and partly from his inability to see any overturn of public affairs as a joke.

Australia is too far off for a practical sanctuary, if it were not liable to like eventualities, and Canada itself seethes with excitement, when a new Parliament is to be chosen, on the English terms. The permanence of the Chief Magistrate, although it may be purchased at the high cost of royalty and aristocracy, does not avail anywhere to secure peace and quiet while the legislature is subject to popular choice; and China seems now to be the only country immune from the parliamentary microbe. In Russia, once the tranquil seat of absolute power, where the will of the Czar was sole and supreme, Dumas come and Dumas go in bewildering succession, with the noise of more than an army with banners. In Persia the ship of state, under the constitution bestowed by the generous Shah, is navigated with a series of explosions as violent as those of an unmuffled motor-boat; and now in the Ottoman Empire a party of Young Turkey, bursting from the cold storage in which it has been immemorially kept, has forced the reluctant hand of the Sultan to the gift of parliamentary government with all the incidental tumult of elections. The party of Youngest Turkey may be even now tying firecrackers to the tails of all the homeless dogs of Constantinople preparatory to loosing them upon the rival mass-meetings.

One hears, it is true, very little or no clatter from the elections of the Cortes in Spain; but what noise ever comes from Spain but the detonation of an occasional anarchist bomb at Barcelona? We do not get much *réclame* from the French elections, but if you happen to be in Paris during a parliamentary canvass you see, if you do not hear, explosive and abusive placards on all the dead walls, and no doubt business is as mischievously affected as with us in a Presidential year. The head of the state, indeed, is chosen by the legislature, and that saves months of popular uproar; besides, he is chosen only once in seven years. In Switzerland he is chosen once in two years by the same method, but so very, very quietly that no well-informed citizen knows who he is, at least while he is in office. In Germany, the instinct of order which is implanted with the bayonet in every German breast, will account for the serenity with which the Reichstag elections apparently pass off; but no one who has heard a German argument on any slightest matter of controversy can doubt that there is a vast deal of tumultuous thinking and feeling at these times throughout the empire. The very silence to which the emotions are reduced must be detrimental to business, not only then but long afterwards, whereas, we Americans, who have had it all out during the campaign, go vigorously to work as soon as the returns are in, whatever the returns are.

In fact, wherever we look about us we

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may see blessings for ourselves in the forms of others' hardships, and though it will not be handsome to offer praise for these on the Thanksgiving day which so miraculously follows election day in our year, still we cannot help taking some comfort from them. At the same time, if misery loves company, our hearts must be softened in the fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind. We are in the same boat, though we may sometimes wish to know what we are doing in it. Probably we shall remain in it, glad of such seaworthiness as it has, until political science shall contrive some civic shape of Christian brotherhood in which we can ride the air. The time may come when our "kindly world" shall be so "wrapped in universal law" that we shall feel no need of changing Presidents or parliaments, but shall dream on in a permanent industrial and social solidarity. But any one who has been back from Europe even a fortnight must perceive that the American part of the boat's crew could gain nothing by jumping overboard from any leak of the present into that welter of the past which sometimes seems to swim so invitingly round one over there. If ever one asked one's self, "Why have elections every four years when in one generation nature will supply you with a chief of the state for forty or fifty years, if the prince lives so long?" one is enlightened by the clear American sun to answer one's self, "Because you cannot have kings without lords, or lords without commons, and these differences are worse than the worst that a measureless equality can do to itself in the most corrupt elections and administrations. Very likely if a party adverse to the present now comes into power, the old pestilential rotation in office will rage in some form or measure, but this will not be comparable to the degrading and insulting persistence in power of a class because it is a class, and not because it is a party." If doubt again urges that there is at least one sovereign in Europe now trying monarchy without an aristocracy, you answer again that the experiment in Norway is new, and has yet to prove successful in the long run. If we wish to see how it will work on our own scale, we can, without going in for a royal family, exactly, have the effect of hereditary monarchy by re-electing some favorite President indefinitely.

There is nothing in the Constitution—an instrument of really admirable flexibility, though apparently so unyielding—which forbids this. Probably after a few re-elections there would not be so much injury to business interests from the repeated choice of the same incumbent; the opposition might cease to nominate candidates; but this is not certain. We suppose that in Mexico, where Señor Diaz has been President longer than any prince has reigned in Europe, except the Emperor of Austria and the good King of Belgium and Congo, there must be an Anti-Diaz party which goes through the motions of being defeated at the polls, so as to keep up the popular belief that Mexico is a republic. Something like this might happen with us. Otherwise we do not see how we can help having Presidential elections more or less obstreperous, as we have always had them. At the worst, they form for the wonted activities of life a sort of Sabbatical year, and probably we get a great deal more pleasure and profit out of them than we allow. It is agreeable and it is advisable in a commonwealth for the body politic to give itself to a season of athletics which must prevent the accumulation of fat and the degeneration of the civic tissues, by causing the blood to circulate more rapidly through the veins. For a time we may wholesomely abandon ourselves to the delights of a make-believe, a dream of faery, in which half of us pretend that the other half mean the destruction of the courts, the deification of the trusts, the apotheosis of the unions, the robbery of the rich, the enslavement of the poor, the subversion of the Constitution, and the ruin of the republic by wicked and wanton wars. Of course we all know better, but in the mean time it is like a play in the theatre, a melodrama that lasts three months.

There is, it must be owned, a good deal that is clumsy and unsatisfactory in the working of the machine, and always, no matter what the event, there is a sore disappointment with the god that comes out of it. The defeated like to contend that they were defeated by a minority, but when it is unquestionably shown that it is the majority which has

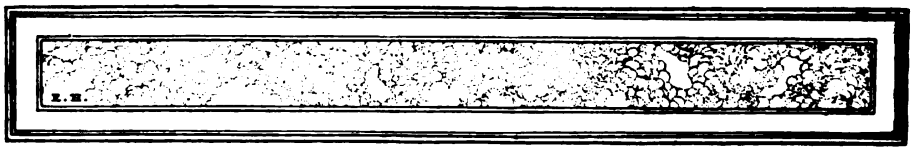
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triumphed, grave doubts arise as to the wisdom of majorities. Is the fact that the majority has won a proof that the majority is always, or ever, right? What will become of the country if in this instance it is wrong? We think we can point to a ray of consolation in the experience of a friend who shall be nameless. This friend was of a party which had been in power time out of mind. It had chosen President after President until it seemed as if it could never fail to choose the President; if it did, the effect would be like that of the earth turning back on its axis and going in for night instead of day, some morning. During the canvass there were many signs that gave the other party hopes, but our friend knew them to be false hopes, mockeries, illusions. All the better if they lured that party to final destruction, and put an end to its vain opposition. But when the election came it appeared that the other party had won. At first our friend would not, could not, believe it. He passed through all the stages of waiting for the official count, and when this sided against him he had a sleepless night. He felt ashamed for his country, and with the conviction that such a country was not worth saving he tasted a bitter joy in its perdition. Towards morning a light dawned upon him, a reason for things appeared from the chaos. It was not an enemy who had done this; it was his greatest friend, the best friend of mankind; it was the American people.

Something like the hope that then soothed his breast and lulled him to the sweetest morning nap he ever knew, will remain the consolation of whichever party is beaten in the conflict now raging round us with drums and trumpets, and smokeless, though not noiseless, powder. The victor in any case cannot fail of being the American people, level of head, honest of heart, just of will. This candidate, or that candidate, may go down; the worse candidate, or the better candidate, may be exalted; but so long as the people remain true to themselves, no harm is done. It is they who succeed whichever minority of them fails. Or, if an error of a really deplorable nature is committed, it is not for all time; it is not for the lifetime of some miscreant. In another four years we shall have another Presidential election.

In the mean time we are certainly behaving much better, much more like civilized people than we used to behave in these periods of national convulsion. The spectacle which we present to the world is by no means so epileptical as it once was. There is much less foaming at the mouth, much less cursing and swearing than there used to be, say at the time of Washington's second election, or Lincoln's. We cannot believe that either of the gentlemen now competing for the Presidency is honester or truer than those patriots, but we must see that they are not popularly found worthy of so much reproach or obloquy. They are certainly being a good deal caricatured, but even the caricaturists do not despise or abhor them in the old way. We certainly expect to be ruined if the wrong man is chosen, but we are not very ready to lay our hands on our hearts and declare from our conscience that we think the wrong man is a fiend in human shape.

This is a great advance, and many countries in which the chief magistrates, like the poets, are born, not made, might take example from us, in their parliamentary elections. The other eye, which we wink in private, has not been publicly strained to a bloodshot redness by the vehemence of our political passions. There seems every promise of a peaceful, even a loving, acquiescence in the ruin which one half of us know is awaiting us if the other half wins. No doubt the other half will be consoled if our half triumphs to the destruction, the figurative destruction, of our country; and again we note that being defeated is not like being dead, is not for a long time.



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Editor's Study

OUR communications with the reader from the Editor's Study have no direct relation to the publishers' plea that "Now is the Time to Subscribe." But as our Magazine year is closing and another is opening it is natural that the editor's thoughts should turn toward a computation of available values and their relation to the varied tastes and interests of his readers. That these tastes and interests are subject to constant mutation is an ever-present consideration with him, forcibly impressed upon him by reflection and observation. Within the year it has been noticed by librarians in England and America that far more than hitherto the attention of readers has been diverted from popular fiction to literature of a more substantial character—scientific, historical, biographical, and critical. Such a change in the mental attitude of readers reflects credit not only upon them but upon the writers who are responsible for the new and better scientific, historical, and critical interpretations. It is an indication of a general awakening of a higher curiosity and at the same time of the more absorbing interest of the new knowledge as to its very material as well as to its form, making it attractive as well as substantial literature. And it is helpful in the interests of fiction itself, since it leads to a wiser selection, in favor of such imaginative literature as creates reality and reflects truth.

The change was long ago anticipated in the scheme of this Magazine, and none too soon for an audience presumably more advanced in culture than the average constituency of the public library.

Scientific papers like Sir Oliver Lodge's on the results of psychical research, Professor Duncan's on "The Whitherward of Matter," and the same professor's on "The Trend of Chemical Invention"—all recently published in this Magazine, the last-mentioned in the present number—are significant examples of the possibilities realized in current periodical literature. Fifty years ago such papers would hardly have found place even in a quarterly review.

The scientific articles published in the popular periodicals of that time might have been issued by a society for the diffusion of knowledge, so obviously educational was their main purpose. They were things the people ought to read for information, and were generally accepted by readers with that mild fervor of gratitude usually characteristic of docile and conscientious pupils—only here and there, as in the case of an exceptional pupil, with enthusiasm. The information imparted was a step in advance of that given in school text-books and far more entertainingly presented; and, while it may have been for a long time familiar to a few specialists, it was new to magazine readers.

The disclosures made in these half-a-century-past magazine articles were interesting, but not compellingly and romantically interesting like those of the same class to-day. The revelations of the telescope since the elder Herschel's time and, later, those of the microscope and the descriptions of recent inventions in photography, telegraphy, and locomotion—these afforded material for the evocation of a mild wonder as compared with that excited by the publication of later disclosures made by Helmholtz, Hertz, Joule, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Kelvin, and Ampère, leading to new theories of heat and electricity and to the marvellous revelations of the spectroscope.

It is difficult for us who almost impatiently await every new discovery of science, and with no concern as to its effect upon previously established hypotheses or traditions, to understand the temper and attitude of the public mind during the score of years immediately after the middle of the nineteenth century. That was a period of transition, for the general intelligence, from an-

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tiquity to modernity in the psychical sensibility of the Anglo-Saxon race. The revolution effected was rapid—precisely simultaneous with the almost sudden breaking up of isolation through facility and celerity of intercommunication by steam and electricity, so that the first message transmitted by the transatlantic cable marked a moment of greater psychological significance than any other in human history since the birth of Christ. Some time ago in these pages we pointed out this epoch as marking the beginning of modern psychical history not less critically than the rise of the middle classes in the fifteenth century marked the beginning of modern political history, and just at that point we located the birth of art and literature into their real modernity.

Then it was that a remarkable change began to be evident in the attitude of the audience addressed by a popular magazine toward newly discovered scientific truths. From docile acceptance of knowledge, carefully selected with reference to its accordance with established views, the progress was swift to a positive craving of truth for its own sake which has grown into a high intellectual curiosity that waits for new satisfactions with greater avidity than for the most exciting developments in a serial romance. In recent years this appetite has become exceedingly keen by the marvels it has fed on since the discovery of the Roentgen rays. As we are writing this, every intelligent English-speaking reader is awaiting the reports of the meetings of the British Association from day to day with as vivid expectation as he would news from a critical military campaign. The report just received of Professor Joly's paper, advancing a new theory which overturns all hitherto accepted views of our planet as a once incandescent globe that has been gradually cooling during many millions of years, has piqued the general curiosity as to possible disclosures to come of a like revolutionary character. If geology is subject to a so violent revision, why not astronomy? And indeed it is to just such a revision of astronomy, as the result of Professor Chamberlain's new planetesimal theory, that an article to be contributed to an early number of this Magazine by Professor Duncan will call the attention of its readers.

Magazine articles like those which Professor Duncan has contributed during the past two years, and those we have had from Thomson, Ramsay, Rutherford, and others, disclosing the successive stages in the investigation of radiant phenomena, have not solicitously invited readers, have not had to be made interesting to them with all the arts at the writer's command, including that of tempting pictorial illustration, as was the case with the articles popularizing science fifty years ago —they have simply met the eager demand of our readers, and it is a demand that cannot be satisfied by dilatory response, years after the exciting event. The modernity of this new attitude on the part of readers since 1870 is distinctly emphasized by the utter lack of solicitude as to even the most radical changes of view precipitated by scientific disclosures —a solicitude as small as that entertained by the investigators themselves when their old hypotheses, held but not idolatrously cherished, topple and fall. It is reasonably assumed that the creative intelligence operative in the universe is best comprehended by a true knowledge of its operation.

Psychical apprehension reaches its supreme height in this quest of truth for its own sake, prompted by a wholly disinterested enthusiasm, and so engaging the mind of a whole people that leadership in the quest is not, as formerly, remote from the general intelligence, but has its near comradeship and a sense of universal participation in the truth rather than of the mere imparting of it to a select few, subject to the deprecations of the mass and even of those in authority. News from the battle-field, the forum, and the market appeal to passion and the desire for gain, but the new knowledge of man and of nature comes to us with as pure a flame as if it had the cosmic detachment of the sunshine from all earthly blemish.

It is true that our store of practical knowledge has been increased, in most important respects, as shown in all the great inventions of our age, by scientific discoveries. But, as Professor Hibben so well puts the matter in a recent *North American Review* article: "If man interrogates Nature for the purpose of wresting those secrets which shall min-

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ister directly to his needs and comfort, he fails to attain his end, or he attains it in a meagre way; but if, on the contrary, he goes to Nature with a desire to know her secrets for their own sake, the revelation often brings with it a wealth of knowledge which, in turn, admits of untold applications as regards the practical conveniences." Professor Duncan's article in the present number of this Magazine is, in every one of the new inventions he adduces, a triumphant illustration of the position taken by Professor Hibben. If Nature plays hide-and-seek with us, it is a purely psychical game. Only the pure in heart shall see God.

It is as true of life as of Nature that one must, for such interpretation of its truths as shall subserve its uses and values, first seek that interpretation through a knowledge of the secrets of the human heart and spirit, and not attempt to wrest these secrets for their accommodation to preconceived ends, be the ground of that preconception what it may. Even the really necessary social conventions rest ultimately upon principles which determine rules of conduct, and it is the principle we seek if we would have a purely psychical interpretation for the purposes of imaginative fiction, of any other art, or of the higher life itself. Life plays the game of hide-and-seek with us, as Nature does, yielding the true vision only to those who seek it for truth's sake, yielding also a beatitude along with the truth.

The present number of this Magazine contains no instalment of a serial novel, but no less space is given to fiction, in complete short stories. To a considerable proportion of our readers the continued substitution of short stories for serials would be agreeable, since there are many who wait until a novel is published in book form, when they can take it up at leisure and peruse it without any forced interruption. While we would make that substitution rather than undertake a serial that lacks distinction, we agree with those of our readers who desire in the magazine a good novel continued from month to month, and who even enjoy the suspense created by the interval. We might say that the interval itself is appreciated by many, not as involving dramatic suspense, but because it renders the course of the novel more natural. As a correspondent has expressed it: "I like a serial story because I become acquainted with the characters and their vicissitudes just as I do with people and their experiences in actual life, where the disclosures are made from time to time and not in immediate succession. The interruptions of the serial novel make it seem more real."

A novel of the finest quality does not always provoke a breathless expectation, which is far from being the main or indispensable condition for serial use. It is rather the fine quality itself that constitutes the justification, though the masterly portraiture of character and the power to create interesting situations are also essential. In this Magazine there has been a long line of really royal succession in its serial fiction which has given not merely gratification but distinction to serialization itself; and this feature of excellence, so well maintained, has, more than anything else, kept alive the appetite of readers for this form of publication.

We are pleased, therefore, to announce the beginning of a new novel in our next number—a story of unusual power and interest. It is the story of a very faultful, charming, and really womanly heroine, beset by circumstance, the fateful net of which closes about her in the opening chapter—and from that moment her struggle with fate enchains the reader's sympathetic interest. The abrupt transition from Parisian play and intrigue to a Knickerbocker social atmosphere in New York and the encounter of the French with the American temperament in the crises of the drama furnish material for a novel and striking study, also elements of humor which relieve the tension of the story. The development of this novel goes on entirely in America, though the unseen but ever-haunting elements underlying its drama belong to the foregone French environment; and it is wholly psychical in its motive and procedure and in its impressions upon the sensibility of the reader, while at the same time objectively effective in scenic projection and in portraiture of character. The writer's style has positive charm and

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distinction. The novel bears that distinct stamp of modernity which we must insist upon as an indispensable condition in our selection of fiction for serial publication.

Knowledge of authorship has come to be considered, almost as a matter of course, the reader's privilege. Anonymity is contrary both to our custom and our inclination, but in this case we beg our readers to believe that it has a reasonable justification, and is not assumed in order to give the story an adventitious claim to their interest by provoking their curiosity. They can easily conceive that a new author might wish to protect his or her noviciacy and to secure judgment on the intrinsic merits of the work by withholding a name as yet insignificant, or that an old author—as in the case of Bulwer when he began in *Blackwood's Magazine* his Caxton series of novels—having won distinction in one line of imaginative work, should desire to shield work of a quite different order from inevitable and confusing comparisons.

The absence of serial fiction from the present number will, and we are pleased that it should, fix closer and more critical attention upon the short stories, of which more are given to our readers from month to month than to those of any other illustrated magazine. This is accomplished without any diminution of the space given to other matter, because we confine ourselves to a single serial story; and this other matter is of higher importance and more in accord with what we deem the wisest principle of selection, because we resolutely avoid those timely topics which properly belong to the daily and weekly newspaper, and are there more promptly and effectively treated, because we never attempt the discussion of "questions" or "causes," and because we relegate subjects of special and limited interest to special periodicals.

By the exclusion of specialties the scope of the Magazine has been broadened so as to include every subject of large human interest, and its contemporaneity has been intensified by the repudiation of acutely journalistic features. We have already drawn attention to its valuable scientific contributions. Those of travel and exploration have been equally important, while art, literature, language, history, and sociology always have an eminent and adequate interpretation in its pages. Nothing in any of these fields is formally or technically presented or with any ulterior purpose beyond the disclosure of truth for its own sake and for the purely human interest involved.

Romance is not excluded because truth is served in the new knowledge—indeed, precisely there it most surely lies; and even the especially romantic element which lies concealed in recondite annals of human affairs is sought after and brought to light, as in Mr. Robert Shackleton's stories of great battles—of which there are more to come — taken from the lips of surviving participants. As strange and true as these will be the stories to be published during the coming year, unearthed from records of the Secret Service Department of our army during the Civil War. Chronicles of individual heroism in the careers of men who have given their lives for others will be contributed by Norman Duncan, who first publicly disclosed the similar record of Doctor Grenfell's Labrador Mission.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction, but truth and modern fiction are so inseparably allied that we look to the chronicler of affairs and to the essayist for the interest of the best kind of a story, and to the writer of fiction for the very heart of life's truth and for the most vivid world pictures. This brings us back to what we were saying of our short stories, the best of which as examples of realistic fiction are far in advance of any but the very best of contemporary novels. Referring to those in the present issue of the Magazine, we shall not attempt to enter into any descriptive comment on them; but we invite the discriminating reader's attention to the scope they cover and to their varied appeal and charm. We do not care that he should consider whether they belong to a "new literature," though if he should compare them with such as were published even as recently as twenty years ago, he will see that they belong to a far different world and appeal to a higher order of interest. Not one of them is sensational, though each creates excitement. Even the most dramatically impressive of them all, "Dust and the Serpent," is a psychical study of profound interest.

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Editor's Drawer

The Vibration Disintegrator

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IT was only my affection and friendship for P. Titherington Botts that led me to assist him financially in perfecting his last idea — the vibration disintegrator. Previous experiences with P. Titherington Botts had not been the sort that would lead a hard-headed business man to invest money in his plans, but there is something appealing and compelling about Botts that you cannot resist. He is a real inventor, but he invents things that are not public necessities, even if they are private successes. When he devised his wireless telephone that could be carried about like a vase I took most of the stock, and felt good about it until somebody mixed up the planes of resonance. It was natural that he should come to me with his vibration disintegrator.

"I've got a new one," he told me, coming into my office and closing the door carefully.

"What is it this time?" I asked him, looking curiously at the small black box he had under his arm. "A pocket storage battery?"

"No," he sniffed. "I leave such simple inventions to others. Miller, I've got the grandest nerve-saver and time-saver ever known."

He placed the box on the table beside him and opened it. All that was visible was a little movable needle that could be swung about in a circle upon a flat disk of steel and a black push-button. P. Titherington Botts looked at me mysteriously, then said:

"Now please pay close attention to what I say."

He turned the needle so that it pointed toward himself, then began:

"I call this the—"

At that word he pushed the black button. His lips continued to move, while he talked smilingly on, but not a sound could I hear.

"Come now, Tith," I said, crisply, "what sort of foolishness is this?"

For answer he whirled the needle around until it pointed at me and continued talking:

"—so that, as you have seen, so long as the needle points toward the source of the sound you can hear nothing."

"Did you come here to spring a joke on me?" I said—or tried to say. To my amazement, while I moved my lips and tongue and formed the words, not a syllable of them could I hear.

"Do you grasp the idea?" Botts asked.



HE IS A REAL INVENTOR

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"I can't grasp anything," I replied—and again I talked without speaking.

Botts pushed the button once more and shoved the needle back to zero.

"Now we can hear each other," he told me.

"What kind of craziness have you there?" I inquired, feeling that he was making me the victim of a practical joke. And it is an unwise thing in an inventor to perpetrate practical jokes on a capitalist.

"This," Botts said, rising and resting his right hand on the little box—"this is the vibrator disintegrator."

"All of which is as clear as mud to me," I retorted, testily.



I COULD NOT HEAR THE TICKING

Botts looked pained and sat down. Patiently he explained:

"Sound, as you know, is caused by vibration. Vibration is everything. Vibration up to a certain point causes heat, to another certain point causes light and color, to another certain point causes sound. Therefore, all we need do to avoid listening to sounds that disturb us is to stop the vibrations. The simplest way to do this is to break them up, to disintegrate them, so to speak. Here is the solution."

He patted the black box lovingly and went on:

"This new invention of mine sends an electrical discharge into sound vibrations and dissipates them, just as a ball from a cannon fired into the heart of a cyclone or waterspout will stop its progress. Do you begin to understand it?"

"Show me," I demanded. "My folks came from Sedalia, Missouri."

"What sound do you want me to stop?"

"The ticking of that clock."

Botts solemnly pointed the needle at the clock and pushed the button. Instantly the ticking ceased. I got up and went to the clock. The pendulum was swaying back and forth as regularly as ever, but, though I put my ear to the face of the clock, I could not hear the ticking; I could not even hear the movement of the wheels.

"Now listen," Botts said, pushing the button. At once the ticking was resumed.

"It begins to look good to me," I conceded. Botts beamed with pleasure and took the box to the window. There he adjusted the needle toward the street and pressed the button. Immediately the roar of traffic was stilled, save for a far-away murmur.

"Tith," I cried, "your fortune — our fortune— is made!"

With my trained commercial mind, I realized at once what a vast field there was for the vibration disintegrator. Swiftly I was planning a campaign of promotion for the invention, and could already see the profits rolling in. It was a matter of a few minutes for me to come to an agreement with P. Titherington Botts, and, with a neat check as an evidence of my good faith in his pocket, he arose, buttoned his frock coat about his slender form, placed his silk hat on his head, and went out to engage factory space.

We turned out half a dozen of the vibration disintegrators and then found where we would run against a snag. The problem would be how to convince the people that no home could be happy without a sound-destroyer. When I talked with several of my friends about it they thought I was crazy; when I lured them to my office and

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gave them actual demonstration of the marvellous working of the invention they said it was all very fine, but how could it be used? At this point my master mind took a fresh grip on the situation, and I engaged the services of Samuel R. Skidworthy as promoter and demonstrator To aid in circularizing and correspondence, we also engaged Miss Felicia Burgoyne as stenographer and typewriter. There was where we—I—or some one of us, if not all — made a mistake. The organization would have been all right with Felicia Burgoyne left out. Not that I would be understood as saying a word against the young lady. She was all that she should be, in looks, manners, and general personality.



SKIDWORTHY, SELF-CONFIDENT AND BRASSY

P. Titherington Botts is a scientist. A scientist is a man who fools with the unknown forces of nature. Botts could tell you to the fraction of the millionth part of an ounce how much attraction the planet Jupiter has for a lost golf-ball. But the lost golf-ball had about as much attraction for the planet Jupiter as P. Titherington Botts had for Felicia Burgoyne. This, however, was a fact unknown to him. That is the trouble with a man who knows all about arcs and tangents and sines and cosines and planets and orbits and other such general information. He classes woman as he does any other manifestation of nature, when really the precession of the equinox is a dead standstill compared to the fickleness of woman. When I think of how Felicia Burgoyne led me on—But that has nothing to do with this, and besides I have forgotten it. I have dismissed it from my mind, and when I dismiss anything from my mind that settles it.

The whole thing happened so suddenly that if you are looking for a long-drawn-out romance you are going to be disappointed. Samuel R. Skidworthy was a young man who did not wait to act on impulse. Impulse was too slow for him. He acted and then let the impulse catch up, if it could. One morning he came into my private office. He leaned over mysteriously and tapped me familiarly on the knee.

"Say," he began, "have you noticed how the human negative pole is trying to win little bright-eyes?"

I affected not to understand him, though I knew perfectly well that by "the human negative pole" he referred to Botts and by "little bright-eyes" he meant Felicia.

"If you mean that Mr. Botts is showing more than a friendly interest in Miss Burgoyne," I said, stiffly, "I may reply that I have observed it, and that, in my opinion, it is nothing that calls for levity and is something that need not concern you—or me."

"Have it your own way," Skidworthy replied, unabashed. "But listen. I saw her first."

With these oracular words he departed on his tour of promotion and demonstration. The country at that time was in the white heat of a political campaign, and the fervid oratory of one of the nominees was causing consternation in the ranks of the opposition. I was surprised and pleased within the next fortnight to receive telegraphic orders for ten of the vibration disintegrators, to be shipped to certain addresses at different places. Afterward I noted that the points to which the machines were to be shipped were cities where the nominee was billed to speak on the issues of the day. However, had I noticed this, it would not have suggested anything particular to me. The machines were paid for in cash.

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Suddenly the country was thrown into a state of excitement by the news that the nominee had suddenly lost his voice while speaking from the rear of a train at Anderson, Indiana. The strange part of it was that he insisted that he had not lost his voice, and, stranger still, was reported as being able to speak with perfect ease and fluency when he went back into his car. On the day that this occurred I received a telegram from Skidworthy reading:

"Do you notice my fine Italian hand?"

I thought the man was demented, until the next day brought more news of the strange vocal paralysis that affected the statesman. And the next day and the next brought more news to the same effect. No sooner would he face an audience and say "My fellow citizens" than instantly all further sound from his lips was silenced, and, after a few moments of feverish gesticulation, he would give it up and retire amid the jeers and gibes of the audience. At length he was forced to return to his farm in Idaho to recuperate, and public interest in his policies waned perceptibly.

Then Skidworthy returned, jubilant, and told us all about it. Although, to be sure, we had pretty well guessed the riddle by this time.

Skidworthy remained about the office for a month, and I could see that his constant hanging over Miss Burgoyne's desk was distasteful to Botts. Even when Botts was not in I myself could see Skidworthy, self-confident and brassy, leaning over Miss Burgoyne and telling her that it was a shame any one with such heavenly blue eyes should be compelled to use them looking at the keys of a clicking old typewriter, or that any one with such marvellously beautiful hands should be forced to devote them to menial toil.

This irked Botts. His idea of entertaining a lovely young woman was to draw her into a discussion of amperes and watts and ohms and spheres of radioactivity and similar light and airy badinage.

One morning Botts tiptoed into my office. His eyes were glittering and his thin lips were compressed, while his long, lank hair stuck out angrily about his head.

"It's an outrage!" he whispered. "This fellow Skidworthy is plying his cunning art upon that innocent young girl out there—and, Heaven only knows, he may deceive her into marrying him. I shudder to think of it."

"You shudder?" I asked, gently. "She could do worse than marry Skidworthy."

"Not much worse," Botts argued. "Besides, I—er—I—"

"I thought as much," I responded, dryly. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? Why, I shall speak to her this very day."

He waited until Skidworthy had gone out to see a fictitious prospective patron that he, Botts, had invented. Then P. Titherington Botts sidled over to Miss Felicia Burgoyne and (I could not help seeing it, as my door was slightly ajar), after a few comments on the weather, whispered something to her that evidently surprised her very much. She shook her head, and then murmured a monosyllable that made Botts arise, hunch his shoulders, stick his hands deep in his pockets, and retire to his workroom.

This was an opportunity that I had been looking for, and I approached Miss Burgoyne with a few kind words on the excellent way in which she was doing her work. I then led the conversation up to a certain topic, but just as I was about to ask a certain question of some importance the door opened and Samuel R. Skidworthy came in. I returned to my office. I sat down and meditated. I was not the least bit jealous of Skidworthy. I had no enmity in my heart toward him, but I knew perfectly well that his name would be missing from the payroll after that week.

Skidworthy leaned over Miss Burgoyne's desk and looked down at her. She looked up at him. It was aggravating—such palpable neglect of the duties for which they were employed. I felt like going out and telling them so, but did not care to be misunderstood. Besides, Botts saved me the trouble. He came cautiously into the room, a vibration disintegrator in his hand. Craftily he placed it on a table and touched the button. It was apparent that he had the needle pointed at Felicia and Samuel, for instantly they looked at each other in confusion. Their lips were moving, but they could not hear each other. Then Samuel R. Skidworthy, with that decision and quickness of his which I confess I have often envied, came around and wrote something on the stenographer's pad on her desk. She read it, blushed, and hastily scrawled something beneath what he had written.

Samuel R. Skidworthy leaned away down; she looked right up at him—and he kissed her. Then she got up from her chair, put on her hat, and they walked out—he with his arm about her waist!

Botts and I reached her desk together and read what was on the pad. In Skidworthy's brazen chirography was this:

"Will you walk around the corner and marry me? I have the license."

In her gentle script was:

"Yes."

P. Titherington Botts straightened up and heaved a sigh. He took his hat and started out, but turned to say:

"Good-by, Miller. Some day, when I have recovered from this crushing blow, when my heart is whole again, I may return. Until then adieu."

"But look here!" I called. "What about the vibration disintegrator? What about my investment? What about—"

And then my words faded on my lips, for P. Titherington Botts had switched the needle to cover me. Leaving the little black box as a souvenir, he waved his hand in farewell and closed the door after him.

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The Shallow Bowl

"The trouble's with the dish," said he;
"My supper goes so fast—
The bottom is so near the top
I cannot make it last.

"And then, when I have just begun,
My supper has to stop.
I'd like to have a dish," said he,
"That's made of only top!"

My Pillowmobile

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

'TIS my delight,
In the depths of night,
To speed in my Pillow Car;
To dance perchance
Through sunny France,
Perhaps to the Polar Star.

I linger long
In the Hills of Song,
I travel to Mandelay;
I board my ship
And take a trip
To glorious Yesterday.

My Pillow train
Will jump from Spain
To Saturn, perhaps the Moon;
Then take the track
That leads me back
To the Home of Eternal June.

Through old Japan,
Beloochistan,
And Thibet and gay Pekin;
And thence we creep
Through the vasty deep
To the haunts of the Tribes of Fin.

My Pillow Car's
Been up to Mars,
It travels both earth and air;
And, like the wind,
It leaves behind
The City of Woe and Care.

So come with me,
On a pillowy spree,
For the Land of Dreams awheel;
Through sky and earth,
To Joy and Mirth,
In my wonderful Pillowmobile.

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Wasted Energy

A BALTIMORE man had decided that he must administer a stern lecture to his six-year-old son Harry. The boy had been naughty, but did not seem to appreciate the fact; and it was with some reluctance, therefore, that the parent undertook a scolding.

He spoke judiciously, but severely; he recounted the lad's misdeeds, and duly explained the whys and wherefores of his solemn rebuke, his wife the while sitting by duly impressed.

Finally, when the father ceased for breath and, incidentally, to hear the culprit's acknowledgment of error, the lad, his face beaming with admiration, turned to the mother and said:

"Ma, isn't Pa interesting?"

The Hunter Hunted

A MAINE man tells a story of a friend of his in the West who was induced by a stranger to buy what was claimed by the latter to be the best wolf-dog in the country. A few days later the man took his new purchase and started out early in the morning to try him out. The dog soon picked up the scent and started off, the man following on horseback. The dog was soon out of sight, but the man could hear him bark occasionally and followed on. About noon he met another man, coming from the opposite direction, and inquired if he had seen a wolf and a dog anywhere, to which the man replied that he had.

"And how were they going?" queried the man. "Was the dog nearly onto him?"

"Well," answered the other, "if I remember correctly, the dog was just a trifle ahead."

His Pie

A SOUTHERN Congressman relates how, when he was once making a campaign tour through the interior of Mississippi, he came upon a negro cabin, across the threshold of which lay a darky and a pickaninny of perhaps eight years of age.

The child was voraciously devouring a plate heaped high with chicken, vegetables, corn bread, and other bits of food, in a manner, it was plainly to be seen, that commanded the elder negro's hearty admiration.

"Is that your child?" asked the Congressman.

"Yes, boss, he's shorely mine," answered the father, with a broad grin.

"He's got a pretty fair appetite," remarked the Congressman, after a moment's silence, during which the pickaninny finished the plate and produced a huge section of pie.

"Purty fair, boss, purty fair," said the father. "Jes' look at him goin' after dat pie!" Then, after a further period of silence, the proud parent added:

"Boss, it ain't no use a-talkin', dat chile's got a pow'hful influence over food. Onct he gits his upper lip ovah a piece o' pie, it's *his* pie, boss, it's *his* pie!"

His First Wedding

ELLIOT, attending his first wedding, was a most interested observer. The white gown and long veil of the bride apparently increased her size, while the evening clothes of the rather diminutive groom made him seem still smaller. The disparity of size immediately attracted Elliot's attention, and leaning over, he said in excited tones, "Mother, was father that little when we got him?"



Birds of a Feather

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Why They Changed It

TWO Northern men were once dining in a restaurant in a Louisiana town on the Mississippi, when they observed, high up on the wall of the café, a red mark, beneath which was this inscription:

"Inundation of 1875. High-water mark."

"Surely you don't expect people to believe that the river ever rose as high as that here?" protested one of the visitors.

"Not exactly," explained the proprietor, blandly. "As a matter of fact," he added indicating a point scratched not far above the ground, "the water only came up to here."

"Then why that inscription?" asked the complainant.

"Well, sir," continued the proprietor, "you see, when the mark was down there the children rubbed it out so continually that we had to put it up there out of their reach."

Indisputable

TWO tourists on a personally conducted tour were overheard talking together in the window of a Florentine hotel overlooking the Arno.

"This does not look to me like Venice," said the first. "I do not see a single gondola."

"No," admitted her companion, "but it must be Venice. You know we were to be in Venice on Wednesday."



I simply love to fool my Ma; here's where the fun begins. I look into a looking-glass; Ma thinks that I am twins.



Vacation Wanted

"I wonder could I ketch 'em if I was to breathe hard through the keyhole?"

Wasted Efforts

ONE evening when Tommy, aged five, was having his daily bath his nurse was trying, with small success to scrub his grimy little knees.

After watching her for some time he said, patronizingly:

"Never mind, Bertha. Don't you know that's the dark meat, anyway?"

Rubber

BELINDA, with her knife aslant,
Makes gashes in the rubber-plant;
The foolish child believes, no doubt,
That *gum-drops* will come falling out!

A. DEF. L.

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BURGLAR *(as he leaves for his night's work).* "*By the way, Mary, I may bring a business friend home to breakfast with me.*"

Kersnick and Kersnack

SIR Jim de Scowls, a boastful peer,
Renowned not only far but near
For expert handling of the spear
And whirling of the mace,
By crafty thrust and wicked cut
Had cracked the noble occiput
Of every knight in England but
Sir Al de Lion-Face.

When Jim was told of Al he flew
Into his armor—madly drew
His bloody sword "Kersnick," and to
The other's castle grim
Went whizzing like a cannon-ball,
And by the trusty seneschal
Sent Al this most insulting scrawl:
"Come out and perish, Jim."

When brave Sir Al each word had spelled,
He calmly growled: "Unparalleled!
His head must verily be swelled
To make him prattle thus."
And with "Kersnack," his sword, begirt,
And clad in "Maud," his metal shirt,
Sir Al went prancing forth to hurt
That overweening cuss.

And while the latter sang a long
And most conceited Ego Song,
Which on his bravery laid strong
And unremitting stress,
Sir Al, his mouth and visor shut,
Attacked his foe with fury, but—
Jim cracked his noble occiput
And made you miss your guess!

THOMAS R. YBARRA.

A Wise Whale

A FOND mother was telling her three-year-old daughter about Jonah; she seemed to be very much impressed, and finally said, slowly and somewhat sceptically, "*Well,* that whale was smart not to *chew* Jonah."

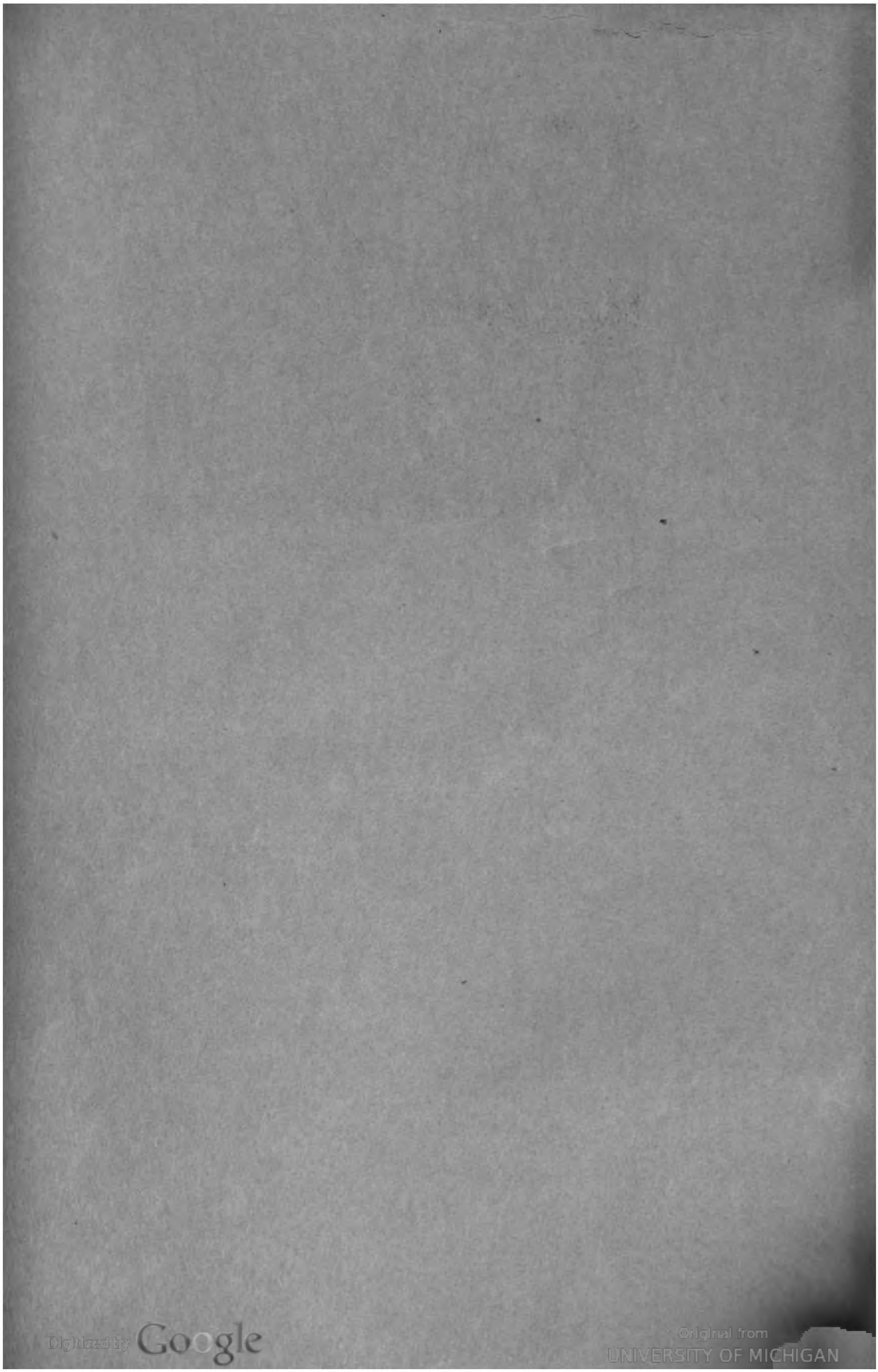


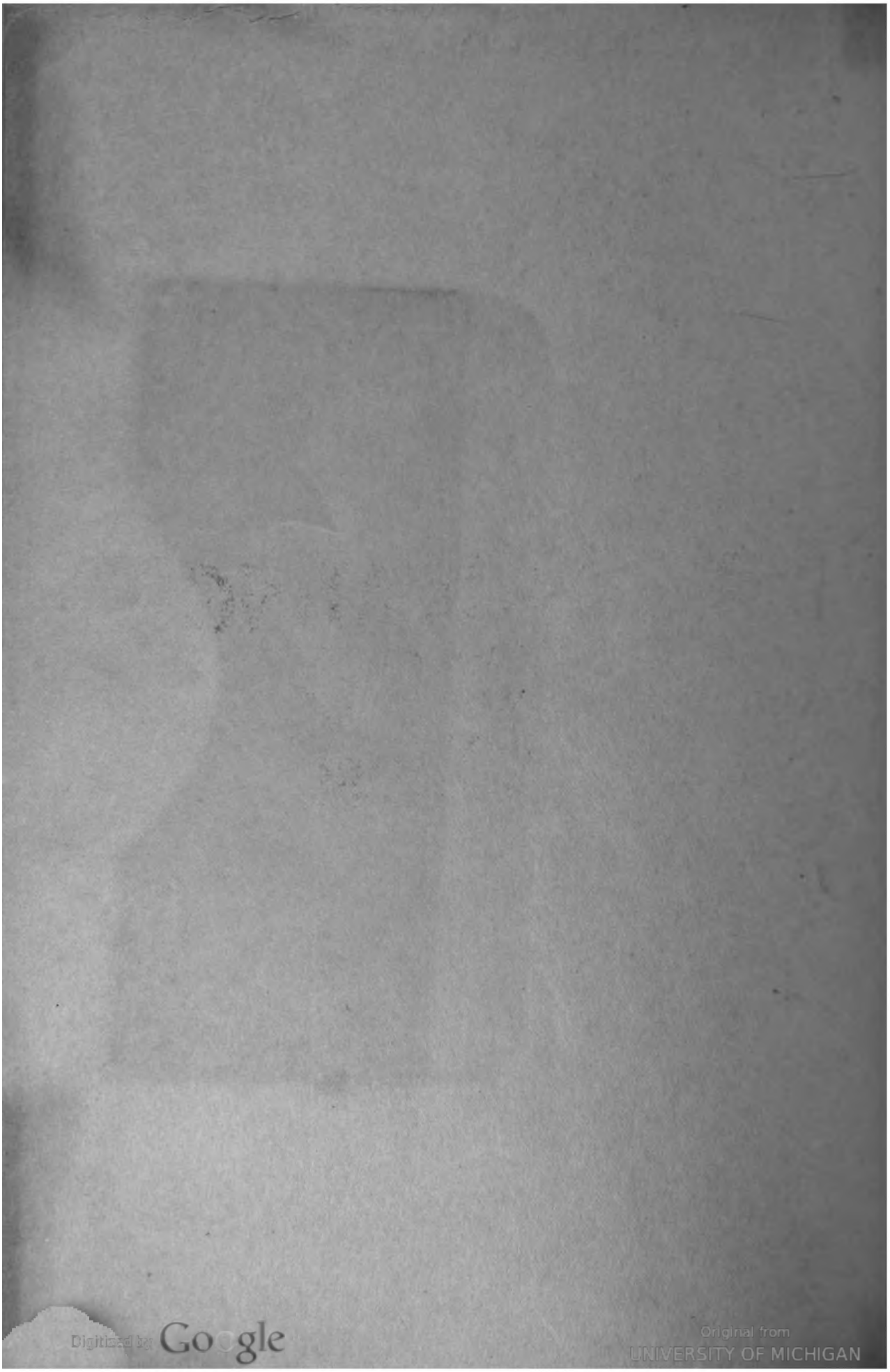
Ominous

MISS SHEEP. "*Where do you dine to-day, Mr Leo?*"

MR. LEO. "*Oh, just wherever we happen to be when I get hungry.*"

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